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LEAVING THINGS UNFINISHED.

Fret not that thy day is gone,
And the task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.

Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.

His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall love him to be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.

Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

—E. R. Sill, in the Atlantic.

TWO F. BAPTIST MIRACLES IN THE WEST.

BY THE REV. RANSOM DUNN, D. D.

1. Denominational survival, vitality and progress.

With members scattered over a territory larger than all Europe, we have no bishop like the Methodists and Roman Catholics for concentration, no commanding genius like Alexander Campbell or Hosea Ballou for leadership, no great missionary funds for expenditure; and yet within 30 years from the building of our first church edifice and the employment of our first pastor supported as such west of N. Y., our houses of worship, regular pastors and Sabbath schools have increased a hundred-fold; and two hundred-fold within 50 years.

A newspaper was demanded and many believed that no organization in Christendom, civil or religious, could prosper without a periodical organ. In 1856 the General Conference appointed a committee for establishing such a paper, and in 1866 its publication was greeted with general enthusiasm. Other plans and papers were soon proposed, and the "faint praise" of some, and the chilling opposition of others were too much for its life. This failure was the most discouraging event that ever occurred in the F. Baptist denomination. The writer was not in favor of the plan for its publication, nor present when it was adopted, but after its commencement the continuance seemed a necessity and its death almost fatal to denominational success.

As there were no cyclonic tempests of strife, nor deep murmurings of despair the real and terrible consequences of this failure were never realized nor understood by our people at large. Like the still frost which silently chills the life upon a thousand fields in a single night, so this sad event, leaving the guilt upon no particular individual, was endured in silence, but felt directly or indirectly by every church and minister throughout the West. The STAR sincerely intended all the relief possible, and many supposed the transferred skin was healing in with "first intention." But there is a limit to vital heat in blood, and in society enterprises. Many of our most important Home Mission interests and schools failed and many churches failed.

The fact that the denomination in spite of all discouragements, without great leaders or wealth, continues to live and increase in scholarship, houses of worship, and benevolent contributions is a F. Baptist miracle, more marvelous than the success of others; a proof of Divine interposition, and a prophecy of future possibilities.

2. Hillsdale College is a kind of miracle.

In 1853 it was thought that a F. Baptist college was needed somewhere, and the General Conference of that year unanimously approved of Hillsdale as the proper location, and pledged the denomination to its support. Soon after two thirds of the denomination were wisely engaged upon another enterprise. But, as 20,000 to 50,000 communicants in other churches had been able to support a college, it was deemed advisable to continue the effort with the expectation of liberal and united cooperation of the remaining 20,000 church members.

The demand for colleges seemed to increase rapidly and in a short time there were eight college enterprises in the denomination instead of one as expected when the first was established at Hillsdale. Seven of these, and as many academies, were for the 20,000 members left to Hillsdale. Many of these schools would have been of great advantage to the churches and the cause of education if confined to preparatory studies and sustained with funds not indispensably necessary for the support of the first and central college owned by the whole body. But with an assumption that these local institutions demanded all the funds in the respective localities, and could furnish all the education necessary for practical purposes, and with the inadequate conception of the nature, importance of magnitude of college life and work, the prospect was fearful. The assumption that Hillsdale College could be sustained by Michigan implied the belief that F. Baptists are five times as rich and liberal as others, for there is not a college in the State that has not the patronage of at least five times as many church members as we have in this State. But in spite of errors and lack of genius within, competition without, and narrowness in patronage and resources it has gone forward with

continued prosperity through clouds and fires as though the "Everlasting Arm was underneath." As the old workers die or retire, others take their places and to-day the institution with a noble faculty stronger than ever before, with love of its old friends and fifteen thousand students, is a F. Baptist miracle.

And yet, though "so many miracles are before them," some believe not, and like the apostles fall behind in darkness, or like Peter repudiate or deny their responsibility and relationship. The real courage and strength of an army is proved quite as positively by its endurance as by its action. What has been suffered and overcome shows what may be expected.

The past and the present constitute sufficient grounds for hope, and hopeful effort. "Who is on the Lord's side?"

DIVORCE.

BY S. S. C.

III.
"It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with an angry and contentious woman."—Prov. 21: 19.

A friend who has read the two preceding articles on Divorce in the STAR of Dec. 5, 1883, and July 16, 1884, though acknowledging reform should begin in the household, rather than in the laws, thinks husbands have been given more than their part of the blame. But the heading of this article will convince him that "woman's right" to share in the responsibility, in regard to this crying evil of the times, is by no means to be ignored.

And to show that woman is sometimes the chief factor in the unholy drama that ends in the scandals of a divorce suit, perhaps no clearer illustration can be given than the details of a treasury that came under the writer's own observation in a bright New England home. The parties were both young, and seemed very much in love with each other at marriage. The husband, whom we will call Roy, was generous and yielding, and fitted up their new home as nearly according to the expressed wishes of his wife as their means would allow; but she was not satisfied, and her sharp criticisms and implied complaint gave him his first ranking wound. Still he tried to please, but instead of showing gratitude for his endeavors, in his best efforts, she always saw something with which to find fault. If perchance his boots were left in the sitting room, or the least muddy track found on her spotless kitchen floor, his next entrance into the house was met with most bitter invectives.

And what seemed surprisingly strange to their intimate friends, the gay, defiant Aspasia appeared entirely unconscious that she was daily crushing out the last remains of affection in a noble husband's heart. An imbecile fear (fear of a woman's tongue) took possession of love's place in Roy's bosom. The world called him a "henpecked man," but not for long. The spirit of manhood rebelled, and saying with Solomon, "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with an angry and contentious woman," he sought a home in the far West; leaving his brilliant, gifted wife to bitter repentance and a broken heart.

She sued for divorce thinking to bring him back to compromise, when she would be humble and never "scold." But her resolutions for peace and reform came too late; she had lost him and now in sorrow worse than of widowhood she wears out a lonely life in her father's home—all because of her tongue which proved an "unruly evil" that she failed to control.

"Roy's crushed heart and ruined home may be an extreme case. Yet how many wives that read this are daily, by bitter complaints, creating an atmosphere in which love can not live. Julia Ward Howe says, "Woman's tendency, by reason of her position, is to narrowness;" and the wife proves it true, when she offsets the pretty triumphs of self-assertion by a vindictive tongue against the crowning glory of a happy home—a husband's warm, sustaining love which is kept green only by loving forbearance and self-denial.

EXCERPTS ON THE SABBATH.

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

A Sabbatarian, speaking of Sabbath desecration, says: "The ultimate weakness in the matter of Sunday observance lies in attempting to set aside the true Sabbath, and to put Sunday in its place"—when he knew that the Jewish Sabbath was set aside long ago and the Christian Sabbath was put in its place in the providence of God and, we believe, by the authority of Christ, and that no attempt can now be made to do that which is already done!

A favorite argument for laxity in the observance of the Christian Sabbath is that it is not the right day—it is no true Sabbath—it is "falsely called the Sabbath." Is this the reason why the Jewish Sabbath fell into disuse and is not now observed? If the argument is good for anything it will apply here. The Jews did not always keep their Sabbath; and God said to them more than once through the prophet, "Ye have profaned my Sabbath"; and is Sunday no Sabbath because it is profaned? The fact remains that the Jewish Sabbath is set aside, and now shall men professedly Christian use their influence to set aside the only Sabbath we have, by putting themselves in sympathy with skeptics, pleasure-seekers, Sabbath-breakers and men of the world, and telling them in regard to keeping

the Christian Sabbath that "there is no basis on which to build a strong conscientiousness, much less any authority which touches the easy conscience of the man who is not of the church but only of the world;" and that "the most devout and frantic efforts to stem the tide of Sunday holidayism by the civil law, or by false charges of 'Sabbath-breaking' against those who only disregard Sunday will be alike vain?" Such sentiments will fatally touch such consciences and eradicate the last vestige of reverence for any Sabbath whatever. Then there can be no such thing as Sabbath-breaking, because we have no Sabbath to break. Men who utter such doctrines are doing the devil's work, we fear, more effectually, if they have more influence, than the classes referred to above; and to make their work as sure as possible they say: "Those who believe Sunday to be sacred are in a small minority," seeming to forget that the large majority against it, with which they reckon themselves, is made large by the worst elements in society which have always been in the majority.

A stickler for this obsolete Sabbath says: "We can hardly see how the influence of keeping Saturday and working Sunday can be destructive of the Christian Sabbath." Such sight must be very obtuse; for any one, with half an eye, can see that if all should take this course, it would entirely destroy it. It obtains only on the ground that so few do it that it can not materially affect the great result.

I ALWAYS GO TO JESUS.

I always go to Jesus
When troubled or distressed,
I always find a refuge
Upon his loving breast.
I tell him all my trials,
I tell him all my grief;
And while my lips are speaking
He gives my heart relief.

When full of dread forebodings,
And flowing o'er with tears,
He takes away my sorrow
And hushes all my fears.
He comprehends my weakness,
The peril I am in,
And he supplies the armor
I need to conquer in.

When those are cold and faithless
Who once were fond and true,
With careless hearts forsaking
The old friends for the new,
I turn to him whose friendship
Knows neither change nor end.
I always find in Jesus
A never failing friend.

I always go to Jesus,
No matter when or where,
I seek his gracious presence,
I'm sure to find him there,
In times of joy or sorrow,
Whatever my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comes to me.

—Selected.

A NAMELESS ONE.

In reading the STAR week before last, I came to the article, "Over a Coffin Lid." It brought to mind some incidents in the life of a friend, and I thought this might come to the eye of some one who was doing the same wrong. "Truth is stranger than fiction." I think it is well to "see ourselves as others see us."

A young wife did something that offended her husband, and to punish her, he would never call her by her given name, and for fifteen years she strove with patient loving ways to win from him some name. The names of all others came freely and lovingly from his lips, but never for her he had sworn to cherish, the one who stood firmly by his side when the world had frowned. Many and many a night was her pillow wet with tears, after a day of trying to please in hopes he would appreciate her love, and call her by her name. When, after years, she told him how hungry her heart was for this token of forgiveness and love, he only laughed at her. And this man was a professed follower of Christ, and had for a number of years taken an active part in all the prayer-meetings. To me it was as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, for we read if we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of his.

There came a day when that strong man was laid upon a bed of sickness, and death was very near. Day and night that loving wife stood over him, hoping each day that he would reward her love and care by calling her by name. Days passed, and at last the doctor said, "At midnight there will be a change." For hours he lay in unconsciousness, and as the hour drew near she knelt beside him, with bowed head, praying that he might not pass away without one word of love. Just as the hands were pointing the hour she heard a sigh, and looking up she saw he was conscious.

He said, "Dear wife, I thought I was dead, and that I went to Heaven, and I looked to see the door open wide, but it remained closed, and at length I rapped, and some one asked, 'Who is there?' I answered, 'Joseph Steel.' The answer came, 'I never knew you.' 'Why I belong to the Rev. Howard Dean's church of Ridgeville—have been a member in good and regular standing a number of years.' For answer he said, 'Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath angry against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift.' As he ended I looked at myself and saw that the robe I had called Christ's righteousness was my own self-righteousness and was as filthy rags. I saw that my hardness to you had closed Heaven's door to me and I then and there asked God's forgiveness, and I have come back to ask yours, and to tell you that

with his help we will walk the rest of life hand in hand, so that when I come again to Heaven's gate it will open wide and I shall hear the Well Done."

READER.

GIRLS, BEWARE.

It is one of the strange riddles of life that a girl of purest nature, most sensitive conscience, and even Christian character will be fascinated by a man possessed of qualities just opposite to these. Such a high-minded, noble girl will lavish all the wealth of her heart upon such a worthless fellow, and consent to link her destiny with his in marriage. It is a mystery too deep for philosophy. Love must be indeed blind, totally blind. Or does the supremest folly of life find its ground in the sublime hopefulness which goes with love? But it is useless to philosophize. We can only add our note of warning to that so well sounded by a writer in the Manchester Union. He says: "Just how large a proportion of the unhappy homes that make so many lives miserable is the fault of girls who delude themselves with the belief that it will be easy to cure their husbands' vicious habits, once they are married, it would be difficult to say, but that it is much larger than it ought to be must be apparent to every intelligent observer. It would seem that the blighted experiences of others—experiences patent alike to friends and strangers, would at last teach girls that the mere act of marriage does not create a principle, and that if a young man is addicted to habits of dissipation before marriage, the chances are decidedly against his breaking them off after marriage. True, there are exceptions, but they are of such rare occurrence as to give weight to the rule. If the love a young man has for one upon whom his affections are centered is not holy enough and strong enough to uproot his evil habits and elevate his moral nature to a higher and better plane of thought and action, what hope can there be when the romance of the first love has gone, and the prosaic duties of married life have in great measure dispelled the glamour with which youthful fancy had surrounded it, that the influence of that love will be stronger and purer and more elevating than before? That it is not, we see evidences all about us in our every day life, in the unhappy homes, the separations, the multitude of divorce cases that fill the higher courts, in the record of brutality and crime that crowds the columns of the daily press. A girl who deliberately marries a drunkard, or a man addicted to strong drink, walks into the fire with her eyes wide open, and if she is badly burned by the act is no more entitled to sympathy than if she had committed any other inexcusable piece of folly. A little wholesome knowledge upon the subject of reforming men after marriage would not be a bad thing for girls to acquire. While such knowledge might result in an increase of drunken bachelors, it would surely tend to lessen the number of drunkards' wives and drunkards' homes."—N. H. Journal.

GENTLEMEN DON'T SWEAR.

Since the days of Lord Chesterfield, at least, this has been the understanding. In the old times, which were altogether of a coarser and stronger flavor than our times, it was scarcely anticipated that any but the religious should pay close and continual heed to the third commandment; and men of some callings especially were expected, as a matter of course, to be profane. Shakespeare thus says:

—a soldier.

His women, even, swear—a sort of milk-and-water profaneness. Thus he makes Hotspur tell his sister, Lady Percy, that she must mind matters and "swear like a comfit-maker's wife." Not you "in good sooth," and "as true's I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day."

Giving but such sacred surety for thy oaths, As if thou never wast farther than Finsbury. Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath!

We have fallen upon different days. Bullies and blackguards, prize-fighters and gamblers, dram-sellers, street roughs and the like, take the name of God in vain without exciting our special wonder, since such speech is quite congenial with the atmosphere in which they live, and the influence under which they are trained. So also the children of the streets who are educated in concert-cells and low theaters have little other idea of possible emphasis; and, if they wanted a horse to go faster, would hardly know how to suggest the thought to him without an oath. And, in strict fairness, it ought to be said that, without doubt, there are many such people who have no special idea other than that of intensity and emphasis connected with profane swearing.

But culture teaches people better things. It teaches that this kind of emphasis is intensely vulgar, as well as morally objectionable. And a thoroughly well-educated and truly refined person would as soon think of picking his teeth with his fork at the table as of swearing—under whatever provocation—least it should suggest that he had a very low origin; even if the sound of cursing itself be not as loathsome to him as the smell of garlic. It is hardly too much to say that the true gentleman may be known by the scrupulous cleanliness of his speech, as well as by the sweetness of his breath.

Under the circumstances we have regretted to be lately reminded how much less refined, in this connection, are our English brethren than ourselves. In a recent rapid perusal of Mr. Edmund Yates's fascinating volume—noticed lately elsewhere—we were greatly pained to observe how common a vice profaneness would seem to be among cultivated and even titled Englishmen. The secretary of the General Post Office, Sir Rowland Hill, the Hon. E. Byng, Macready, Shirley Brooks, Thackeray, Dickens, John Forster, Mr. Yates himself, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington—and how many more we do not remember—all figure in these pages as interlarding their conversation with the language of stables and slums, which no gentleman should—without high-minded and genuine gentleman could—employ.

We fear that politics with its excitement and debasements is having a deteriorating effect on our side of the sea in this matter. And we think pastors and Sabbath school teachers, and especially fathers and mothers, ought to strive earnestly to teach their boys that it is not only a crime to curse and to swear, but as Fouché said of something else: "It is worse than a crime, it is a blander."

—Congregationalist.

SPIRITUAL WEALTH GETTING.

How shall a believer become "rich toward God"? We answer that the rules for securing success in secular affairs will apply to the advancement of the soul in grace. The real currency in commerce is metallic, the broad earth over. And the gold and silver which make up the basis of personal wealth are the product of the mines; each glittering coin the result of the miner's hard toil with sieve or mattock. Now, the currency of God's kingdom is truth; and the Bible is the ore-bed. To every one of you this mine is open. He must be a blind or a careless miner who does not come out of this inexhaustible ore-bed with some new and massive "nugget" as the result of every hour's research. Do you consider every bank solvent whose vaults are the hiding-place of solid bullion, amply sufficient to meet its liabilities? So is he a solvent Christian whose secret soul is stored with gospel principles, all coined and stamped for daily use. Nor should any Christian ask credit any further than he can fully redeem his promises and professions by the "ready money of consistent godly conduct."

To make a rich believer, something more than faith is needed. More, too, than Scriptural knowledge. There must be also—experience. Ah, this is a costly possession! Nothing is bought so dear, and yet it is worth all it costs us. This is a part of the soul's wealth that no one can purchase for us; no dearest friend can make it over to us as a gift. We must "go and buy for ourselves," and exorbitant is the price we often pay for it. There are sometimes rare and beautiful wares brought in to the market that are invoiced at almost fabulous rates. Ignorant people wonder why they are priced so high. The simple reason is that they cost so much to procure. That luxurious article labeled £200 was procured by the adventurous hunter, who, at the hazard of his neck, brought down the wild mountain goat, out of whose glossy hair the fabric was wrought. Yonder pearl that flashes on the brow of the bride is precious, because it was rescued from the great deep at the risk of the pearl-fisher's life, as he was lifted into the boat half dead, with the blood rushing from his nostrils. Yonder emerald, flung so carelessly over the proud beauty's shoulder, cost terrible battles with Polar ice and hurricane. All choicest things are reckoned the dearest. So is it, too, in heaven's inventories. The universe of God has never witnessed aught to be reckoned in comparison with the redemption of a guilty world. That mighty ransom no such contemptible things as silver and gold could procure. Only by one price could the church of God be redeemed from hell, and that the precious blood of the Lamb—the Lamb without blemish or spot—the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. And so it is that the best part of a Christian character is that which was procured at the sorest cost.

Patience is a beautiful trait, but it is not worn oftenest by those who walk on life's sunny side in silver slippers. It is the product of dark nights of tempest, and of those days of adversity whose high noon is but a midnight. For "the trial of your faith worketh patience." Purity of soul is like purity in gold, where the hottest fire turns out the most refined and precious metals from the crucible. Joseph found his crucible in an Egyptian prison; but he came out thence with the soul of a virgin. Purity of character is often bought in this wicked city by the bitter price of a crust of bread eaten with a good conscience in an attic; when a guilty conscience would have been rewarded with French satins and a harlot's sumptuous couch. The knowledge of our own besetting sins is a knowledge we all crave. We imagine that we would be willing to pay liberally for the insight into our own hearts which shall reveal all our weak points, not knowing how soon some unexpected emergency might develop some foible or some vice of character hitherto unsuspected. But men have paid dearly for such discoveries. David paid for his self-knowledge with the life of a darling child and a broken heart; Hezekiah paid for his by the wearisome sufferings of a sick chamber; Peter for his by the bitter agonies in Pilate's garden. But the discoveries were worth all they cost. Among God's jewels, there is no brilliant which flashes with such luster as the tear of true penitence. Yet God only knoweth what heart-pressure, as a vice, as a what wranglings and rendings of soul—what crucifixions of pride, and wrestlings of agony, may have been needed in order to press out that jewel-droplet upon the cheek of the stubborn sufferer! We have sometimes met with a person in social circles, who possessed a peculiar gentleness and docility of character. As we came to know her better we were amazed and charmed by her calm self-possession, and her heroic submissiveness to God under sudden shocks of calamity. We admired so beautiful a character. We envied its possessor. We coveted such a spirit for ourselves. Ah, we little knew at what fearful price of severe chastisements and bitter disappointments of hopes desolated and expectations crossed—of faith put to the rack, and patience burned bright in seven-times heated furnaces all that meek loveliness of character had been gained! So true it is, I dear brethren, that he is the most rich toward God who is ready to toil the hardest, and to bear the most to gain his acquisition. To be truly rich, all the graces of patience, and purity, and meekness, and long-suffering are indispensable. Cost what they will, they must be attained. By prayer and by practice they must be sought after, and so sought as to secure them. He is a meager, crude, unfinished, unripe and unimpressive Christian who does not possess those peculiar graces which are only to be won by suffering and trial.

Do not draw back from the possession of any spiritual treasure, I beseech you, from the dread of paying dearly for it. The worldling withholds no toil, no sacrifices, that are needful to secure his coveted gains or honors. The merchant begrudges not the evenings spent away from his own fireside, if those extra hours over his ledgers will give him an extra dividend of profits. The sculptor counts not the long months wasted which see him with hammer and chisel pursuing the imprisoned figure which his keen eye detects within the block of Parian marble. And the children of light must carry into their service of Christ the same untiring ardor, the same zeal, and the same self-denial by which the children of the world win wealth, and honor, and emoluments. O for a holy enthusiasm! a holy covetousness to become rich toward God! Whoever would become rich in spiritual treasure must give away boundlessly. This is the truest paradox in Christian economy. He that saves for

sell only loses; he that loses for Christ's sake is sure to save. Would you grow rich toward God? Then learn to give. God loveth a cheerful giver. Nor do I limit this rule to the donation of the purse. The mere gift of gold is but a part of Christian benevolence, though by no means an unimportant part. I often wish that I were the possessor of the wealth of Henry Thornton, or Amos Lawrence, provided that I had always, too, the wealth of heart-love to do good that those princely men had. But a rich soul can be always giving; as the noontide sun overflows his golden urn of ceaseless radiance, and is yet none the poorer in warmth and glory when a whole universe has been lighted. We must freely give of everything that we have freely received from the Lord. If we have the heart to pray, let us give of our prayers. No legacy that a rich father could have left me would compare in value with my widowed mother's prayers for me at the mercy-seat. You that have acquired the wisdom which age and experience confer can give those counsels which are apples of gold in baskets of silver to the young, the inexperienced and the unfortunate.

Give your personal labors, too, for Christ. Many a rich man seeks to compound with his conscience by bestowing bank checks in lieu of his own presence in the mission school, the prayer-meetings, or the abodes of suffering. O man of wealth! God gave thee that very leisure thou enjoyest in order to do the very work of charity which thy poorer, hard-tolling neighbor has no time to perform. Those that have not money, or counsel, or charitable deed to bestow can at least afford a good example. And in so a poor life may be, from first to last, all expenditure; just as the temple lamps consumed themselves away in giving light. But the life and the heart grow the fuller, the brighter, the stronger, the more they expend. What were rich-souled Christians given to the world for but to be reservoirs of blessings? Happy is the man who can bring the very atmosphere of heaven with him wherever he approaches us; who acts upon our spirits as the May breeze act upon the first shoots of the tulip and the violet! He is a bountiful giver. He confers on us light; he beams goodness into our souls; he teaches us patience; he showers on us brotherly kindness; he illustrates for us faith; he exhibits the true beauty of meekness; he sheds hope by his very presence, and his unflinching bravery has often an inspiration of valor to our falling hearts. Next to Christ himself, there is no blessing to the community like a Christ-like Christian.

My dear people, I covet for you the best gifts. A-k of God who giveth liberally that ye all be rich—rich in faith, rich in good works, rich in revenues of joy, rich in heart holiness and the love of Jesus. And then, although your frame be wrapped in coarse raiment, your soul shall be enfolded in the shining garment of Christ's righteousness. Though your dwelling place be so lowly, yet your heaven-seeking affection may be at home in the celestial courts before the throne of God and of the Lamb. Although your purse be scanty, your heart will be a palace whose chambers are filled with "all pleasant and all precious riches." So shall you be made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.—T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

HINTS AND ANECDOTES.

[Selected.]

An English clergyman asked an uneducated woman whether she liked his written or unwritten sermons the best. After thinking a few moments, she said, "Why I like yo the best without the book, because yo keep saying the same think over and over and over again, and that helps me to remember what I hear a good deal better." He was a wise man and not quite as well satisfied with himself.

At a dinner party in England a gentleman from India said there was no result of missionary work in India. He had lived in India many years, and never saw a convert. A missionary who was present said, "Did you ever see any tigers in India?" The man replied, "Indeed, I have, often, and I have shot them." The missionary then said, "Has this been the case with you in many years, and I never saw a tiger." [Laughter.] You see, continued Mr. Moody, a man finds what he looks for. One man was looking for tigers and the other was looking for souls.

Why is it, that, although the sun is nearer to the earth during our northern winters than he is during our summers, our winters are so piercingly cold? Not because the sun is colder, but because the earth has turned away our northern lands from the face of the sun, so that all through the winter the sun rises but low in our heavens, and his rays slant feebly through our atmosphere. What avails it that the Sun of Righteousness is near to every one of us, and shines on undimmed, if we have turned away our faces from Him?—The Sunday School Times.

One of the most eminent judges of the Supreme Court of the United States is reported to have said to his little daughter, as he came home with an unusually cheerful spirit, one day: "This is the happiest day I have had in 20 years! I feel free." "And what makes you feel so happy, papa?" asked the little girl. "I am out of debt!" the father replied. "I have paid the last dollar I owed in the world, and have been laboring with all my might for twenty years to work myself out of the miserable slavery." No wonder the man was glad! But greater still is the joy of the sinner who has been groaning under the awful burden and debt of sin for years, and suddenly realizes that "Jesus paid it all," and that he is free. Oh, happy soul who owns his sins forgiven.

The most impressive instance of the power of truth on the conscience, in my memory, is that of an intelligent man, who sent for me after midnight, to tell him how to be saved, and to pray for him; for he did not think he could pray for himself. I spent the rest of the night with him, praying with him, and teaching him. He rose from his bed again and again, to kneel, and though obviously dying, as indicated by his breathing, he found a key, showed me how to open a heavy trunk and found in it a parcel of books. "I want you," he said, "to take these, to keep them from any other hands, to promise me that you will burn them." His look and tones I can not forget, as he said, "They have brought my soul to the very brink of hell: they were my destruction." I kept my promise. He died in the early forenoon. I trust sincerely, as he professed, trusting himself as a sinner in the hands of God in Christ, the only Saviour.—Dr. John Hall.

A passionate reproof is like a medicine given scalding hot; the patient can not take it.

Sunday School.

Lesson V.—February 1.

For Questions see Star Quaterlies and Lesson Papers.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

SCRIPTURE LESSON, Acts 21:15-26.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Paul at Jerusalem. Acts 21:15-26.
 T. Paul's visit to the apostles. Gal. 1:15-24.
 W. Preaching to Gentiles. Rom. 15:15-29.
 T. Gentiles desire the Gospel. Acts 13:42-52.
 F. The law of the vow. Num. 6:1-12.
 S. Circumcision unprofitable. Gal. 5:1-6.
 S. The apostle's decision. Acts 15:1-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And when they heard it they glorified the Lord.—Acts 21:20.

TOPICS.—The Arrival.

The Tidings Told.
 The Advice Given.

TIME, A. D. 58.

Topical Treatment.

Connecting Link.—This lesson follows immediately after the last one, and contains an account of Paul's interview with the disciples at Jerusalem, in which he gave a report of his work among the Gentiles, and received advice as to his conduct in certain matters.

I. The Arrival. When the disciples at Caesarea found that no entreaties would prevail with Paul, and that he was fully determined to go on to Jerusalem because he believed it to be the Lord's will, several of them joined his party and went with him to the great festival in that city. They seem, also, to have been accompanied by one Mnason, of Cyprus, an early disciple, who lived at Jerusalem and was able to furnish lodgings for the whole party. They received a cordial welcome from the brethren there, for notwithstanding the wide-spread and bitter hostility to Paul, among the Jews, and the prejudices against him which, perhaps, existed in the minds of some of the Christian disciples, there were many who knew well his sincerity, his zeal, his abundant labors, and the great success that had attended them; and were prepared to give him a warm and affectionate reception. The very next day after his arrival, Paul went, probably by appointment, to meet James and the elders of the church, and to make to them a full statement in regard to the work done by him during the four years since he was last at Jerusalem, and the glorious results which had attended that work, as well as to present to them the contributions made by the newly converted Gentile disciples for the relief of the suffering occasioned among the poorer disciples of Judea by the unmerciful persecutions of the Jews. As was customary they were greeted with the kiss of brotherly affection and made welcome in the circle of the brotherhood assembled.

II. The Tidings Told. Paul then proceeded to give a particular account of his tour in Asia (now called Asia Minor), Macedonia and Greece. Such an account would naturally include many interesting events connected with his experiences in Phrygia and Galatia, in the great cities of Philippi, Athens, Corinth and Ephesus. The planting and growth of the large church in the last named city would occupy a prominent place in his narrative. Some things of an unpleasant nature would have to be told, but the wonderful manifestations of God's great mercy to the Gentiles would so overshadow all those things that they would probably seem of slight consequence. At any rate, it is clear that the hearts of the brethren at Jerusalem were deeply moved by Paul's recital of his varied and thrilling experiences. "When they heard it they glorified the Lord." And well they might, for influences had been put in motion which were destined to produce a complete revolution in the history of mankind from that time onward to the end of the world. Christianity had been introduced into Europe. Its seeds had been planted in the chief centers of influence east of Rome, and from them it was sure to spread until it should reach the farthest confines of civilization. All this, no doubt, was clearly foreseen by Paul, and the vision filled his soul with emotions too deep and thrilling for easy expression.

III. The Advice Given. The brethren at Jerusalem were fully aware of, and keenly alive to, the feeling existing among the unchristian Jews towards Paul. They realized, in their fullest extent, the danger attending his presence in the city at that time. Patriotic pride and religious fervor would be stimulated to their utmost manifestation, and the fickle elements of a popular crowd were filling every part of the city. It was important that the first general knowledge of Paul's presence there should be promulgated in a way to suppress hostility and awaken confidence. Paul had come to Jerusalem at this time, when his heart was leading him towards Rome, to heal any breach which might be found among the brethren, to quiet any fears that might be entertained in regard to the nature of his work among the Gentiles, to prove the falsity of many wild rumors and idle stories that had been told about him and his teachings, to give a full and detailed account of all that he had taught and done; and to preach the blessed tidings of the Gospel to the multitudes assembled in the capital city of the Jewish religion on this high festival occasion. He had brought with him a deputation of Gentile brethren who could speak for themselves, and give opportunity to any who

might wish to examine them in respect to their faith, experience, practices and purposes. He had, also, brought a practical proof of the good feeling and Christian sympathy prevailing among the Gentile converts, in the shape of a generous gift to those in need of assistance, in and around Jerusalem. In these circumstances, he was ready and willing to do anything, not inconsistent with his Christian profession, which would give him access to the ears and hearts of his nation. The brethren at Jerusalem believed it important that he should, at once, give some public proof that he had not discarded the laws of Moses, and did not teach the people not to observe them. As the readiest way of doing this, they advised that he should join a company of men who had taken a Nazarite's vow, and should participate with them in the final ceremonies of purification, pay the customary charges, make the usual offerings, and attend the temple worship with them. These things, publicly done, would be a complete refutation of the most serious charges brought against him, and, would, as they believed, allay all opposition, and save him and them from annoyance and persecution. Wisely, or not, Paul acceded to their request, did as they desired and with what results, we shall learn in the next lesson.

THOUGHTS AND APPLICATIONS.

I. It is a good thing to publish the news of the spread of the Gospel.
 II. Prejudice and ignorance often awaken opposition to good men.
 III. No sacrifice of Christian principle ought ever to be made from motives of policy.

TOPICS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

I. The position of Christian believers in the Jewish church.
 II. Was the advice given to Paul good?
 III. Did he act wisely in following it?

THE DEAD BIBLE CLASS.

The class had not actually perished, nor was it buried out of sight. It had a sort of existence; "a name to live." It met, or some of it, every Sunday afternoon. It had rather more existence than a nightmare, although the amount of vitality manifested by a nightmare is far in excess of anything that could be called vigor ever developed in the doings of this class.

The principal recommendation of the teacher of this class was that he had been teaching it or a similar class for forty years. Being a lawyer by profession, he was supposed to have great ability in making a scientific analysis of a Bible lesson, and of presenting the truth in such a manner as to enable people to understand it with ease. But he omitted to bestow on his lessons the care in preparation which he would devote to the putting of a case into good shape for presentation to a jury. However forcible may have been his pleading in court, he brought to his students all the dullness he had, and gave them his mental leavings in so soporific a style that, had not the benches furnished the class been stiff and unyielding, each student would have been "at ease in Zion" in slumberous repose.

This excellent person gave evidence of great regularity in his habits of preparation. Every Sunday afternoon, immediately on rising from the dinner table, he would go to the room by courtesy called his "study" to study the lesson. Dinner finished about one o'clock. Class began at two, and the walk from home to church took nearly half an hour. He had a commentary, one of the oldest, heaviest and dullest in the market. His father had left it to him, and it was prized as a gift of paternal affection, and a monument of the study in which the old gentleman used to indulge. As for the new fangled commentaries, the modern improvements, and helps, and lesson papers, and all such novelties, our teacher scorned them as varieties of a vexatious and worldly spirit of invention, devised only for money making, and for calling off the attention of young people from serious things. As for him, give him his old commentary or give him death. It gave his class death. Not that there was in the old commentary itself anything noxious or fatal. It was in his way of using it. He seemed to ascribe to it a magic power of imparting the lesson to him. He pored over it for ten or fifteen minutes, then closed it reverently, laid it aside and marched forth to teach.

Need it be said that this good man bored his class more than he instructed them? Need it be added that the class gradually dwindled to a skeleton? Or need the hint be given that the students, most of whom were growing up to mature life, found it more profitable to stay away than to spend their time in listening to his pointless harangues?

The class and the teacher plodded on, and on, and on. The whole concern became about as dead as Lazarus was after he had lain four days in the grave. But a resurrection came to the dead Lazarus. And perhaps there is such an experience in store for this moribund Bible-class. If the teacher will wake up enough to do some really solid studying, or if the class will wake up enough to throw him overboard, and get another teacher, there is hope; there may be life, and, with life, light and vigor.—S. S. Journal.

Faith is the first stone of the building, but it is not the foundation. It is the act of cleaving to Christ, but all its value depends upon Christ, to whom you cling.

Missions.

"Strangely solemn, strangely sweet,
 I am the, whose tireless feet
 Ever onward, upward press
 Toward the land of blessedness,
 Christ before, around, within,
 For that life will surely win
 Victories now, and, conflict o'er,
 Fearless crown—peace evermore."

THAT LITTLE MEETING.

It was Saturday evening of the Week of Prayer. The subject was, "The outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the spread of the Gospel in all lands, with power from on high; for God's ancient people, Israel, and for increased blessings to attend the circulation of the Scriptures." The night was cold and windy without; light and warmth within. Fourteen adults only were present. The praying was earnest. Eight or ten prayers were offered for God's blessing upon missionaries laboring in different fields, for the yielding of the powers of darkness to God's marvelous light.

The Scripture lesson included our Saviour's great commission to go and teach all nations. This, said our pastor, has never been abrogated, and it never will be until the whole world is evangelized. He spoke of how God had opened the doors of the nations of the earth, and of what had been done. He said that the Church should come up to the measure of its responsibility, within ten years the whole world would have the Gospel preached unto it.

A brother spoke of the cheering signs of the times, of the work in Japan, of our own field, saying that the Lord would bless us in proportion as we cultivate our foreign field. He also spoke of how railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs are bringing the nations closer together, saying that commerce will go into all lands and the Gospel of Christ should go with it, that the English language is preeminently the missionary language, and he predicted that within fifty years God's saints would be singing in all lands our beautiful English hymns. After singing again, our pastor said that we would have a missionary Conference meeting.

One sister spoke of her interest in missions and of her intense desire for the salvation of all people. Another said, being away from home she had not been able to find a prayer-meeting, or to hear a sermon for four weeks. This sister's gentle ministrations are as a benediction to the sick. She thought that there is missionary ground even at our doors. The pastor spoke of a sister whose interest in missions antedates that of any one in the room. This Christian woman spoke of her acquaintance with Brother and Sister Sutton when they were in this country. Then, for a time, they made their home in her family. From that day her interest had never waned in the cause of missions. Another sister said that she would give her prayers and gladly contribute her little for the spread of the Gospel abroad. We thought that as soon as our India field is manned we should have another in the Congo Valley that we, too, might help evangelize the race to which our estimable sister belongs. That would be an opening for some graduates of Storer College. Our good senior deacon spoke feelingly of his interest in evangelizing the world. A good sister said that for years the mission cause had been near her heart, and that on the reception of the STAR, after reading the news from the churches, she turned to the mission column, and was led to rejoice and feel encouraged as she read choice bits telling of the progress of God's kingdom in the earth. Thus the meeting went on with increasing interest until all had spoken. The burden of the words was for more earnestness and for doing more for this God-given work.

Our hearts burned within us as one after another gave utterance to expressions of so much feeling and interest. We half resolved to ask our pastor for a concert for prayer and missionary intelligence at least once in three months. Then the many would get the benefit that a few of us had on that Saturday evening. Our pastor hinted at a purpose of so doing, and we hope others will do likewise that their people four times a year may have an increase of knowledge and a renewal of interest in the mission work.

If all the sovereigns of Europe were as interested in missions as King Leopold of Belgium, it would greatly hasten the coming of that kingdom for which we daily pray. It is said that he gives \$40,000 a year from his private purse for the commercial, educational and religious development of Africa; saying, "When God took from me my son, my only son, he laid Africa upon my heart; and I have made arrangements that civilizing and evangelizing work shall go on there when I am dead."—Congregationalist.

Not long ago the King of Uganda, Africa, wishing to impress the first explorers with his skill in the use of firearms, took some of his women to serve as targets! Since then two of King Mtesa's daughters have been received into the mission church in Uganda, and are engaged in giving religious instruction to others in the royal harem. Nothing but the Gospel could have effected such a radical change.

The Scottish Episcopal Church has begun its first mission at Chunda in the Central Provinces of India.

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The Morning Star.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1885.

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CYRUS JORDAN, Editor.

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be weak is to be miserable." Doubt, then, is misery; and it is such more or less emphatically according to the degree to which it is recognized as important that there should be no doubt, but rather clearness of vision, strength of conviction, and fullness of confidence. When one is in doubt about a matter that is of transcendent and pressing importance—as, for instance, what must be done at the crisis of some great battle, or when disease threatens to conquer nature and induce death, or in some supreme hour when the destiny of the soul is to be determined—then indeed he may suffer with an intensity of distress which to be understood must be experienced.

The native attitude, the normal condition, of a human mind is not one of doubt. Knowledge at least sufficient to determine all questions of critical importance, especially those relating to spiritual matters, must have been originally intended among the free gifts of his Creator to man. How much of the doubt and weakness and distress with which we face even questions of inferior importance is due to the ravages of sin in our nature it is doubtless impossible for us to tell—but to these is indubitably due the doubt, begetting oftentimes downright infidelity, with which men face the revelation of God and human duty that is declared in the Gospel of Christ. Some men even pride themselves on their doubts. They afford a spectacle of superlative folly. Crotchet, even, is better than incredulity—as indicating a condition of the soul. One has, when we understand him aright, truly said that "of all the signs of a weak head and a corrupt heart the tendency to incredulity is the greatest." To believe is better than to doubt. To trust is better than to fear. To be able to go forward is better than to be able only, at the best, to stand still. God did not make us to doubt and fear and stand still and so fall. He meant rather that man, through his whole earthly career and preparation for higher estates, should dominantly believe and trust and go forward. The soul that stands in doubt before the oracles of God and the person of Jesus Christ occupies a position, in a condition, that is fraught with the possibility of unspeakable and endless misery. It is as false to the normal condition of things as is the condition of him who stands amid flames. He who seeks not to break away from such doubts but, rather, cherishes them, discovers a truly amazing and terrible perversity of nature—the consequence of sin. It is Satan saying again and again, "Evil, be thou my good."

Ah, reader, dwell in no such miserable state. Break away from it. Associate much with Jesus and his friends. Forsake sin. Live only to do God's will. You soon will be able to say: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" You will come to know how much better is trust than doubts and fears. You will find yourself borne on and up by divine influences breathing through all your daily circumstances. You will come to say from the depths of your soul, Oh, this is life indeed; this is hope such as I never knew before; this is joy complete, and abiding, whether in life or in death; my cup runneth over!

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a Pittsburgh millionaire. He made his money, we believe, in the iron business. He made it and still makes it, while he treats his workmen in the ordinary way of getting the most work he can for as little money as possible. Yet he professes, we understand, to be a great philanthropist in his own way. He is reported to have said: "I believe socialism is the grandest theory ever presented, and I am sure some day it will rule the world; and then we will have obtained the millennium."

It may be he has some theory which he calls socialism that is good and grand; but it seems to be impossible for a man of good sense to speak in this way of socialism without accompanying the wretched word with a definition. Whatever he may mean, what do the two thousand socialists who are drilling nightly in Chicago in the use of arms mean by their pet word "socialism?" They mean that they have a right to shoot Mr. Andrew and distribute his possessions in equal shares among themselves; *sic semper tyrannis*; all who possess should divide evenly with those who drink up their money and so have nothing! In twenty-four hours they would "even up" again, and so continue.

These men who praise "socialism" are sowing dragon's teeth that are surely to spring up as armed men who will make short work with the sowers. As to the millennium, one of the ablest secular papers of New York reminds Andrew Carnegie of the way to bring that in is to obey the New Testament in its full scope. Perhaps the New Testament itself may be perverted to teach a false socialism, because in a certain exigency the disciples held their property possessions in common. Yet there is no passage in the whole Bible which takes so much pains to teach the right of individual property as that one in Acts that is sometimes perverted to teach a false communism. "Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man as he had need." Even to the lying Ananias it was said: "While it remained, was it not thine own? And after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" What may be praiseworthy as in an exigency is very likely to be a poor rule for the ordinary. Yet we believe the world will grow in wisdom till it may, by the principles of cooperation, fairly embody the spirit of the New Testament, so that no worthy,

industrious man may suffer the pressing needs such as are now endured.

TESTS OF PRONUNCIATION.

The following composition, according to a writer in the *Homiletical Review*, came from a Teachers' Institute in Pennsylvania. He asserts that not one in fifty will read it correctly at sight. Submitted to bishops, editors, professors, authors, etc., it has never been read in his hearing with less than five errors, while he has known ministers of considerable prominence to miss twenty-eight of these common words.

A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calico, and a necklace of a chameleon hue, and having secured a suite of rooms at a leading hotel near the depot, he engaged the head-waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptionable calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his designs, and sent a polite note of refusal; on receiving which he said he would not now force letters of ymynal with the queen. He then procured a carbine and a bow-knife, went to an isolated spot behind an abode of squalor, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner, who from leading a life in the culture of belle-lettres and literature, had become a sergeant-at-arms in the Legislature of Arkansas.

To the foregoing we append an exercise which contains, besides words from our common literature, many from the English Scriptures, especially some proper names, the right pronunciation of all of which few of our readers are accustomed to hear from the pulpit, or in the Sabbath school, or at home.

Habakkuk did not prophesy at Beersheba, not at Bethabara where John baptized, not at a baptistry. Of Be-the-bah, Eames, Caradagh, Belphage, Ephraim, and Gulgutha he does not speak. In his day ancestral customs ruled. Infants were wrapped in swaddling clothes. No fire was quickened by a bellows nor criminal hanged on a gallows. Telegraphy was unknown. Harpers took the place of pianists and of players on the violoncello. To a sovereign bows and courtesies were made. Men who never saw a spaniel, almond, nor apricot could conjure and mesmerize, be complaisant to diplomatists or caritative friends. For restoratives they took balsamic drugs. Casting aside the broom of allopathy and fond of hydropathy they frequented baths cemented securely with cement, and filled from glaciers not yet studied by any Agassiz. There the Epicurean would bathe like a behemoth, then, in his boudoir, return exhilarated. There the herculean, bombastic bravado, with poniard in hand, would shout like a mandarin, "Ay and for ay" to some, and cast scathing looks at others. Spontaneity, buoyancy and prescience were often followed by chicanery, simony and badinage. Spermæci had not become, as now an auxiliary of homage. But in the age of Tacheus and Cleopas, of Elicus and Calaphas, of Rachel, Bernice and of queen Candace, there came a great change.

Will some of our readers who test their friends by these exercises let us know the degree of proficiency found?

BRIEFS.

Popular Amusements.—The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden has a paper in the January number of the *Century*, on "Christianity and Popular Amusements," which is receiving the attention it deserves. "The historical relation of Christianity to popular amusements," remarks Dr. Gladden, "is one of antagonism." "And doubtless this inveterate hostility is partly traditional," derived originally from "that wholesome horror and righteous enmity with which the first Christians resented the amusements in vogue throughout the Roman Empire," and reinforced among English speaking people by the extreme position respecting amusements of the Puritans and their immediate descendants. Their "overstrained asceticism" was perhaps excusable in view of the times in which they lived, but their "rigorous rule," "long enforced by the most tremendous motives, is utterly broken, and will not in our day be restored." Dr. Gladden thus continues:

Falling to prohibit, the Church has now for some time undertaken to regulate amusements by drawing the line between the clean and the unclean. Certain diversions have been allowed, and certain others forbidden. Much casuistry of a dubious sort has been expended on this discussion; the questions whether dancing is sinful, and whether billiards are worse than croquet, and whether cards are always an abomination, and whether church-members ought to be disciplined for attending the theater or the opera, have been widely and hotly debated; most of us have had a hand in the threshing of this chaff. Whether these questions are of great importance in the formation of a sound public opinion on this subject may well be doubted; the grounds on which the permission of some amusements and the prohibition of others have been rested are often inconsistent and irrational; and the Church would be far wiser to give over these questions of casuistry, and insist upon a few general principles, such as these:

1. Amusement is not an end, but a means—a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body; when it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when, in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

2. Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred to sleep are, therefore, censurable.

3. Amusements that call us away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious, just to the extent to which they cause us to be neglectful or unfaithful.

4. Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites or unlawful passions, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

5. Any indulgence in amusement which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to loosen our hold on the eternal verities of the spiritual realm, is, so far forth, a damage to us. These principles will apply to all kinds of amusements, but the application must be made by individuals. Parents must reduce these principles to rules for the guidance of their children, for the power to comprehend and use principles is only gradually gained; children do not always possess it; authority rather than reason must often be their guide. But the Church must use reason rather than authority; and the pulpit can do no better than faithfully to enforce some such general maxims as I have suggested. Whatever the

Church can do in the regulation of amusements can best be done by this method.

So much by way of repression or regulation. For a very suggestive and valuable discussion of the positive duties of the Church in providing popular amusements, including a detailed description of the unique and excellent work of the Cleveland Educational Bureau with its "Peoples' Tabernacle," we must refer our readers to the pages of the *Century*.

Lotteries.—The action taken at Stoughton, Mass., in prosecuting prominent members of the Grand Army for maintaining a lottery in connection with a fair calls attention anew to an evil which we fear is on the increase in New England, namely, the use of lotteries to raise funds for benevolent purposes. So much has been said and written in the past few years about the use by churches of modes of raising money that bore a resemblance to lotteries that now but very few churches employ such questionable methods. And it would seem that a society as respectable as the Grand Army is supposed to be ought to have more regard for the laws of the State and more interest in the good morals of society than to engage in the lottery business on such a scale as they have at Stoughton and in some other places we might mention. And the worst of it is that respectable men will blindly uphold or excuse the evil. Because of its seductive influence, and because of the associations with which the lottery is now usually connected, by it much evil is threatened to society. The voice of the press and of the pulpit can not be too soon or too decidedly raised against the evil wherever it makes its appearance or under whatever garb or auspices it presents itself. Every right-minded person should discountenance and oppose every approach to the use of the lottery in the community even though by opposing the lottery they are obliged to withhold all aid from the causes with which the lottery is connected, and even though they bring upon themselves the reproach of appearing niggardly to a good cause.

Concerning the Theater.—Well, let us have a theater; but one of the best, none of the low sort. But let it be understood that your own father is to be proprietor, giving to his life energies of soul and body, and his fortune; for these are requisite to the success of such an enterprise. Your brothers and sisters, and your own sons and daughters in succession, are to be the actors and actresses. Sister and daughter shall be exhibited to the gaze of the multitude in their stage costumes; and they and brother and son shall give themselves up to the cultivation of mere fiction—scurrilous, demoralizing. They are to be expelled from life from good society. They are to be denied—worse still, depraved beyond all relief for—the virtues, harmonies and pleasures of the dear, God-given, domestic relations. They shall live out but half their days, and die as stage men and women die. At least, they are to live under circumstances all the while tempting them to these evils with a strength which seldom fails to conquer. What say you? We know your answer: "No, none of mine; never! Sooner will I bury them, with good name, good conscience, and hope." But what you would not do, nor have done and suffered by any of yours, others must do, and suffer, if the theater is to be maintained; somebody's sisters and daughters, sons and brothers, must be sacrificed. Do you say, "But some men and women will pursue such life, and I can effect nothing, whether I go to the theater or stay away?" But the theater would not exist without patronage, and does not every one who goes do his part toward sustaining and perpetuating this snare of nameless, shameless, numberless evils?

The Congo Conference.—The force of circumstances has seemingly compelled the present administration of the United States to reverse our traditional foreign policy of non-interference with the affairs of European nations. In the opening of Central Africa to traffic, we have an interest in common with all other manufacturing nations. A resolution has been introduced into the House with the design of reprimanding the President under the cloak of asking for information whether this action is not contrary to the Monroe doctrine. The Monroe doctrine has been recognized by the United States only. Europe is as much interested in preserving peace in America as in other countries. The Monroe doctrine is a sentiment only, which our Government has no power to enforce. Our country should be free to act in a humane or Christian way regardless of any sentimental tradition.

Chinese Scholars Writing for American Periodicals.—In a recent number of the *Wide Awake* is an article written by a native of the Celestial Empire under the title, "When I was a Boy in China." The sketch of the early life of the writer is full of interest and is very readable. With keen irony a writer in the *Chicago Standard* says: "This must stop. Soon all our periodicals will overflow with Chinese literature—written in English—and then what will become of the literary men? We are about ready to frame another Congressional act, but wait awhile, fearing lest we may imitate those on the Pacific coast who were so anxious to rid themselves of the 'heaven Chinese,' but who are now beginning to wish him back again as cheap labor is becoming scarce since he has been prohibited entering the country."

Divorce.—A Philadelphia paper says: "Divorce suits to the amazing number of 800 are pending in the courts of this city." The evil is a growing one even here in New England; and yet, so torpid is the popular conscience respecting it that the response thus far to the appeals and efforts of the Divorce Reform League is neither very general nor very deep. Yet progress is being made. There is ground for hope. The Governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Rhode Island and several other States devoted some space in their messages this year to the subject of reforms in divorce legislation—all agreeing upon the necessity of changes in existing laws in the direction of stringency. The Rev. S. W. Dike, of Royallton, Vt., Sec. of the National League, is doing a fine work in presenting and urging this reform.

England.—She "giggles right out" over the attempt to murder Phelan in Russia's office the other day in New York, not simply because the rascally dynamiters have "fallen out," but because the Americans better understand the character of the wretches they shelter. It will be well when all nations combine to exterminate these enemies of the human race. It is with a different feeling England receives the communication of a distinguished Russian general who proposes to attack India as the best way to bring England to terms about the "sick man" and to give Russia full command of the Black Sea.

Correspondence.

In addition to the usual denominational matter, this department is open to unobjectionable communications from all parts of our field. The editors disclaim responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents.

Church Building.

Building churches may be conducted on a plan, we believe, that shall prove a means of grace to a people thus engaged; according to methods that shall in no wise interrupt, but rather enhance, the spiritual work during the process of building.

We feel this has been the case with the Pawtucket, R. I., church in their recent efforts at erecting their new house of worship, a picture of which appears elsewhere. A brief account of the dedicatory service with reference to some features of the work has already appeared in the *STAR* over the signature of Rev. A. L. Gerrish; but we have felt that a more detailed account of some phases of the work was due many readers of the *STAR* who have given of their means in aid of the movement.

In the first place we sought, in faithful prayer, the Lord's blessing, assured that without it we could not succeed. If the work were brought to successful completion we knew that help must come from outside our own people. We were greatly helped in the exercise of faith by reading the 11th chapter of Hebrews. After studying prayerfully the mighty achievements of faith recorded in that remarkable chapter, we said to ourselves, Since God is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," he will honor true faith in the 19th century as he did in the first; and though to all appearances, considering the limited means of our people, it seemed presumptuous to attempt the work of erecting a house of worship, we started out strong in the faith that "God supplies through his eternal Son."

The first money encouragement we had was twenty-five cents from an aged sister, poor in this world's goods but rich in sympathy with the undertaking. With twenty-five cents' worth of sight, the rest invested in faith, we continued the canvass for funds, our faith the while gradually transforming into sight until to-day we behold a beautiful temple built and dedicated without debt, standing in this community an acknowledged monument to the power of prayer and faith. In a most emphatic sense, "it is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes."

The principles on which the solicitation of friends was conducted were, I believe, of the Lord's suggestion, and were as follows:—1st, Economy; 2d, No debt; 3d, Self help; 4th, No urging. By "self-help" is meant that we impressed our own people with the idea that they must raise all they could first; lift hand themselves before asking help from outside. By "no urging" is meant that we should not *tease* people to give, nor dictate as to the amount they should give, but simply present the case and leave it for the Lord to move upon their hearts. In only two or three instances throughout the whole canvass, do I remember to have deviated from the last announced principle of "no urging."

Our new house of worship has been built and paid for without resort to "church fairs." It was our aim to impress the people that what they gave should be given direct, as unto the Lord from the heart. The nearer a church approximates to the idea that giving, whether for the current expenses of the home church, or for missions, ought to be made a religious act as much as a prayer, the better will it be for finances of both home and mission interests, to say nothing of the increased spiritual efficiency of the membership. Under the Old Testament dispensation, giving was enjoined as a part of true worship; under the New it is no less. Conducted on this plan the building of a meeting-house may be promotive of the spiritual welfare of a people so engaged. As for ourselves, we confidently affirm that the word of God was never sweeter, the promises never more precious, our faith in prayer never stronger; and this rich experience has largely come of our connection with the varied work of aiding in the building of the new church at Pawtucket.

Believing that a few extracts from the historical statement prepared by Bro. Thomas F. Butler, Clerk of the Building Committee, and read by him at the service of dedication, will give the readers of the *STAR* some interesting features of the liberty not yet put before them, we take the liberty to call out the following:

First, a report of the committee appointed by the church to investigate the subject of building a new church edifice.

Your committee, after a careful and prayerful consideration of the matter of erecting a new house of worship, beg leave to submit the following as their report:—We have been so much engaged in the building of the new church at Pawtucket, that we have been unable to give a full report of our work. We have been so much engaged in the building of the new church at Pawtucket, that we have been unable to give a full report of our work.

Secondly, Your committee, after investigation, are of the opinion that the amount necessary to build a new, pleasant, convenient and attractive church would not exceed \$6,000, which amount we think could be raised for this purpose. Your pastor has given assurance that he is willing and desirous of trying to raise that amount for building a church.

Thirdly, After looking at the matter candidly and in an honest and unbiased manner, your committee think that the future existence and usefulness of this church demand a step forward, and that the building of a new place of worship is the step needed.

Fourthly, Your committee would further recommend that the sum of \$6,000 be raised in reliable pledges and cash before the commencement of building, so that at

family have hindered me from active agency work. The official duties which I have been called, will hinder me for a month or so, just at this time. After this, hope to actively enter the field and stick to the work until completed.

Our plan is to free the college of debt and complete the building, which will take about \$3,000. We wish to raise \$1,000, in \$5 notes and subscriptions; 1,000 in tens; \$1,000, in twenty-fives. Who will aid us in this work? The West Virginia College must be made the nucleus of a F. B. influence in W. Va., to be felt over the entire State. Who will aid us by the gift of one of the sums named above? The amounts contributed by persons belonging to F. B. churches, and by churches, will be carefully noted and the same secured to the F. B. denomination by lien or mortgage executed to the Home Mission Society. This we regard should be done in every case where denominational aid is given.

Any one wishing to correspond relative to College please address Rev. D. POWELL, Farmington, W. Va.

P. S. References:—Rev. A. H. Morrell, Chillicothe, R. I.; Rev. S. D. Bates, Marion, Ohio; Rev. J. W. Martin, Woodbury, Meigs Co., Ohio; John S. H. Herr, Clerk Taylor Co., Granton, W. Va.; Rev. A. L. Garrison, Cor. Sec. F. B. Home Miss. Society, Olneyville, R. I. D. P.

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 address 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.
The interest in the East Bowdoinham church still remains good, and quite a number have started on a new life, others are being converted and a general work of grace is hoped for. Rev. J. Nickerson acknowledges from this people a donation on Jan. 10 of \$20, which was very thankfully received.

Six months of Rev. F. E. Freese's labor with the North Anson and Madison Bridge churches have passed pleasantly. He has found many warm hearts to gather around him. Friends have gathered and given him a most delightful time. His labors have been very successful, and during the holidays a beautiful hanging lamp, a nice black walnut extension table and other things, valued at \$19, were presented to him. For all these things, Rev. Freese expressed his hearty thanks. The religious interest is good, especially at the Bridge where effectual work has been done for the salvation of souls. The Week of Prayer was observed, and a new wave of life is being returned prodigal. Pastor and people are encouraged to labor.

A correspondent writes: "At the Congress Street F. B. church, Portland, meetings have been continued from the first of December, and during these meetings have been very successful. The Holy Spirit is evidently at work upon the minds of several with convicting power. A recent sermon by Rev. Mr. Lowden, from the text, 'Holding forth the word of life,' was most inspiring in many of our members, and they are feeling more and more the importance of personal work for the salvation of men." From a private letter we add the following: "We have had a very successful meeting on Sunday, our house (lately purchased) is full every Sabbath, our Sunday-school is outgrowing fast its accommodations, a new mission band of more than sixty children has been formed, and during the past two months thirty young ladies have joined our Ladies' Auxiliary. It all seems the result of quick, unobtrusive, persevering effort."

The North Berwick society, Rev. F. C. Braden, pastor, to have a new parsonage. Plans and specifications have been accepted. The work is to be done by contract and is to be completed the first day of June. The money is raised, and the house is to be ready moved by the first day of April. Better still, the church is enjoying such a revival as it has not for nine years. The three years just past have been blessed in the experience of this people; nearly every home and street has witnessed a desire to find the Saviour. The present interest is a general awakening, felt throughout the community. Wanderers have been reclaimed, and sinners converted. Meetings are held with interest, and Christians are thoroughly united and consecrated.

Vermont.
Rev. D. E. Land, of East Orange, will close his labors with the F. B. churches of East Orange and West Topsham the first of April. His labors with these churches have been very successful for three years. He is ready to correspond with any church that is in want of a laborer.

Rev. M. Atwood writes: "Before leaving Sh. B. I. I baptized one and received several others for baptism to go forward in the spring. An effort is being made to secure the labors of Rev. D. Moody of Maine as pastor for the Sheffield and Wheelock churches."

Rev. and Mrs. E. Owen, of Lyndon Center, were generously remembered by their friends and parishioners at the Christmas festival both by gifts of cash and valuables. That the Lord may abundantly bless them in all their good works is the wish of all.

Massachusetts.

Rev. C. A. Hilton, pastor of the F. B. church at Haverhill, preached evenings during the week following the Week of Prayer. The church has been greatly blessed. There has been deep feeling and interest in the work, with one exception the plea has been, "Go thy way" for this time.

New York.
Pastor Gleason continued the meetings at Oneonta one week after Bro. Payne left and four adults were converted and one requested prayers. Ten more have united with the church and on Sunday evening, the 11th inst., Bro. G. baptized nine persons. Several others are to be baptized soon. The religious interest in Oneonta is better than for years past. Several other churches are enjoying more or less revival interest and the awakening seems general.

The friends of the Rev. A. B. Loomis made their annual visit Jan. 7, and left for the benefit, after expenses paid between \$25 and \$30, mostly money—a good donation considering the night and the traveling. The pastor and wife express their thanks.

Dr. Duffin was here on an entertaining and instructive lecture on Iceland for the benefit of the Pike church on Jan. 14. He was greeted with a large audience. He will repeat it on his return from New England.

Virginia.
Rev. J. C. Plummer, of Luray, Pa. Co., gives a further account of the gracious work at that place. He expected to baptize nineteen more on the 11th inst. He writes: "My meetings are still going on at Springfield with success. Bro. H. Jones, who was formerly of the Pawtucket church, R. I., is carrying on the meetings at that point. Bro. Fisher will baptize some 14 or 15 on Sabbath at Berryville as a result of his meeting. The Lord is still blessing us in the Valley."

West Virginia.
Rev. J. E. Cox writes: "I commenced a series of meetings with the Charleston church on the 4th, which were continued a week, when a severe attack of sickness compelled me to close the meetings and come home. There was a good interest manifested by the irregulars. One professed faith in Christ, two joined our church. I shall take up the work again when able to labor. Rev. H. L. Echols, General Baptist, has come to render me assistance. He is a good zealous preacher and will strengthen our cause."

Ohio.
Rev. T. E. Peden writes: "There is an excellent interest in the Harrison church. Jan. 11, the pastor, Rev. J. K. Fleming, baptized four and nine more were received for the ordinance. There is a growing interest in Milton church, one was baptized by the pastor, Rev. M. L. Huntley Jan. 11, and one more received for this rite. One was received for baptism at First Kyger Jan. 11, and we pray that others will be converted and go forward in obedience to God's commands. Bro. Joshua Wood is attending school at Car-

ton Institute, Farmington, Missouri. We are informed that he has the ministry in view. An revival is in progress at Union Grove, results in our next report."

Wisconsin.
Bro. Hazen Hicks writes: "Rev. James Boyd came into Libeca Jan. 3 and began meetings, assisted by Rev. S. Ruyker, Congregationalist. The church has been greatly revived and three, we trust, have been brought to Christ. Elder Boyd will remain in the bounds of the Sauk Co. Q. M. the remainder of this month. We appreciate his labors in this place."

Many friends of Mrs. M. Hubbard, of Rochester, gave her a surprise one evening not long since and presented her with a full set of gold band brooches, consisting of one hundred and two pieces, for which she would hereby express her thanks.

Minnesota.
Rev. J. B. Jordan, pastor of the 1st F. B. church at Minneapolis, baptized three young men Sunday, Jan. 4, and the following Sunday, two others, one of them the soprano soloist of the church, the other, a young son of one of the deacons. It was a very precious occasion. Special meetings were held during Week of Prayer, and continued the next week. The Stevens Avenue church also held special services, there is a good interest in the new church, with increasing congregations, and an interesting Sabbath school. Rev. O. T. Keen, the State missionary, has held meetings in connection with the churches at Crystal Lake, Elk River, and Mpls., and has received acceptance. The wife of Rev. C. L. Russell, pastor of the Crystal Lake church, died Jan. 8, after a long and painful illness. There is a good interest among the churches of the Winona and Houston Q. M.

We regret to learn that Rev. J. F. Locke, of Pillsbury, has been confined to his room with a severe lung trouble for two months. The Nashville Center church, Rev. J. H. Beven, pastor, has had a refreshing revival between twenty and thirty have been converted or reclaimed. Five have united with the church; several are awaiting baptism.

California.
Rev. D. Clay and wife are at Santa Ana. Health is the reason for the change of climate. They say: "We find this land of flowers and fruits (in mid winter) wonderful and delightful change in our old age, having lived almost three score and ten years in the North."

Dedication.
The dedication of the new F. B. Baptist church house in Rensselaer, Ind., took place Sunday, Jan. 11. Invocation by the pastor, M. C. Miller; opening prayer by Rev. T. M. Sander; sermon and dedicatory prayer by Rev. S. D. Bates. There being an indebtedness of about \$300.00, the congregation was asked to pledge themselves for the amount. The result was: \$300.00 raised, not only was the \$300.00 raised, but \$570.56 was offered and all were glad to know that the balance would enable us to buy some things that were still lacking.

Bro. Bates has learned the trade of raising and moving of cattle and horses, and is working among the people, and thus helped the work along. About one year ago Rev. M. C. Miller took charge of three churches in the White Oak Q. M. The entire cost of building is about \$1,800.00. May God bless all those who contributed to its erection.

Ore.

The National Swine Breeders' Association

has Congress to provide for a rigid inspection

of all hog products for exportation, to give character

to our bacon, pork and lard.

PHYSICAL PATCHWORK.

In Rheumatism and Neuralgia there is much

physical patchwork. The medicines taken have

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dential Cleveland was given in Buffalo, N. Y.,

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Cholera prevented and cured by the use of

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administered internally.

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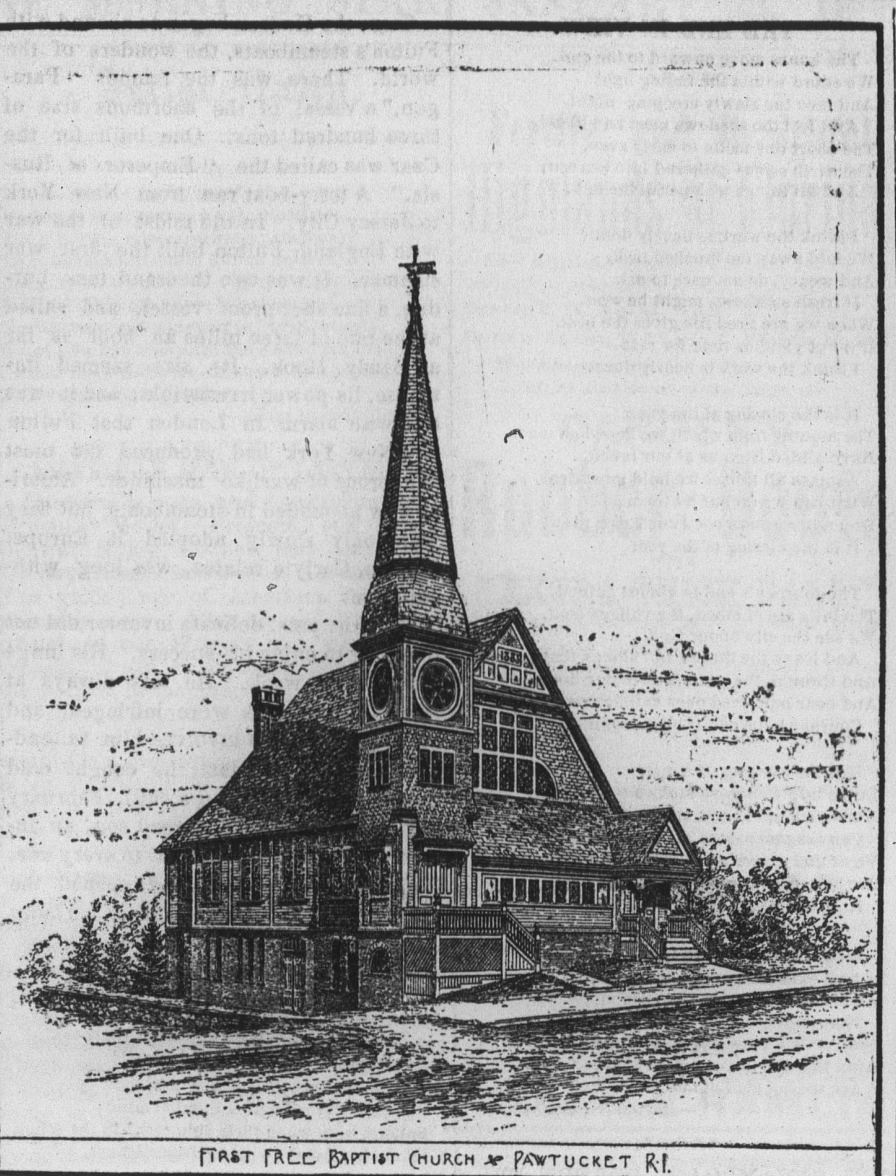
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FIRST FREE BAPTIST CHURCH PAWTUCKET, R.I.

NO person can afford to buy a poor, adulterated, light-weight soap. Buy Rea's Fish-oil Soap, and get more soap for your money than any other in the market.

The spinners of Fall River and New Bedford have made formal protest against the cut-down in their wages.

PHYSICAL PATCHWORK.

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The Home Circle.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

—Whittier.

MY BURDENS.

Wearied, O Father, of wearing the cross,
Tired of bearing this burden of life,
Counting my striving as nothing but loss,
What shall I do in this world-weary strife?

Tell on, I dare not, my strength is all gone;
Love on, I can not, love brings no return.
The battles are fierce, no victories won;
Patience a very hard lesson to learn.

On the breast of my Saviour I laid my head
Down,
And listened to words he did graciously say:
"He that endures to the end I will crown,
For I am thy guide in this dark, stormy way."

The burden grew lighter and easier borne,
And brighter the days grew and swifter the hours.
His brow for my sake wore a chaplet of thorns,
And surely mine can not be circled with flowers.

—Selected.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY ETTA UDORA FRENCH.

While ice King makes the earth his throne
And fiercely rides the northern blast,
I draw a picture all my own
Of the bright Summer that is past.
Oh! Mayflowers sweet, and apple blossoms,
And golden-rod, and larkspur plumes,
My sketch enframe.

Beneath the flowers, a bit of sky
Smiles on a landscape doubly blest,
A Summer breath comes back as I
Seem at the quaint old stile to rest,
Or, 'neath the same old oak, that stood
Above my head in babyhood,
To sit once more.

Beyond the meadow lying low,
Uprise the hills with purpled tops,
The village churches' gray spires show,
With wood and dingle, field and copse,
And flowing there, with witching willows,
The river lifts its rocky isles,
Amid the foam.

Once more I touch the pictured thought,
On brain or canvas who can tell?
I paint my homestead! And I ought
To paint my old-time friends, as well!
But who can catch the loving grace
That makes divine a dear friend's face,
And memory charms?

So blow, rough wind, and laugh, O King!
In spite of you, I live to-day
In a bright Summer dream, and sing
With gladness, for my heart is gay.
A loving soul is free from fear,
My Summer lasts throughout the year.

OVERCOMING TEMPTATION.

BY HARRY HOWARD.

"I'm just as provoked as I can be! I never will speak to Sarah Brown again as long as I live—she's a hateful old thing!" exclaimed Minnie Palmer as she rushed into her sister's room one night after school.

"Why, little sister, what is the matter? What has Sarah done, now?"

"She hasn't done anything, but she told me that my papa drank—that he was drunk last Thursday night, and had to be brought home—there! I was so angry I had to hold on to myself real tight or I should have done something awful."

"Well, dear, I wouldn't mind what Sarah says, she's a very coarse girl and wants to hurt your feelings. We know that our father is not a drunkard so we won't care what others say."

But as she spoke, a feeling of fear took possession of her. Could it be? could her noble father be growing a slave to his wine? She remembered, now, several times, when after an evening from home her father had remained in his room the next day, and her mother had said he was sick.

Alas! it was too true. The demon drink was fast overpowering the noble intellect of Dr. Palmer. Little by little the chain had been woven about him, and now his friends realized that he was bound body and soul. A long time before his poor wife had pleaded with him; had besought him, for her sake, for the sake of their children, if not for his own, to break the chains asunder. But he would answer with a laugh: "Nonsense, wife, don't be so puritanical. I'm all right, all the men drink a little—does us good. When I see it is hurting me, I'll leave it off." So he went on from bad to worse—still he was not alarmed—still he said, "I can leave off any time." Only the week before he had been brought home from the house of an esteemed (?) citizen, insensible.

When Mary had succeeded in turning her little sister's thoughts in another direction, she went to her mother's room determined to know the worst. And the mother, when she knew the daughter's eyes were opened, told her all. Together they wept, and prayed that the dear one might be saved.

"O my darling child! no one knows what I have suffered, alone those long nights of waiting—those long days of weary struggling to hide the sorrow of heart. I hope you will never know such suffering."

"Why didn't you tell me, dear mamma? How selfish I have been not to notice your grief!"

"I could not tell you, child, and thus bring sorrow into your heart. But I knew that you must know very soon, for everyone knows it."

"How can papa do so? I shall tell him what I think and beg him to let it alone."

"No, dear, we will talk the matter over and decide what to do; but don't let him know that you suspect him. I have prayed so long that I am sometimes almost discouraged; but I shall not give up."

Morning, noon and night these two offered up earnest prayers, and yet, seemingly, without effect. Dr. Palmer had

been going down faster and faster. His practice was lessening and the money came in very slowly. By close planning Mrs. Palmer had managed to live without incurring debt, but that must come unless there was a change.

One night as the Doctor was starting for his usual visit to the fashionable restaurant, where the poison was sold that was working his own ruin and the ruin of hundreds of others, Mary started with him. He looked surprised, but said nothing, thinking that she would turn about after walking a few steps. But she did not and at last he asked:

"Where are you going, Mary?"

"Oh, I thought I would walk with you. I was lonely as mother is busy writing an article for the *Atlantic*. You know we have so little money now that she feels obliged to do extra work. I wish she wouldn't, it makes her head ache so, and, papa, have you noticed how badly she looks? I worry a lot about her. Didn't grandma die of consumption? What made mamma send Katey away and do all the hard work herself? Are we real poor?"

"No, no, child, only that other doctor gets all my patients," her father answered, but not without a twinge of conscience.

Just then they reached the brilliant rooms.

"You had better run home, now, Mary, this is no place for a girl."

"Please let me stay, papa. I guess any place that is good enough for my papa is good enough for me."

When her father ordered a glass of beer, she asked for one too.

"Why, Mary, you shouldn't drink it, child!"

"Why not? I guess what won't hurt my father won't hurt me. I think it's pretty good."

Dr. Palmer did not remain long that night.

The next night was the same, and the next also. Every time he started Mary was sure to see him and join him. But he never went in with her again. His mind, not being affected by the usual stimulant, was sufficiently strong for him to realize that unless he reformed now, and let all intoxicants alone that he would surely be ruined. He went so far as to say: "Well, wife, I haven't drank anything for three days and I'm going to the club to-night and I shan't drink there—I'm done with drink. I told you I could leave off any time. I'm not one of the weak kind."

But, alas, for poor human resolves! Without a higher help we can not overcome temptation. He went to the club but proved to all that he was "one of the poor weak ones."

The next morning when he was recovering from headache brought on by the carousal of the night before, he crept out into the garden to be alone. As he neared the arbor he heard some one sobbing.

"Why, Minnie, darling, what is it—what has hurt you?"

"O papa, are you a drunkard? All the boys and girls say so, and Jimmy Snow says that you are awful poor, and he shouldn't wonder if we had to go to the poorhouse before many years. He said his father sold you rum, and that he heard his father say that in two years he should own our dear old home, and that he should have all our pretty things—here the poor child broke down completely."

Dr. Palmer sank on to a seat and bowed his head on his hands. Could it be possible that his child was suffering thus, and for him? Could it be that he—the successful physician, the proud father—could it be that he was a common drunkard? These thoughts flashed through his mind with lightning speed. How had he fulfilled the dream of his college days? How had he kept his vow to love, honor and cherish the one who had chosen him from all others—who had left her home of wealth to become the poor physician's wife? How had he repaid her for this? What had he been thinking of? was it too late? could he once more be a man?

Little Minnie looked up, wondering at her father's flushed face.

"Run away now, darling, papa wants to be alone."

Can I tell you of the hours that followed? No pen can depict the struggle of a soul, almost lost, with its God.

For the first time in his life James Palmer realized that he could not keep himself and that he must have God's help. He sought and found that help that can keep one amid the greatest dangers, the greatest temptations. Need I say, that once again happiness reigned in the home of the Palmers and the wife was repaid for all her patience and tenderness, and the Doctor regained his old place in the hearts of the people.

Mary is a woman now, but the lessons learned in her girlhood have had great influence over all her life. She is an earnest worker in the temperance cause.

Many a young man owes honor and happiness to the noble woman who was always ready to help him. In her pleasant home are welcome many who would otherwise seek pleasures that might lead to their ruin. The lesson she tries to teach each one is, that only in God's strength can they conquer.

"Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
From the battle do not shrink.
Let us fight to break the fetters
Binding men to demon drink.
And the God that watches o'er us
Shall our strength and succor be,
Till the last slave of the wine-cup
From its bondage shall be free."

THE END IN VIEW.

The hours move onward to the end.
We stand within the fading light
And face the slowly-creeping night,
And feel the shadows meet and blend.
The short day melts to early even,
The earth seems gathered into heaven,
And all things whisper of the end.

I think the work is nearly done!
We fold away the finished task,
And weary, do not care to ask
If fresh successes might be won.
When we are tired life gives the best,
If it but yield us time for rest—
I think the work is nearly done.

It is the closing of the year;
The months from which we hoped so much
Have glided from us at our touch,
As pass all things we hold most dear.
What can we do but let them go?
December knows not June's rich glow,
It is the closing of the year.

The journey's end is almost gained,
The hills are climbed, the valleys trod,
We see the city of our God,
And leave the thorns and stones that pained;
And leave the mists we see our home,
And hear our loved ones calling come!
Courage! the end is almost gained.

It is the evening of our life,
Down into weakness sinks our strength,
And head and hands, tired out at length,
Can take no part in all the strife.
Vigor and power and health at last
Are treasures numbered with the past.
It is the ending of our life.

What matters it? In God's hereafter
A true existence grand and calm,
And stately as a rhythmic psalm,
That knows not far of sigh or laughter,
Shall be His crowning gift be given—
After this life there cometh heaven!
Are we not glad of that hereafter?

—Marianne Farningham.

THE STEAMBOAT—ROBERT FULTON.

Robert Fulton, the inventor of steamboats, was born on a farm in Pennsylvania. His parents were Irish Protestants, a strong, laborious race. Robert was a delicate, handsome boy, with a fine forehead and brilliant eyes. Almost as a child, he became a mechanic, inventing machines and lingering around workshops. He was thought dull at school, and made slow progress at the usual studies. But he was always inventing.

One day, when Robert was about nine years old, he came late to school, and when his teacher reproved him, produced a new lead-pencil which he had been making while playing truant. The boys were all anxious to have one of Fulton's pencils: they were better than any they had seen. In his school days, he made rockets to celebrate the Fourth of July, and in 1778, in the midst of the war, set them off in his native town. About this time, he made an air-gun and a boat moved by wheels. He had a strong taste for drawing. His mother, who was now a widow and poor, wanted his help.

Fulton was only seventeen; but he went up to Philadelphia, made money, became acquainted with Dr. Franklin, and when he was twenty-one came back to his mother with his earnings, and bought her a farm. Here she lived happily for some years, watching and enjoying the rising prosperity of her son. The deed by which Fulton at twenty-one gave the farm to his mother is still preserved.

There are persons living who might have seen the first steamboat that sailed on the Hudson. Many remember when the famous "De Witt Clinton" and "North America" were thought the wonders of navigation; when they sailed over the tranquil river at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and left behind them thick clouds of black smoke that hung over the landscape for miles. The "North America" was long the pride of the river navigation, the swiftest vessel in the world. The Hudson has always been the favorite scene of steam navigation and enterprise. It is the birthplace of the steamboat.

Here in 1807, Robert Fulton, on board of the "Clermont," his first vessel, sailed in a day and a half from New York to Albany. He stopped for a few hours at Clermont, and then in four more finished his voyage. It was the signal for an entire change in the whole art of navigation. From that time, the steamboat has been slowly advancing, its size has increased to immense proportions, its engines have become animated giants, and Fulton's little vessel of one hundred and sixty tons is converted into the "Furnessia," the "Alaska," and the "Great Eastern."

Fulton, a fair, delicate, thoughtful young man, had gone to England, to France, had become acquainted with many eminent inventors, and had already planned a steamboat. He was the first to make one successful. He came back to New York, and, aided by his friend Livingston, in 1806 began to build his boat. It was only a small vessel, rudely built. In it, he placed an engine made by James Watt, the Scottish inventor: the paddle-wheels he planned himself, and the imperfect machinery. It seems now a very easy thing to build a steamboat, but it was then thought impossible. Men called the boat Fulton's Folly. Hardly any one supposed that a new era in navigation was about to begin, and that Fulton's machine would at last cover the world with its discoveries. At last, the boat was finished.

Then fires were lighted, the boilers hissed, the crank turned, the wheels began to move, and the "Clermont" made its way, at about five miles an hour, from Charles Brown's dock-yard on the East River to Jersey City. Once she stopped; and men cried, "There, it has failed!" But it was only because Fulton was anxious to alter some part of his machine. The great voyage was successful. The steamer reached Jersey City, and Fulton's victory was won.

Soon, the Hudson began to abound with Fulton's steamboats, the wonders of the world. There was the famous "Paragon," a vessel of the enormous size of three hundred tons. One built for the Czar was called the "Emperor of Russia." A ferry-boat ran from New York to Jersey City. In the midst of the war with England, Fulton built the first war steamer. It was two thousand tons burden, a fine shot-proof vessel, and sailed at the rate of three miles an hour as far as Sandy Hook. Its size seemed immense, its power irresistible; and it was told with alarm in London that Fulton and New York had produced the most dangerous of warlike machines. America now abounded in steamboats, but they were only slowly adopted in Europe. London, Carlyle relates, was long without them.

The fair, pale, delicate inventor did not live long to enjoy his success. His lungs were always weak. He was always at work. His patents were infringed, and his inventions only involved him in endless lawsuits. At last, he caught cold crossing the Hudson on a chill, February day, and died in 1815, a good son, an inventor, who has been useful to every one. He has founded nations, and opened the distant seas to trade.—*Harper's Young People.*

RESIGNING.

"Poor heart, what bitter words we speak
When God speaks of resigning!"
Children, that lay their pretty garlands by
So piteously, yet with a humble mind;
Sailors, who, when their ship rocks in the wind,
Cast out her freight with half-averted eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore;

Thus we, O Father, standing thee before,
Do lay down at thy feet without a sigh
Each after each our precious thoughts and rare.
Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
Perhaps thou knowest that the flowers would die
And the long-royaged boards be found but dust,
So took'st them while unchanged. To thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure: thou art just.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

TRAINING HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY RUTH ROBERTSON.

Dear mothers, you may think I am harsh when I say you can hardly begin at too early an age to teach your little girls how to be housekeepers or home makers.

Have a box for the playthings, and teach the little boy or girl who has them, to put them away. Teach them that by so doing they are helping mamma and they will do it willingly, for all children love to help. Have low nails for socks, hoods, mittens, and rubbers, and see that each thing is put in the right place by the child that used it, and it will soon become so natural to her to put away her wraps, that she would sooner think of going out without them than to leave them out of place when she is done with them.

Have some bright cloth dusters and just as soon as the little girl is old enough (and she will be quite old enough as soon as she can walk), commence giving her lessons in dusting, perhaps she will need to have only her own little chair to dust for a long time, but teach her how to dust that well, and she will never know any other way. You will be surprised to see how soon she can dust a room. Such little tasks will not hurt her but rather help her, for she will thus gradually and unconsciously learn the art of housekeeping. As she grows older, teach her other duties, only a little at a time. After the dusting comes the dish-washing, but don't keep her too close to that; let her help you, or else take turns with her, being sure you do your half. Almost all children dislike dish-washing.

Begin early with the sewing, but don't begin with patch work. Children like to make something—something which there is some prospect of finishing. Would n't it look like a great undertaking to you, to make a quilt all by hand? I think it would. Then how must it look to a child? A holder is more easily made than a square of patch work, and when it is finished, it is something of itself. An apron for grandma or auntie or mamma, or even for the little girl herself, would not be such a very large piece of work, if mamma only basted it carefully, and took a few stitches on it now and then, when no one knew anything about it. One thing be firm about; after an article is begun see that it is finished. If the time spent in beginning three fourths of the things which are begun was devoted to finishing the other fourth, very many people would accomplish much more than they do.

Take my advice, mothers, and begin giving your little ones tiny tasks each day; perhaps not more than five or ten minutes' work each day, at first, but gradually, very gradually, increase the work time. Be systematic about it, and it will be a lifelong blessing to both the mothers and daughters.

SIGNIFICANT.

A singular Thanksgiving supper was given in Philadelphia last November. Fifty Chinese pupils in the Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-School gave a feast to the members of the Chinese Guild.

This Guild is composed of some good men and women, members of different churches, who have tried to draw the hundreds of Mongolians in that city away from their opium-joints by establishing schools, clubs, reading-rooms and a hospital for them. In these and in other ways they have sought to show these heathens and aliens that they are among brothers and Christians.

Temperance.

THE GREATEST EVIL OF THIS NATION.

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunk-nation can not long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding; certainly that it is not at a standstill; but that it is on an upward march and it is a double-quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. According to United States Government figures, in 1840 there were 23,000,000 gallons of beer sold. Last year there were 551,000,000 gallons. According to the governmental figures, in the year 1840 there were 5,000,000 gallons of wine sold. Last year there were 25,000,000 gallons of wine. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay tax to the Government. I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked otard, crooked cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whisky, because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked. If I could gather all the armies of dead drunkards, and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five or ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review you would ride that horse till he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another and you would ride another hour after hour and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades; great armies of them; and then if you had voice enough stentorian to make them all hear, and you could give the command "Forward—march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the community to-day, the evil is increasing. I call your attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling-clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will like this: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses, lands and estates, share and share alike shall they have. Here I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet, perhaps, that very man has made another will that the people have never read and that has not been proved in the courts. That will, put in writing, would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my winecup shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs, share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Here I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."—*Dr. Talmage, in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., President Mark Hopkins, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, President Haygood of Emory College, Rev. Dr. Wm. G. Eliot, Rev. H. J. Man Lincoln, D. D., Hon. Neal Dow, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Hon. John D. Long, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., Francis E. Willard and a number of other prominent advocates and friends of the temperance cause unite in a proposition for a Temperance Centennial in 1885. Dr. Dorchester, who appears to be the author of the proposition, finds the origin of the temperance reformation in this country in the publication by Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia of an essay on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Mind and Body."

A movement has been started in Pittsburgh, Pa., to have Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle, locate permanently in Pittsburgh. A large number of manufacturers and business men have subscribed sums ranging from \$100 to \$1,000 towards raising a working fund for that purpose, and a congregation has been formed to be known as the "Church of Gospel Temperance," and Mr. Murphy will be invited to be minister of this novel church. Library Hall has been secured for the meetings. During the eight weeks of the late revival 18,000 persons signed the pledge.

A crowded temperance meeting has been held in Tremont Temple, Boston, to consider the question of temperance as related to the freedmen of the South. Timely words were spoken by Mr. John M. Stearns, of New York, and by the Rev. C. H. Mead, who has been engaged in temperance labors in the South.

Law and Order is the name of a new paper published in Boston, devoted to the enforcement of good laws, especially in the temperance interest. We wish it the success it so well deserves.

The Prohibitionists of New Hampshire will hold a State Convention in Manchester on Jan. 27.

