

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

4-2-1884

The Morning Star - volume 59 number 14 - April 2, 1884

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Theological Reading Room
LEWISTON Me

VOL. LIX.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1884.

NO. 14.

THE MORNING STAR is a Weekly Religious Newspaper, issued by the Free Will Baptist Printing Establishment, Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher, to whom all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed, at Dover, N. H. All communications designed for publication should be addressed to Editor THE MORNING STAR.

Terms:—\$2.00 per year, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within the first thirty days, and \$3.00 if not.

The Morning Star.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
"Plaguy Poor Picking." The Rev. Smith Baker.	105
Epictetus and Jesus. The Rev. J. M. Bailey, D. D.	105
The Boston Monday Lecture. C. S. P.	105
Boston Letter. Rusticus.	105
Manhattan Papers. Concordia.	105
To-day (poetry). Belle Waldron.	106
Memories of Zurich. The Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D. D.	106
Some Intellectual Consequences of the Reformation. IV. The Rev. D. J. H. Ward.	106
Friendship (poetry). Charles W. Russell.	106
Sunday Railroad Traveling. The Rev. J. P. Hines.	106
Posthumous Influence. The Rev. O. T. Weston.	106
Concerning Visits to the Sick. Sel.	106
Household Religion. Sel.	107
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.	107
MISSIONS.	107
HISTORICAL.—Windbags.—Notes.	108
CONCURRENCES.—"Teaching of the Apostles." Prof. J. Fullerton, D. D.—A Letter from Lewiston. Ida Hamilton.	108
The Rev. John Spalding gains. The Rev. A. H. Morrell.—The Last Disbursement. The Rev. E. N. Fernald.	108
Ministers and Churches.	108
Quarterly Meetings.	109
Notices, &c.	109
VERITABLES.	109
THE HOUSE CIRCLE.—Easter Hymn (poetry). Sel.—The Unheeded Singer (poetry). Sel.—The Battle Lily and the Peace Lily. Sel.—A Little Woman. Sel.	110
Our Children.	110
THE BIBLE.	111
OUR BOOK TABLE.	111
MISCELLANY.	111
DOCTRINAL.	112
THE SUNDAY.	112
PARADE AND HOME.	113
THE MARKETS.	113

"PLAGUY POOR PICKING."

BY THE REV. SMITH BAKER.

A good old man in my native town kept away from the social meetings of his church for a long while. At last, quakened by the Spirit, he came and made his confession: "Brethren, I have been way down by the cold streams of Babylon, living upon the failings of my brothers and sisters, and it's plaguy poor picking down there." And sure enough it is! When the Christian begins to excuse himself by finding fault with others, grumbling about his minister and criticizing his brothers and sisters, thinking how imperfect they are, dwelling upon the inconsistencies of the church, and noticing all the apparent slights or want of attentions, then even the good that God sends him will not feed him. Such a soul would starve in Paradise. Others' faults are indeed poor picking for a redeemed soul to feed upon. How frequently you meet a brother or sister and ask them how the battle goes, and they at once begin to report this, that, or the other, about some one, as though they were performing a religious duty, trying to feed their souls and grow in grace upon others' sins. And even preachers sometimes fall into the same unconscious habit of dwelling upon the dark side of the church and the low condition of Zion, and turn their sermons into criticisms upon the church. But it's "plaguy poor picking" for their own souls and also for their people. It will starve out a church.

Some good people have an honest habit of constant self-examination and self-deprecation—a kind of unconscious self-righteousness—so that their very humiliation is a form of boasting, telling what poor sinners they are, and how unworthy to have a name among God's people, and talking about themselves as it would be an outrage for others to talk about them. While self-examination is a duty, yet when one's Christian life becomes a constant self-inspection it is like looking into the cellar window for daylight, or into a coal pit for sunshine, and becomes the worst kind of vanity. This constantly turning one's doubts and fears and conscious unworthiness inside out, and looking into one's own heart for light and strength is also "plaguy poor picking" for a child of God. The Christian's light and strength is to look away from self to Christ, in whom is all fullness.

There is another class of professing disciples who complain that the preaching is poor, the prayer meetings dull, and the Christian life such hard work; but if there is a social gathering or a fashionable concert or a theater, or a respectable dancing party, they are sure to go. They must have some pleasure, some enjoyment, and you can not expect to have Christians go to meeting all the time, can you? Thus they try to satisfy with husks and mere animal pleasure that which Christ would fill to overflowing if they would let him. Ah, my brother, these things which the world seeks for its satisfaction are "plaguy poor picking" for a redeemed soul—a son of God and an heir of heaven. No wonder your faith is weak, your hope dim, your joy gone, and religion seems a burden. As well feed an eagle upon the dew and then ask him to soar among the sunbeams, as for a worldly professor to expect joy and strength and usefulness by feeding his soul upon worldly joy.

There are some disciples who are

troubled with mental doubts. They are skeptical and in constant perplexity as to some of the questions which the unbelieving world is discussing, and you find them reading this skeptical writer or that infidel book. They wish to "investigate and become settled." As well send a poor intemperate man, who desired to reform, round tasting the different kinds of wines to cure his appetite. This going into darkness is a strange way of finding light. Rolling in the mud is a strange way to become clean. Hugging a man who is sick with a contagious disease is a funny way to keep one's self free from it. But all of these are as sensible as reading a skeptical book in order to find light. The writings of skeptics, no matter how brilliant, are "plaguy poor picking" for a saved soul seeking to live by faith in Christ. Such a heart has the sure Word of God; he needs nothing more. Feeding upon that, his soul will grow, faith become strong and hope bright.

And many preachers would have a richer experience and a deeper, clearer view of truth, and would feed their people more, if they read less speculations and more of God's Word and the thoughts which holy men have spoken with burning hearts. To grow in the truth we need to read the truth, and to grow in grace we need to read that which was born of grace.

Such are some of the places where Christians go and find poor picking and starve their hearts. Let us rather follow our Shepherd into the green pastures and by the still waters of his Word and love. Then there will not be leanness, but fatness, to our souls.

EPICTETUS AND JESUS.

BY THE REV. J. M. BAILEY, D. D.

Epictetus was born soon after Jesus was found in the temple arguing with the doctors and lawyers, and before he entered upon the active work of his ministry. When the latter was crucified, the former was somewhere about fifteen years of age. He has been thought by some to have caught the secret of his sublime ideas from Jesus. But this is hardly possible as he refers to him only once, and then in terms of contempt as the despised Galilean, and as he would naturally be impressed by the prevailing opinion at the court of Rome that Jesus was the superstitious leader of a fanatical sect of the hated race of the Jews who were unworthy of any favor and deserving utter extermination.

His teachers were Stoic philosophers and his taste and genius were in the same line of thought and made him superior to his masters.

He was not, however, alone in his mode of thought and comprehensiveness of expression. Like him there were several other pagan philosophers who enunciated many similar great truths. But there was at the same time an acknowledged uncertainty or vagueness about their speculations. Such men as Plato, Cicero, Seneca and Aurelius uttered words of wisdom, which show us what the light of nature can do for the thoughtful, philosophic mind, but these words lack the clearness and assurance of the revealed Word. This deficiency was felt by these men and some of them went so far as to anticipate, almost prophetically, the advent of a divine messenger to give additional instructions and illuminate the world. This we have had in Christ.

Augustine said that among the wise and beautiful sayings of Plato and Cicero, there was nothing like the words of Jesus, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Christ spoke as man never spoke; for he was more than man, his mission was unique and divine, and himself was his own subject—the great central figure of attraction and the meritorious cause of his success. His plan of redemption originated in heaven and his own sufferings and death became the only foundation of human hope and felicity. When Divinity in humanity undertakes to carry out such a wonderful scheme it may be said of the precious utterances, "Never man spake like this man." "He taught as one having authority and not as the Scribes." There was a positiveness and directness in his teachings not to be found among the Stoics or the Scribes. Moreover, Christ exemplified his doctrines in his every-day life, while the philosophers failed to furnish the world with a perfect example. The former, in the difficulties to be met in the struggle for a righteous life, has given gracious and benign influence to succor and sustain the faithful, while the latter has given no such assurance of aid. The one is clear, authoritative and adequate, while the other is speculative, obscure and partial. Christianity came with a convicting, saving power; pagan Philosophy even in its best form failed to arouse the dormant energies of the people. It had no clear, definite ideas on the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, or the influences of the Spirit. It had no Paraclete. With all their searching, the Stoics never attained to the knowledge of the Chris-

tian's God, of heaven, or of the divine plan of redemption revealed in the Word. This was left to Jesus of Nazareth, who was "the light of the world." Though God is invisible, yet his Son, being the "express image of his person," has revealed him. "No man knoweth who the Son is but the Father, or who the Father is but the Son and he to whom the Son will reveal him." Again he says, "If ye had known me ye would have known my Father also."

A God revealed in a personal Saviour who exhibits his love and mercy to man is something very different from the Stoic's God. Seneca says, "God is Nature, is Fate, is Fortune, is the Universe, is all-pervading Mind. He can not change the substance of the universe. He is himself under the power of destiny which is uncontrollable and immutable."

Dr. Farrar says of Epictetus, "I do not remember a single passage in which he refers to immortality or the life to come." He simply says, "May we not go back to God from whom we came?" i. e., by suicide, of which he is speaking and which he approved in extreme cases, and that without any motive from beyond. Resorting to this was merely an expeditious way to get rid of present evil without a thought of any evils to follow.

How very different is the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel!

THE BOSTON MONDAY LECTURE.

Mr. Cook commenced the last lecture of the course at 10:30 A. M. and closed at 2 P. M. The audience, by far the largest that has ever been present, was most respectfully invited Mr. Cook to continue his lectures next year on the same plan as heretofore. The first half-hour was devoted to answering questions.

Mr. Cook thinks it profitable for Christians to study the Concord philosophy, as now represented by W. F. Harris, if they only study it deeply. Everything Mr. Harris writes is valuable. The startling depravity of boys was spoken of: a lack of home government is, in a large degree, the cause. The dime novel and the cigar are the kindling wood with which the hearts of little boys are set on fire by the fiends. Have non-street-smokers any rights that smokers are bound to respect? No thoroughly well-bred gentleman will indulge in his habit of smoking in such a way as to cause others to smoke, to whom it is distasteful.—Public smoking was pronounced a nuisance that ought to be abated.—As to the practice of chewing and spitting tobacco, Mr. Cook said: It is a too disgusting subject to bring here; if I had a dog that did it, I would shoot him.—The lottery system should be kept out of churches.—The Old Testament did not sanction polygamy; it permitted it on account of the hardness of the people's hearts, but it was always a girded tree.—The revised version of the New Testament is not gaining ground. Mr. Cook believes, with Mr. Spurgeon, that it is strong in Greek, but weak in English.—One can not believe in the annihilation of the wicked until he has first fallen into exegetical lunacy.—There is a good prospect for the progress of evangelism in France. Ministers of the Gospel should keep aloof from sworn secret societies.

The subject of the Prelude was "Independent voters in Politics." Jefferson Davis has said that the South now has its hand again on the helm of the ship of State, and the *New-York Tribune* says that the South is again in the saddle. This shows us that the Southern problem is yet unsettled, as it is probable that both of these authorities spoke more than half the truth. The peculiarities of the coming presidential election may be thus stated: Neither of the great historic parties has a majority in Congress; There is a growing number of independent voters who already hold the balance of power; Civil service reform is at stake; Southern outrages must be suppressed, and this can not be expected of any party under control of Southern leaders; Mormonism is an issue; The tariff is an important issue. The worst party should be defeated. Good men ought to stand together and demand that good men shall be nominated. If they speak out boldly and promptly, they will be heard; if they hesitate or speak softly they will be sold out by the politicians.

There are profound matters of right and wrong to be determined by the next election. I do not believe that civil service reform will be safe in the hands of the democratic party, nor in the hands of the republicans unless they are watched by the people. This reform is still weak and may be starved out unless it is watched by the independent voters. The next election will go far towards deciding whether, for mere party ends, there shall be a clean sweep of all officers high and low, every four years. The only way to settle this it should be, is for the people to make a clean sweep of all those who desire a clean sweep every four years.

The question of civil rights must enter into the next election. The Mormon question is also one of vast importance, and no man should be elected President who will not execute the laws against this abomination. The Mormons have more missionaries than are supported by the American Board. All good men should unite to crush out this growing power of desolation. In closing, Mr. Cook suggested that Edmunds and Lincoln are doubtless the chief choice of many of the people of Massachusetts.

LECTURE.

The subject of the Lecture was "The Sufficiency and the Insufficiency of the Christian Consciousness as a Test of Religious Truth." Natural theology must be Christocentric. This statement may be considered novel and extravagant, but it is justified by two facts: Christ was human nature at its best; and natural theology is based on human nature at its best. Though we may differ as to the deity of Christ, we shall all agree that he was man at his climax. Natural theology must take all human faculties at their best. Even infidels of competent capacity and education admit that at least four of Paul's epistles were written before the year 60. No one disputes that there was such a person as

Christ, and that he was a complete specimen of human nature. Christology must be a part of natural theology. The great step of natural theology in the future will be to come into harmony with him who was man at his climax. This implies not dogmas, but life.

Chunder Sen, though only a theist, believed in inspiration and in prayer. He made natural religion Christocentric. He did not believe in Christ as God, but he made the human nature of Christ the center of his whole scheme of thought. He believed also that there was a mighty voice within him; he called that voice the Word of God; he said that he heard that voice in his soul. What was that voice? It was the voice that Socrates heard; it was the Comforter whom Jesus promised to send; it was the tongues of fire that came upon the people on the day of Pentecost; it was the law of the spirit of life; it was the voice of God.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit must, therefore, be a part of natural theology. Natural theology is the vestibule to the temple of Christianity, and is great as such; I would make it great that you stay in it may be short, that you may go through it into the temple.

We are told that the Philistine, smiting upon his breast and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner" went down to his knees justified. If you are in earnest to know the whole truth you will have such a sense of sin, as can be appeased only by the sight of Christ. There is a frivolous, foppish way of treating natural theology that causes one to think that it is sufficient; but when one is in earnest to know the whole truth he will reach such a condition of soul that he will be glad to see our Lord, and will desire to have a screen let down from heaven that shall hide from him his bad record.

The more we yield to the Holy Spirit, the more we shall realize the need of the atonement. Only the frivolous way of dealing with ourselves makes us content to linger in the vestibule of the temple of Christianity. If Christ is our leader in natural theology we must take his view of God and of sin; if natural theology is Christocentric, we must take Christ's view of the atonement and prayer. If I have only natural theology, as it is now enlightened by the New Testament to guide me, the light of nature will point me to the Cross, and will show me the need not only of a regenerating, but of a sustaining spirit. This light, pointing upward and onward, only contributes to our misery until we see the atonement. Natural theology and Christianity agree. If we think of natural theology as a complicated lock, Christianity is the key that will turn in the lock, showing that lock and key are of one construction. Natural and revealed religion have one and the same author.

Is Christian consciousness sufficient to tell what is and what is not inspired? Christian consciousness is much, but not everything. There are those who hold that when we yield utterly to God, a light will come into the soul that shows us what is inspired and what is not. Chunder Sen thought so. This may be true to a limited extent. But there are certain truths that Christian consciousness can not reach. It can tell us nothing about the trine existence of God, the face of the angels, the face of man, or the appearance of Christ on earth. It may decide on the Beatitudes, but the facts of Scripture must rest on historical evidence, and be proved by exhibitions of God's power. It is said that when we assume Christianity as true, then we know all; but there is much that must be discussed and, in that way, settled. Christian consciousness can not decide what is true and what is not.

Whose consciousness do you mean? The idea that Christian consciousness can decide has been a tendency towards individual infallibility. The individual pope is the most arrogant tyrant on earth. It results in substituting individual whim for truth. Men say our Christian consciousness does not approve of the loss of souls and of eternal punishment. This must not be put above the Word of God. Of course Scripture must not be contradicted by reason, and no one has showed that it does. In the great ages God's word has been seen to agree with Christian consciousness; in the foppish ages only it has not. The trend of all the ages is not enough to sound the truth; it must be affirmed of God; our whims are not sufficient. I should say, beforehand, that God would not permit evil; but he has. My conception, as to what ought to be in the matter of probation after death, does not prove what is. Let us be humble, though we are citizens of an advanced age. If we would know the truth we must lie on the bosom of Christ as the loving disciple did. He who lies there, is the only one who is fitted to make the theology of the future.

After the lecture Mr. Cook read letters on the creed, fully sustaining his position, from Secretary Alden of the American Board, Professor Carr of Yale, Rev. Dr. Webb and Plumb of Boston, and from Professor Phelps of Andover, and Professor Park. G. S. P.

BOSTON LETTER.

"Spring comes early across the fields." Last year at this time the Common was covered with the mingled mud and snow that had been scraped from Boston streets. Now the grass is already assuming its normal green, and the crocuses have lost their novelty. Under the protecting care of the gardeners early flowers of various kinds peep from the sheltered spots beneath the bay-windows of Beacon street, and even the ancient "Granary Burial Ground" with its moss-covered and moldering stones exhibits traces of the new life. Daisies, pansies, and other flowers are blossoming in this field of death. Hither came Wendell Phillips with the first opening of spring to plant these tokens of love upon the grave of his honored father. This year other hands are planting them over his own grave. I have repeatedly seen strangers pausing amid the rush and roar of noisy vehicles to gaze upon the bronze tablets that are fastened to the cemetery gate. Heedless of the jostling among they seem to be seeking among the illustrious names of revolutionary patriots that of "the great Commoner." Fitting it is that the hero of the second great conflict, which culminated in the war for the Union, should sleep beside

the heroes of the war for Independence! Fitting, too, that he who lived and died amid the din of his native city, yearning to exchange for a more aristocratic quarter the places made sacred by old-time associations, should have his final resting place amid the toiling, common people whom he loved and in whom he believed. It is to be hoped that the rumor that his remains are soon to be removed to an adjoining suburban town is ill-founded. By what seems almost a startling incongruity even in a graveyard, the body of Elizabeth Goose—Mother Goose—lies in the same enclosure with that of the Franklins, the Adamases, and the Phillipses.

On March 23d, there was held, at the Mount Vernon church, a service in memory of Rev. Dorus Clarke, D. D., who lately died at the age of 87. Dr. Herrick in a very interesting address spoke of the deceased as one who had conversed with the patriots of the Revolution, and who was born before missions, tract societies and theological schools had a beginning in our country. Dr. Clarke's consistent adherence to the creed and traditions of his New England ancestors won for him the title, "the last of the Puritans." He was a noble man and had few peers in scholarship, piety or ability.

True to her record, Massachusetts has just taken a long step in the movement for popular education by enacting through her legislature the Free Text-Book Law. By the provisions of this act every pupil, rich or poor, in the common schools of Mass. will be supplied with all his text-books at the public expense. The bill encountered great opposition, even from many friends of education. Strong arguments were made in its favor, but the strongest one—the tendency that its enactment would have to prevent the establishing of parochial schools by the Catholics—was for obvious reasons heard only in the committee room or in private conversation.

The influence of the rapidly increasing foreign element in Boston is seen in the lessening regard for the sacredness of the Sabbath. Thousands of the descendants of the Puritans have exchanged the ministrations of the pulpit for those of the *Sunday Herald, Globe, or Gazette*. In many families the Sunday dinner is the chief concern of the day. Visiting is common, and friends vie with one another in loading the table with the luxuries of the season. The confectioner's wagon, well loaded, laboriously climbs "Beacon Hill" or rolls noisily along the "Back Bay." At many of the churches, however, the congregations are large and the worshipers apparently devout. At the 3 P. M. service at Phillips Brooks's church, "the rich and poor meet together." The waiting carriages with liveried drivers indicate the presence of the one class, and the long string of horse cars with their unchurched conductors that of the other.

Ritualism is on the increase in Boston: only, however, in a good sense. In most of the churches of all orders there are responsive services and the congregations seem to join heartily in them. There is also a marked change in methods of preaching. Most of the celebrated preachers deliver their discourses either wholly or in part without the aid of the manuscript. Moreover, even the written sermon is becoming less formal and more colloquial.

The Sunday services of the Y. M. C. A. are well attended, although I learn that there is some dissatisfaction among the young people over the decision of the authorities to admit only men to these meetings. Is there not some danger that the working young man who sees the face that charms him most but once a week will neglect religious services if required to attend them alone?

The recent exchange of pulpits by Dr. E. E. Hale, Unitarian, of Boston, and Rev. E. P. Parker, Congregationalist, of Hartford is regarded by many as an event of considerable significance. RUSTICS.

MANHATTAN PAPERS.

The church expenses of this city are placed in round numbers at \$3,000,000 per annum; the police expenses at \$4,000,000; public amusements at \$7,000,000; intoxicants at \$60,000,000. Intemperance is the barbarism of the century.

One day recently the New York post office sent out 1,661,552 separate pieces, whose weight was 150,280 pounds. Of these pieces, 256,728 were letters.—Last week *The Churchman* had an advertisement, offering for sale "fifty original, brief, practical manuscript sermons." Guess each clergyman better preach his own sermons! The old-fashioned Baptist way was for the minister to preach as the Lord gave him utterance. "And there were giants in those days!"—In no age has the longing for Christian unity been stronger than in this nineteenth century. Yet, some are slow to learn that unity is oneness in Christ, in holy love, in godly living.—The total contributions in aid of the hospitals in this city, made at the last Saturday and Sunday collection, reached \$42,803.69. Of this, \$29,040.58 were given by 219 churches and synagogues.—Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D. D., of Providence, is writing an admirable series of articles for *The Illustrated Christian Weekly* of this city.—Some churches of this city are just now agitated over the question of faith. Blessed are those churches that get on without making the Lord's house a place of merchandise! The best and most economical way of raising money for the church

is just to give it, for Christ's sake, lovingly and generously.—The Jews of this city propose to establish a Home for chronic invalids, as a memorial of the 100th birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent philanthropist.—The radical temperance men of this city have little faith in the high-license movement. Yet it may become a step in the direction of prohibition. If high-license prevails rum will ask protection in proportion to the amount it pays. A "respectable" rum-shop, paying a license of five hundred dollars, injures all the more the "better class." A license fee is the price of blood. The municipal government has no moral right to share in the profits of the wicked traffic.—Cardinal McCloskey was born in this city seventy-four years ago.—Bishop Littlejohn lectured last week before the general Theological Seminary on "Evidences of Intellectual Vigor in the Ministry."—The *Societe Communiste Revolutionnaire* held a meeting this week at the Germania Assembly rooms, to celebrate the Paris Commune of March, 1871. On either side of the stage waved the blood-red flag of the Paris Commune. A red banner bore the inscription: "NI Dieu ni Maitre" (neither God nor master). Speeches were made in favor of the incendiary torch, assassination and dynamite. Every reference to religion was received with hisses. Every reference to riot and bloodshed was greeted with applause. Alas! The world's abuses can never be reformed by arson and assassination!—The Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its fourteenth annual meeting in Brooklyn this week. Since its organization the society has raised and expended over \$1,000,000 in carrying the gospel to heathen lands. It has seven foreign Missions. CONCORDIA.

CURRENT OPINIONS.

Of creed-making, the *Watchman* says: "Creed-making has never been popular with us as a people for obvious reasons. It is opposed to our distinctive genius, both of independency and of absolute Scripture faith. Along these lines, the Baptist denomination in America has grown and prospered, and will continue to grow and prosper so long as they are unwavering in fidelity to the truth as it is in Jesus, and in the New Testament remains unbroken. Then, Baptist aloofness from creeds, comparatively speaking, has come largely from what has been seen and felt as respects those ecclesiastical bodies which are built on elaborate creeds, and which rest upon these exclusively."

The *Springfield Republican* thus gives latest respecting the Bartholdi Statue: "The Bartholdi-state pedestal committee have had a serious set-back. They had estimated the whole cost of the pedestal at \$250,000, and have been mourning because they have received but \$140,000 of that sum. Now they find that the granite alone will cost at least \$240,000. That is, the whole pedestal will cost not less than \$340,000, for they have thus far spent \$70,000 upon the concrete foundation, and it is but little more than two thirds finished. The outlook is certainly not very bright, and the chances are that there will be a long delay when the concrete is ready for its granite superstructure. The funds come in very slowly, and though great efforts have been made to interest the rest of the country and committees have been appointed in the chief cities, not more than \$500 has been received from them.—The feeling doubtless is that the statue is to be New York's and New York should pay for it. The quarter of a million French people who paid for the statue itself, however, meant it as a gift to the whole American people."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Roman Catholic church is stirred from center to circumference by the decision of the Supreme court of Italy to convert the property of the Propaganda at Rome, valued at upwards of \$4,000,000, into Italian government bonds, the interest on which the payment of taxes and assessments, shall, however, be paid over to the Propaganda. The Propaganda, by the way, is the great organization, formed in 1622 by Gregory XV., for directing the foreign missions of the Church of Rome. This action of the Italian government means depriving the Propaganda of the right of holding property and taking from the Papacy one of the most powerful levers of its authority. Leo is thinking of leaving Rome. Says the *Catholic Review*: "This strikes at the life of the Papacy. It certainly seems as if the hour has come when the Pope must summon Christendom to interfere, or withdraw and let all this Latium (Italy) to fall to pieces."

—[The Rev. Dr. Nevin, for seventeen years rector of St. Paul's (American) Episcopal Church in Rome has given a course of lectures at Andover on the claims of Rome. As reported in the *Congregationalist*, Dr. Nevin said that these claims may be summed up as follows: That the Pope as the successor of Peter represents Christ directly to the world, with plenipotentiary power in teaching and direction, with absolute dominion over temporal kingdoms, and over the spiritual kingdom on earth and in the spiritual world between death and the judgment.

—Some of the Roman Catholic churches in New York City propose to introduce congregational singing into their public services. Cardinal McCloskey approves. Says the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*: "We are glad to see one note such a sign of progress in the Catholic Church, and especially the readiness to admit that there is anything in which they can imitate Protestants to advantage."

—The American Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have spent five of their six months' campaign in London; and if we may judge from the accounts of the London press, says the *Independent*, they have reason to be content with the results. It is said that the meetings have not created the furor, which the meetings of 1875 created; but they have, perhaps, been more successful as respects the neglected classes.

—In accordance with letters apostolic by the Pope, Archbishop Gibbons has convened the third plenary council of Baltimore to be held in the cathedral of that city on November 4, 1884. It is predicted that this will be the greatest council of the Catholic Church held in America.

—The Zulu Bible, recently printed and just received in South Africa, cost missionaries thirty-three years of labor in its translation.

—The Rev. Philip Brooks, of Boston, goes to England again next year, having been invited to preach the four anniversary sermons at Cambridge.

—The Seventh Day Adventists report for the year ending October 1st, 1883, a total of 16,961 members.

—One hundred and thirty-nine new members were received into Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle at the recent communion, making the present membership 3,107.

—It is understood that Dr. Justin D. Fulton will devote himself to the special work of laboring for the conversion of Romanists in America.

TO-DAY.

BY BELLE WALDRON.

This is my day,—all mine,
To live, and love, and trust,
And suffer, if so be I must.
From morning until night
Mine, every moment mine.

This is thy day,—all thine,
Wonderful thing to be!
Thy day, as much to thee, as me,
From morning until night,
All mine yet wholly thine.

This is God's day,—all God's,
And lent to you, and me,
Faithful to this trust let us be—
From morning until night,
To-day is thine, mine, God's.

MEMORIES OF ZURICH.

BY THE REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, D. D.

Let me hope that my kind friends, who are living over with me some pleasant Sabbaths I spent in the old world, have caught some of the fragrant memories which still cling to the delightful Lord's Day I passed at Interlachen. Recollections of quiet, holy days of sacred rest enjoyed amid the stillness and heavenly calm of a mountain region—who that has them does not cherish them as among his brightest and his best?

In this sketch, I desire to say a few things about a charming old Swiss town, which I visited shortly after leaving Interlachen, namely Zurich, the Roman Turicum, a remarkably quaint and venerable place of somewhat more than 20,000 inhabitants, and noted as being one of the most prosperous manufacturing and commercial towns in Switzerland. A fine old Cathedral, built in the 11th century, will not fail to attract the attention of the tourist. He will learn, also, that the university, the gymnasium and the school of industry are deservedly held in high repute. The view from a mountain, a few miles from the city, is one of the most charming in all Switzerland.

But it is more particularly of Zurich in its connection with the great Protestant Reformation of the 16th century that I wish to speak. It will be remembered that for many years it was the scene of the evangelical labors of Zwingle, whose name is so closely associated with that of Luther. Born on the first of January, 1484, he pursued a thorough course of study, partly at Vienna and partly at Basel, directing his chief attention to the Latin classics and the Church Fathers for a time, and then to the critical study of the New Testament. In 1516, he was appointed preacher in the convent of Maria, Einsiedeln, and two years later as pastor in the great Cathedral in Zurich, where he commenced his labors, January 1, 1519, preaching a sermon "in which he declared himself for the pure gospel unfettered by glosses." It was an interesting coincidence, that the same cause which stirred the indignant spirit of Luther, awakened the ire of Zwingle, viz., the sale of indulgences. As Tetzel had made himself infamous notorious in Germany, so Bernardin Samson, a Franciscan from Milan, made himself equally so in Switzerland. So successful was Zwingle in his attacks on the mercenary monk that he succeeded in keeping him out of Zurich, greatly to the disquiet of a host of lazy ecclesiastics, who but poorly disguised their hatred of a man who had made uncomfortable the easy nest in which, for so long a time, they had been reposing. The "charge" which he received when he entered upon the discharge of his pastoral duties, from those who cared more for shearing than for feeding the flock, indicates what was uppermost in their minds. He was bidden to exhort the faithful, both from the pulpit and the confessional, to pay all tithes and dues. He was to endeavor, by all possible means, to increase the income from the sick, from masses "and in general from all ecclesiastical ordinances." Preaching was a matter of so small consequence, that he need give himself but little trouble about so unimportant an affair. But in administering the sacraments, he should take special care that only persons of note should be permitted to enjoy the great benefit arising therefrom. Such a charge only shocked the religious sensibilities of the young, fervent pastor, and remembering the solemn responsibilities resting on him as an ambassador of Christ, he preached what he believed to be the pure gospel of the Son of God. His Master honored his fidelity and gave him the sanction of his benediction in the success which followed his labors. The Cathedral was filled with crowds of people drawn thither to listen to the story of a Crucified Saviour. The earnest preacher carried all before him. The magistrates were on his side, as well as the people. At a Conference held in January, 1523, at which were present 600 clergy and laity, representing those who were opposed to him, he so successfully defended the 67 articles of faith which he had drawn up, that the town council gave a heavy verdict in their favor, and resolved to stand by him and his assistants in adhering to them. Another great dispute was held in the subsequent October, the result of which was the removal of all the Popish pictures and statues, which had been the objects of the people's worship, from the churches of the city, and the abolition of the mass. At length the work of Reformation was placed on a solid footing in Switzerland and remained so for several years. While agreeing in many essential respects with Luther, Zwingle differed from him with regard to what is called the "real presence" in the Lord's Supper, taking, as all candid per-

sons must acknowledge, the more rational and Scriptural ground in the subject.

A coalition of several of the Swiss Catholic cantons against Zurich brought the two parties into deadly conflict, and Zwingle, who, by command of the council of Zurich, bore the banner of the canton was in the heat of the battle. While he was stooping down to speak words of comfort to a dying soldier, he was struck by a heavy stone, and then pierced by a lance, his death soon following from his wounds.

It has been well said that "of all the reformers, there is none more fitted to excite our love and respect than Zwingle. Fearlessly honest in purpose; with a clear head and eye for truth; less violent, if less eloquent than Luther; more candid and open-minded, if less systematic and penetrating in spiritual insight, than Calvin; he stands before us quite as original, if not as prominent, as these reformers. His work was not so great as theirs, his influence not so extended; but his character was quite as genuine, and his labor in some respects quite as enduring."

SOME INTELLECTUAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE REFORMATION.

BY THE REV. D. J. H. WARD.

EFFECT OF THE REFORMATION ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

The impulse given to the study of Scripture by the Reformers resulted in an assiduous study of the Hebrew and Greek languages. These attainments served as a key to unlock other departments—history, law, antiquity, geography, as well as theology. Before the days of the great Reformers, Hebrew and Greek were almost entirely neglected, and even condemned by university authorities and doctors of the Church as a sure path to heresy. The opponents of Reuchlin had never seen a Greek Testament, and Hebrew was supposed to be a cunningly devised language of sorcerers. The Bible being recognized as the only rule of faith, it became necessary for every clergyman to know it in the original and for the laity to possess it in the vernacular. We may gather some idea of the prevailing ignorance of the clergy as to these languages in Reuchlin's time from what Heresbach relates in his "Orationes de Laudibus Literarum Græcæ." He heard a monk tell his audience: "They (the heretics) have introduced a new language called the Greek: this must be shunned. It occasions nothing but heresies. Here and there these people have a book in that language, called the New Testament. This book is full of stones and adders. Another language is starting up—the Hebrew. Those that learn it are sure to become Jews." One result of the taste created was an extensive search for manuscripts. This labor was richly rewarded. With every success has come increased zeal for philological inquiry and the consequent intellectual advancement. The impetus given by the Reformation to philological study has ever since formed the basis of university education.

Upon the development of Modern Languages, it must also be noticed, has the effect of the Reformation been most salutary. Before the sixteenth century a learned Latin jargon was the language of schools and books. No nation can have a literature without a language of its own. Even should its thinkers write, its people could not read their productions. Some great and universally interesting event, a favorite topic for all, exciting all, was needed to stir the people to talk and its thinkers to write. This want the Reformation met. It was a marshaling of great ideas, and such a cause must have a great field of operation and great forces to support it. Hence, instinctively, the Reformers, at the very beginning, made direct appeal to the people. To do this, of course, they must use the language of the people. During the long struggle between Papists and Reformers in Germany, Switzerland, France, Netherlands, England and Scotland the different languages were elaborated, purified, and embellished in style. The German and English Bibles remain grand monuments of this period. The muses, too, partook of the spirit of the times, and poetry in unprecedented profusion poured forth in the form of dramatic, epic, and lyric works in the languages of the people. In England the "Elizabethan Age" enriched our literature with numerous immortal productions. To it we are indebted for our Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

EFFECT OF THE REFORMATION ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

The impulse given by the Reformation to the study of History is indeed very noteworthy. So much so that before that great event we do not expect to find more than the material for history, and often times poor material at that. The pretenses in the shape of annals, chronicles, &c., of the Middle Ages are almost invariably devoid of the scrutinizing criticism of modern historical productions. The superstitions and ignorance of those who kept the records caused them to mistake the untrue for the true, the wrong cause for the real, the supernatural for the natural. Then again in the case of Church chroniclers, their enthusiasm for their cause made them blind to the importance of other things, and, in many instances, excessively dogmatic in their treatment of the views of others. To such an extent was this carried for hundreds of years that the writings of men who

were supposed to differ from the common views were destroyed, sometimes even their names were suppressed, and history was treated as though they never existed. Sometimes again when a particular doctrine or practice was seen to lack the historical support which its advocates desired, documents were boldly and audaciously forged, assigned to some high authority in the age of the supposed origin of the doctrine or practice, and passed on into history as real. By such methods we now account for such writings as the Clementine Homilies, the Apocryphal Books of the New Testament, the document relating to the Donation of Constantine, &c. By such treatment the true understanding of the past has become irreparably confused. Nor are we sure that we have yet eliminated, anywhere nearly, all such errors, let alone the impossibility of recovering the numerous documents that have been fraudulently destroyed or accidentally lost. But since the times of the Reformation a new historical attitude has begun to grow. Its spirit has given the discernment which is helping us to seize the "clew to the labyrinth of ages." Through what we term the "philosophy of history" we believe there is now discovered a progressive tendency of humanity; that the race, like each individual, has a childhood and a manhood; and that the knowledge of its childhood and youth is neither satisfactory nor sufficient for the stage of manhood development. The time has nearly passed when men shall think that they have reached a finality in anything pertaining to doctrine or practice. From the scattered facts of human conduct we draw great precepts, lessons, and prophecies. We look forward to ages that will regard our comparatively great advancement with feelings akin to pity.

The linguistic enthusiasm spoken of in the previous section has led to very extensive research in what may be collectively termed "Orientalism." Instead of basing Scriptural interpretations upon "traditions, passages from the holy fathers, decisions of councils, pontifical bulls, decretals, charters, and other historical monuments true or counterfeit," Protestant theologians "were obliged to investigate and attain exact knowledge of the places, manners, events, ideas, whole intellectual culture, and the political and private state of the different nations during the period when this prophet or that evangelist had written." (Villers, p. 195.) Thus with wonderful zeal have the sacred historians and poets been traced through Egyptian, Arabian, Syrian, Chaldean, Samaritan, Persian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. Incalculable service was rendered in this direction by all the Reformers; and up to the present time, the study of all that helps to the understanding of ancient literature has gone on with increasing interest. In fact so extensive had been the work done by Protestants, that Villers said at the beginning of this century, "Whoever is anxious to be well informed in history, in classical literature, in philosophy, can use no better method than a course of Protestant theology." (p. 201.)

EVENTIDE.

BY CHARLES W. RUSSELL.

The slant rays of the low-descending sun
Gleam o'er the snow wreath of the dying year,
Lighting, thro' frosty panes, the faces wan
And silver hair of earth-worn travelers here.

The sunken cheeks, and withered hands,
The feeble step and dimming eye,
Like low sun and thee's flying sands
Proclaim that night is drawing nigh.
Nature with silver fringed the pane,
With silver threads she strewn the hair,
And Nature's sun lights each again,
Setting her royal signet there.

Ah! weary one, your face show
Traces of sorrow, love and pride.
From work and earth-care rest you now,
For this is Nature's Eventide.

Slow fades the sun. The pulse grows faint,
The frosted pane grows chill and white;
The bells ring out the Old Year's plaint,
And light and life are gone: 'tis night.

SUNDAY RAILROAD TRAVELING.

BY THE REV. J. P. HEWES.

That Sabbath desecration is one of the worst evils of the present day is conceded by all Christian people. It is no less evident that Sunday railroad travel is one cause of the present bad state of public sentiment on this question. A very strong principle is required back of a reverent feeling for God's holy day to sustain that feeling under the shock of thundering trains constantly going and coming.

That Christian people should countenance this violation of the law of the Sabbath by patronizing Sunday trains is a great shame. What better excuse can the managers of railroads have for their course in this matter than this? "Your ministers travel on our Sunday trains to their appointments. Your great religious gatherings charter Sunday trains to run from neighboring cities to their grounds."

How can a minister stand in his pulpit and preach against Sabbath desecration when his congregation knows that for some trivial reason he has waited until Sunday morning and then come a long distance on the cars to his appointment? How can the church cry out against the looseness of public sentiment on the Sabbath question and then by her own conduct help deprave public sentiment?

"O consistency, thou art a jewel!" Such a course seems as inconsistent as preaching temperance and voting for whisky. We can never overcome evil by

practicing it. A consistent example on the Sabbath question is the weightiest argument we can bring for a true observance of the Lord's day.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCES.

BY THE REV. O. T. MOULTON.

Few men wish to leave nothing to perpetuate their names or influence after their death. Some men will accumulate property to leave to heirs, to endow schools or benevolent institutions, or to erect a costly monument over their graves. All this may spring from our innate longing for immortality, and under proper direction tends to bless posterity and may glorify God. But only in one way are we sure of accomplishing the lawful desire to perpetuate our influence so that, like Abel, though dead we shall still speak for God. We may write our holy endeavors on the souls of men in the way of consecrated effort for their salvation, and

"Tho' seed lie buried long in dust
Grace will insure the crop."

A beautiful illustration of this is seen in the case of Luke Short, an Englishman who died in Middleboro, Mass., a few years ago, aged about 116 years. When John Flavel was settled in Dartmouth, England, he preached from "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha." Luke was then a Dartmouth boy and heard that sermon when he was fifteen years old. Soon after he went to sea; followed the life of a sailor some years; then, landing in America, spent the rest of his years here. When he was one hundred years old, while he was one day in the field, he was reflecting on his long life and the use he had made of it, when, suddenly, his thoughts ran back eighty-five years to the sermon he heard John Flavel preach. "I have not loved the Lord Jesus Christ," thought he, "and I shall be accursed." Like an arrow from God's quiver, the thought went to his heart and fastened itself there while he sought and found the Saviour. After this he lived sixteen years an exemplary Christian life.

Thus, no doubt, many a faithful word spoken for Christ lives in souls saved by them. And such monuments are better than granite piles or sculptured shafts to perpetuate our names, with the sure and better satisfaction of having thus glorified God. We may not know it on earth, but God keeps the record and we shall know it all in due time when all earthly monuments have crumbled to dust, and the names they once praised are forgotten.

CONCERNING VISITS TO THE SICK.

1. *Make them.* The reasons are so many, that I scarcely know how to marshal them. It is pleasant to be remembered, and the sick are especially in danger of fancying themselves forgotten. When one drops out of his place in the world, and is shut up within four walls, it is a comfort to know that some one misses him, and follows him with loving sympathy into his retirement and his suffering. If sickness brings its morbid fancies, and its jealous and over-confident suspicions of neglect, that is only the greater reason why tender and generous friendship should be ready with its visits of good cheer. Such visits are almost an indispensable part of the true neighborly life. If they are to be omitted, all neighborly kindnesses may be left out, and each one may count upon shifting for himself. One is high authority waiting. There is one from whom no wants of men are hidden, and whose heart is given to the needy; and he has said, "I was sick, and ye visited me," counting such a service to one of the least of his brethren as service to himself. For every reason, then, the sick should not be left without the blessing of friendly visits.

2. *Do not press them.* Do not demand, directly or indirectly, to see a sick person. Do not feel injured, or seem to feel so, if you can not. No one but the physician—not even the pastor—has the right to demand it. The sick may be over-visited, and it may be the duty of their guardians to decline some calls that might otherwise be most welcome. If there is a probability that a visit might be hurtful to the patient, no friend ought to desire to make it. If the call is declined for such reasons, leave your inquiry and your friendly word, and go away just as well satisfied as if you had had the interview.

3. *Make them short.* The case in mind is not that of a strong convalescent, who can talk with a friend for half an hour as well as not, but that of an ordinary visit to a really sick person, whose weakness must be considered. In such a case, this third counsel is even more important than the first: it is more important to make visits short than it is to make them. A long visit may easily be worse than none. A long visit seems interminable to one who is weak; it infallibly arouses the wondering query why the visitor does not know enough to go; it leads to weariness, and tends to fever, sleeplessness and other aggravations of disease; it leaves the patient worse than it found him, and so defeats the visitor's kindly purpose. Therefore, in view of such perils (1) distinctly intend a short stay, and never lose sight of your intention. Remember that you are on delicate ground, where a long stay may be hurtful. And (2) have a keen eye for the faintest sign of weariness in the patient. Never permit him to grow weary without your seeing it; and when you see it, go at once, whether the conversation seems to you complete or not. Never allow yourself to be dreaded as a visitor who stays too long.

4. *Make them cheerful.* Have no sick-room air or expression; but carry in a pleasant human face. Be careful about discussing the disease at too great length. Take care that your sympathy is a comfort. Don't cite similar cases that proved incurable, or tell what a horrible time some one else has had from the same trouble that afflicts your friend. Such conversation leaves an effect depressing enough to undo the good of an otherwise excellent visit. Tell the patient no bad news. If you have such in mind, let him

learn it when he is better. Make it a rule, whenever it is possible, to bring in some fresh, bright news from the outside, something apart from the patient himself, something cheerful that he may remember after you have gone. The weaker he is, and the shorter your visit, the more important that you bring a sunbeam and leave it with him. Even if it is nothing but the tidings of a sunny day, or some small bit of friendly news that will lie pleasantly in his mind, you will help the purpose of your coming by leaving it with him.

5. *Make them religious in atmosphere, rather than form.* The case in mind must again be specified. It is not that of impending death for which the patient is plainly unprepared—a case in which, if there is strength for conversion, there may be an urgent duty to be done. I am thinking of the ordinary visit of one who knows the Lord, to a sick person, who may or may not be a Christian. The theory that would make such visits uniformly and almost exclusively religious seems too closely akin to the practice that associates religion mainly with death and the future. Religion belongs to life and health, as truly as to sickness and death, and there is just as good reason for speaking the name of Christ to a friend on the sidewalk as in the sick-room. But there is good reason for speaking that blessed name, in either place, and in the sick-room, in time of pain, or weariness, or anxiety, it surely is always appropriate. A visit may be pleasant and useful without it, but a warm Christian heart will feel that it scarcely is complete. Bring in, then, some thoughts of Christ. Introduce them as a part of the conversation. But do it naturally, not formally. Do not let the tone change in passing from the secular to the sacred. Let it be a privilege, not a duty, to recur to the thoughts of Christ; do not bring them in by effort, or turn the conversation laboriously towards them, but take them for granted as a part of your own thinking and life. Indeed, let there be nothing official about a visit to the sick, even if it be the visit of a minister. An official interview, or a visit whose religious part sounds in the official tone, defeats the purpose of human sympathy. Go in as the man who is known in the pleasant and helpful relation of a pastor, and make the visit, from first to last, as a genial, sympathizing, Christian, human being. If there is prayer in the sick-room, as there usually should be in a pastor's visit, even in this, and in the proposal to pray, there should be no appearance of the impression that it is an official duty. In prayer, be very quiet and natural in voice, just as in conversation—never loud—never pulpit-toned. Let the prayer be very short. Confine yourself to the one subject, the sick person by your side, and the petitions and thanksgivings that are suitable to his state. No flattery, direct or indirect, in prayer. Let the spiritual tone of the prayer be trustful and cheerful—not colored by death and disease, but let mortality be swallowed up of life in the soul of him who prays.

I once bought with much hope "The Minister's Book of Texts," by Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, a hand-book of Scripture and exhortation for use in visiting the sick and sorrowful. Others may have found it useful, but to me it has served only for disappointment. In it the sick and sorrowful are classified according to their spiritual state, and the visitor is provided with copious spiritual selections, and numerous homiletical suggestions, to suit the various cases. The book is framed, not for visiting, but for visitation; it resembles an official hand-book, and contains preaching to the sick, as it seems to me that whatever is done in the sick-room by a visitor needs to be spontaneous, sympathetic, genuine, suggested by the personal heart. The best preparation is not a memory well-stored with the substance of exhortation, or even with appropriate texts of Scripture. The best preparation is threefold—genuine human sympathy for impulse; strong common sense for guidance; and warm Christian life to give quality to the work. Given these, let the heart speak, and the sick will bless your coming.—Rev. W. N. Clark, D. D., in the Watchman.

6. *Be candid.* We believe that the great evil of ministerial candidacy is slowly passing away from the Congregational denomination. But as it passes away it puts on its most peculiar meannesses. The larger churches have found out that nothing is more demoralizing to themselves and degrading to ministers than to have a score or more of men appear in succession in their pulpits, with a view of uniting the favorable judgments, and the enthusiasm of the congregation upon any one of them. Nothing breeds such a hypocritical spirit in the congregation as the listening to this man this Sunday, and to another man next. Nothing unites a congregation for all true insight, and even intellectual judgment, as this. Nothing presents such opportunities and temptations for feuds and factions to break out in the congregation, as this. And nothing saps the minister so of all his manhood, and of all his Christian integrity, as this. And nature and grace unite to take their revenge on the congregation that commits itself to such an unnatural method of "setting a minister." A people that is engaged Sunday after Sunday in the wretched business of estimating the spiritual and intellectual worth of candidates by the cut of their coats and hair, and the tones of voice, and the movements of hands, is almost sure to select for a preacher some poor fool whose ability is all hair and voice. A congregation that has worn itself to pieces in hearing forty candidates, every one of whom has succeeded in gaining for himself some kind of a following, is often moved out of sheer desperation, to unite upon the least able and worthy of them all to make of him their "spiritual guide." And such "a guiding" as he often gives the poor church!

We say that the larger churches are finding out the absolute foolishness of all this. Many of these churches, when their pulpits are vacant, never once invite a candidate into them. They recognize certain great principles, and shape their choice by them. Here is a minister in another place who has achieved success in his work. He has made proof of his ministerial powers and character. This fact being established, large-minded men reason that human nature is about the same the country over, and that a man who has made himself acceptable to other large-minded men is most likely to repeat his success with them. It is not a matter of coat and hair with them; it is very largely a matter of character, and of real ability. And so the minister is called on the commendation of the best minds in

the church, and he begins his work without fuss, in an earnest, business way. The happiest settlements have been so made.—N. H. Journal.

DAILY STRENGTH.

"As thy day thy strength shall be"
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burden more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long?
Yet in him thou shalt be strong.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

—F. R. Hawergal.

HOUSEHOLD RELIGION.

If there is a revival needed in any sphere of life it is in household religion. For the family lies at the root of things. All our hopes for the future, in both Church and State, are bound up with the well-being of our families. Let family piety decline, and that of the church will decline with equal step. Let the restraints of religion diminish their hold on the family, and the restraints of law will be but feeble in the State.

We say there is need of a revival of household religion. We have special reference just now to religious observances in the family. Religious observances will foster, even if they can not create, true piety. Yet we fear that in many professedly Christian households religious observances are largely or altogether neglected. This ought not to be so. The form without the spirit, to be sure, is empty and profitless. But there is no good reason why the spirit should not animate the form, and so the religious observances contribute mightily to the growth of true and fruitful piety.

The family gather about the table, but through some strange timidity the father does not venture to invoke the divine blessing. Surely that household will not be swift to remember the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift. It may be, however, that a blessing is asked, but it is made to take the place of any other act of worship. Better this than nothing, but alas for that family which has no family altar! Private devotions can not take its place. Private devotions, moreover, are apt to languish where the spirit of prayer does not pervade the family. The household as a household ought to seek the divine blessing upon itself before engaging in the duties of the day, and ought to recognize the divine care and import further blessing before separating for rest at night.

We know that it is often pleaded that time is wanting for this service. But surely, if the heart was in the matter, time could be found. No one can honestly say—a very few exceptions being allowed for—that it is not possible not only, but practicable, to secure five or six minutes morning and night for family worship.

And yet that brief period will suffice to reverently read a portion of God's Word and to devoutly call upon his name. If the head of the household, constitutionally or through long habit, feels unequal to uttering the prayer in his own words, there are several excellent manuals of devotion which may be used. It is a pleasant thing to add sacred song to the service where that is possible. Let us say, as a practical suggestion, that in our own experience the time immediately after the evening meal is the most convenient hour for evening worship. Then the whole family can be gathered, youngest as well as oldest, and in places where there are many evening occupations this is an important consideration. But the great thing is that at some time—which let its own convenience determine—the family as a family should gather in the worship of God.

Still again, we fear that in too many families the religious instruction of the children is almost entirely relegated to the Sunday-school. Such a use of the Sunday-school is to pervert it. It is a very valuable auxiliary, but it can not without great harm be made a substitute. We will not dwell on this point, but simply call attention to it, asking those concerned how it is in their own case.

We rejoice that there are many Christian homes which are what they ought to be. Under God, one hope for the future rests in them. But there are other Christian homes—at least the parents and perhaps other members of the family are professed Christians, and it is to be hoped real Christians—where household religion does not flourish. Perhaps no blessing is invoked upon the daily food. There is no fire, not a spark, upon the family altar. There is no study of the Word of God in the family, nor instruction of the children by the parents in religious knowledge. The whole atmosphere is worldly. The Sunday newspaper brings the chill of secular concerns, to the sweet peace of the Sabbath morning, and the luster and aroma of the day is gone. Alas! Can we say of such a household anything other than this?—It has a name to live, but it is dead.

Dear friend, reading these words, into which class does your family come?—Illustrated Weekly.

SOME SAYINGS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

—To ripen, lift, and educate a man is the first duty.
—An abuse once removed never reappears in history.
—Education is not Greek, Latin, and the air-pump.
—Most men see facts not with their eyes, but with their prejudices.
—Trade, law, learning, science and religion are only the scaffolding where-to build a man.
—There is something more valuable than wealth, there is something more sacred than peace.
—The fathers touched their highest level when they trusted God that it was safe to leave men with all the rights he gave them.
—Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race.
—The agitator must stand outside all organizations, with no bread to earn, no candidate to elect, no party to save, no object but truth—to tear a question open and riddle it with light.
—Submit to risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't excuse, don't retreat a single inch, and you finally will be heard.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1884.

C. A. BICKFORD, Editor.

CYRUS JORDAN, Assistant Editor.

SARAH A. PERKINS, Assistant Editor.

Editorial Contributors:

PROF. JOHN FULLERTON, D.D.,

PROF. J. J. BUTLER, D.D.,

PROF. RANSOM DUNN, D.D.,

PROF. J. A. HOWE, D.D.,

REV. G. H. BALL, D.D.

The following writers also act as editorial contributors on special topics: Prof. C. D. Dudley, Prof. A. T. Bailey, Prof. G. C. Chase, Prof. T. H. Rich, Rev. J. C. Hookbridge, D.D., Rev. C. E. Cate, Rev. O. D. Patch, Rev. G. L. White, Rev. J. J. Hall, Rev. J. T. Ward, E. J. Goodwin, A. M., Rev. F. H. Peckham.

All communications designed for publication should be directed, Editor THE MORNING STAR, 100 N. H. Street. Contributors please write on one side only of their paper and never roll it preparatory to mailing. Full name and address must be given, not necessarily for publication. Manuscripts can not be returned, unless stamps are enclosed. Articles are not paid for unless an understanding to that effect is had beforehand.

Fast Day again. How fast the days have gone since the last annual Fast! The day signifies too little of some things and too much of others. Either less should be made of it, or more. Undoubtedly, however, there is more religious faith in the country than the degree to which Fast Day is observed would, to some minds, indicate. But our faith, at best, is not the growth it should be. May God help us to increase it.

Mr. Cook's Monday lectures closed in Boston last week. We present our correspondent's report of the closing services. Mr. Cook has gone West to be occupied in the lecture field till June. His Tremont Temple audience unanimously requested him to appear in another course next season. It is hoped and expected that, God permitting, he will do so. He is doing a great and good work, despite his mistakes, of which, perhaps, he makes as few, on the whole, as would any man of his positive and aggressive nature. He is himself soundly evangelical, whatever he thinks of others and their creeds.

The *Andover Review* for April contains a careful translation of Bryennios's edition of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," together with a discussion of the document by Prof. Smyth. Published at Boston by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Single numbers, 30 cents.

The *Free Baptist* expects to enlarge its size in June. We congratulate its management on the success which makes this possible. May the cause which it represents be continually enlarged and prospered in all the great West.

If any one who takes the *Star* is willing to remit it as a gift to one "to whom its weekly visits would be a blessed messenger of cheer and comfort," he or she may learn the address of such a one by applying to Mrs. J. M. Brewster, Providence, R. I.

A copy of the "Minutes of the Twelfth Annual Session of the Ohio Free Communion Baptist Association," held at Marion, Sept. 4-6, 1883, is received by us. Rev. O. E. Baker is president of the Association, and Rev. T. E. Peden, Rio Grande, O., is corresponding secretary.

All our thoughts and plans should have, so to express it, a Godward side. And they certainly will, if we live in communion with God and receive suggestions from such communion. We should wish to conceive and execute only what is God's will—those things through which he may manifest his wise purposes. So conceiving and executing, if our performance of duty bring upon us suffering, that will have its Godward side also, and we may even rejoice in the tribulations that come in this way. For they come just as the cross of Jesus did to him, and their Godward side is glorious.

WINDBAGS.

Exaggerations, of whatever kind, imply corresponding depressions. Mountains imply valleys. In men, superiority in certain respects implies inferiority in some others. He who is great in some things will be found to be mediocre in others. And, usually, the more marked the particular greatness, the more noticeable the corresponding mediocrity and deficiency. An illustration of this familiar truth is found in the fact that fluent speakers are rarely men of capital judgment. The converse is also true: Men of superior judgment are rarely fluent speakers.

The reason of this is brought out in the first chapter of Lord Kames' "Elements of Criticism." The fluent speaker possesses "a great flow of ideas." Such a flow is due to the easy reception by the mind of a multitude of thoughts and circumstances which, although related to each other only by slight and insufficient connections, are allowed to pass unchallenged and with a freedom that would be insufferable to a keenly discriminating judgment. Says Lord Kames: "In the minds of some persons, thoughts and circumstances crowd upon each other by the slightest connections. I ascribe this to a bluntness in the discerning faculty; for a person who can not accurately distinguish between a slight connection and one that is more intimate, is equally affected by each. Such a person must necessarily have a great flow of ideas, because they are introduced by any relation indifferently; and the slightest relations, being without number, furnish ideas without end." "On the other hand, a man of accurate judgment can not have a great flow of ideas, because the slightest relations, making no figure in his mind, have no power to introduce ideas. And hence it is that accurate judgment is not friendly to declamation or copious eloquence." "This reasoning," continues the eminent author, "is confirmed by experience; for it is a noted observation, that a great or comprehensive memory is seldom connected with a good judgment,"—which observation, it occurs to us, finds illustration in the German theologian Semler, who, as Harst tells us in his "History of Rationalism," had a very retentive mem-

ory but was a very loose and incorrect reasoner. Lord Kames goes on to add also that conspicuous wit and sound judgment are seldom united. He says: "Wit consists chiefly in joining things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected. Such relations, being of the slightest kind, readily occur to those only who make every relation equally welcome. Wit, upon that account, is, in good measure, incompatible with sound judgment, which, neglecting trivial relations, adheres to what are substantial and permanent. Thus memory and wit are often conjoined: solid judgment seldom with either."

From the foregoing it appears that he who possesses and would cultivate a superior judgment must be willing to be without special powers of memory and wit, and to lack fluency of speech. And he who would be conspicuous for memory, or wit, or fluency, must not be chagrined if it shall appear that by so much as he is superior in either of these, he is deficient in soundness of judgment. The inconsistency of sound judgment with even a remarkably strong memory, however, is denied by many writers who affirm that "the connection between a strong memory and a weak judgment is not necessary, but merely accidental." This may be so, and yet it remains true that a remarkable memory be but "seldom" (as Lord Kames says), found in combination with a sound judgment. It may also be conceded that in exceptional instances there may be found the combination of wit and fluency with what passes for a good judgment (but how often the reputation of possessing such is due simply to habitual reliance upon judicious advisers). It is nevertheless true that Lord Kames' remarks express the general rule.

Of course, by fluency reference is made to strictly extemporaneous utterances—those which imply no previous preparation, whether of language or of ideas. Speakers who are noted for fluency are (in the vast majority of cases, at least) not distinguished for good judgment if they really express what is original with themselves rather than what is borrowed from others. Their deliverances often sound sweetly or grandiloquently; by an easy reception of successive thoughts flowing along without interruption because no discriminating and logical faculty stands ready to challenge them and perchance dispute their right to appear in the connection, they readily fill up the time allotted or granted for their speech; but, notwithstanding their achievement, often winning the effusive praise of hearers who like themselves are lacking in quickness and keenness of judgment, it would not be a kindness to them to take down their utterances and by publication in print subject them to the test of leisurely examination. Such fluency as this is too often the admiration of the thoughtless and the gift most ardently coveted by the young. It has been such too long in this country. Windbags have far too often been admired simply because they are windbags;—they have been too often cried up, and put up, and bolstered up, simply because they windbags;—they have too often been sent to legislatures, elected to fill pulpits, and chosen to manage schools, simply because they are windbags;—they have been crowned and wellnigh worshipped, partly, no doubt, because of other qualities either actually belonging or accredited to them, but chiefly because of their eminence and super-eminence as veritable windbags. But the day of windbags will have an end, and the better era come in which men will be more esteemed for well-balanced minds than for the possession of the windbag faculty—the fatal facility of too fluent speech. We recall again the apt saying: "The most eloquent is never the greatest man. He is Aaron, not Moses."

NOTES.

In his "Paradise of the Christian Soul," Dr. Pusey prays thus: "Lastly, I beseech thee to accept my prayers not as they come from me but as inspired by thee, and to unite them with the prayers of thy Son Jesus Christ, of his most holy Mother, of the holy Angels, Apostles, martyrs, doctors, virgins, confessors, and of the whole Church, as well militant as triumphant, for the attainment of all these graces and gifts, whether of soul or body, both for myself and neighbor." As this is a style of prayer which high churchmen commend to us, we do well to read it with care. It certainly is more Catholic than apostolic. It assumes that the prayers of the saints, living and dead, are kept on deposit, accumulate with the age of the Church, and that for effective praying we need only to link our petitions to those of this supplanting host who are omniscient enough to know who we are and when we pray. Thus He, who is declared to be more willing to give good things to them that ask him than we are to our children, can be induced to hear us. It might puzzle a ritualistic "priest" to explain why God will any sooner answer a prayer for him to unite our prayer with the prayers of the saints than to answer a prayer for the very thing which brings us to his mercy seat. Besides, if the prayers of "martyrs, doctors, virgins" and other believers do swell the mediatorial influence of the Church as her life flows on, then the philosophy as well as the certainty of the millennium is here disclosed. For, the later the age, the richer is the heavenly capital of the Church, the more irresistible becomes her power with God, and with ever increasing ease he is brought to bless mankind. On the other hand, the most unfortunate ages of the Church were those which churchmen most venerate, when the number of mediators between God and men had not multiplied, and prayers were offered to him with reliance on scarcely any one else than Christ.

Speaking of the "Teaching of the Apostles," the *Journal & Messenger* says: "This new 'find' is essentially a Baptist document. It

knows nothing of infant baptism any more than does the New Testament; it knows nothing of what is called 'open communion'—the theory that everyone is to be his own judge as to whether or not he should come to the Table of the Lord; etc." Yes, this "Teaching" knows nothing of infant baptism, but it does know nothing of open communion, but neither does it of "close communion"—the theory that the Church is to assume the place of the Supreme Judge and decide whether or not a man is worthy a place at the Lord's Supper!

The *Spirit of Missions*, the missionary organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has, in its April issue, some interesting information with regard to the work which the Church is doing among the Jews. It declares that the Jews in this country are fast abandoning their old religion. Missions among them have now become a recognized part of the Church's work. Upwards of 400 Jewish children are now under Christian instruction, in schools in New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. Last year the "Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews" issued 47,500 copies of publications. More than fifty of the bishops have issued pastorals to their dioceses on the subject of Jewish missions, and urged liberal offerings on the approaching Good Friday. Bishop Bedell says that "only one half of the Israelites in Ohio are orthodox, and only a small portion of these are attentive to the Mosaic law and ritual." Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts, affectionately recommends the taking up of an offering in every church in his diocese on Good Friday. We find also in the *Spirit of Missions* the pastoral letters of Bishops Whipple, of Minnesota, Doane of Albany, Dudley of Kentucky, and Gallagher of Louisiana, urging collections. This subject is full of interest. Take the following, touching the social position of the 130 Jews who, in Vienna, in 1883, embraced Christianity: 6 physicians, 3 professors, 3 lawyers, 2 governors, 10 students, 2 military officers, 3 civil officers, 1 solicitor, 4 journalists, 1 academician, 12 merchants, 27 book-keepers and clerks, 2 actors, 2 actresses, 1 musician, 7 tradesmen and printers, 4 male laborers, 82 females of the same class, 1 railway officer, and 2 servants. The occupations of the rest are not given.

At this writing, the dailies, just come to hand, give large space to the terrible mob riot in Cincinnati. It seems that the failure of the courts to convict a man of murder in the first degree is made the occasion of one of the wildest, bloodiest and most significant riots that, in times of profound peace, have thus far disgraced any part of the United States. It broke out last Friday night and raged in a style that would be less surprising in a Paris commune than in such an American city as Cincinnati, until into Sunday. The destruction of \$1,000,000 worth of property and the loss of thirty lives (scores of others being wounded) are reported. Many of the rioters (of whom at one time there appeared to be upwards of two thousand) were well-dressed and apparently respectable people. It is a serious question how far this outbreak means simply an untimely application of lynch law, and how far it is significant of the volcanic fires of communism.

The third defeat of Osman Digna, this time at Tarnab and without severe fighting, has made it evident that his power is broken. The natural difficulties of desert and heat seem to be that hinder the march of the British to Berber on the Nile and then south half-way to Khartoum. This route may perhaps be made safe for caravans by the negotiations with the sheiks; but it seems desirable that a force should be sent immediately to the relief of Gen. Gordon. He is shut up in Khartoum, or possibly attempting to fight his way out, and contending against great odds, with troops many of whom are doubtful as to both loyalty and courage. Whatever policy may be continued in those regions in the future, a first and imperative duty is to rescue from massacre those who have gone there in the service of the government. We are surprised therefore that the English government orders home immediately the forces at Suakin that have done the fighting.

It is not often that the little Kingdom of Portugal has to do with a matter of so great importance as the sovereignty of the Lower Congo, and the conditions upon which this right is conceded by Lord Granville's promise to secure the welfare of all concerned. The proposed treaty leaves the commerce of that mighty river open alike to all nations. It secures the protection of Christian missionaries, promises to respect the rights of native chiefs, and by it the two nations stand pledged to exert their influence for the suppression of the slave trade. This will leave Portugal little more than a nominal authority and that, judging from the effects of her past rule in Africa, is all she ought to have. Christians will rejoice in the religious freedom which this treaty would secure for their missions over a vast and inviting field. We hope it will be ratified by the English parliament.

The democratic caucus which has been anticipated with so much interest by all parties is now a thing of the past. The political atmosphere has been cleared a little. Two thirds of the democratic members of the House either favored free trade or a tariff solely for purposes of revenue; the other third believed in protecting our industries and were not driven from their position by threats of the party lash or by bribes offered in the form of compromise. The lower House of Congress is a highly representative body and the vote of the caucus, so far as it indicates anything, commits the party to a course of action which is not favorable to protection. Moreover, if the democrats make the tariff question a leading issue in the impending Presidential campaign, it now seems probable that they will alienate a powerful minority of their own party and thereby suffer defeat in the private states.

The *Christian at Work* thinks that the doctrine of believers' baptism, as opposed to that of infants, is strengthened by the discovery of the "Teaching of the Apostles" manuscript, and inquires: "By the way, when shall we have that treatise justifying and establishing infant baptism on a Scriptural basis, and who will undertake the work? Our types are waiting to print such an article." We wish some Pseudo-baptist authority would respond to this challenge. The simple fact is that the baptism of infants was an innovation of the second century at the earliest and can not be sustained on a Scriptural basis.

In exactly seven weeks the republican leaders meet at Chicago to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. A month later will witness an assembling of the democratic chieftains in the same city. These early nomina-

tions will afford ample time to investigate the history of the candidates and to interpret the platforms upon which they are placed. The noise and excitement attending these too oft-recurring campaigns are not pleasant to anticipate, but the free and public discussion of great national questions is productive of incalculable good. It stimulates thought, develops intelligence and often arouses a profound interest in those great moral and political issues, upon the right settlement of which the prosperity of our people depends. "Stumping the state" is one of the safeguards of liberty.

The indifference of the Porte to the demands of our government for the protection of its citizens in the Turkish Empire is thoroughly exasperating. Americans have been frequently assaulted and robbed of late, and the protests of General Wallace, met at first by methods of evasion, are now answered by a positive refusal to guarantee their safety. This is a direct violation of treaty rights and will compel the United States in one of two ways. She must insist, by force if need be, upon just reparation, or withdraw in disgrace. In the latter event no American citizen would be safe anywhere in the Ottoman Empire.

Minister Sargent is to be transferred from Berlin to St. Petersburg. His nomination by the President was promptly confirmed by the Senate and thus in a most conspicuous way his course in connection with the Lasker affair was approved. The change will be regarded in diplomatic circles as a promotion. It will relieve Mr. Sargent of any personal embarrassment and it is hoped, and the foolish mulch into which Mr. Oehlert and Prince Bismarck have drawn the two nations.—Since the foregoing was put into type we have learned that Mr. Sargent declines the promotion offered him and asks permission to return home.

The liquor question has got into the public conscience; the people are deeply moved by the evils which the traffic imports on them. This may have been one of the reasons why the House struck out the enacting clause of the whisky extension bill, two to one. All honor to ex-Governor Long for his eloquent opposition to this bill. The whisky abettors acknowledged that their cause was injured by this speech.

Correspondence.

In addition to the usual denominational matter, this department is open to brief and otherwise unobjectionable communications from all parts of our field.

"Teaching of the Apostles."

We do not intend at this time to discuss at length the matter in general contained in the above named new, yet old and strange, document. The time has not come for that. It behooves those who have discovered it, translated it, inquired from original sources into its claims on our acceptance, to prove to the satisfaction not merely of themselves but to that of the generality of reasonable men, the date of its origin, and its genuineness. Till that is done, the Episcopalians, Baptists, and all others whose belief and practice are supposed to be affected by it can afford to wait.

It has been an endeavor of the centuries to push the practice of pouring and sprinkling as far back as possible towards the apostolic period. It is claimed that this document dates back as early as the first half of the second century of the Christian era. Some even claim that it belongs to the first fourth of that century. Well, suppose it can be shown to have been originated in the first year of the century, nay, the first day after St. John, the last of the apostles, breathed his last, it will not shake our belief, or change our practice as Baptists. Let our brethren of the pouring and sprinkling persuasion know, that it is not education, nor prejudice, nor self-will, nor mere preference, that makes us Baptists, but the rather fidelity to the authority of Christ and his immediate inspired disciples, our "only rule of faith and practice."

In the meantime, let those who will speculate on the supposed stunning blow given to the Baptist sentiment. Let theological boys cheer the reading of this newly discovered argument for the early introduction of the innovation in the practice of Christian baptism. We do not know of anybody who can look on more calmly and unconcerned than our very selves.

J. F.

A Letter from Lewiston.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" (in prospect). After all, the charms of a New England winter are only negative ones. We natives heroically try to accept the inevitable with whatever cheer we may, but we are continually looking out from our retreat in the chimney corner, to which we have been driven, and like the dove in Holy Writ, we fly out of the first loophole which is opened, to see if there be such a joy again as a living, green thing upon the face of the earth. The pertinacity of the spring poet, who, annually crushed to earth by cruel editors springs up with astonishing freshness at the return of the very next season, is a constant marvel, yet I do not wonder at him so much; I sympathize with him. There is a meaning in it—a depth of meaning—that out of all the seasons of the year, spring alone has been honored with a special place in song. Did one ever hear of the winter poet, autumn poet, summer poet? Such a poet will never exist. The sensitive heart of man is in harmony with nature, and he has learned that the type of all beauty and beneficence is set forth in every return of the springtime. It is a season of resurrection and hope, and in the natural world the deepest longing of the soul finds an emblem of its own spiritual renewal.

Perhaps the most practical "renewal" of affairs in our city this spring, is a change in the municipal government. It is not so much that one "party is up" and another "down," but that intolerance and injustice have been publicly rebuked. There are fast coming to be new standards among political parties, and morality—Oh, let us not be afraid to call it by a higher name, even *Christianity*—is gradually but surely molding some of the new laws. For instance, there is one great and prominent issue before us which we are no longer in ignorance. Public sentiment has decided it to be such, and the laws of our whole country must follow and de-

clare it to be a crime to traffic in alcohol except for necessary purposes. Temperance work, though never so active and wide-spread in our city, has not received official sanction of late, and the laws have scarcely had the influence of "the letter." But now we have just had an utterance from the new mayor, in his inaugural on the subject, which is much in advance of the public position of any former chief magistrate of our city. Under the following head appears good temperance reading from a high source: "Illegal Sale of Intoxicating Liquors.—Experience teaches us that by 'eternal vigilance' alone can the sale of liquors be kept within bounds. I am a firm believer in a prohibition that prohibits and the enforcement of the laws regarding the sale of liquors upon all alike. To this end I expect your hearty cooperation and the aid and sympathy of all good citizens." (By the way, what else could one expect of him? The new mayor teaches a class of boys in the Main St. Free Baptist Sunday School.)

Religiously our city has been blessed. Although all our pulpits are now filled by comparatively new men, they have proved themselves to be of the right spirit, and the work has been taken up and pushed on vigorously. Our churches have felt the spirit of revival which has been moving on so gloriously in many places, and I am convinced that, if we only had time to attend to such things, we might have had as great a blessing from God in the city as well as in the country. Our pastors have not failed in their duty; at least, I can speak for the faithful labors of the only one with whose services I am personally acquainted, but as members of the church we have failed to concentrate our thoughts and prayers upon the saving power of Jesus even when he was walking visibly and in an unusual manner in our very midst. Some faithful souls among us, no doubt, have a secret with the Lord and know why it is that a few souls have been renewed, and others born into the Kingdom, but many must say, "Whence came the Spirit of God? We did not ask for it!"

The three Free Baptist churches in our vicinity have been blessed with much Christian activity and as far as numbers go have received the largest share of the revival spirit in the city, the Auburn church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. J. Hall, taking the lead. The young pastor of the Pine St. church is successfully filling a responsible position in connection with his studies in the Theological Seminary. Bates Divinity School is also prominently represented in the Christian work of the city, by Mr. Frank L. Hayes, as General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Under his enthusiastic management the Association has been lifted within a few months from a situation of comparative inactivity to a position of influence in the community. Much earnest prayer at the time of the vacancy of the Main St. pulpit resulted in the coming of its present pastor, and I think that the words which were uttered in a prayer at a recent prayer meeting would find a ready response in the hearts of all his people:—"We thank thee, O Lord, for the influence of the upright character of thy servant, and for his godly walk among us!"

The church fair is certainly in a decline. There have been only two Protestant church fairs among the nine churches in our city during the winter, and neither of these, thank heaven! (I write it devoutly in my own church. Of the last one our city *Journal* gravely reported that "there was no gambling of any sort.") I was really glad to read that item. I met a lady not long after the fair who was groaning over the amount of begging which had been required to carry out the various departments of the concern. "And now," she said, "they are drawing the children into the work and teaching them to beg! A poor way to train up our youth, I think." We shall have to give up the church fair entirely, shall we not? I said. She looked at me a moment to see if I were really in earnest—(I was by the way deadly in earnest!)—and replied with a long sigh: "Well, I don't know. We got through with this one without any lottery, whatever! and that was the first time within my memory. We are making improvement, and that is something."

One of the pleasantest exercises of the college year is the annual exhibition of the Bates Spring in original parts at the close of the spring term. It is the first public intimation that the girls and boys of Bates "84" have begun to think for themselves, and we are all curious to know in what direction student minds are turning. Is the recent discussion of the "college fetich" responsible for the fact that there was no classical subject on the programme with the exception of a well-prepared piece, it must be confessed, for the "fetich" itself? I was strongly reminded by way of contrast, of a similar evening one year ago, when I was accompanied by a witty friend, who glanced through the programme and whispered with a tragic sigh of "Adieu, dear! must we go back to Athens again!" If college students are obliged to spend four years in the company of those old musty Greeks and Latins for the sake of culture we feel very grateful that when they come before the poor, suffering public which is living in the midst of the most terrible realities, they give evidence of having also lived in the present century. Two of the parts, at least, have scarcely ever been excelled at Bates in public oratory: *Emerson in Modern Thought*, by Mr. E. R. Chadwick, and *The Growth of the Representative System of Government*, by Mr. W. D. Wilson. We shall expect some good work from this class on the coming commencement day.

IDA HAZELTON.

Rev. John Spinney Again.

Some time since, Rev. L. Hutchins called our attention to the affliction of our dear Bro. J. Spinney, in the protracted illness of his wife, and suggested that many of his friends could do a special kindness to him, in this time of need. He has received seven dollars (I think) I have corresponded with him of late and shall take the liberty to give the substance of some things he has stated to me.

First, he commenced preaching at the age of 19 years, having been converted at the age of fifteen. Forty-seven years he has been in the ministry. Hundreds have turned to Christ under his ministry. One year he preached as many times as there were days in the year, and having kept an account of his receipts for that year they averaged about seven cents per day! But I am not to write his history. It is well known to multitudes who have shared his earnest and faithful labors. Now, the thought impresses me with great force, that since so many hundreds have been blessed by his efforts in the past, who still live to remember his self-sacrificing labors for them and others, it would be but simple justice that *Awards* should present him some token of their appreciation of his valuable services at this time of his need. His excellent wife has been helpless for months, requiring his constant care. Misfortunes have left him in a hard place, financially, and old age is upon him.

Brethren and friends, what say? Can't we spare something for our dear brother? How many have received of spiritual blessings from him, that owe him, under God, more than they can ever pay, were they able to present him their thousands!

His post-office address is Starks, Maine. Bro. Spinney is an old acquaintance of mine, hence, I speak for him.

A. H. MORRILL.

Chepachet, R. I., March 24.

The Last Disbursement.

The friends of the Education Society and of its increasingly interesting work will be glad to know that the funds in the Treasury were found sufficient to make the usual disbursement to the students in our Theological School at Lewiston, at the close of the Spring Term. It will be necessary, however, to make some extra efforts during the next quarter in order to meet the demand both at Lewiston and Hillsdale at the close of the school year in June.

R. N. FERNALD.

Mar. 31.

Ministers and Churches.

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

Maine.

Rev. and Mrs. B. Minard tender heartfelt thanks for a generous donation visit made them recently by their parishioners in Gardiner.

Rev. B. Minard has engaged to labor as an evangelist and missionary in the Illinois Y. M. He commences his duties the first week in April. This engagement leaves a vacancy in Gardiner city church. The brethren are hoping and praying that God may soon send them an under-shepherd to care for the flock.

On the evening of March 19, Rev. E. Blake and family received a visit from their parishioners at Steep Falls. Although it was very stormy, a good number were present, and left in the hand of their pastor the sum of \$27 in cash, which has since been made \$31. This token of appreciation, together with the words of sympathy and kind wishes for future success in their new field of labor will ever live in the hearts of the pastor and his family, who wish heaven's richest blessing upon the donors for all their kindness.

The church, society and friends, of Rev. A. W. Dinsmore and wife, of West Falmouth, met at the parsonage March 21, afternoon and evening. Mrs. D. was presented with a beautiful quilt. Young and old, regardless of creed, contributed toward the gift. For this, together with a recent generous donation—as well as Christmas gifts, the recipients tender their sincere thanks. The generosity of the people of this parish is continual. They look carefully after the temporal welfare of the pastor's family. The pastor would like to see a deeper earnestness for the spiritual welfare of the church and community, but there are a few faithful ones who are laboring for the salvation of souls.

Rev. B. D. Newell writes: "The F. B. churches at Houlton and South Buxton have decided to unite in securing a pastor, which seems to be wise, as neither church is at present able to support a minister independently, but united can give the right man a comfortable support. The Houlton church is situated in a farming community, and has a comfortable house of worship and parsonage. The South Buxton church is in the thriving little village of Bar Mills, four miles from H. The writer is quite well acquainted in this field and especially at So. B. where he has supplied for more than a year, and can recommend it as being a good opening for usefulness to a man who is willing to do a large amount of pastoral work, which seems to be the greatest need of these churches. Correspondence may be had with Rev. B. D. Newell, Waterboro, H. M. Tarbox, W. Buxton, or Sam'l Meserve, of Bar Mills, in regard to settling in the above-named field of labor."

Rev. U. Chase, who for the past year has served faithfully as pastor of the Houlton church, has bought a farm and will probably give his attention principally to farming.

Rev. B. D. Newell has accepted a call from the Dover and Foxcroft church, to enter upon his labors the third Sabbath in April.

Rev. L. Given writes: "The past three weeks Bro. Whitman and myself have been holding revival meetings with the Fishon's Ferry church. The Lord has very graciously blessed our labor. More than 50 have already started in the Christian life, nearly all adults. Some whole families have been converted. It is a wonderful work of grace. New ones are coming nearly every day. To God belongs all the praise. Pray for us."

Rev. A. E. Boynton of East Northwood, N. H., has received and accepted a call from the F. B. church, North Spaulding, and has already commenced his labors. His prayer is that the Lord will bless him and the people that he labors with.

We learn that a new bell has been placed in the belfry of the F. B. church of Houlton. It weighs 1,138 lbs., and cost about \$250.

Rev. John B. Merrill writes encouraging news from the Mt. Vernon church. The church was once strong, but had become weak. He says: "A little more than a year ago God led Sister I. D. Haines among them, giving to her to proclaim the message of 'holiness to the Lord,' and he has honored the faithful presentation of the truth. Many in the church are earnestly seeking the blessing of a 'higher life' and a closer walk with God. Others lately started are seeking to enter the 'rest of faith.' In response to a cry for help from Sister H., I came here March 15 and have since been laboring with her in a protracted effort, which has been directed by the Spirit more toward the establishing of the church, but to which God has set the seal of his approval in reclaiming backsliders, and awakening inquirers, so that already more than a dozen have come forward to the altar, and many more are deeply convicted of sin and of the need of Christ. I shall be at liberty to labor with any of our churches after April 1. Address 46 Waterville St., Portland, Me."

New Hampshire.

Rev. H. B. Hunkton writes from Lower Gilmanton: "The members of the congregation to the number of 60 called at the parsonage, March 23, and gave their minister and his family a pound party, which with gifts since received amounts to about \$18. It was very thankfully received. The Lord is reviving his work in the midst of us. Meetings are better

The Home Circle.

EASTER HYMN.

The sweet spring-tide is pouring
Its freshness o'er the land:
On Winter's blasts, rude warning,
God lays his loving hand.
There's joy in every motion,
There's hope in every breath:
Once more life's billowy ocean
Rolls back the bonds of death.

We know a promise sweeter
Than all the wealth of Spring,
For glad thanksgiving meeter
Than all the seasons bring—
The word the Master brought us
Who made our griefs his own,
And, for the truth he taught us,
Forsaken died, and rose.

He rose from dark entombing
Into the perfect light:
Our Easter lilies' blooming
Is not so pure and white.
We see the way resplendent
His risen footsteps trod,
And ask his love transcendent
To bear us up to God.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

THE UNHEEDED SINGER.

A bird with azure breast and beak of gold,
A joyous stranger, beautiful and shy,
Flown from far groves beneath a sunnier sky,
At morn amid our March woods bare and cold,
Sang like a spirit. Baptures such as hold
The arches charmed and hush the zephyr's sigh
From his enamored throat flowed carelessly
In musical low warblings manifold,
At length he ceased, with arch head bent aside,
And listened long; but from the woodlands bare
No cheering voice of melody replied,
Only a faint call from the fields of air—
Lightly he rose, and as the echo died
Fled to the open heavens and vanished there.

—O. C. Auringer.

THE BATTLE LILY AND THE PEACE LILY.

Donald, the Scotch gardener, had been at work all the morning getting the lily bulbs ready for planting; as he rose, after he had finished assorting and selecting, he glanced around at his orderly greenhouse, and a look of satisfaction grew upon his honest face. He looked down at a small heap of bulbs that he had thrown upon the ground during his work; a bright smile overspread his features, and he turned and walked down between the rows of plants and out of the door of the greenhouse.

He crossed the lawn, and reached the iron fence that separated the gentleman's grounds from the highway. He looked across the road towards a little cottage that stood in humble contrast to the stately house in the gentleman's yard. Leaning his head upon his arms that rested upon the fence, he watched for a long time; and then turned and sat down upon a rustic seat, and as the autumn leaves fell upon him, he thought, "It is a sad time, this dying of the year; and then he called back memories of wife and children, that, like the leaves, had fallen at his side. Then the sadness was chased away, and he smiled as he whispered, "They will be raised in glory!"

Just then there was a rustling among the leaves on the other side of the fence, and looking that way he saw a child with her face pressed to the iron bars.

"You've come, I see, my bairn," he said as he rose. "Come around to the gate, Maggie," he cried in an almost gleeful way. "I've got something, I've been saving something for you."

"Come, my girl," he urged as he saw she hesitated and looked back at the brown cottage, with an expression of half fear and half doubt upon her face. "I want to take you into the flower-house, and I will give you something you may take to your grandmother." This seemed to decide the matter for her, and she ran to the gate, which Donald opened, and then entered the gentleman's yard for the first time. The gravelled walk of the rich man seemed like a king's road to her, and, as she looked up at the tall brick house, she imagined how a palace would seem. But Donald opened the greenhouse door; it seemed as if all the stories of fairy-land she had read paled into dullness before the sight offered to her young eyes. As she followed down the aisles and breathed the sweet atmosphere scented by the breath of flowers, she could not realize she was the Maggie who, only a very short time before, had stood outside and all unconscious of such beauty.

Donald turned now and then to look at her; but she did not notice him; her gaze seemed riveted to the beauties about her; on he walked up and down and across, until the flower aisles had been trod several times; and then he stopped at the farther end of the house and said:

"Do you see the two lilies yonder, bairn? One is white, the other red; now I've saved the bulbs; here they are; and they'll make flowers like the two over there; I've saved these for you to take over to the cottage." Maggie looked down at the pile of bulbs that reminded her of the artichokes that grew in her grandmother's yard, and then up at the face of the gardener. Donald understood the expression of disappointment, and was ready to meet it.

"I want to tell you about these things," he began; "each one of these homely bulbs owns a flower life! Each one has got a glory inside of it,—a glory that has got to come out! You can't see, bairn, how it will come out, and I can't tell you, any better than I can tell how this old body of mine will sometime be raised in glory. That is one of the things that never can be shown as here, and I don't know as we ought to want to be shown how it comes about; it's for us to wait and watch for the glory. Now I like to watch and wait for the life to show itself, the life that all the while is stirring in the

darkness, and keeping its secret, until it bursts out to surprise young eyes like yours, and old eyes like mine." The gardener then told the child how to put the bulbs into the earth, and how to care for them, in the hope of seeing the little green blade shoot above the ground,—which would grow until at last she might expect a flower for Easter.

"I can't tell you," he continued, "which will be red, and which will be white, among these. The red lily seems a flame of glory. I call it the battle lily; it is full of the joy color, but it is battle joy; then there's the white lily. I call that the peace lily. One is a glory as much as the other; but the glories are different. Up at the big house they want the white lilies for Easter. You know what Easter means, bairn; though, perhaps you don't; I'll tell you. The dear Christ went down into the dark grave, you know that?" Maggie nodded.

"Well, the people who murdered him, and some of his friends, too, thought he never could come up again,—just as we can't see how a buried thing can spring up; but he did come forth out of the darkness of the grave to make sure of life and peace for us, poor sinners; and that is why some people keep this, his rising day, and want flowers, white flowers mostly. Perhaps I ought to like the white lily better, there's no spot to it, it's pure, and it seems full of peace, in its meaning; but I don't, I can't make myself. I love the battle color. I believe I was born to fight. I want to fight while there's a bit of fighting to be done; but when I get through, then at last I'll take the white lily. It may seem a strange notion, others might say it is nonsense; but it's an old man's way of thinking, who's been watching the flower colors and the coming and going of flower life all his days."

Maggie had been listening with an awed interest to the gardener's words, and when he finished and asked, "Do you know what I mean?" she nodded assent. Then he gave directions for the care of the bulbs a second time, and went with the child as far as the gate. She ran home, and bursting into the room where her grandmother sat knitting, cried, "O grandmother! I've brought such strange things! They look like our artichokes; but they will turn out flowers." Then the grandmother questioned her, and said:

"The people over at the grand house are no friends of ours; haven't I told you that many and many a time!"

"O grandmother!" and here the child began to sob. It was the man who stays in the flower-house who gave them to me, and he said they would come out beautiful lilies, like the ones in the flower-house; some would be red, and others white, he said. And he said that the red lily was the battle lily, and that the white one was the peace lily, for the time when the battles were all done. He says the grand ladies in the big house like the white lilies for Easter; but he says he likes the flaming ones. A flaming glory, he called them, and he says when he's done fighting he'll like the peace lily, he thinks."

Grandmother rose. "And what do the grand ladies know of battles, or peace after battles? I should like to know?" she asked, and her cap border shook with the trembling of her old body. "If they had the aches and the troubles that I have, they might talk of battles; it's only play-talk, as it is!"

But after an hour grandmother remarked, in a different tone:

"I don't think, after all, that the flower-house keeper can be to blame for anything that has happened about the grand folks' trying to get my home away from me." The old lady was the sole guardian of her grandchild, who had been an orphan from almost the beginning of her young life. The dislike for the "grand folks" dated from the hour when the gentleman came to buy her cottage with the ground around it. Grandmother had answered:

"Do you think I could have a heart to sell the ground where the children once walked? Why, I think the trees and the bushes which I have watched as they grew through the years would sigh themselves to death for me. Do you think my place is a disgrace to your fine one? Well, it may be, but I wouldn't give one inch of the ground that has been made sacred by the steps of the ones that are gone, for your whole place! Every room tells a story of the old, happy days, and the walls sometimes seem to send back the sound of a baby laugh or a baby cry. Never ask me again for an inch of ground!"

But grandmother helped to plant the bulbs, in spite of her prejudices; and as the days passed, the autumn days, when the green beauty of the yard withered, she began to sympathize in the watchful interest of Maggie, and hailed with her each coming blade from the bulbs. The long winter days came and the snow blew against the cottage windows; but the green shoots inside upon the ledge grew tall, and people stopped to notice the display; for such a show of plant life in the cottage windows had not been seen for years before. The winter passed; and the spring came; and the flower stalks grew; and the buds swelled; and one morning Maggie cried:

"O grandmother! The glory flame! The battle red! It is just as he said—they have come out! O grandmother! grandmother!" At last a row of battle lilies stood in the window; Donald saw

them and whispered, "Battle lilies—all of them!" One day, as the gardener was at work in the gentleman's yard, he looked up to see the flying figure of Maggie, and as she came up to him she cried: "O, sir! grandmother is sick, and don't know me!" Grandmother did not recognize the ladies from the grand house, who came to take care of her.

At last there came a night when these watchers felt that death's messenger was near; but the night passed, and the sun of the Easter morning rose. Maggie with tear-blurred vision saw the long row of flaming lilies,—and at the end, What was that? she questioned silently and brushed away the tears. She went to the window. A white lily had burst into bloom—a peace lily. She glanced towards grandmother's bed; the sick woman's eyes wore a new expression. The girl took the lily from its place, carried it to the bedside, and said, in sweet, confident tones:

"See, grandmother, it is a peace lily; you know Donald says it means peace after a battle; now you will get well, I think!" Grandmother lifted her sunken eyes from which the flame of the battle passion had gone out, and said, "Yes, child, it was—a battle,—it is—pe-a-ce; and peace was her last word."

When Donald brought the white lilies for the form from which the battle-worn soul had gone to its peace, Maggie with quivering lips asked:

"Did the coming of the peace-lily give grandmother the peace?"

"No," answered Donald, "the risen Christ gave her the peace."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end;
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof, for when the slow, dark hours begin,
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You can not miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before,
Then must I knock, or call, when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum,
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

—Selected.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

She was a very little woman, not more than four years old, and I am afraid she was running away.

Perhaps I ought not to say running; for she walked gravely and deliberately along the street, looking about her with an observant air. She had on a ruffled white apron, and a brown stuff dress, and over her head she had thrown an apron of blue and white check in place of a bonnet. The apron was so large, and the little woman so small, that, while the chubby hand held it snugly under her round chin, one corner trailed on the ground behind her. The apron also served as a shawl for a rag doll with no features to speak of, whose head, with a ghastly wound on top, peeped out under the little mother's arm. A great many people were coming and going, but the little woman did not notice them. She was singing to herself and the doll,

"This is his hand that leadeth me."

She only knew this one line, so she sang it over and over as she went on, walking close to the fences, and peeping into yards where flowers were growing, and into basements, where she had glimpses of tables covered with red cloths, and shining casters towering in the middle like revolving batteries. She was directly in the wake of a fat woman, who turned the stream of travel one side, and left a quiet little path for her small follower.

Presently the little woman stopped. She had come to a yard, filled with trees and flowers, around an old-fashioned brick house. The flowers were old-fashioned, too, but they were all of the sweetest, and over them the cherry boughs were like one great white bouquet. The little woman forgot to hold the apron under her chin, and it slid down to the sidewalk. She took her doll from under her arm, and held her close to the fence that she might see too, and smell the blossoms, and hear the fine, clear piping of the bees at work among them. There was a wonderful bird flashing about the trees like a great golden blossom. The bird seemed always just about to launch into a song, but was so busy he broke off at the first syllable. A man came across the lawn with a wheelbarrow, in which was a green shrub. He dug a hole in the turf, and began to plant the bush; but he saw the eager little face, and the dolly with her woolen brains oozing out behind. He nodded good-naturedly.

"Where you going, sis?"
"Anywhere," said the little woman.
"What you looking at?"
"God's flowers," was the grave answer.

The man laughed again, and pushed up his hat.
"Them's the Gov'nor's flowers; want some?"

The little woman only nodded, but her eyes grew large and round with wonder and expectancy as the man broke a white bough from the cherry-tree, and a purple spike of hyacinth bells. "He put them in her hand, saying, 'Now run home, or that there young lady will be took up by the p'lice; looks like she'd had a row.'"

The little woman had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the flowers. The man went back to his work, and she went slowly on. One block, two blocks, six blocks, then she came to a little triangular park at the intersection of the streets,—a very small park, with only grass and a few trees in it, and an iron drinking fountain for horses just outside the fence. Two dusty horses were drinking from the round iron bowl, and a dog was eagerly lapping the slender stream that spilled over upon the stones below. The little woman went into the park, and sat down under a tree. She was just beginning to be afraid she was lost, but she could not be very unhappy while she had her flowers. She sat very still looking at them, and to her great delight a brown bee came sniffing at the white cups for an instant as he passed. Stretched on the grass near her was a boy—a big boy; the little woman would have called him a man. He had red hands and a sunburned face, and coarse, clumsy clothes. You would not have looked twice at him, but the little woman looked and looked, and saw he was crying. She looked again, and then crept a little nearer, holding her doll very tight.

"Does you want some of God's flowers?" she asked, holding the sweet things toward him.

The boy took them eagerly,—took them all; but just as the little woman was going to cry he gave them back to her, so she broke off a piece of the cherry bough and one little stemless hyacinth, and gave them to him. The boy had but lately come to the city. He was hungry, he was friendless, he was utterly discouraged, he had taken the first step downward. But when he smelt the familiar scent of cherry blossoms, and saw the pure, pitiful eyes of the little woman looking at him, it brought back the homely brown house among the hills, and the little sisters who believed in him and trusted him.

"I'll try one day more," he said resolutely, "and if I can't get work, I'll go home; I won't stay here and go to the bad."

Surely they were "God's flowers" which the little woman had given him.

She sat quietly under the tree, talking sometimes to her doll, and counting the hyacinth bells over and over. She knew now she was lost, but was not really frightened. She felt sure some one would come by and by and find her. The market-house clock began to strike twelve. With the first stroke a babel of sounds broke in. Steam-whistles in every key, bells that changed slowly, bells that rang wildly, clocks striking from a dozen steeples, and through them all the slow deep boom of the market clock. The street was full of hurrying people, going home to dinner. Clattering over the pavement came an empty express wagon; the driver hesitated, then turned up to the brimming water basin, and let the big gray horse plunge his nose in the cool water. A flock of brown sparrows were taking shower-baths in the overflow; and as the driver waited his eyes followed them with amusement from the water to the branches where they dried their feathers. What was that under the tree? A child lying asleep on the grass?

"Looks like my little woman," said the driver, jumping over the fence, and coming up to the tree in three strides. "Sure you live it's herself," he said, as he picked the little sleeper up in his strong arms. He stooped again for the doll, and thrust it head first into his pocket; but the little hand clung to the flowers even in sleep. The big horse whisked them away, but with the jolting of the wagon the blue eyes opened.

"What ye s'pose mother'll say?" asked the driver, pressing the soft cheek against his rough coat. "Where was ye goin', anyhow?"

"Just went a-walking," said the little woman, "and I couldn't go back cause the house got lost."

When the terrified mother had assured herself that her darling was safe and sound, when the little woman was eagerly crowding her withered flowers into her tin cup, the father looked up from his dinner to say:

"Curious how I happened to drive by the park to-day; haven't been that way in a week."

"This is his hand that leadeth me," sang the little woman over her flowers.

The father looked at the mother and nodded.

"Might be," he said thoughtfully.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

SLEIGH BELLS.

How many boys and girls know how sleigh-bells are made? How do you think the little iron ball gets inside the bell? It is too big to be put in through the little holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell, this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the outside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and the mold.

When the mold is taken off, you see a sleigh-bell, but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can be all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh-bell.—*Selected.*

SUNDAY IN THE HOME.

We know a household in which the Sunday is hardly over, before the little ones begin the inquiry, "Mamma, when will it be Sunday again?" To these children Sunday is the "red letter" day of the week, looked forward to and backward to, more than every other day. And this, because on Sunday they have their father at home all day. The wise father makes Sunday the children's day. He dismisses his business care, gathers his children close about him, listens to the histories of the week, reads to them, or talks to them or walks with them. He is making beautiful associations to cluster around this beautiful day.

This should be the day of days in every household. Six days must the bread and butter be earned, and the bread and butter be prepared, the raiment taken thought of, and the raiment stitched. Six days must the father and sons and daughters and little children go abroad to the work and their lessons. But then comes the seventh day, the beautiful Sunday, in which business may be set aside, the lessons dismissed, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters reunited. Let this day be consecrated to all that is highest and best in our nature, to thanksgiving and aspiration, and to the development in the home of those spiritual graces which make our homes heavenly places. Wise parents will make the day so bright and sweet with their joy and their children, their sympathetic conversation, their choice books, and their songs and their bits of poetry that they who came to the hearthstone weary or discouraged will be renewed and cheerful for the coming week, and all will bear in their hearts a bright memory to shine on them in cloudy weather.—*Baptist Weekly.*

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not, therefore, upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salvation only, but as a perpetual monitor of duty; by what we require of God we see what he requires of us.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The grand old book of God still stands; and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word.—*Prof. Dana.*

Our Children.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.—*Locke.*

AS NIGHT CAME DARKLY DOWN.

The night came darkly down:—
The birdies' mother said,
"Peep! peep!"

You ought to be asleep;
'Tis time my little ones were safe in bed!
So, sheltered by her wing in downy nest,
The weary little birdlings took their rest.

The night came darkly down;
The baby's mother said,
"Bye-low!
You mustn't frolic so!
You should have been asleep an hour ago!"

And, nestling closer to its mother's breast,
The merry prattler sank to quiet rest.

Then in the cradle soft
'Twas laid with tenderest care,
"Good night!
Sleep till the morning light!"

Whispered the mother as she breathed a prayer.

Night settled down, the gates of day were barred,
And loving angels were on guard.

—*Our Little Ones.*

DAISY AND DICK.

BY W.

Daisy and Dick are two very sweet little people. Daisy is eight years old and goes to school. She has a very motherly care over her little brother Dick, who is four years younger and as roguish a black-eyed darling as you could wish to see.

Mamma calls Daisy her "trustworthy little woman" because she does not "forget" when she is out of sight, but is quite as careful and womanly as when papa and mamma are by.

This little brother and sister are very fond of each other, and neither can fully enjoy a pleasure unless the other shares it.

Dick sometimes goes into the city with papa. One day when they were there, Barnum's gay procession passed along the street. Dick was, at first, dazzled by the sight of the prancing horses, the gorgeous chariots and strange animals; but presently papa heard a sob and looking down saw that the little fellow was crying as if his heart would break.

"What is it, my son?" asked papa, in surprise.

"O papa," sobbed Dick, "I-I want my Daithy to thee it, too."

Temperance.

THE APPALLING LIST.

As we turned page after page, scanned column by column, of *The Alliance News* a few weeks since, we were sadly impressed with the terrible "record of the cases of violence and crime, of perilous accidents, assaults on women, murders, etc.," due directly to strong drink. The record was made up of cases that occurred in the last week of 1883 and the first week of 1884. We use the summary of *The National Temperance Advocate*:

This appalling "Liquor-List" fills fifty-two columns of the *Alliance News*, and embraces the following aggregates: 26 perilous accidents through drink; 13 robberies through drink; 5 cases of drunken insanity; 63 drunken outrages and violent assaults; 20 drunken stabbings, cuttings, and woundings; 5 cases of drunken cruelty to children; 74 assaults on women through drink; 13 cases of juvenile intoxication; 70 drunken assaults on constables; 94 premature, sudden, or violent deaths through drink; 18 cases of suicide attempted through drink; 15 cases of drunken suicide completed; and 12 drunken manslaughters or murders. These cases were simply compiled from British newspaper announcements for the two weeks mentioned. While the columns of many papers were examined, it is stated that not half the papers published were consulted, so that this record, shocking as it is, is probably less than half complete! In Great Britain, as in our own country, the drink-traffic is the prolific source of violence and crime.

MADAGASCAR RUM AND RELIGION.

The Rev. A. G. Shaw, writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of missionary work in Madagascar, says:

But what can the missionary do against this powerful agent for evil introduced in European vessels by professedly Christian men, to the complete destruction of all morality among these ignorant natives? Not only are the people being ruined in body and soul, not only are they becoming so debauched that they cultivate barely sufficient rice to supply their most pressing wants, but they fail utterly to supply that most pressing demand of the foreign merchant and planter, the labor market. So long as over ten thousand barrels of rum, each containing between forty and fifty gallons, are imported in one year to the east coast of Madagascar at so cheap a rate as to be retailed at 6d. a quart, it is vain for the planter to look for labor, constant, regular and trustworthy, among these people. And this is the lowest view of the matter. There is a higher and graver responsibility resting upon the British nation, who with one hand send the Bible and missionaries to teach these people, and with the other pour into the country that which washes out at one sweep both the moral and religious life of the natives and conducts them to an early and certain grave. It is to the disgrace of those speaking the English tongue that it was their voice which was uplifted to prevent the native government from imposing a higher duty upon this importation, and so restricting in some measure the evil effects upon their people.—*The Christian Home.*

WHY BREWERS DISLIKE PROHIBITION.

The following significant item in a late number of the brewers' organ, the *Washington Sentinel*, referring to Kansas, indicates clearly enough the reason why prohibition is distasteful to the brewers and beer-sellers:

In Parsons, last week, all the saloon-keepers were arrested, and, after they had promised to close their bars and not reopen them, they were released on paying the merely nominal fee of one hundred dollars each. They have already begun to move into Missouri.

Of course the brewers will give no opportunity to prohibition to "fail" in the same way outside of Kansas if they can possibly help it.—*Nat. Temp. Advocate.*

The Dominion of Canada is alive on the question of the liquor traffic. The *Witness* Publishing House of Montreal is sending out several low-priced periodicals in favor of temperance. Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Ontario have done nobly in adopting the Canada Temperance Act. Manitoba has not done so much, while Quebec and British Columbia are not as yet adopting the Act. The cheapest of the papers referred to is *War Notes*, a weekly campaign paper just started for the benefit of the general Scott Act Campaign inaugurated by the Dominion Alliance. It is issued at barely cost price—20 copies weekly for six months for one dollar. *War Notes* has in fact as well as in name the ring of battle, its articles being crisp and keen, its news got up in pointed style, and its headings trumpet blasts well designed to rally the temperance clans. It gives news of the working of the Scott Act where it is in operation, as well as campaign news.

Any one who watches carefully the signs of the times must have noted the prominence which the temperance question is assuming in politics. It is becoming a national question. Not long ago it was the last theme to engage the attention of a party leader or to move the pen of a political editor. Now the hardest and least sentimental of them talks temperance frequently. The opinion prevails simultaneously in the East and the West, the South and the Middle, that the sale and manufacture of intoxicants has ceased to be a Sunday-school question; that the masses of sober and Christian people are bound to have a chance to vote on it; and that the more prominent the liquor interest makes itself in legislation, the sooner will its destruction ensue.—*Christian Leader.*

Our Book Table.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[All books sent us by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this head, and will also, at our earliest convenience, receive such further notice or review as their merits and the good of our readers may seem to require.]

BOOKS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SACERDOTAL CELEBRITY IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Henry C. Lea. Second edition, enlarged. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 9-45x12 inches. pp. 682. \$4.50.

CLEAR LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD. By Kate Irving. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1884. pp. 201. \$1.25.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN. By Pansy. Author of "Ester Red," "Mrs. Solomon Looking On," "Hail in the Grove," etc., etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin Street. pp. 197. \$1.50.

EDWARD O'DONNELL. A Story of Ireland of our day. By O'Donnell. Boston: New York: S. W. Green's son, Publisher, 69 Beekman Street. 1884. Cloth. 12 mo. pp. 300. Price, \$1.00.

MY HOUSE. AN IDEAL. By Oliver B. Bunce. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884. pp. 108. Price, 50 cents.

OLIVIER'S POPULAR READING. No. 4. Seven complete stories. New York: J. S. Ogilvie and Company, 31 Rose Street. Price (paper) 30 cents.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA. By Martin Harland. Author of "Alois," "The Hidden Part," etc. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co., New York: Forth, Howard, and Hubert. pp. 601. \$1.50.

PAMPHLETS.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT. Nos. 23 and 24. March 12 and 19. Subjects: "The Appointed Ideal," "Mortality and Spirituality." New York: Forth, Howard, & Hubert. 27 Park Place. Price, 7 cents; \$2 per annum.

THE FIRST PUBLIC REPORT OF THE HOME OF INDUSTRY AND REFUGE FOR DISCARDED COLORED VICTIMS. 40 East Houston Street, New York, Jan. 1, 1884. New York: Gray Brothers, 202 Fulton Street.

Mr. S. P. Meads, who is in charge of the Natural Science Department of the Oakland, California, high school, has prepared an admirable text-book of 163 pages, entitled *THE CHEMICAL PRIMER*. It is designed especially for those schools which can spend only one term on Chemistry, and for students of medicine. The first forty pages present, in a manner very simple and clear, the essential principles of the atomic theory, chemical reactions and nomenclature; and useful reference tables of symbols, atomic weight, quantivalence, and electric qualities. A pupil can easily master this, and then he is prepared to commence the inductive study of the non-metallic and metallic elements, whose properties are successfully presented by 138 experiments and such simple textual explanations as must make the subject interesting to the average student. There are also 50 well-chosen and simple experiments in the appendix, and short chapters on antitoxins, dyeing, crystallization, spectrum analysis, tests for sugar and albumen in animal secretions, tests for alkaloids, and an analytical chart for qualitative analysis, together with a very useful quantitative test for carbonic acid in school rooms. It is difficult to see how the arrangement of this little book could be improved and the author has been fortunate in selecting just those subjects and facts which are most easily learned and most desirable to know. We are acquainted with nearly all the text-books on chemistry published in this country, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing this the best that we have seen, for pupils who have only one term to devote to it. There are some minor criticisms which might be easily sustained; but the faults are trivial, when we consider the general merits of the book. A single copy sent by mail on receipt of \$1 by W. B. Hardy, 961 Broadway, Oakland, California.

The sensation of the day in Europe is the book entitled *BERLIN SOCIETY*. The suppression of this book in Berlin, on account of the scandals in high life which it so fearlessly brings to light, and the insight which it gives of the personal life of the royal family of Germany, has excited a great interest. It has reached an enormous sale in Europe. It can not fail to awaken unusual attention in America. It is the most piquant literary episode of the season. The author of the volume, Count Paul Vassili, is said to have been an inmate of the royal family, and so to have possessed peculiar opportunities of knowledge. The judgments of the book are profound, and the literary form excellent. In many passages, however, the author seems vindictive and malicious, sacrificing justice to an adroit satire. The volume displays a wide knowledge of the German diplomatic circles, and its keen and unsparring revelations aroused the feelings in the Court which commanded its suppression. The translation from the French has been made by Mr. J. Loder, and the vivacity and sparkle of the original has been well preserved in the translation. The book contains twenty-three chapters, devoted to such themes as, "The Royal Family," "The Court," "The Chancellor," "M. de Windthorst and the Catholics," "M. Bebel and the Socialists," "M. Stoecker and the Jewish Question," &c. In speaking of the Royal Family, the author says: "The Emperor William is, without doubt, the most popular prince among his people in our time. Apart from his military successes, he is a man very amiable, very benevolent in appearance, very paternal in his kindness. Without being of remarkable intelligence, he has quick perceptions, and possesses the talent of discovering people capable of becoming useful to him, of pushing them forward and supporting them in face of all opposition. He has no vanity, disappears when it becomes necessary, effaces himself behind his Chancellor, and whatever he may suffer from the latter's imperious will, he has too much dignity to allow the world to perceive it. He is ambitious, but coarsely so, from a feeling of covetousness for his neighbor's goods; he has the same appetite morally as physically; he wants always more than he already possesses, and even to this day can not console himself for not having taken Saxony in 1866. He is absolute in his principles, in his will; he has his favorites, but never permits them to occupy themselves with politics, reserving that exclusively for his ministers. The Emperor William believes in the inefficiency of his son and makes a point of it that all Germany should think as he does." Our author has this to say of the Socialists: "It is not the Socialists that one can accuse of bargaining with the enemy. Never has a political party so well defended a desperate cause; never a handful of men made proof of such indomitability and such manly energy. The Socialists in Germany are neither Brothers, nor Russian Nihilists, nor French Communists. They have indeed affinities with them and resemblance to them; they employ, it is true, the same methods; but their object is different, and their ideal, if I may thus express myself, represents upon quite different foundations. They are not rebels; they are indignant people. They do not rise against the superiority of one social caste over another; they protest only against the accumulation of power in despotic hands, and against that of money in avaricious hands; they protest against that absolute disdain of the fate of the poor classes with which M. de Bismarck governs." The publisher of *Berlin Society* is S. W. Green's Son, 69 Beekman St., New York. 12 mo., Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

We take pleasure in noticing a very interesting story for girls, written by Miss Ella M. Baker, entitled *SOLDIER AND SERVANT*. The title is the motto of a young girl, Lisle Knight, and she bequeathed to her by her mother who died before her remembrance. The heroine is a very natural, winning girl, not free from faults, but with a strong purpose to correct them when once perceived. How she grew in strength and beauty of character, the ways she found of being helpful to others, and the merry or serious episodes in her own life, and in the lives of her circle of charming girl friends, are all told in a style both attractive and instructive. Published by D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25.

THE SCATTERED SOVEREIGN, or, Kansas in the '50's, by Mary A. Humphrey, claims to be "a life picture of the early settlement of the Debatable Ground," and to be "founded upon memorable and historical events, whose characters have been carefully chosen to represent the various types of men and women who met upon the Kansas plains intent on settling the vexed question as to whether the Territory should come into the Union as a Free or a Slave State." The book is composed in the form of a story which is mainly fictitious, is well conceived and stirring in its style, blends the various passions of the human heart, helps the reader to obtain a vivid conception of the critical times which it portrays—so far, at least, as the lives of the "squatters" are concerned, is attractively illustrated, contains 354 pages, is firmly and neatly bound, sells for—we are not told how much, and is published by the Coburn and Newman Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

MAGAZINES.

Want of space compels much shorter notices of the April magazines than their merit deserves.

The Atlantic opens with the last part of "Drifting Down Lost Creek," a very striking story. "A Roman Singer" and "In War Time" have each two chapters. Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, discusses "The Red Sunsets" and their probable causes. Oliver T. Morton, son of the late eminent Senator Morton, of Indiana, writes about "Presidential Nominations" and shows how to avoid dark horse candidates. We give these as samples of the excellent reprint furnished this month. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Century closes the twenty-seventh volume of this deservedly popular magazine. A portrait of Sidney Lanier at fifteen is a becoming frontispiece. "The White House," abundantly illustrated, takes the first place, followed by an appreciative article on "Sidney Lanier, Poet," by William Hayes Ward, accompanied by a portrait of the poet in his maturity. The writer predicts that Mr. Lanier "will find a large and yet larger audience," and "will fill a great space in our history of poetry and art." The historical and descriptive articles (profusely illustrated) are prominent; the more scientific one is "The Destiny of the Universe," and "Arnold on Emerson and Carlyle," by John Burroughs, is distinctively literary. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for April is a strong, varied and valuable number. In the opening paper, Herbert Spencer discusses "The Coming Slavery," meaning the decay of the sentiment of personal liberty and the growth of the system of legislative interference and coercion. Dr. Oswald concludes in this number his lively series on "The Remedies of Nature." The illustrated articles are, "Photographing a Streak of Lightning," "Why the Eyes of Animals shine in the Dark," and "The Electric Railway." A paper on "Methods of Instruction in Mineralogy" indicates the sort of drill that scientific educators wish to substitute for Greek. Besides these there are nearly a dozen other valuable articles. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents per number, \$5 per year.

The Art Amateur for April gives attractive designs of passion flowers for screen embroidery and blackberries for panel painting, some interesting pages of Oriental diaphanous, a curious old German alphabet, and some striking designs for furniture panels after Goujon. Notable features are the excellent illustrations of objects in the famous Castellan collection, the clever sketches of pictures in the exhibitions of the French Water Color Society and the Boston Paint and Clay Club, and the interesting notice of the work of J. A. Habert-Dys, one of the principal designers for L'Art. The practical departments are well filled, and in all respects the number is fully up to the high standard of this admirable magazine. Price 35 cents; \$4 a year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, N. Y.

Corner, "Literature," and "Better Thoughts" complete a good number. Fifteen cents; \$1.50 a year. The Universe Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Cassell's Family Magazine for April consists of stories, scientific and descriptive articles, and poetry. It is well illustrated. Among the articles of practical interest, we notice "How Coke is Made," "Our Garden in March," "The Preservation of Health," "A Morning at the Female School of Art," "Talks with my Patients," by a family doctor, "The National Music of Scotland," "Remunerative Employment for Gentlemen," 15 cents a number; \$1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., Limited, 739 & 741 Broadway, New York.

St. Nicholas for April, with its varied table of contents, reminds us, like the month itself, both of the winter that is past, and of the summer that is to come. An account of the first ice-palace, that built by the Empress Anna Ivanovna of Russia, with a picture by Blum, is offset by Mary A. Lathbury's pleasant summer sketch, called "Fairy Lodge," which the author has charmingly illustrated. The whole number is a gem. The Century Co., New York.

NEW STATE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

A large number of directories have been published for New Hampshire by parties outside the state, but many have failed to meet the wants of business men. A portion of the state has been canvassed by J. J. Lane & Co., general publishers, of Laconia, and being satisfied that the business men of the state are in want of a directory printed at home, thus avoiding errors that are frequent in directories printed outside the state, and sold at an exorbitant price, they have decided to publish such a book as is needed by business men in general, and to be known as the *New Hampshire Year Book*, which will contain 400 pages, handsomely bound, and to be disposed of at 50 cents a copy. Size of pages, 6x9 inches. It will give a full business directory of New Hampshire, arranged alphabetically by business and towns, followed by a description of all cities, towns, villages, county seats, post-offices, etc. It will give a complete table of distances on all railroads, together with other important features. Two thousand copies will be published, appearing about July 1st. Advertising rates: 1 page, \$10; 1-2 page, \$6; 1-4 page, \$4; 1 inch, \$1; payable on delivery of a copy of the book. Each subscriber (\$50), by notifying the publisher immediately, can have his name appear in large type, under the business heading he represents, free. The book is being largely patronized by New Hampshire business houses as a New Hampshire enterprise. Address J. J. Lane & Co., Laconia, N. H.

Miscellany.

BUDDHISM IN RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

At the last large meeting held in February, by the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, a paper was read by the Rev. R. C. Collins, M.A., on Buddhism in relation to Christianity. Referring to the parallels between the persons and characters of Buddha and Jesus Christ, he said: "Take, as a prominent instance, the birth stories. I need not here give details, which are to be found in any modern work on Buddhism. The supposed miraculous conception; the bringing down of Buddha from the Tusita heaven; the Devas acknowledging his supremacy; the presentation in the Temple, where the images of Indra and other gods threw themselves at his feet; the temptation by Mara—which legends are embellished by the modern writer I have already quoted, under such phrases as 'Conceived by the Holy Ghost,' 'Born of the Virgin Mary,' 'Song of the heavenly host,' 'Presentation in the Temple and temptation in the wilderness,' none of these is found in the early Pali texts. The simple story of ancient Buddhism is that an ascetic, whose family name was Gautama, preached a new doctrine of human suffering, and a new way of deliverance from it. There is no thought in the early Buddhism, of which we read in the Pali texts, of deliverance at the hands of a god; but the man Gautama Buddha stands alone in his striving after the true emancipation from sorrow and ignorance. The accounts of his descending from heaven, and being conceived in the world of men, with a preternatural light shone over the world, the blind received sight, the dumb sang, the lame danced, the sick were cured, together with all such embellishments, are certainly added by later hands; and if here we recognize some rather remarkable likenesses in thought or expression to things familiar to us in our Bibles we need not be astonished, when we reflect how great must have been the influence, as I have before hinted, of the Christian story in India in the early centuries of the Christian era, and perhaps, long subsequently. This is a point which has been much overlooked; but it is abundantly evident from among other proofs, the story of the god Krishna, which is a manifest parody of the history of Christ. The *Bhagavat-Gita*, a theosophical poem put into the mouth of Krishna, is something unique among the productions of the East, containing many gems of what we should call Christian truth wrested from their proper setting to adorn this creation of the Brahman poet and indicating as plainly their origin as do the stories of his life in the *Maha-Bharata*; so that it has not unreasonably been concluded that the story of Krishna was inserted in the *Maha-Bharata* to furnish a divine sanction to the *Bhagavat-Gita*. If, then, as there is the strongest reason to believe, the Christian story, somewhere between the first and tenth centuries of the Christian era, forced itself into the great Hindu epic, and was at the foundation of the most remarkable poem that ever saw the light in India, can we be surprised if we find similarly borrowed and imitated wonders in the later Buddhist stories also? Several home and colonial applications to join the Institute as guinea subscribers were received, and its object being to investigate all philosophical and scientific questions, especially any said to militate against the truth of the Bible, a discussion ensued in which Mr. Hornum, Rasmussen, Professor Lettner, from Lahore, Mr. Coles, an earnest student of the question during 25 years' residence in Ceylon, Professor Rhys Davids, and others took part. All agreeing in and confirming the statements of Mr. Collins's paper. Dr. Lettner brought a large number of photographs of early Indian and Tartar sculptures, showing the first introduction of the Christian story into those monuments between about the second and tenth centuries, and he pointed out the value of such additional confirmation of Mr. Collins's statements.

Wonderful Cures.

Are being made in chronic diseases, such as Consumption, Catarrh, Neuritis, Brounchitis, etc., by Drs. Starkey and Allen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, under the remarkable action of a new Vitalizing Treatment which they have been dispensing for the last thirteen years. If you are suffering from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write to them for information regard to their new Treatment. It will be promptly furnished, and such reports of cases sent you as will enable you to judge for yourself whether or not it promises to be of value in your particular ailment.

Horsford's SELF-RAISING Bread Preparation.

Recommended BY PHYSICIANS. It restores to the flour the nutritious and strength-giving phosphates

—THAT ARE— removed with the bran, AND WHICH ARE required by the system. No other Baking Powder or Yeast does this.

THE MILD POWER CURE. HUMPHREY'S HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

In use 30 years.—Each number the special prescription of an eminent physician.—The only Simple, Safe and Sure Remedies for the people. LARGEST PRINCIPAL NOS. CURE. PRICE.

1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, etc.	25
2. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, etc.	25
3. Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants, etc.	25
4. Cholera, Cholera Infantum, etc.	25
5. Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic, etc.	25
6. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, etc.	25
7. Cough, Cold, Bronchitis, etc.	25
8. Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache, etc.	25
9. Whooping Cough, Hoarse, Hoarseness, etc.	25
10. Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach, etc.	25
11. Suppressed or Painful Periods, etc.	25
12. Whites, too Profuse Periods, etc.	25
13. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing, etc.	25
14. Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Erysipelas, etc.	25
15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains, etc.	25
16. Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Ague, etc.	25
17. Blind or Bleeding Eyes, etc.	25
18. Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza, etc.	25
19. Whooping Cough, Hoarse, Hoarseness, etc.	25
20. General Debility, Physical Weakness, etc.	25
21. Kidney Disease, etc.	25
22. Nervous Debility, etc.	25
23. Urinary Weakness, Wetting the bed, etc.	25
24. Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation, etc.	25

Sold by druggists, or sent by the Case, or single via. Free of charge, on receipt of price. Send for Dr. Humphrey's Book on Diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs, etc. (44 pages), also illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address: Dr. Humphrey's Homoeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

PUZZLE. N. H. DOWNS' FOR COLDS CONSUMPTION AND COUGHS. ELIXIR.

CONSUMPTION has been cured times without number by the timely use of Down's Elixir. It will cure Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Whooping-Cough, Lung Fever, and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs, when other remedies fail. For sale by all dealers. HENRY, JOHNSON & LOR, Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

SOLID 7% NO RISK!!

Loans on improved farms which are constantly increasing in value. Interest collected without expense and payable in New York funds. Correspondence solicited.

DAWES & FOSS, Crete, Neb.

FIT'S STOPPED FREE. MARVELOUS SUCCESS. Instant Cures Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE-RESTORER.

For all Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.

It is a powerful remedy for the above diseases by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, it is said that in the office, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer, give the name and address, DR. R. C. KLINE, 151 Pearl St., N. Y.

News of the Northwest.

More fresh, desirable and reliable information about that fertile field for the enterprising is found in the *Minneapolis Farmers' Tribune* than in any other periodical publication. It is the leading family newspaper of the Northwest.

The *Tribune* on trial for three months, and Tom's Experience.

In Dakota, a graphic sketch of real life in that country, its ups and downs, failures and triumphs, a neat octavo-bound volume, will be sent for 50 cents. Sample copies of paper free. 410

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, it is said that in the office, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer, give the name and address, DR. R. C. KLINE, 151 Pearl St., N. Y.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE.

USE IT.

It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Sores, Bruises, Soreness of Feet, Hands, Eyes, etc., itching from any cause, etc. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

A MUSIC BOOK WORTH HAVING.

ASA HULL'S

Gem of Gems

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Has worked its way into thousands of schools purely on its merits. Most of the music is as durable as "Old Hundred" and never will wear out. The untold testimony of those using it, is that "It is the Best they ever had."

It is our purpose to give the largest, and in every way the best book in the market for the money. Correspondence and investigation is solicited. Price, \$30 per hundred. Specimen copy, paper cover, 25 cents; in boards, 35 cents. Address ASA HULL, 240 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep? *It's Castoria.*

When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms? *It's Castoria.*

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion, *It's Castoria.*

Farewell then to Morphine Syrup, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and *It's Castoria.*

82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

Fistula AND PILES

SALEM LEAD COMPANY,

PURE WHITE LEAD

LEAD PIPE and SHEET LEAD.

All goods warranted to be equal to the best in the market.

FRANK A. BROWN, Treas. SALEM, MASS.

52223

SALEM, MASS.

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

52223

