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The Morning Star.

VOL. LX.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.

NO. 52.

THE MORNING STAR is a Weekly Religious Newspaper, issued by the Free Will Baptist Printing Establishment, Rev. E. N. FERNALD, Publisher, to whom all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed, at 407 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. All communications designed for publication should be addressed, to Editor, THE MORNING STAR.

TERMS:—\$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; and \$2.25 if not.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Boston as second-class matter.]

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CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY HOPSITT FARNHAM.

The day of days has come again,
I feel its peace my heart enfolds,
And dreams go flitting through my brain,
In which are woven new and old.

In a stable, rude and lowly,
Backward through the years I see
Mary, mother, sweet and holy,
With the Christ-child on her knee.
In her face his glory shines;
Watchful, mute, and wondering,
Half the mystery she divines
Of her baby King.

In the field of heaven appears
A brilliant, beaming point of light,
While the twinkling shepherd hears
A rush of wings. From out the night,
Angel voices herald morn—
Thrilling through the waiting years—
"Peace on earth, new life is born
Which shall free from fears."

Radiates all time from this
Day which gave us Christ the Son,
Granting of a promised bliss
Promise of a future one.
Blessed since is motherhood,
Babyhood is glorified,
Human need more understood,
Heaven and earth allied.

Have we now no gifts for Him,
Neither precious gems nor gold?
Yet the light has not grown dim,
Beckons still as did of old.
Shall we follow fast the star,
Lay our treasures at His feet,
Chain the promise from afar,
Gain a blessing sweet?

As I dream of now and then,
In my heart rings this refrain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
"Peace"—in joy or pain.

STUDIES IN GENESIS.

BY THE REV. GEO. H. BALL, D. D.

Genesis is a picture gallery, a prophecy, a history and inspired panorama of life combined. Its few pages cover three thousand years, or more, of human experience. Its first words strike back unknown ages to the creative fiat and its final lesson strikes forward to the new creation. It was produced by men inspired of God and discloses their origin, nature, privileges, obligations, sins, dangers and possible redemption. Its facts are sublime, its precepts pure, its promises precious and its intent merciful. No writings excel it in style, and no uninspired book equals it in grandeur of thought, sublimity of scope, and divinity of comprehension.

It evidently opens with the very first writings made on the earth. The topics treated were the beginnings of history and the style is that of men personally connected with what they relate. It has a warmth and terseness, a clearness of statements, a directness and brevity peculiarly suggestive of participation in the events recorded. It bears the impress of personal knowledge and sober experience which no romance, or mere invention, or compiler of legends, can successfully imitate. It is pervaded by genuine candor, supreme earnestness and modest confidence, just such as experience imparts and is impossible without it. The imagery comports with the known picture language which first prevailed and which the translators of a subsequent age successfully interpreted. The careful student sensibly feels the warmth of the original writers imparting freshness and vital glow to the translators' words so that the hearts of Adam, Seth, Methuselah, Enoch and Noah throb against our hearts as we read their inspired and inspiring records. Internal evidence

stoutly proves that Genesis was contemporary in its origin with the men and events it describes.

Recent discoveries near the mouth of the Euphrates and the Tigris surprisingly confirm this hypothesis. Beneath Chaldean and Babylonian ruins evidence has been discovered by explorers of a previous civilization which reaches back to Noah and, through him and his family, is connected with life before the flood. Before Nimrod and his hosts invaded Babylonia, the Accadians flourished in that land, founded cities, built canals, established libraries and developed surprising skill in mechanics, literature and the fine arts. Immense quantities of cement tablets have been exhumed and some of the writing deciphered. Among other records are tablets narrating the essential facts of Genesis, with just such variations and legends added, as always color facts which have dropped from authentic records into the tide of tradition and have had considerable time for adulterations to accumulate. Such specific traditions usually contain a large kernel of truth and indicate that a true version once existed and may still exist. It is evident that legendary accounts of great historic events require time to develop and prove the great antiquity of the actual record from which they sprang. Moreover it is one of the easiest problems in literature to distinguish between the legendary and the true, and no one is simple enough to believe that such a sober, direct, lucid and reasonable narration as we find in Genesis was subsequent to and derived from the traditions found on these ancient Accadian tablets. Every principle of fair deduction therefore impels us to seek the plain, sober narrative, free from legends and fictions, long anterior to the origin of these tablets.

It is a significant fact that these tablets refer to still more ancient documents and to a written language which even then had passed out of use. Some of them are translations of that dead language, a picture language, even more fully than the hieroglyphic, or uniform style on these tablets which came into vogue some time after the flood. They tell of the flood and of the great events preceding it, of records kept from the beginning and preserved when the waters covered the earth. It is remarkable that these great libraries of cement tablets should have been made; that they should so clearly connect us with Noah and the centuries before his day; that they should have slept for forty centuries beneath the ruins of the most ancient historic cities, and in the nineteenth century of the Christian era come to light to confirm the antediluvian records made by Adam and the succeeding prophets of God. The testimony is conclusive. Records were kept in picture language before the flood, they were carefully preserved by Noah and transmitted to the Shemite line of his descendants, who were the chosen guardians of Jehovah worship, and in due order came down to Abraham, to Joseph, and to Moses. Had they not existed before the flood, the legends on these ancient tablets would be unaccountable, and all reasonable deductions from them dissolve in shadow. The natural, reasonable and well established order of events connect us with the writings of Adam and his godly descendants. It would be strange indeed if man created in the image of God should have written nothing for two thousand years of history or, having written such important records as the first chapters of Genesis contain, they should have been lost. It is manifold more reasonable to believe that the world has the actual writings of God's most ancient worthies.

The records in picture language were translated and edited by some skillful hand. His name does not appear. It may have been Abraham, or Joseph, or Moses. Marks of fidelity, intelligence and accuracy appear on every page of the translation and challenge absolute faith. No freaks of fancy, taste for legends, lightness of speech, frivolity of spirits anywhere appear. Herein the style contrasts sharply with all contemporary literature. The very spirit and intent of the original documents evidently pervaded and controlled the translator. It would seem impossible for one to do a work so perfectly without a mighty impulse from the eternal Spirit. No part of it reads like a translation; it is all so strong, warm and personal that readers feel the freshness and force of original words. There is no letting down of dignity, no dilution of thought, no expository liberties, no expansion of style, no human trifling, no catering to current fancies, superstitions or grossness, but everywhere a remarkably sustained force, directness, and spiritual earnestness. The stream of thought, prophecy, evolving plan, sublime purpose, and comprehensive authority flows on from the beginning

in perfect harmony and masterful force, needing no human indorsement, no names of authors, no external defense to support it, but, like the sun, its own best witness of abounding light. Genesis is a miracle of light, true if it is true, honest if there is honesty anywhere, inspired of God both in origin and translation, or men outdid themselves and spake as angels. We shall see this more clearly as our studies proceed.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, DEC. 5, 1885.

Everywhere the air is full of politics. The most important election that has occurred within living memory is now going on throughout the length and breadth of the land. The struggle is keen and close, the excitement is intense. Great victories have been won on both sides, the result has sometimes appeared doubtful, but the end approaches. In a few days the role of the new Parliament of faithful Commons will be complete. When the new year has dawned, anxiously shall we wait the meeting of the new forces in the battlefield of St. Stephens.

There is no burning question before the country, it is true; it is a party struggle, but much depends upon it. Two millions of new voters have been added to the constituency; the country has been divided into new electoral divisions; the issue of the election will probably determine in whose hands the government of the empire shall be placed for the next five or ten years, and the party that wins will have the prestige of first victory under the new régime. It can not be doubted now that the Conservatives will not win. The Liberals are too far ahead to lose disastrously, though their triumph may not be very decisive. The country that was driven last year to the verge of revolution by the resistance of the conservative party to reform, can not be expected to rush into the arms of that party now the resistance to reform has been overcome. But the Liberal majority may fall below the figure required to make it a good working majority. The Parnellites are throwing in their force against the Liberal party and in favor of the Conservatives. They may themselves number about 80 in the new Parliament, and should the Liberal majority not exceed eighty, and at present it is below it, the Liberals in the House of Commons may not be able to cope with the forces of Conservatives and Parnellites combined. What can be done remains to be seen, but it is hoped that by reasonable and wise concessions, short of the dismemberment of the Empire and the absolute legislative independence of Ireland, the difficulty may be fairly met.

Meanwhile the election has made two or three things increasingly clear. The first difficulty of the new Parliament will be the Irish difficulty. A firm, wise, and steady hand must be at the helm to guide the ship of state through the troubled waters. Centuries of neglect and misrule are not likely to be atoned for by a few years of just and conciliatory legislation. There must be patience, and a refusal to be diverted from the path of judicious readjustment of affairs by any outcries for separate national existence or any want of kindly appreciation of honest endeavor to do what is right and fair. Moreover, it appears also from Liberal losses in some large towns and elsewhere that the country does not everywhere approve Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy; that there is a sudden and temporary reaction against Free Trade in favor of a retaliatory tariff; that the Radical schemes which tend towards socialism and the unsettlement of the tenure of landed property have created alarm; and finally that the country is a long way from being prepared to take up the question of establishing the national church at present.

But the strife this election has occasioned will do good. It will show how much need there is to make haste slowly in all great reforms. It will emphasize the importance of a more thorough and universal political education. It will teach the Church of England that only by wisely adapting herself to the altered conditions of society and the changed conceptions of men as to what is expected of a national church, can she possibly hold her position in the land. One may hope, too, that it will impress upon all of us the need for settling political differences with fairness, good feeling and a regard to the general welfare of the nation, and the need for deciding religious questions, or ecclesiastico-political controversies, in a spirit of candor and mutual respect, and on the basis of truly Christian principle. A movement for reform in the Church of England has already begun, and the bishops favor it. Will it be possible to correct abuses, to readopt organization, and to admit the laity to share in the

responsibility of appointing clergymen and conducting the affairs of the church? THOMAS GOADBY.

EDUCATIONAL AID FOR THE SOUTH.

BY THE REV. F. H. PECKHAM.

The reassembling of Congress recalls to mind, and we hope may recall to successful enactment, on the part of Congress, the measures heretofore proposed for national aid to education in the Southern States. The emergency which calls for such action is found not only in the fact that a large part of the illiteracy of the country is massed in the South, but also in the fact that illiteracy exists in that section to such a degree as to endanger the welfare of the nation. Next to crime, ignorance on the part of the voting population is the greatest foe to our prosperity as a people. Not that our land above all others is the abode of ignorance, but that the nature of our government is such as can be prosperous only when the people are upright and intelligent. The emancipation of the colored people has bestowed the suffrage upon a large class who, while in slavery, were also kept in ignorance. Though twenty years have passed since they became free, yet a large proportion of them are still unable to read and write. More than this, the proportion of the whites who can neither read nor write is far larger in the South than in the North. According to the last census nearly two thirds of all the illiterates in the country were in the sixteen Southern States, though those States contained only about one third of the population.

The cause of this state of things is found very largely in the fact already alluded to, the presence of the colored people so recently freed from slavery, but also very largely in the imperfect condition of the public school system of those States. Until after that part of the country began to recover from the effects of the war, schools did not amount to much in comparison with those of the North. It is true, some writers stand up and boldly point to the number of private schools and colleges in the South, before the war, as exceeding those in the North. But the North had no need of private schools. Since the war the people of the South have set to work in earnest to establish systems of public schools in all the States, and they have done nobly. They have been aided much by the Peabody and Slater funds, the Freedman's Bureau and from many other sources; but still grave hindrances are in the way. The population and wealth of the South are scattered over so large an area of territory that it is much more difficult to maintain schools there than in the more thickly settled and richer districts of the North. For instance, look at the comparison between North Carolina and Massachusetts as recently presented by a writer in the *Watchman*. In 1880, the Massachusetts school tax was equal to one dollar for every \$400 of taxable property, and it was in the same ratio in North Carolina. So that the property of North Carolina is taxed as high for school purposes as is the property of Massachusetts. But because of its greater wealth, the school tax of Massachusetts was \$4,000,000, while that of North Carolina was but \$400,000. Again, the territory of North Carolina is seven times as large as that of Massachusetts, with only 300,000 less inhabitants. Thus North Carolina with only one tenth of the funds is trying to educate nearly as many people in an area seven times as large as Massachusetts. This is a fair specimen of what is going on all through the South. The war left them in a pitiable financial condition; but with a courage truly sublime they have grappled with their lot and are working out a noble success. And yet the full success of their efforts to educate the people must be long delayed unless their best efforts at tax raising are supplemented by aid from other sources. The bill introduced into Congress by Senator Blair of N. H. expresses, we believe, the sentiment of the North, and many of our strongest men are its earnest advocates. By all means let it, or some better measure, if that is possible, be hastened on to enactment, and let the world see that our nation is capable of meeting an emergency to elevate its citizenship as well as to meet an emergency to protect itself from dissolution.

CHRISTMAS.

The festival of Christmas; i. e., the mass of Christ, was unknown to the Church in her primitive days. It is not known at what date the festival was first introduced. It was not of apostolic origin. About A. D. 137-8, Pope Telesphorus, in compliance with the decretal letters addressed to him, ordained Christmas as a religious festival. Being a movable Christian festival at first, it became confounded with the Epiphany, and was celebrated by the Eastern churches in the months of April and

May. In the reign of Pope Julius I. (337-352), St. Cyril of Jerusalem, to avoid confusion between the mass and Epiphany, urged the necessity and importance of making Christmas an important festival. St. Cyril obtained an order from Julius, to make the necessary investigations to determine an appropriate date. The churches of the East and West, in conference, decided on the adoption of December 25. Gibbon says: "The festival of Christmas was placed at the winter solstice, with the view of transforming the Pagan Saturnalia into a Christian festival." Many of the customs of the present day observed at Christmas are of Pagan origin, (vide Martial, and other Roman writers). It is well here to observe that the Christmas tree, though not connected with any religious obligations, is of German origin, and is the symbol of the tree *Isdragil*, that is, the tree of life, which was conspicuous in the mythology of Scandinavia.—*Sel.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 19, 1885.

Capitol Hill has been made lively during the week by the people's representatives although the Senate has given itself little else than a temperance debate and the presidential succession bill, which it passed, while the House has been confined to the seemingly dull subject of a new code of rules. Startling revelations were made regarding whisky in the Senate committee rooms however and in the House Mr. Randall, the chairman of the powerful appropriations committee, was sharply attacked because of his unwillingness to have his own wings clipped.

The subject of prohibition in the Capitol building has been debated in Senate with great warmth. The proposition to prohibit the sale, exhibition or use of liquors in the Capitol restaurants led to an animated and rather farcical discussion of temperance in which Senators Cockrell, Vest, Ingalls, Frye, Maxey, Saulsbury, Manderson and Teller took part.

Mrs. General Logan, who is president of the Garfield Memorial Hospital Committee, has, with the aid of Mrs. General Ricketts, Mrs. General Hazen, and other well known ladies successfully managed the "kettle-drum" for the benefit of Garfield Hospital, and this delightful affair closed on Thursday, at the National Rifles Armory. The receipts will amount to nearly \$1,500.

Great preparation is being made for the holidays, and the "Christian Club" inaugurated two years ago will this year make more than a thousand poor children happy. A bountiful dinner, with a present for every little one present, will be given Monday evening, Dec. 28, at the National Rifles Armory. Miss Cleveland takes great interest in the club, and has met with the committee, and on Saturday was present and talked to the children. She has a fine face, blue eyes and light hair, a pleasant voice and is earnest when talking. She will attend the dinner, and the President has also promised to be present.

Mrs. Senator Sherman, who, by social precedent, is next in rank to Miss Cleveland, is a lady of much judgment, kindly courtesy and sociability. It is predicted that a larger number of ladies will receive on New Year's than formerly, and as the proscribed thirty days of mourning for the late Vice-president terminates at that time, we can not now discover any saddening shadow to fall athwart the anticipated gaiety of the bright New Year.

B. B. L.

BETHEHEM'S STAR.

As shadows cast by clouds and sun
Flit in the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just gladden and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

Oh Father! may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

—Bryant.

THE REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE.

The Revision of the Old Testament is extremely conservative. The severest criticism we have heard upon it was made by a friend who said, "There is so little alteration that people will hardly care to make the change." We think people will be standing greatly in their own light if they do not make the change, though we think there was occasion for much more considerable alteration. On thing is gained by this extreme caution. Every alteration the reader encounters, he may confidently regard as one that ought to have been made. And if, instead of undertaking mere curious comparison, or watching for expressions that make a jolt in his easy-going progress, the reader will just use his Revised Old Testament in the devotional and practical study of Scripture, he may be well assured that he is brought considerably nearer to the meaning of the sacred original, and need have no fear that he will anywhere be misled by the alterations which have been made. After all, this is the use which we ought all to be making of improved versions—not critically inspecting them, but using them for the better understanding of the Bible and the better conduct of our own life.

The Old Testament revisers were, doubtless, influenced by the outcry which many made as to the numerous slight changes in the translation of the New Testament, which it was thought should have been avoided. Most of these supposed unnecessary alterations in the New Testament were made with a view to having the same Greek word translated by the same English word, which, so far as practicable, is certainly very desirable for the profitable use of references and the concordance, and for all careful study in order to Sunday-school or pulpit exposition. The Re-

vised Old Testament presents no little improvement in this respect, though there might have been more. Here, as in the translation of the New Testament, English conservatism has rejected not a few alterations proposed by the American Company. The love for obsolete words and old-fashioned spellings is naturally stronger in the old country than in the new; and in all such matters of taste there will of course be wide differences of individual preference.—*Dr. Broadus in the Religious Herald.*

TOBACCO AND SCHOLARSHIP.

One of the professors of the Polytechnic School of Paris inquired into the habits of the one hundred and sixty students there, and then made a comparison between their devotions to study and to smoke. He found that one hundred and two were smokers, and fifty-eight never used, or said they never used, the noxious weed. He then found that in each grade of the school the students who did not smoke out-ranked those who did smoke, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorated as the smoking continued.

On account of several trust-worthy reports of such a nature, the minister of public instruction in France issued a circular to the directors of colleges and schools forbidding tobacco to students, as injurious to physical and intellectual development. The Catholic Guardian is authority for the statement that the youth of Catholic colleges are not allowed to use tobacco in any way; and to this fact is attributed much of their proficiency in mathematics and the other branches which wear more particularly on the intellect than some others.—*Christian Union.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

—Sooner or later the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ as a whole must grapple with that hydra-headed monster intemperance, and not give it over into the hands of the wily politician and his Chameleon-like methods, actuated by self-emulation and self-aggrandizement.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

—In Massachusetts, Fitchburg, Somerville and Worcester are the cities which vote against temperance. To the encouragement of the friends of temperance, it can be said that the vote for no license has gained much during the year in several cities.

—The violations of the Sunday law in New York City, in spite of the alleged outcropping of virtue in the police, do not seem to be the occasion, at present, of any very energetic opposition. The saloon-keepers are certainly not holding indignation meetings to denounce the "fanatical" authorities, or take steps for the preservation of their "inalienable rights."

—In Nevada where the saloon is the social institution they have a law, said to be backed by public opinion, which prevents a youth under twenty-one years of age entering or being in a saloon. In Canada saloon-keepers are supposed by law not to sell to minors, and no portion of the license law is more shamefully violated. If the Nevada law were adopted, and the presence of minors in a bar-room made a serious offense punishable by a heavy fine, some good might be done.—*Montreal Witness.*

—Rev. Dr. Warren, editor of the Portland *Christian Mirror*, declares that there is not one saloon in that city where liquor is sold openly, not one hotel where liquors are dispensed either at a public or a private bar, and not a secret place in the city where liquor is sold with the connivance of the city authorities. Prohibition was put into the constitution of the State last year by a majority of over 47,000. That some liquor is sold in Portland he does not deny, but the traffic seems to be driven altogether into secret and changeable places, and to desperate enterprises.

—Cardinal Manning, in concluding a recent temperance address, said: "There is a rising of the people all over England. What is the meaning of it? There is an aspiration after higher and better things. There is a sense of shame that we, as a Christian people, should be so defamed. There is a longing in many a heart after something nobler, better, purer—after a happiness which can justify itself before our heavenly Father. I ask whence does this come? I can speak of the working men of London, as you can of the working men of Warrington. I can speak of women, wives, daughters, and sisters who for the sake of those who are dear to them have given up once and forever all the pleasures of the world; aspiring to a higher life and in the hope of saving those dear to them who are in danger. I know of fathers and mothers who do the same for their children. I know little children who have done it for their fathers and mothers. (Applause.) Whence does all this come? Does it come from talking, preaching, and making speeches? No. What is the true cause? I can say what I believe. This aspiration of the people is the aspiration of the Spirit of God."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

—The Rev. Thomas Harrison, the Methodist evangelist, has just closed a series of meetings in Milwaukee, Wis., the result of which was 400 conversions.

—Mr. D. L. Moody is to visit Montreal for a series of meetings of a few days, beginning Saturday, Jan. 2. The day session will be devoted to discussions of practical subjects belonging to Christian life and work. The evenings will be given to evangelistic work, and only men will be admitted. The Protestant ministers ask for the sympathy and general co-operation of the general Christian public.

—The minutes of the New Hampshire Baptist Anniversary for the year 1885 is a pamphlet of eighty pages. It gives full information of the Baptist denomination in the State. There are 80 churches, 61 pastors, 90 ordained ministers, 6 licentiates. There were received by baptism 386, by letter 120, by experience 26, and 4 were restored. The loss has been: Dismissals, 152; excommunicated, 12; died, 153. There are 6,709 resident members, and the total membership is 8,851.

—There seems to be much religious interest in the churches in N. Y. City. Special services have been held in five different Presbyterian churches. The Advent Mission in numerous Episcopal churches is the result of many months of preparation, and several churches have been quickened, and hundreds have testified to the power of the truth in their hearts and lives. The Sunday meetings for men only in Trinity church have been very impressive, and the church has been daily crowded to its capacity with a mass of men who listened with interest to faithful preaching of the Gospel by Rev. W. Hay Aiken.

—In the east end of London, in an out-of-the-way part of that section of the great metropolis, stands a church called the Church of St. Augustine. The edifice has recently been erected and is in the very heart of a colony of Jews, many of whom have been converted to Christianity; and now as we are told that "the incumbent of the church has arranged a regular series of services in the Hebrew language, and for the first time since the apostolic ages the service of the Holy Communion, as instituted by the Saviour of the world, is said in the original language of the Bible and the clergyman who celebrates it himself a converted Rabbi."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

Shrouded in darkness, the shepherds are watch-
ing.
Shadows lie low over Bethlehem's plain;
While on the mountain the night winds are sigh-
ing.
Softly they whisper a vesper refrain.
Whence comes this brightness, so suddenly shin-
ing.
Brighter by far than the radiant morn?
Hark! there are voices—the angels rejoicing
Shout the glad tidings, a Saviour is born!

In spotless robes of purest white,
The angels come in graceful throng.
Their golden harps they tunefully strike,
And sweetest notes of praise prolong.
While, echoing o'er Judea's plain,
Is heard that wondrous advent song—
"Glory to God, good news we bring;
All glory to our Saviour king!"

From hill and plain returns the strain,
In joyful notes and sweet refrain—
Behold to you this day is born
Jehovah's well-beloved Son.
The shepherds hasten to reply,
The morning stars together sang;
On earth is peace, redemption nigh;
Re-echoes that sweet song again—
"Glory to God—good news we bring;
All glory to the expected king!"

Then circling through the ambient air,
To heaven the shining hosts repair;
The dawn is breaking as they turn,
A golden light illumines the east
And still rings out that song of peace.
Down through the eons of all time,
Echoes the song, unique, sublime;
And wise men still their offerings bring,
And fling them down before their king:
Gifts, richer far than myrrh or gold—
The loving heart, good deeds untold—
The contrite spirit, freed from sin—
Such are the offerings which they bring.
So, we may sing, on this glad morn,
"Glory to God—a Saviour's born."
Auburn, Me.

NEEDS OF THE MINISTRY.

A paper read at the Iowa Y. Meeting Minis-
ters' Conference by the Rev. E. Tibbets, and pub-
lished by request of the Conference.

There is a pressing need of successful
ministers. The call comes from every
direction, the languishing churches indi-
cate the pressing want. Success is
what is wanted. The Christian world
is not so particular as to the kind of
qualification the minister has, so he suc-
ceeds in accomplishing efficient, perma-
nent work. Souls saved and devel-
oped into efficient Christian workers
are the fruits of successful workers.

In deciding what are the needs of the
minister for permanent work, we must
form our conclusions from the evidence
gathered from the work done. In study-
ing this, we discover the elements which
gave the success; or in failure, the causes
thereof.

There is a great deal of reported
success. We are cheered by it in al-
most every issue of our periodicals.
Yet at the end of every year, we are
disappointed at the summing up.
Churches and ministers report flatter-
ing prospects, successes in work; but
often we hear of the entire loss of all
interests reported. There seems to be
a demand, in our weak natures, for the
encouragement of praise. In fact, many
who are seemingly most efficient as pub-
lic agents and managers of general work
must have this stimulant or else there
is nothing done. The unfortunate part of
this is the difficulty to harmonize all the
forces so as to organize them under the
command of the generalissimo of the
army. Once in a while we find a man
who has the consciousness of his mis-
sion so impressed upon him, and who
can so impress his co-workers, as to or-
ganize and harmonize all elements for
efficient work. Such we have in Mr.
Moody, Mr. Harrison, and others in
evangelistic work; in Mr. Murphy and
others in the temperance work. These
are rare exceptions. In studying the
work of the general ministry, we can
not take them as examples. Their
work belongs to that of special mis-
sions.

It is said that "the best evidence of
success is to succeed"; yet the ques-
tion remains, What is it to succeed?
The final results of our work have
the evidence that assures us of the de-
sired success. Men often differ as to
what is success. Also we are often
disappointed, after we have consoled
ourselves that we are successful. Men
who have strong love of approbation
may call their efforts success, when they
have won the applause of the multitude;
others, when they have added numbers
and wealth to the church. These may
be elements of power; often, too, a
source of weakness or hindrance. Then
again, we have ministers who, by their
smartness and pulpit power, gain the
attention of the public, draw the crowd,
and please the church. Such minis-
ters can always find fields of labor, or,
rather, churches to call them; and they
find but little difficulty in securing a
salary. This is not always success;
but this power is a rare, precious gift,
and, properly sanctified and ballasted by
good sense and sound judgment, accom-
plishes wonders for the Master. But
often it works without the ballast, then
the work is superficial. When so it
creates itching ears for the new and sen-
sational, is largely the cause of the
system of short pastorates. Some one
has said that "drawing pastors are more
the present need than drawing pulpit
preachers." We would say, then, af-
firmatively, that the present need in
ministerial power, in order to give per-
manent success to their work, is that
which will aid them to establish and
develop churches for constant, perma-
nent work.

A revival interest is a success which

adds living, permanent, useful workers
to the church. That minister is a suc-
cess who succeeds in extricating church-
es from financial and social embarrass-
ment, and unites its forces in constant,
efficient work. He may not receive so
much public commendation as the one
who touches men with magnetic power
and works up a revival, or incites
churches to build houses of worship;
yet when the summing up time comes
he may have more stars in his crown
of rejoicing, and have done the world
more good, than the others have done.
The two elements may be necessary in
the sluggish moral atmosphere of so-
ciety; one to attract attention and
arouse, the other to catch while in the
excited state, systematize, utilize, and
establish in permanent work. Let final
results determine which is most suc-
cessful. The latter element needs our at-
tention most at the present time.

Sherman said of Grant, that when
planning an attack his officers would
draw plans and discuss modes. Grant
would listen and smoke (sad to say,
and I suppose he had cause of sadness
before he died that he smoked), then
would conclude on their plans, showing
them in a few words what plans were
most feasible, so that they would won-
der why they had not seen the re-
sults of plans as he had pointed out.
It was that faculty for correctly sum-
ming up for final results that made him
the military hero he was to the nation
and to the world. Men who can de-
vise wise plans and direct for efficient,
continual work are the men needed, to
act as agents, direct forces, build up the
churches.

An over-estimate of the power "that
draws" in the pulpit has created false
tastes in the public, divided the church-
es, made the collection of funds spas-
modic, left societies with church debts.
Then confidence is lost, because the
stream furnishes no living water. We
want plans laid, not in the spasms of
excitement, but wisely laid—work done
that reaches the summing up time.
Then, when we speak of success, the
fruit gathered will have the cheering
flavor of permanency and satisfaction.
Shall we not learn the lesson, and "fight
it out on this line"? That minister has
best reason to rejoice in success whose
pastorate increases in power for efficient
work in all departments of Christian en-
deavor. He may look forward with
more certainty to final harvest than he
who has rejoiced in the commonly-
called glorious revival.

Finally, the ministry need courage.
Man's disposition demands present re-
sults in his work; if not attained he
gives away to discouragement. The
apostles were awed by the mob; their
hearts fainting when they saw their Mas-
ter hanging on the tree. But Jesus
could be calm though alone with the
mob. Before the judgment seat of
Pilate he need not be anxious to answer
the false accusations of his enemies.
Even in his agony of suffering, he need
not show any resentment, or give away
to despair. For this purpose came he
into the world. His suffering was for
the purpose that he might be able to
say, "Father, forgive them." He knew
the results of life's work; for these he
lived and suffered. He is our example,
and we are to be like him. If so, then
our work is not for a day, but for eter-
nity,—not for an age, but for all ages.
What matters it if we do not reap in a
lifetime? It may be asked of us, as of
the Saviour, that our devotion be even
unto death that future generations shall
speak of our success. If we belong to
God, he is to care for and protect us.
It has taken untold ages to bring God's
work up to its present attainment;
what we are to do is to fill our place as
best we can and look to him for results.
If it is his work, every honest purpose
and effort is success, for he is able to
make it so. We can well afford to trust
and wait.

A so-called glorious revival may be
quite superficial; the magnetism that
aroused it and gets the credit, as the
cause of it, may hardly enter into the
"well done" of pure motive and sin-
cere purpose, that was the procuring
cause of all the good in it. Sincere,
honest, devoted work, wisely planned,
gives success. In this we can be as-
sured that, "Whether our sphere be
an empire or a prison, we are equally
successful." We can afford to wait
God's time.

A TRIP WEST.

BY A. A. M.

The good-byes were spoken and
waved and the traveler was off for a
trip of eighteen hundred miles. The cars
wound around the bases of the southern
Ohio hills, now and then dashing through
a short tunnel, took bee-lines across
the rich, level land of the northwestern
part of the State, traversed the woods
of southern Michigan (Hillsdale was
taking a vacation rest), and rolled into
Chicago. One interested in the pros-
perity of F. Baptist work can not pass
through this magnificent city with-
out a feeling of regret for the last F. B.
church here, and its fate should be
a continual spur to increased home
missionary effort that such an experi-
ence may not be repeated. A short
stop was made in Aurora, Ill. Here
Bates College is well represented by J.
H. Freeman, superintendent of the
Westside public schools. Aurora is

paying Mr. Freeman a very comfortable
salary, and its citizens are very warm
in their commendations of his work.
He certainly has a strong hold upon the
regards of this community. Hillsdale
College is honorably represented in
Aurora by Hon. A. G. Hopkins, a young
lawyer of enviable reputation and recent-
ly elected to Congress. Thence the trip
was across Iowa where the golden rod
and purple blossoms of the "iron weed"
and many others characteristic of these
prairies, some of them long out of mind,
revived a host of recollections of a few
years of boyhood spent in this State.

The growth of Omaha is astonishing.
It is destined to become a great metrop-
olis and any religious denomination ex-
pecting a hold in eastern Nebraska
should have a church at this point.
The trip from Omaha to Denver is ad-
vertised to be made by the Union Pa-
cific "Short Cut" in twenty hours, and
the time table seems to justify it, but
at North Platte the traveler is obliged
to put his watch back an hour to con-
form to the transition from "central
time" to "mountain time," and so ride
one hour over. The train leaving Omaha
in the forenoon passes through west-
ern Nebraska and northeastern Colo-
rado in the night, so when the traveler
looks westward in the morning the
views of the snow-capped Rocky Moun-
tains fairly burst upon his vision with-
out warning, and he gazes in speech-
less rapture, the center of vision being
Long's Peak. The mountains seem to
rise from the plains with sufficient
abruptness to satisfy the most pro-
nounced taste for the bold and pictur-
esque. Still, although the beholder is
filled with awe and a sense of the sub-
lime, he has no adequate conception of
what he sees. If the base of the first
range is thirty miles away, he will lo-
cate it, consciously or unconsciously,
from five to ten miles and belittle the
height accordingly. But it seems as if
one could never tire of drinking in this
glorious view.

In Denver the palatial hotels and sub-
stantial business blocks and beautiful
residences at once give the impression
of a city whose prosperity is permanently
established. The first building the
traveler enters, the Union Depot, is a
massive stone structure of beautiful
architecture. To one accustomed to the
Eastern depots it seems odd to have no
roof extended over the tracks, but this
lack is justified in a great measure by
the "glorious climate" and serves as
an advertisement of it. Bates College
has been and still is honorably rep-
resented in the teaching force of the Den-
ver public schools. The summer cli-
mate of Denver is greatly praised, but
many think that in winter it is prefera-
ble for the invalid to locate himself
south of "the divide," the watershed
between the Platte and the Arkansas.
Accordingly Colorado Springs and Mani-
tous, which are very popular summer
resorts, are receiving considerable win-
ter patronage from the great army of
health seekers. Manitou is widely ad-
vertised as "the Saratoga of the West."
It lies in a lovely little valley surround-
ed by mountains, except on the east,
where the valley extends to the plains.
Here are several medicinal springs
which bid fair to be as highly prized by
the white man as in times past by the
Indian, who used to place great faith in
their healing powers. Here are exten-
sive caves and romantic paths and
drives, and one can scarcely conceive
a more beautiful mountain retreat.

F. Baptists are represented in Mani-
tous, but not to a sufficient extent to
justify the formation of a church in ad-
dition to the organized church effort
already there existing. Views of the
surrounding mountain scenery can be
obtained, the recollection of which will
remain vivid for a life time. One such
was seen by the writer in September
from a peak about fifteen miles west of
Manitou, at the top of the first range.
To the south was the rounded summit of
Pike's Peak towering above the sur-
rounding mountains and above the tim-
ber line. Its general color was a red-
dish brown, and its deep ravines could
be traced far down its sides by the pure
white of their filling of perpetual snow.
To the west were the glistening white
peaks of Snowy Range. All around
was the vast billowy appearance of
summits and valleys presenting great
variety of form and color. The variety
of color is seen both in foliage and in
the different rock strata. To the east,
in the sharpest contrast with all else,
over the top of Manitou and through
the valley, was a view of the plains with
their uniformity of color and level hori-
zon.

A far more extended view is to be ob-
tained from the summit of Pike's Peak,
the favorite trail to which starts from
Manitou, but travelers for health are
advised not to undertake the ascent of
this lofty peak until they become at
least partially acclimated.

Colorado Springs has no springs, but
probably borrowed this part of its name
from the springs at Manitou, five miles
away. It has a population of about six
thousand, which was doubled last sum-
mer, temporarily, by tourists. It is on
the plains and has more sunshine than
Manitou, but also more wind. The
business prosperity of Colorado Springs
as well as of Manitou depends largely
upon the patronage of tourists, which
the city recognizes in various ways,

especially by liberality in its policy of
public improvements. The business
men appreciate the situation and do
their utmost by attractive displays—and
high prices—to cause the sojourner to
leave in the city as much of his cash as
possible. Cowboys go galloping through
the streets with their broad-brimmed
sombros and long fringed *chaperaras*
and jingling spurs. They are too much
civilized to flourish revolvers, but one
item in their code of morals permits
"stuffing a tenderfoot" and the one
who can manufacture the largest stories
of herding life and give them some de-
gree of credence is the best fellow.
Colorado Springs has at least five old
students of Hillsdale College and is
noted for the intelligence and culture
of its citizens. Within easy access of
this place are the wonderful and cele-
brated Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie,
Monument Park, and the Cheyenne
cañons. The health giving properties
of this region are certainly not fictitious.
Much of the population is made up of
persons who have come here for health,
and in a great measure found it. The
writer has found in the climate here a
speedy and apparently effective remedy
for a serious throat disease of more
than a year's standing, and culminating
in an entire loss of voice. The cure of
pulmonary disease is necessarily effect-
ed more slowly, but there is much en-
couragement to persons in the first stag-
es. The climate offers almost certain
relief from asthma. But the general
testimony is that disease of the lungs
reappears when the patient returns to a
lower and more humid atmosphere.
Colorado Springs, Colo., Dec. 2, 1885.

WHO SHALL SPEAK FIRST?

BY IDA HAZELTON.

"How long do you suppose," lately
said a lively matron of my acquaintance,
"I should attend the church where I
expected to make my home, and wait
to be spoken to? I should go just two
Sundays, and then if nobody noticed
me, I should speak to somebody."

The originality of the remark fastened
itself upon my appreciative faculties at
once, and none of its eccentricity will
be lost by appearing at length in print.
It practically illustrates a phase of so-
cial church life which certainly has two
sides, one of which perhaps has not re-
ceived all the attention which is its due,
—the opportunities and duties of the
stranger in his new church home. The
older members of the church already
know, or ought to know, if they read
their religious journals and observe
the customs of the more successful
churches, that they are not to stare new
comers out of countenance, but to ex-
tend at once the hand of friendship with
words of welcome.

There is a social custom in some of
our larger cities, notably in our capital
city, where strangers take the matter
of acquaintance into their own hands. It
is their privilege to choose their own
circle of friends and determine whom
they will "know," and whom they will
"not know." Indeed, if such elect not
their dear, special friends out of the
million, they will probably remain
strangers still in the great, unknown
mass of social life about them. Pos-
sibly this custom loses many of the
sweet and pleasant courtesies of society,
as it is usually conducted in the majori-
ty of towns and cities, yet there is much
to be said in its praise.

In church life it seems especially ap-
propriate for the new guest to wear an
inviting and trustful countenance at
least. There would be a contagious era
of good feelings all around in some of
our churches if everybody would follow
the example of the lady whom I chanced
to meet on the street the other day,
who looked up into my face with such
a sweet and pleasant expression that I
involuntarily bowed and smiled, and
received in return a most charming
smile, although we were total strangers.
But, like my friend quoted at the begin-
ning, it is the stranger's privilege to take
even a step farther, and following her
most extraordinary advice, to open his
mouth by way of introduction to those
whom he hopes in time to call by the
church name of "brother" and "sister."
There might be, it seems to me, a kind
of mutual, half-way place where the old
church member and the new may
meet and spontaneously express their
desire to become friends of the same
Christian family. The responsibility of
forming such a relationship does not
belong wholly with one of the two par-
ties, neither has the stranger performed
his whole duty when he has simply put
his shrinking shoulders half way with-
in the vestibule of the church edifice.

"Did you ever notice how one of that
sort of persons, who 'never have any
attentions paid them,' shoots out of
church just as soon as the last word of
the benediction is pronounced by the
pastor, as if he were afraid that some-
body would speak to him?" exclaimed
another practical friend of mine the other
day. Ah, have we not seen them? These
probably are they who often make
the quick tour of all the church-
es in town and return, at last, to their
own chimney corner for private medita-
tion and home worship.

Well, after all, it is perfectly aston-
ishing how much the members of the
human family resemble each other
when they stand up side by side and

take each other's measurements fairly
righteously. I find myself, perchance,
wondering for weeks why my friend is
so reserved, and even haughty, when
we chance to meet. I am not at all
aware of any unusual conduct on my
own part. Yet my friend, I find great-
ly to my surprise, when circumstance
fortunately brings about a "mutual un-
derstanding," has been wondering all
the while why I was always so cold and
unlike myself whenever we chanced to
meet. Who of us is at fault when mis-
understandings occur? Generally, no-
body! Not infrequently our own im-
agination has piled up a most flimsy
barrier which could not withstand the
softest whisper of reconciliation. So it
is always wherever humanity comes in
contact. There must be a readiness on
the part of all to be simple in manner
and humble in spirit. In the church,
especially, pride and self-appreciation
are singularly out of place. Who am I,
friend or stranger in God's house,
that any one should seek me out and
pour out upon my head an oblation of
coveted attention and respect? If I may
be so fortunate as to become a member
of any one of the branches of God's
great family, I am more than ready, yea,
eager, to love for his sake any of the
children of the familiar household. If
my heart is thus right, I need not go far
to find a congenial home, neither need I
wait for attentions.

A pastor told his flock the other even-
ing at the close of a rather quiet
prayer-meeting that their reserve and
reluctance to testify was due to their
pride, and nothing else, and this was no
doubt true. Personal pride is responsi-
ble in a large measure for the loss of a
great many kind thoughts, deeds and
words, many social courtesies, and much
human happiness. One's dignity must
be preserved sometimes, even though
the heart be well, high broken in the ef-
fort. Poor human nature! If it were
not so pitiful one could despise it some-
times. So it often comes about that the
great question of finding a church home
is narrowed down without further dis-
cussion to one little interrogation: "Will
anybody notice me?" The very sensi-
tiveness of heart out of which this feel-
ing springs will be likely to impart to
the person a kind of shrinking, hesitat-
ing appearance, which to others would
imply a certain air of reserve, and
hence tend to one the coveted "notice"
would not be tendered. If people could
only overcome their pride, and unmask
themselves, and be perfectly true to
each other in all their relations, I won-
der if this world would not be a better
place in which to pass the few days of
our earthly life. Would it then be of
much importance who shall speak first,
or who shall be the first to reveal the
kind thought or perform the friendly
act?

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The willows that guarded my seagirt path
Carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness
march,
I can lean on his love for the rest.
—Anna Shipton.

BITS.

Take you heed. To be near the life-
boat is different from being in it.—F. H.
Evans.

It is a sad thing to be often eating of
the tree of knowledge, but never to taste
of the tree of life.—Quarles.

When the service of the Lord seems
hard, it is because we are but imperfec-
tly performing it.—L. P. Mercer.

It is one of the heaviest penalties of
wrong thinking and of wrong living
that they blur, if they do not obliterate,
the very perception of good and evil.—
Mary Clemmer.

Satan selects his disciples when they
are idle, but Christ chose his while they
were busy at work, either mending their
nets or casting them into the sea.—Far-
don.

Vice, when deprived of its grossness,
loses something of its depravity. It is
more secret and less contagious; more
fearful of detection, and therefore con-
fines itself to a narrower circle, with di-
minished votaries and decaying influ-
ence.—Rev. P. N. Shuttleworth.

To the Christian who really believes
in the agency of God in the smallest
events of his life, confides in his love,
and makes his sympathy his refuge, the
thousand minute cares and perplexities
of life become each one a fine afflicting
bond between the soul and its God.—
Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

We must have individuality of hear-
ing as well as individuality of preach-
ing. The true hearer is the man who
supposes himself to be the only lis-
tener in all the sanctuary—who is so
absorbed in spiritual earnestness and
attention that he hears every word as if
spoken to himself alone—a message just
delivered from the great Father to the
one wandering child.—Dr. Parker.

Driven by an instinct which neither
we nor they can comprehend, the swal-
lows pass with the changing seasons
from clime to clime. Over miles of
weary plain, over lofty mountain walls,
across leagues of sea, into lands un-
known before, they follow with gladness
and trust the Hand that guides them.
We, too, have a journey to make into lands
unknown to us; we, too, have a Hand to
guide us in that long journey. Shame
is it for us if we follow the leadings of
that hand with less of gladness and of
trust than the unreasoning birds of
heaven.—S. S. Times.

Missions.

THE CAMPAIGN IN UPPER
BURMA.

The British campaign in Upper Burma
has been not only a short, but a success-
ful one. On Saturday, Nov. 28, General
Prendergast, the commander of the Brit-
ish expeditionary force, entered Mandalay
at the head of one of his brigades. Col.
Sladen, who accompanied the expedi-
tion as civil commissioner, was received
by King Theebaw at the palace with orien-
tal formalities. The king, who was com-
pletely subdued, however, expressed his
desire to abdicate his throne, and asked
not only that his life might be spared, but
that a residence should be allotted to him
by the British Government. He claimed
that he had been deceived by his minis-
ters, and was ignorant of what was oc-
curring outside of Mandalay. Col. Sladen
advised the king to present his case to
Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India. On the
following day Theebaw formally sur-
rendered to the British commander, and
under guard at once embarked on board
a British steamer for Calcutta, accompa-
nied by the French consul.

General Prendergast, who has received
from Lord Dufferin authority to establish
a temporary government at Mandalay, will
personally administer the affairs of Upper
Burma until the arrival of the British
Commissioner. It is possible, however,
that ultimately a native of the country
may be appointed ruler, under the sov-
ereignty of the Queen of Great Britain.

It is a matter for thanksgiving that so
speedily, and with little loss of life, Up-
per Burma has come under British con-
trol. Our missionaries in Burma, who
have long desired to enter Upper Burma,
will now be permitted to advance to the
borders of China. Bhamo will at once
be re-occupied by Mr. Roberts and his
associates, and his work will be recom-
menced with a promise of success not
possible heretofore. God's hand is clearly
visible in this advance of the British in
Upper Burma. It means not only the es-
tablishment of a just government, but an
open door to our missionary operations.
But added opportunities for extending the
truth bring added responsibilities. Where
are the funds for carrying on the work
we already have in hand? What shall we
do for Upper Burma, now that it is open
to us? These are questions that the
friends of the Missionary Union must
consider and answer.—Zion's Advocate.

A WHOLE TOWN ACCEPTS
CHRISTIANITY.

A whole town of five hundred inhabi-
tants on the coast of China, near Foo-
chow, has adopted Christianity. In the
suburbs was a mission-chapel in charge
of a native helper, and the town was oc-
casional visited by missionaries of the
Church of England. Last summer the
people became so angry with all foreign-
ers on account of the troubles between
France and China, that the missionaries
were obliged to discontinue their visits;
but the native preacher kept on his work
earnestly and faithfully. In midsummer
cholera came to the village in a virulent
form, and death followed death in quick
succession. The terror-stricken people
fled to their gods; but the one Christian
besought them to come to the true God,
who could hear their prayers and save
them. Because of their despair they lis-
tened, and joined with him in asking God
to stay the plague; and God honored
their faith, imperfect though it was, and
the plague was stayed that day. The peo-
ple then held a conference, and as a town
they resolved to accept the new religion,
and worship the God who helped them.
Although some have fallen away since,
the majority remain steadfast, and have
contributed more than a hundred dollars
to build a chapel.—From the Chinese Re-
corder.

When Mr. Stanley went to Livingstone,
in 1871, he says he went "as prejudiced
against missionaries as the biggest atheist
in London." But in the forests and by
the rivers of Africa, in companionship
with this Christian hero, he found a long
time for reflection and observation. He
was away from a selfish, grasping, civilized
world. He saw this solitary missionary and
explorer, and he asked, "How on earth does
this old man stop here? Is he insane, or
what? What is his inspiration?" For
months he listened to the noble man of
God, who, following the Spirit's guidance,
was seeking to realize the Spirit's purpose,
and open a way for Africa's redemption
to God. The impulse was contagious.
Seeing Livingstone's piety, gentleness,
zeal, and self-sacrifice, his companion was
converted by such example to desire and
labor to open the Dark Continent to civ-
ilization and Christ.

The Spirit's purpose in missions may
often best be learned through the labors
of some Christian missionary filled with
the Spirit's thought and power. Many a
Christian now indifferent to missions
would be awakened by the perusal of
some good missionary biography, or
sketch of service.—Rev. Richard Mon-
tague.

The Missionary Societies, unlike the
Bible and Tract societies, must necessari-
ly be connected with some special branch
of the Church of Christ. Some, indeed,
have been formed originally on an unde-
nominational basis, but even these have
shown a tendency to come finally under
the control of some particular body of
Christians. There has been less of mere
sectarianism, however, about mission work
than about other branches of church la-
bor. Christians of every name have
learned to rejoice most heartily in each
other's success in conquering the dark
places of heathenism.—Evangelical Chris-
tendom.

The person who recently graduated
with the highest honors from the New
York Women's Medical College is a Chi-
nese lady, twenty-one years of age, whose
father was a Presbyterian convert and a
native preacher. The daughter has been
carefully trained for mission work, and
her medical knowledge will be of excep-
tional value in China.

Dr. Thoburn, writing to the *Western
Christian Advocate*, says that the South In-
dia Conference has sixty-nine persons en-
gaged in street preaching, and sixty-seven
others who do so occasionally. In Cal-
cutta they have two Europeans wholly
given to native work, one native who
preaches in Hindustanee, and four who
preach in Bengali.

The King of Siam has not only granted
the purchase of property for the new Pres-
byterian station among the Laos, but at
the same time gave 2,000 rupees, about
\$900, to help building a hospital at said
station.

Our Book Table.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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

BOOKS.

MY RELIGION. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the French, pp. 274. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place.

THE FITCH CLUB. By J. A. K. pp. 297. Published by the same as the above.

LOYAL TO THE KING. By E. A. W. Author of "St. Ulrich," pp. 194. Published by the same.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MODERATION. By Axel Gustafson. Author of "The Foundation of Death," pp. 37. Cloth. New York: Funk & Wagnell.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD. By Ernest W. Shortleiff. Illustrated, pp. 31. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., \$1.00.

A MANUAL OF MATHEMATICAL GEOGRAPHY. By A. A. Moulton, A. M., President of Rio Grande College, Cloth, pp. 51. Columbus, O.: Press of Hann & Adams. Price, 30 cents.

BOYS' HEROES. By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated, pp. 187. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., \$1.00.

THE CHILDREN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., \$1.00.

PAMPHLETS.

PLEASANT HOMES. How to Build, Furnish, and Decorate. Illustrated. F. S. Blanchard & Co., 151 Front St., Worcester, Mass.

IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR. No. 104 Livingston St., Brooklyn.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE JEWS. Rev. G. E. Stevens, 37 Bible House, New York, pp. 32.

ST. PIERRE'S MISSION. No. 10 Lafayette St., Brooklyn, 32.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

It is very likely that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes might have been one of the most prolific of American authors, as well as one of the most distinguished, had he not devoted the greater part of his life to the medical profession. Now that his recent serial contribution to *The Atlantic*, A MORTAL ANTI-THY, is presented in book form by his publishers (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), the fact is brought to mind that since he retired from the professor's chair three years ago he has produced this serial, a biography of Emerson, and a volume relating to medical literature, or one volume annually, besides several minor magazine papers. Literature has lost perhaps five or six volumes at least that Dr. Holmes would have produced had the work of physician and professor not stood in the way forty-five years or more. There is a very pleasant introduction of several pages in this volume which partially recalls these years, and when the reader arrives at the opening chapter of the story he has been prepared for a narrative that is really a continuation of the series of acceptable volumes initiated by the famous "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The story is not one that will hold breathless attention, though it is not without an original idea as a motive, ingenuity, and a surprise or two here and there; but the style has the author's own stamp, and the twenty-four chapters provide entertainment separately by the way they are written independent of the episodes they relate. Dr. Holmes' mental equipment, his point of view of life, is so utterly different from those who hold the lead in story-telling at present that his work is an exhilarating change to the professional reader of books and must be a very welcome one to any and all readers who appreciate a genial nature in print or out of it. There are no people in this story whom the author has taken the pains to create merely to show how vulgar they are, how cultured travel has made them, or how bored they are with things in general. They are all pleasant, wholesome people; and the story in which they play their parts, based on a very curious antipathy, is worked out in an agreeable conclusion after the old-fashioned manner of story-telling. The action takes place in one of Dr. Holmes' New England villages; the three chief personages are two bright, scholarly young women, and a young man who is surrounded by a mystery. One of the young women captures a husband at last by solving an obscure mathematical problem in a scientific journal and the other gets the young man by actually altering the organic action of his heart, or, to put it scientifically, by producing a critical moment in a reactionary movement along the chief nerve centers. This of course discounts anything Dr. Holmes' uninvincible young contemporaries are equal to. Evidently he has finished the business as far as the human heart is concerned.

LOCAL OPTION. By W. S. Caine, M. P., W. Hoyle, F. S. S., and Rev. Dawson Burns, D. D. This little book, by three eminent Englishmen, of whom the last named is well known to our readers, gives concisely the history of that form of legislation against the traffic in intoxicating liquors, commonly known as "Local Option," as it has been developed in Great Britain. It carefully considers the proposed substitutes for Local Option, candidly discusses the objections to it, and presents with clearness and force the argument for it. It also makes some wise suggestions in regard to the applications of the principle, chiefly valuable in Great Britain, for whose people it was written. It is a most excellent popular handbook on the subject, being written in a clear and interesting style, presenting facts collected with care, deductions made with discretion and good judgment, and arguments that commend themselves to the common sense of intelligent men and women. It avoids vague and fanciful theories, on the one hand, and extreme, violent opinions, on the other. Though written especially for British readers, it is well adapted for use in this country, for the great principles underlying all legislation on this important subject are essentially the same everywhere. It shows clearly that the free trade in wine, in England, caused the passion for drink to spread "with the rapidity and virulence of an epidemic"; that the use of light wines has failed to combat successfully the appetite for stronger intoxicants; that the licensing system does not answer its intended purpose; that the objections to Local Option are in no way fatal; and many other propositions involved in a full and thorough discussion of the subject. We may add that the value of the work is increased by a series of carefully compiled statistical tables embodying facts of great importance. We are not informed as to whether it can be readily obtained in this country, but are sure that it well deserves a wide reading.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, by Mr. Ernest W. Shortleiff, is published in handsome holiday form by D. Lothrop & Co. This beautiful poem calls up the memories of school days, of the vacation times in the country, of outting, of berrying, and of the games and plays which make up so large and pleasant a part of boy life, touching upon them so tenderly and gracefully as to at once arrest the attention and engage the sympathies of the reader. The twelve illustrations are from the pencil of F. Child Hassam, pp. 31. \$1.00.

One of the best illuminated cover books, large size, of D. Lothrop & Co., is ART FOR YOUNG FOLKS, being an account of "the art treasures of two New York boys, with biographies of twenty-four prominent American artists." The volume is fully illustrated with portraits, studio interiors, engravings of paintings, sculpture, and architecture; and also with many original drawings by members of the American Water Color Society. A good deal of art instruction, especially valuable to beginners (whether with the brush or the tongue of the critic) is conveyed by these very attractive and readable pages. An account is given of a novel art school for children in New York City, called "The Children's Hour," founded in 1878 by Miss Mary Cook, and superintended by Miss Alice Donlevy. The volume is printed on heavy paper, is handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and is inclosed in a pasteboard box. It ought to have a large sale during the holidays. \$2.00.

HIGH LIGHTS is the title of a book published by the Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The only clew which we have of its author is in the simple words—"To my husband." The characters that absorb the most attention are a young artist and a young lady, who was the good genius of her uncle, the pastor of a village church. Justly he claimed that his Robina made his home "delightful." She was as expert in the dairy as at playing the organ of the village church, and her accomplishments and nobleness were a surprise to those fortunate in making her acquaintance. Conrad Faulkner was spending the summer at Highland Farm—the home of the village pastor—engaged in sketching, writing, and recreation. It was one of the most lovely spots in the Switzerland of New England. Many other personages of the story are strong, agreeable people, around whom no little interest clusters. The author depicts scenery with a loving hand, and has a clear insight into human character and its motives, and evidently enjoyed its writing as much as the reader its reading. pp. 306. \$1.25.

The many readers who enjoy Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's stories of quiet New England village life will welcome a novel by her entitled BONNYBOROUGH just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. There is no writer more deservedly popular with young girls than Mrs. Whitney. Her stories are filled with their thoughts, their every-day existence, their common perplexities and aspirations; and they point out the way to correct living and are imbued with an attractive religious view of life. In this story a neighborhood known as Bonnyborough, in Massachusetts somewhere near the sea, is chosen for delineation in connection with the development of a certain Peace Polly Schott's character from childhood to marriage. There are scarcely any incidents, but the people are quite real and are full of talk which keeps the story moving with interest. Much of the description suggests to the reader country comfort and quiet happiness. It is a book that may be recommended to the Sunday-school librarian.

THE FITCH CLUB, by J. A. K., Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place, New York, is a genuine boys' book for wide-awake young lads, with girls enough in it to make it about as interesting to their sisters as to the boys themselves. Mr. Fitch, by his sincere kindness and hearty interest in them and their affairs, drew around him half a dozen boys of the neighborhood, and quietly led them along, by easy stages, until they became a mutual improvement society and benevolent association, almost without knowing it, and their sisters and girl friends were drawn into their schemes and enterprises in a natural way. The story shows how easily many good things may be brought to pass, if there is only a fixed purpose to do something, and a willingness to do what one can. Though not specifically what is usually called a religious book, its influence is wholly on the right side of all moral questions involved, and it teaches forcibly lessons of industry, economy, truthfulness, justice, honor, generosity and benevolence. It shows how boys and girls may be trained to earn their own spending money, and may learn to love to be helpful to one another and especially to those less fortunate than themselves. The further fortunes of its characters are narrated in "Birchwood," and all who read this book will want to know more about Dick Scott and his sister Terry, as well as Sue LeBar and the grave young lecturer on history. We commend the book. 12mo. pp. 297, price \$1.25.

MAGAZINES.

The number of magazines published in this country is legion. But as we look over the list of those that come regularly to our table we are puzzled to find one which does not fill a niche that needs to be occupied. Those two superb art monthlies, the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co., N. Y.) and the *Art Amateur* (Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, N. Y.), whose January numbers are thus early on hand, are supplemental each to the other and together form a school of culture in which all may sit delightedly together. Let strangers therein possess themselves of sample copies of these magazines and no longer merely take our word for it.—And let the preacher, and Sunday-school worker, and all interested in current religious thought, who are yet to become acquainted with the *Homiletic Review* (Funk & Wagnell, N. Y.) and *Pulpit Treasury* (E. B. Treat, N. Y.) put off no longer the profitable acquaintance which these publications afford.—For Sunday monthlies none are better, if any as good, as *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co., N. Y.) and the *Illustrated Sunday Magazine* of which Dr. Talmage is the anything-but-dull editor (Mrs. Frank, Leslie, publisher, N. Y.).—The *American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal* (150 Madison St., Chicago) is, in its way, as well worth of praise as any periodical published.—Among magazines of general literature *Littell's Living Age* (Boston) and *The Eclectic* (New York) are unsurpassed.—He who wishes to know about current publications on both sides of the Atlantic should keep his eye on the *Literary World* (fortnightly, Boston) and the *Book Buyer* (Scribner's, N. Y.). The holiday numbers of these two publications are of special value.—Students of Astronomy need the *Sidereal Messenger* (Northwood, Minn.).—The ladies will always appreciate such publications as the *Floral Cabinet* (New York, 23 Vesey Street) which is devoted to floriculture and the domestic arts, and the *Fashion Bazar* (Geo. Munroe, N. Y.).—To the foregoing let us add in commendation the *Woman's Magazine* (Brattleboro, Vt.) and (for scholars) *Latine et Græce* (New Brunswick, N. J.), devoted to classical philology and edited by Prof. Edgar S. Shumway, of Rutgers College.—For the children what

can be more delightful than *Wide Awake* and *The Pansy* (Boston, D. Lothrop & Co.)?—But this is the best that we can do now. Amid this blooming and delightful wilderness of magazines we have cleared just way enough for our escape, and off we go—for the nonce.

TABLE TALK.

—The *New Princeton Review*—not a revival of the old *Princeton Review*, but a brand-new enterprise—has A. C. Armstrong & Son for publishers.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, publish a little volume containing additional letters belonging to the famous Carlyle-Emerson correspondence.

—The great work of the late Eliza Mulford is "The Nation." From it President Garfield once said that he had derived more suggestions of statesmanship than from any other book.

—The author of "The Bar Sinister," recently published by Cassell & Co., is said to be Mrs. Jeannette Walworth of New York, a Southern woman by birth and training, and a writer of long experience.

—The *Congregationalist* says that Canon Farrar, in "plain English," came to this country primarily to make money, as Dickens did, and as several other more or less eminent Englishmen do every season.

—Messrs. Lothrop and Co.'s art-book this year, "The Heroines of the Poets," is a superb folio volume containing fifteen fine photographs in fifteen different tones. It covers English poetry from Chaucer to the Brownings.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a new portrait catalogue of their publications—admirably arranged and a charming specimen of press work. The catalogue now contains thirty-four finely engraved portraits of American authors.

—Somebody reports that Senator Evarts usually writes his speeches out in full, and then, going into a room by himself, repeats them until he is a perfect master of their eloquent periods. He despairs of success as a five minute off hand speaker.

—The *Independent* publishes two extracts from a new volume of poetry by Tennyson. One is from a poem called "Early Spring" and the other from one called "Tiresias." They sound more like Tennyson's earlier strains than does much of his later verse.

—Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have issued a new edition of Mrs. Mary Barker Dodge's *Gray Masque and Other Poems*. It appears in cardinal cloth, gilt, 12mo., for \$1.25. Mrs. Dodge's verses are of superior merit and the volume will make a very acceptable holiday gift.

—It is stated that when Miss Alcott has a story to write, she goes to Boston, hires a quiet room, and shuts herself up in it, and waits for an "east wind of inspiration," which never fails. In a month or so, the book will be done; and its author comes out, "tired, hungry, and cross," and ready to go back to Concord and vegetate for a time.

—Charles Reade is said to have had a genuine talent for hard work, a steady, systematic labor rather than occasional, spasmodic toil. He began work every morning after a nine o'clock breakfast and usually continued till late in the afternoon, sometimes ceasing at four o'clock but often writing till the hour of dinner, which meal he took either at home or at the Garrick Club.

—On the first of January will be issued the first number of *The Unitarian*, a monthly magazine of 24 pp., size and type of *Harper's Monthly*. It will be edited by Brooke Herford and J. T. Sunderland, and published simultaneously in Boston and Chicago. It will number among its contributors Robert Collyer and Chas. G. Ames. Mailed free for 50 cts. a year in advance.

—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers anew to the *Atlantic Monthly*. We can unhesitatingly recommend it to those desirous of access to the best work of some of the best writers now living. The contributions to its pages are always worthy of careful perusal. An excellent prospectus is prepared for 1886. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

—Builders and those who are planning a home will find a very valuable publication in the new quarterly publication entitled *Shoppell's Modern Houses*. It costs \$1.00 a number, or \$3.00 a year and is well worth the money. The work is thorough, conscientious and elaborate. Illustrations and plans are all that could be desired. Size of pages 14-1/2x21-1/2 inches. Address the Co-operative Building Plan Ass'n, No. 24 Beekman Street, N. Y.

—Prang's Christmas and New Year cards for the present year are characterized by happiness of conception, accuracy of drawing, and brilliancy of color. They come in various sizes, with and without fringed edges,—charming landscapes, sweet faces, beautiful flowers, and fancies both curious and comical. The satin art prints are better than ever this year, both in choice and treatment of subject, and artistic quality of work. One of the things most likely to attract the eye on turning over these cards are Miss Humphrey's two new folding calendars. Address for samples or catalogue, L. Prang & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Boston, Mass.

—Mme. Alice Durand (Henry Greville) is one of the first of well-known French novelists to visit our shores. The daughter of a professor in the Imperial University of St. Petersburg, the wife of a prominent art critic, she has won for herself fame by novels of which "Doria" and "Sonia" are among the best known to American readers. At Paris she has a charming home on the Quai Voltaire and numbers among her friends such celebrities as Feuilleton, Thuriot and Dr. Pasteur. She is described as under medium height, having prominent features, dark eyes, and possessing a genial air. She converses fluently in English and is to lecture in both French and English.

—Among the public and private archives of England, France, Holland and Spain are many valuable unpublished manuscripts relating to America. Mr. B. F. Stevens has inaugurated a plan that "comprises the collection and comparison of all duplicates and variations of these documents, wherever they exist, the recording of all points of difference, the cataloguing of all and the copying of all principal and distinct documents that have not been published and the variations of those that have."

—Mr. Stevens wishes to invite the co-operation of the several archives, the officers of the Department of State and such historical societies, if any, as may nominate, to examine the proofs, suggest cross references, etc.

—Rev. Edward Everett Hale believes that three hours a day is as large an average of desk-work as a man of letters should make. "I have," he admits, "written for twelve consecutive hours, but this is only a *tour de force*, and in the long run you waste strength if you do not hold, every day, quite closely to the average." Mr. Hale believes that the brain should not be excited or even worked hard for six hours before bedtime. The evening occupation should be light and pleasant. No work of any kind should be done in the hour after dinner, or after a substantial meal as all the vital force is required for the beginning of digestion. "Sleep nine hours if you can, but do not allow yourself less than seven," is Mr. Hale's closing injunction.

—On the 17th inst., John G. Whittier reached his seventy-eighth birthday, and the occasion was not forgotten by the friends of the poet. He is at his pleasant home at Oak Knoll, Danvers. He says: "At my age I can not hope to feel as spry as I did once. I do but little writing now. My correspondence takes nearly all my time. I receive some 30 letters a day, most of which must be answered; indeed, I have to be rude sometimes as it is. The requests for autographs, which amount in the course of a year to 2,000 letters, I can refuse if I desire; but others, such as literary aspirants asking my advice, work which I am requested to criticize, and hundreds of other applications, compel me to reply. I find it is about all I can do and a little more."

—Few historical works exceed in magnitude Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States of North America." Eighteen volumes have been already published and the work is only half completed. The volumes already published have been awarded high praise. Mr. Bancroft's work as a collector has been enormous. It has covered a period of twenty-five years and his collection of county, state and national archives already numbers 42,000 volumes and additions are being made constantly. To handle such a mass of material Mr. Bancroft employs a large corps of trained assistants, who work under his direction, while he revises and re-writes, in the more important parts trusting the rough material to no hand save his own. Great as it is, the work is essentially a private enterprise, and is a remarkable instance of zeal and devotion in historical literature.

—The *New York* correspondent of the *Literary World* says it is now an "open secret" that John Hay wrote *The Bread Winners*. Also that forty per cent. of the readers of the *Century* come from the West, and *Harper's Magazine* has always had a larger circulation in the South than in the Middle States or the North. From the same source we obtain the following: "George Parsons Lathrop is one of the few literary men of New York who devote themselves exclusively to literary pursuits. Most of the authors here use literature as a 'staff' not as a 'crutch.' Brander Matthews is a lawyer, H. C. Bunner is the editor of *Puck*, Richard H. Stoddard was for many years attached to the custom house, and is now attached to the *Mail and Express*, Appleton Morgan is a lawyer, Edmund C. Stedman is a broker, John Habberton is the editor of the *Telegram*, James Grant Wilson is a gentleman of leisure, Geo. Wm. Curtis is the 'Easy Chair' of *Harper's Magazine*, and general literary adviser of Harper & Brothers, Richard Watson Gilder is the editor of the *Century*, William Winter is the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, and George Cary Eggleston is the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*."

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The Morning Star.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.

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THE MORNING STAR FOR 1886.

One number more will complete the 60th volume of the MORNING STAR. If any of our readers have expected an elaborate Prospectus for 1886, we must disappoint them. We have our plans for the new volume but they are not yet completed. Even if they were we should feel more inclined to rely on what the STAR has been and is, for the favor of subscribers and the enlargement of our subscription lists, than upon an array of swelling promises and long-tailed names. Yet, not totally to disappoint expectant ones, and with the hope of attracting some unimagined eye, we will occupy a little space by way of advertising the forthcoming volume.

In the sixtieth year of its existence the MORNING STAR finds a long-sought home in the New England metropolis. It is better situated for its work than ever before, and its management hopes to make it proportionally more efficient and acceptable. As a representative of Evangelical Christianity and an advocate of Moral Reform, it will try wisely, fearlessly, and to the end, to do its duty. Its scope is to be as broad as the sphere of religious journalism. Religion, Morals, Literature, Art, Science, valuable News from all parts of the land and world, will occupy its columns, classified and presented in numerous departments. It will employ a strong corps of editorial and occasional contributors, and present articles of correspondence from able pens on both sides of the Atlantic. Whatever can be done with the means—money, talent, constituency—which the STAR has at its command, to make the paper more and more varied, fresh, bright, and strong, will be done. Is not this enough? We trust that all the friends who have gone with us during 1885 will go with us also through 1886,—except, of course, such as have disappeared from the ranks of the living, or shall soon be summoned, in which cases we shall still have them with us in a profounder sense than words can convey. THE MORNING STAR, and what it stands for—may God make it the object of love and loyalty to increasing thousands!

Our friends, and the supporters of the cause, have a duty to do—a rare opportunity—just now in the early days of the STAR in Boston. Some are alive to it. Others are beginning to feel quickened. We value approving words as highly as mortals ought to, but they alone are very insubstantial food for the stomach of a worthy ambition. We boldly, and for the cause, ask more of the friends of the MORNING STAR than mere words of approval in letters to ourselves. These need not be left unsaid, but there are weightier testimonials that perhaps audaciously, kind friends, but appealing straight to your own consciences and good sense, we ask of you in these days. We "dare do all that may become" us. The seed-sowing for the new season has begun. It will go on. "What shall the harvest be?" The sun will shine; the early and latter rains will fall. Will the laborers in the vineyard be alert and faithful? If so, there will be a grand "harvest home."

NOTES.

A "merry Christmas" to all our readers. Dr. J. L. Phillips sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 14th inst. The Golden Rule pleasantly congratulates the STAR and the Free Baptist church of this city on "their increasing prosperity." The facts warrant the good word and it is appreciated. It certainly "beats the Dutch" how typographical errors will appear despite agonizing precautions. In the "Book Table" this week, for instance, Mr. Ernest W. Shurtleff's name comes out. "Mr. Ernest W. Shurtleff. Now that 'W.' is all right on our proof-sheets. When and how that period got changed to the letter 'r' is 'one of the things that no fellow can find out.'"

"Is Boston losing its literary prestige?" asks a contemporary. According to the latest "American Notes, by an English Traveler," it is to be feared that she is. The city has been incredibly disgraced by the discovery of a strange lack of culture in a citizen of whom better things were certainly to be expected. One, fortunately but one, of her cabmen has shown himself, and that before foreigners, to be unworthy of cab-driving within the limits of our Modern Athens. Having heard abroad of the discussions of her hackmen, as they waited at the depot, on the merits of Millais, of the painting of the modern French school, on the New Theology, on Prof. Fiske's views of evolution and immortality, on Joseph Cook's alleged distinction between probation after death and probation after death, on the risks incurred by President Eliot in bringing so many elective studies, to the peril of Greek, into the Freshman year at Harvard, and on other like subjects familiar to all classes of society enjoying the intellectual atmosphere of Boston—having heard of these things, our Englishman and his friends evidently rode into the city in some trepidation as to how they should appear as they engaged a cab. They believed, apparently, that the wise looking nag of any driver, at the word "go," would start off from force of habit, unless restrained, on a brisk trot for the Art Museum, the Institute of Technology, the Athenaeum, or, if the fancy took it, to the homes of Howells, Parkman, Sumner, Phillips, or out to Cambridge to the door of Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow and the Cambridge professors. These were among the objects that the visitors wished most to see. With no other care than to appear like gentlemen who knew a thing or two themselves, and with a beautiful confidence begotten of their respect for culture wherever

found, these foreign sight-seers managed with little embarrassment to engage a cab; then, seating themselves as gracefully as they could, they requested the driver to show them the principal sights. "He jumped upon his box with alacrity. 'I'll take you first to see J. L. Sullivan's house,' said he. 'Who is he,' we inquired. 'Never heard of J. L.' responded Cobby. 'Why! Where do you hail from?' 'From England,' was the reply. 'Never heard of him there? Why! he is our great fighting man.' 'Rubbish! We came to Boston, a great intellectual center, and the first thing you propose to show us is the house of a brutal prize fighter!' Cobby muttered that the house was a fine one, and then proposed to drive them to the market." This seems to be an authentic case. The "Notes" were published in Macmillan's Magazine where, we are sure, they would not have appeared if written with any design of humiliating the intellectual pride of Boston. Her hackmen, therefore, as they must know the offender, should not hesitate to demand the recall of his license. Delicacy in a case of this kind is cruelty. For if this reproach to their guilt is not quickly removed, others of them may take up these low ideas and be led on to talk in this inelegant way, to the very great shame of Boston.

Our thanks are due to the editor, publishers, proprietors, &c., of the Old Folk's Concert, a paper issued from the midst of the Park St. society in Providence, for gratuitous advertisement and earnest commendation of the STAR as the best religious paper—for Free Baptists. The Park St. church paper is the best of all church papers—for Park St. people of course. Copies of the Minutes, Addresses, and Reports of the 14th anniversary of the Maine F. B. Home Missionary Society may now be had. The addresses, consisting of the Report of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. Q. Adams, Missionary Work in the Anson Q. M. (Rev. L. Hutchins), Does Active Christian Benevolence Impoverish? (Rev. S. C. Whitcomb), The Bright Side of H. M. Work (Rev. W. J. Twort), and Business Principles Applied to Religious Work (Rev. A. B. Drew), are thoughtful and stimulating discussions. The sight of a copy of the Church Helper, published by the Greenwich St. church and society of Providence, pleasantly recalls days of pastoral practice work in that field. We rejoice much in the days of prosperity that now shine upon that field, making it green and rich with promise. King 1885 is dying, but his successor is ready for coronation. What experiences we have all known under the old monarch! Let us do some thinking—and praying—even in the midst of these bright holidays.

CHRISTMAS.

"With joy we'll celebrate His birth,
 And every nation tribute bring;
 While age to age shall tell His worth,
 Till round the world His praises ring."

These lines express the true significance and object of Christmas observance to the Christian.

What does this day commemorate?

Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king. Who was this Jesus?

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

Why did he thus appear among men?

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.—God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

With what acclamation should such tidings be received?

Glorify to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

The holy Christmas time is best kept by him whose heart is most drawn out of "the condensing circle of self" and goes forth in gratitude to the Giver of all good things and in "the delightfulness of its desire to bless." Let all remember this as everywhere we

"Hail with uncontrolled delight,
 And generous voice, the happy night
 That to the cottage as the crown
 Brought tidings of Salvation down."

HARTFORD THEOLOGY.

In 1814, a historic convention met in Hartford, Conn., to protest against the aggressions of the United States Government upon the rights of the States. On reading certain articles from the creed imposed upon the professors of the Hartford Theological Seminary, it seemed to us that another convention was needed in that city to protest against the aggressions of a past generation of theologians upon the reasonable piety and scholarship of the Christians of this and future generations. It is a thing hardly to be credited that theological teachers of this day, in New England, in the very city of Bushnell, must annually acknowledge such sentiments as these as their confession of faith: "And in order that there may be no misapprehension of my views regarding native depravity or original sin, I do now, in the presence of God, solemnly declare from my heart my belief that the whole race is by nature totally depraved, including infants in the first stages of existence, so that such infants as much need the atoning blood of Christ and the sanctification of the Spirit to cleanse and redeem them as the adult sinner. And I do not believe such infants are destitute of moral character so that they can obtain heaven on the ground of their inherent innocence."

"In the first stages of existence," then, infants have "a moral character," a "totally depraved" moral character,

and if they die, can not inherit heaven "on the ground of inherent innocence." Hence, infants are sinners at birth. At birth they deserve God's wrath. What, at birth, they deserve, at birth they receive. They are, "by nature, children of wrath." "Of such," then, is not "the kingdom of heaven." As infant sinners, they, as well as "adult sinners," must be born again, or they can not see that kingdom.

Living infants are never regenerated in infancy. It is not claimed that they are. The theology of Hartford Seminary says indeed that regeneration is the instantaneous and irresistible act of God on a passive subject, but it also says that the immediate effect of this mighty act of God is the implanting of a holy principle leading to repentance and faith. But living infants, plainly enough, are not led to repentance either of their own or of Adam's sin. Hence, they are not born of God and, after day, whether asleep or awake, cooing in their mothers' arms or quiet in their cradles, are still in sin, under the wrath of God, and "justly liable to eternal death."

What then if they die? Death is not a regenerative process any more for sinners in infancy than for sinners in youth and manhood. Therefore infants must enter the next life as sinners, still under wrath. Are all dead children regenerated and saved? If so, then all dead children are "elect," and all non-elect children pass safely through the scarlet fever, croup, teething, diphtheria, even the small-pox, and live, for awhile at least, to inherit the earth.

But why does God elect to save all infants dying in infancy? To assert that he does is not Augustinian, nor Calvinistic, nor Edwardian. Are the old School Calvinists of New England tinctured, even as others, with Pelagianism, and, on the subject of the salvation of all dead infants, ready to part with Calvin, the council of Dort and the Westminster divines who ran the dividing line of election through infancy the same as through manhood? Why not? If God elects in view of nothing in or about the elected, but solely of his sovereign will, why does he elect infants in view of their early deaths? Is it that he selects to die only such infants as he has elected to regenerate and to save?

The mothers of the Congregational churches of Connecticut, bereft of their children, do not believe the creed annually exacted of teachers in the Hartford Seminary. Their paternal instincts, their mothers' heart, rebel at a faith that lays a logical basis for the eternal punishment of babes. These hearts and instincts are themselves revelations of the Heavenly Father's feelings and more correctly interpret the New Testament than this effete confession of faith. Could these Christian mothers be heard in a theological convention for resisting the cruel aggressions of theological teachers' long since dead, the gentlest woman of them all would be found fiery enough to scold the sentiment that her lost darling, "in the earliest stages of existence," had a moral character not only not innocent but "averse to all good and wholly inclined to all evil," lived his few precious days under the wrath of God, and gave up his sweet life to stand "justly liable," at least, "to eternal death."

Much of untruth in the creeds of the churches is the legacy of a formidable theological ancestry. Beating the life out of the letter of the Bible, shaping the letter into a system clear and cold and remorseless as an iceberg, they became proud of their logically elaborated dogmas and determined that the world should be taught them, letter for letter, until the end of time. Hence, they endowed schools of theology and walled them about with the solemn oaths of professors, annually exacted.

But this century shines with light of which the fathers never caught a ray. The next century will see a church still better illumined. As it is, the world has already outgrown the notions, though not the evangelical spirit of Old Calvinism. So welcome is that spirit that, in its presence, much bad theology is readily condemned. To this fact is due the tolerance to-day, of creeds like that of Hartford Seminary. By the loveliness of its Christian spirit its mediæval five points are concealed from sight and pass for nothing. But the churches would rejoice never to hear one of them preached again.

PERSEVERANCE.

There has been much discussion of perseverance as a tenet of Christian faith; but here, as in most other cases, there is little difference among true believers when it comes to the heart and life. Let us note some points of agreement.

1. There must be at the outset a new heart, a real sonship and heirship in the family of God. No fiction, pretension, or false hope will avail anything. Multitudes make a fatal mistake here. They take the form for the power of godliness; rely on emotion, tradition, theory or delusion, while without regeneration and the elements of Christian character. Many such endure but for a while; under the power of temptation they relapse into their old ways. Others continue longer in dependence on old hopes, forms, and professions; but having no sound basis, they have but a struc-

ture of wood, hay, stubble; they never develop the life or do the work of the true believer. There must be a right beginning, or there can be no real progress or final triumph.

2. The work of grace in the heart is one that is mighty, radical, all-pervading. True, there is growth in grace, faith, love, labor. But there is a wide and radical difference between believers and unbelievers, all through. The world may not always recognize the difference, the Christian subject may be conscious of many faults and deficiencies, and sometimes the conflict may be so severe that he may be cast into deep doubt. Yet the substance is there; he knows that he is sincere, that he loves God and the path of duty, and that his heart and life are under the divine control.

3. Salvation is sure to those who endure to the end. And such endurance is essential. Such notions as that it is impossible for any to fall away and perish, that "once in grace, always in grace," if they were ever really held, do not now prevail. Most evangelical believers now discard all such vain subtleties. Love is the test. "If ye continue in the truth, then are ye my disciples." Those who do not continue, but depart from God, and do despite to the spirit of grace, whatever they may have been or done, will find no admittance at the last. The Bible is explicit here by every form of statement and illustration, and such is the uniform sentiment of the Church in all ages. The Church is built on Christ, he is the keeper of all who trust in him, and no power of darkness can wrest from him a single faithful soul.

4. The great question with each one is, "Am I now doing the work and will of God?" It is fearful to think how sin and error abound, and how little is done to overthrow it. If the Church were what it might and should be, how vast and speedy would be the triumph of truth and grace in every land. God is long-suffering and abundant in mercy, but he requires and will require a strict account of all. He will accept no pretended allegiance; every man's work shall be tried as if by fire. Indeed he that believeth not is condemned already. Let the line be drawn as God draws it. Each of us has a heart and a service which Christ demands, and he will accept nothing short of it. Nothing but a present, full consecration of all to him will avail. Do with thy might what thy hand findeth to do.

LOVE OF SECT, OR LOVE OF TRUTH.

What is denominationalism but love of a denomination? But if a denomination or church is loved for its numbers, wealth, artistic features and display, what is it but an object of vanity or pride? If loved for its entertainments and social life, what is it but a source of amusement? If loved as a society for ambitious ends, in competition with others, what is it but a monument of sectarianism?

Every denomination has certain doctrines by which it is distinguished, and for the defense and practice of which it is responsible. These truths are the essential, fundamental ideas upon which the organization is based. A man who has no doctrines may join anywhere or nowhere; it is all agrarianism to him, or, at best, a merely sympathetic association. A man by union with a Christian church professes belief in certain doctrines and practices, and if one church or denomination holds to doctrines or practices different from others, then union with a church implies belief in its doctrines. These are to him truths, whether others hold them as such or not; and he has no right to underestimate one truth more than another. Love of truth embraces all truth, and true denominationalism is mainly, if not exclusively, love of truth. A firm, manly attachment to truth is all that denominationalism implies.

There is something in past and prospective history, in personal acquaintance and association, in the mutual sacrifices and obligations assumed; but all these are incidental, and may arise from error as well as truth, without regard for God or the right. The first and great question respecting ecclesiastical relations is, "What is truth?" Every truth is valuable and deserves a proper estimate; every Christian doctrine is good and deserves our love. No intelligent, honest man can look upon truth and error with equal respect, nor stultify himself by ignoring his own convictions because others differ with him. The love of God is the foundation of all true church relations, and the love of truth the only true foundation of love for Christian organization. Such denominationalism is not sectarianism nor selfishness; not a source of weakness; but by strengthening conscientious convictions and purposes it gives vitality and force to Christian effort.

The prosperity and success of the church of Christ has always, in all ages and in all countries, been in proportion to the love of truth in her membership. This sustained her martyrs, strengthened her workers, and convinced her enemies. There is no conceivable quality of mind and heart so much needed to-day in all Christendom, especially in America, as deep, firm convictions of truth and duty. "Honesty is the best policy." Love for one's denomination

should always mean love of truth and attachment to its agencies and means. In this sense denominationalism is manly and ennobling and is indispensably necessary to successful Christian work. Men may frown upon it as sectarianism and ignore half the doctrines of the Bible in sentimentalism and "good policy," but the man who "knows whom he believes," who "believes God and therefore speaks," will in the end see the fruit of his labors and hear the Judge say, "Thou hast been faithful."

SERIOUS PROBLEM FOR CITIES.

The rapid accumulation of population, especially foreign population, in the cities of our country imposes one of the most serious problems of our times upon all philanthropists and Christians. When a city so essentially puritan as our own Boston was only a few years ago, becomes essentially foreign as to its population, and is so rapidly assuming the customs and habits of a foreigners' city, we may well be thoughtful as to its future. When Chicago has at least a half million foreigners by birth and by habit, and when these demand of the other inhabitants to give up their American Sabbath, it may well employ all our best thoughts on the question. What shall we do with our cities that are so rapidly changing from civilized to vast populations nearly as heathenish as the populations of distant lands, to which we send foreign missionaries?

Rev. Dr. Abbott, at the Inter-denominational Congress lately in Cincinnati, read a striking paper on this subject. He estimates that one quarter of all our population is in cities whose population is 8,000 and more. The population of Chicago is more foreign than any other, ninety-one per cent. being foreign born or born of foreign parents; Cincinnati sixty-two; New York fifty. Well does he call the cities great herding places for foreigners. They are often essentially churchless so far as concerns the condition of these foreigners. In the rural population for instance, there is a church for each thousand people, but in cities sometimes not more than one church to five thousand.

Another point may well demand attention. In these vast herding places are gathered the idle, vicious, and criminal. Of these throughout the country, Dr. Abbott estimates, there are three hundred thousand; and probably that is a very moderate estimate. It is but an easy step from the idle classes to the criminal; and, of course, idleness and crime, bring poverty in a rapidly increasing ratio.

Here is work for the Church. We do well to send missionaries to distant heathen lands. Would we were sending two where we are sending, one. But these plague spots at home must not be neglected. It is an important step toward the cure to fully settle in our minds that we have vast hordes of heathen at home, especially in our cities.

THOU SHALT SURELY DIE.

A correspondent asks for an explanation of the threatening, "Thou shalt surely die."

It is plain that it could not read "Thou shalt surely be annihilated," for the New Testament, the key that unlocks the Old, sets death before us both as a transition from this life to another, and as a state of heart, the present moral state of the sinner. It shows the "dead" to be "alive," that "all live unto God," that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob "is a God of the living," that Moses and Elijah, though dead a thousand years, appeared on the Mount and talked with Christ, "that Christ died for every man," but that he was not annihilated. An annihilated Christ! It also speaks of the "dead in sins," and declares that "to be carnally minded is death."

Again, the meaning of the threatening is not exhausted by limiting it to the cessation of physical life on the earth. For death in this sense had reigned for ages prior to man over the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and physically, sinless man was no more exempt from decay than the lower orders of creatures. Unless miraculously preserved these material organs must, from their nature, in time wear out. Science shows that though sin impaired it did not fundamentally alter the physical constitution of man, and, hence, from the first moment of creation it was "appointed unto man," sinless or not, "once to die."

The meaning of this threatening, viewed from the context, and especially from the teachings of the New Testament about sin and death, seems to be this: (1) "Thou shalt die a physical death converted by sin from a translation into a curse, bondage and dread"; for "the sting of death is sin," and had man kept his native innocence, leaving this life for another would doubtless have been as pleasant to him as was the translation of Enoch and Elijah to them. —Also (2), "Thou shalt die a spiritual death"; a death peculiar to man as a moral being "made in the image of God." Death must be the opposite of life; and life, as Christ uses the word, means a state of love, peace and union with God. The believer, by grace, "is passed from death into life," although he has not at all escaped physical

death. What death then has he escaped? That characterized by Paul when he says, "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Here one moral state is called death, and another moral state life. All men now know only too well that sin is followed at once by guilt, shame and darkness, by unrest, misery and hiding from God. This effect of sinning, to the sinless pair in Eden, was something inconceivable. Threatened as part of the penalty for sin, it was known to be something terrible indeed; experienced after eating the forbidden fruit, it was found to be a state well deserving the name of death.

In short, then, the words, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," mean, not "Thou shalt be, or be made liable to be annihilated," not "Thou shalt be, or be made liable to be, cut off from the earth," but "Thou shalt die the death of one alienated from God, the source of man's inmost life, and of one condemned to a physical dissolution made fearful, repellant and penal."

Hence the work of redemption by contrast is, as the Scriptures say, "to unite the dead in sin to God again and so secure to them life in the soul, and to 'deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.'"

BRIEFS.

"Catholicity in the far West."—Under this caption one of our Catholic Contemporaries (*The Catholic Standard*) fairly triumphs in the glories soon to be wrought by the Catholic church in the far West at no distant day.

"This growth too, though rapid, is substantial and likely to continue. Due attention is given to the subject of Catholic parochial schools, so that the children of Catholic parents may not fall under the influence of a godless education and thus be lost to the church."

The Italians are ours; but this is the key to the chief work of preserving Roman Catholic descendants. The Church of Rome can not stand the influence of our free schools. If she can not destroy our schools, then must they be superseded. Her children can not bear the light. "In this way the children born to Catholic parents and baptized in the Church [with a big C] are secured to the faith and a constant, solid growth is maintained." The *Standard* praises the zeal and sacrifices of the West in raising up these schools and points the finger of scorn at the Catholics of the East, "where Catholics have far more wealth." Not a parish of twenty-five, not even a little handful in the West, but has its parish school. In the East, Protestants form public opinion and carry everything, our contemporary complains; but not so in the West. "Especially in our trans-Mississippi States and Territories, these sects have but comparatively little influence. It is generally conceded in those regions that the question is between the Catholic religion and no religion, or mere natural religion. Protestantism is scarcely recognized as a factor in the future of those regions." Here we believe our Papal prophet speaks without a vision from God. As Protestants, no doubt, we are sluggish about our Western home mission fields, but not, so lifeless, after all, as here represented. Were we, the Papist might well glory in the following language:

"It will be a glorious result if the young, vigorous, practical life of the vast trans-Mississippi regions of our country, should be permeated with the Catholic faith. Those States and Territories are already exerting a great influence over our destiny as a people, and that influence is rapidly increasing. It may be that they will become the center and heart of American Catholicity; and as they owe the first beginnings of their Catholic growth to assistance received from our older States, they will pay the debt with interest, by infusing through their salutary example increased zeal and energy into the Catholicity of the older and longer settled regions of our country."

Suggestive.—There are various sources of peril to the institutions and peace of our land, at some of which many excellent people smile incredulously. They are not alarmists—oh, no—and they see no use in making bugbears to scare timid folk, and crying "wolf!" when there is no wolf,—not they! One of the most startling plots for the wholesale assassination of prominent men was discovered in San Francisco on the 15th inst. The men who proposed to give an illustration of "murder as a fine art," belong to what is known as the "Socialistic Revolutionary Association," and some of them when arrested boldly declared that they were dynamiters and that they proposed to get rid of about twenty men, including W. T. Coleman, Congressman W. W. Morrow, Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, Mayor Bartlett, United States Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Gov. Stone-man and the principal police officials. "Cranks," do you say? Well, a "crank" shot Garfield. Wellnigh all peril to society comes from what some folks call "crankishness." To call a knave a "crank" is but a sorry way to protect yourself against him. What is needed in American communities? (1) Vigilance against evil; perhaps (2) some new legislation; (3) a better enforcement of existing laws; but above all (4) more of the faith and works of the Christian religion.

Abounding in Forgiveness.—Bishop Lowth, both wise and good, in commenting upon the familiar passage in Isa. 55:7, beautifully and truthfully renders the last clause, "and to our God for he aboundeth in forgiveness." Aboundeth in forgiveness! How sweet and helpful it is! He exercises this royal prerogative in no stinted and grudging fashion, as men too often do. He is more willing to forgive than we are to ask for the forgiveness that we need. And the reason why it is so is plainly stated in the next verse; "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." That is precisely it. It is in his nature to do it. He does not think as we do; he does not feel as we do; he does not act as we do. He is not willing that any should perish, but is deeply anxious that all men should come unto him and live. He so loved the world that he gave the best he had for its salvation. Let us put no limits to God's abounding grace. The call is to "every one that thirsteth," to come to the "waters and drink and thirst no more." Whosoever will, may take of the water of life freely. There is no lack on God's part; his forgiving grace is abundant and free; if

The Home Circle.

A Happy CHRISTMAS To You.

*A Happy Christmas to you!
For the Light of Life is born;
And His coming is the sunshine
Of the dark and wintry morn.
The grandest orient glow must pale;
The lowliest western gleam must fail;
But His great light,
So full, so bright,
Arise for thy heart to-day:
His shadow-conquering beams shall never
pass away.*

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

BY ANNIE M. LIBBY.

In the cheerless heart of the Winter,
When the snow is on the hill,
And the brook that sang in the valley,
Lies shrouded and white and still,

Then opens that heavenly blossom,
The glorious Christmas Rose,
Filling the short, dark days with splendor,
Amid the December snows:

Oh, cherish this blossom, my darlings,
All its leaves are leaves of love,
It had birth by the sacred manger,
While the Star kept watch above.

And on through the long, long centuries,
'Till sweeter and dearer grow,
'Till the world is filled with its fragrance,
Amid the December snow.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY MRS. C. JENNIE SWAINE.

Over Judea, the silent night
Walks 'mid the dews, through the starry light,
While the soft touch of her sandaled feet
Crush all the late year's blossoms, sweet,
And every leaf which her breath doth stir,
Is filled with the incense of spices and myrrh.
Some secret strange, must the sweet night hold;
That she comes, in such beauty manifold,
With dew like pearls and stars like gold.

The brightest star of the eventide,
A stranger, dimmer stars beside,
Floats, like a river lily fair,
With floating clouds, in the rosy air,
And the shepherd's watch it, with silent awe,
The herald star, which the prophets saw,
O silver starlight, shining through
Thy misty veil of heavenly blue,
The secret sweet is given you.

The shepherds on the shadowy wold
Follow the star, in its wake of gold,
And it leads to a lowly manger, where
A pale, young mother, sweetly fair,
Clasps to her heart a babe, new born,
And the star looks through the sheen of morn.
O wondrous babe; with tender grace
The summer rose-bud left its trace
Upon thy dimpled, baby face.

With the gray dawn, a rose flush lay
Across the orient gates of day;
And in its glow, a shining throng
Fill all the listening air with song;
'Till lo! the stars have caught the strain,
And answer back in sweet refrain.
From out the eastern sky, aglow,
The secret ripples with the flow
Of triumph strains, and murmurs low.

We know thy secret, star-beam sweet,
For angels still its notes repeat;
Not new, not old, since far and wide,
The joyous song at Christmas-tide
Swells to one glad, triumphant note,
Which through the whole earth yet shall float;
Then with glad hearts we'll come to-day,
With wreaths of laurel and of bay,
Where Mary and the young child lay.

*Swells the notes of the Christmas Song!
Sound it forth through the earth
abroad!*

*Glorify to God!
Blessing and honor, thanks and laud!
Take the joy of the Christmas song!
Are not the tidings good and true?
Peace to you,
And God's good will that is ever new!*

THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

BY ANNIE L. MCPHAIL.

Margaret sat gazing into the firelight.
Brightly danced the flame, merrily hissed
and crackled the logs in the ancient fire-
place, over which a carved griffin stared
out from shadow. The blaze reddened
Margaret's curly hair, kindled roses on
her cheek, and threw a luster on the folds
of her silken gown and the holly sprig in
her fingers. The same blaze also revealed
tears, hanging from her long eyelashes.
She had been fastening holly about the
walls; and her sleeves—jewel-wrought,
after the fashion of the time—were turned
up from her pretty arms. It was a fair
picture for the firelight to play upon,
though the young girl's eyes were wet
and drooping.

Outside the snow was falling softly and
steadily. The spire of Kirby church,
which could be plainly seen on clear
nights, was lost behind the drifting white.
Only trees were visible, spectrally reach-
ing out their gaunt, snow-burdened
arms. Through the cold, silent night
one might hear now and then broken
strains of music—pipes and voices blend-
ing faintly in the distance. Lights could
be seen dancing through the streets, and
glowing in the windows of the near-lying
village. There were merry-makers
abroad this night, in all the snowy weather;
for it was Christmas Eve, and that in
merry England, many years ago.

Margaret was not alone as she mused
and warmed the points of her little shoes
upon the hearthstone. A man stood by
the great arched window, leaning his
forehead against the pane: a tall, pale
man, black-clad, with flowing hair and
beard as silvery as the drifts without—
her father, Sir Richard Brandon, of Bran-
don House. Sir Richard had many things

to think over, this white Christmas Eve.
No wonder that he stood so long at the
window, with his eyes fixed on the dan-
cing lights of Kirby. He thought of his
wife Margaret, and of the Christmas-
tides—long past—that had been bright-
ened by her presence. And he glanced
over his shoulder at the younger Margare-
t, dreaming by the fire. She was much
like her mother. Then he thought, in
spite of himself, of a dark-browed boy's
face, on which he had last looked in
wrath and bitterness. "Wild Harry
Brandon" had been five years an outlaw
from his father's house. Sir Richard,
people said, was a stern and cold man.
"A stern and just man" would have been
truer. There was a worn look on his
pale face this night, and something far
from coldness stirred it as he recalled the
other Margaret's mild eyes. He glanced
over his shoulder again.

"Do you hear the waits, Margaret?"
"Very clearly, father."
"The same old carols!" said Sir Rich-
ard dreamily. "I can almost catch the
airs. How they live on—how they out-
last us, from year to year! And what
memories they bring with them! I re-
member—"

But he did not say what he re-
membered. Margaret knew; she
had been told about her mother's
first Christmas at Brandon House,
and how the waits came and sang
to the happy pair beneath the very
window where her father stood to-
night, alone and silver-haired.
And now it was seven years that
Margaret, Lady Brandon, had been
lying under the yews of Kirby
churchyard.

The strains of music sounded
more distinctly.

"They are coming nearer," said
Margaret. "What are they sing-
ing now, father? can you hear?"

Sir Richard hummed an air, in-
clining his ear to the window.

"From far away we come to you,
(The snow in the street and the wind on
the door.)"

"A song well chosen, for this
bleak night," added he, with a lit-
tle shiver. He walked toward the
fireplace and sat down beside Margare-
t.

"Yes," she said, sighing to her-
self, "a bleak night to be abroad!
I am sorry for all wanderers to-
night!"

The tear clinging to her eyelash-
es slid off at last, and made a glist-
ening rill upon her cheek. Sir
Richard might have noticed it or
not; he sat silent in his armchair.

"Christmas Eve!" the young
girl murmured. "It is not what it
once was. And yet it is the same
dear old festival-time—the time of
peace and goodwill. Ah, if it
could be truly, to everyone, a time
of goodwill, of peace and forgive-
ness! What other time could be
so apt for making one's peace with
all the world, as this holy Christmas-
tide?"

She did not venture a look at her father.
It was the first time she had ever dared
to say as much as this, hinting at the
great sorrow of her life, her brother's ban-
ishment.

"There are those," said Sir Richard
solemnly, "with whom there can be no
question of forgiveness. There are cases
where 'peace and goodwill' would be hy-
poocrisy, and forgiveness would be the
enemy of justice."

"Is justice before everything, then?"
said Margaret timidly, lifting her sad eyes
to her father's grave, unchanging face.
"Surely, with me—justice before
everything!"

"Before mercy, too?" half-whispered
the young girl; but she dared no further.
Sir Richard's look was as unbending as
fate. His stern, melancholy eyes revealed
his own sorrow, but not a trace of relent-
ing. The famous Roman might have
worn such a face in giving over his sons
to death.

"Poor father! he punishes himself as
well!" she said to herself. "Justice be-
fore everything! Is that the highest
standard after all? But oh, my poor Harry—
if I only knew how and where your
Christmas Eve is passing!"

There was a lute leaning against the
wall near her. She laid it upon her fa-
ther's knee, and softly drew his hand
across the strings; and then sank back
into her musing. The master of Brandon
House had been a skillful player in other
days, and still loved the tinkle of his
lute. Many a time his daughter had won
him to pleasant moods by slipping that
little instrument into his hands. And
now as he held it, familiar airs rippled
out: old songs that they both knew well.
Margaret's thoughts flew away backward,
far back, on those "wings of song." Har-
ry was there again with her on the hearth-
stone—little Harry, with his long curls
hanging, and his quaint cavalier costume.
She herself was a midge in the queerest
of short gowns. They popped chestnuts
in the fire, and romped with tenants' chil-
dren brought in from the village. A
sweet, simply-clad figure watched them,
smiling like an angel, from that oaken
chair; it was her mother; and Sir Rich-
ard, whose hair was dark then, leaned
upon the chair-back with his lute.

On Christmas morning, what a gay
tumult there rose in the hall! "The
mummers are below!" was shouted; and
the brother and baby-sister scampered
down hand-in-hand. And the hall was

full of antic minstrels, with their "Here
we come a-wassailing!" and their strange,
grotesque disguises. There were players
with bagpipes and tabors, men with
horned masks, mammoth figures astride
of hobby-horses, knights and cardinals
and clowns, all shouting and cheering.
She remembered being wofully fright-
ened; so that Harry picked her up and
carried her away, crying bitterly, and
comforted her in a corner of this same
fireplace. A smile crept around Margare-
t's lips as the childish memories came
back to her; and at the same time her
eyes filled so that she could not see. Such
a strong, kind little brother! Ah, poor
Harry!

In after years, too, he was strong and
kind; always kind to her, even when the
stormy times came—when certain lines
deepened that had been faint in the little
boy's face, and a certain bold and reckless
look grew stronger and plainer in his
dark eyes. Then people began to call
him "wild Harry Brandon." Those
times were not pleasant to remember.
There were violent scenes with Sir Rich-
ard, when the little sister listened fearfully
at closed doors, and poor Lady Margare-
t knelt in her room as pale as a marble



saint at prayers. It was not for want of
good influences that "wild Harry" earned
his nickname. His mother talked to and
prayed for him with all the strength of
her sweet, earnest soul; and it was a sore
loss to Harry when she was laid at rest
beneath Kirby daisies. Within two years
from that the climax came; and the boy
had run away from his home in a tempest
of wrath, and had been forbidden ever to
cross its threshold any more.

All this Margaret went over in her
mind, as she listened to her father's fitful
music, and the crackle of the Christmas
log. And in the midst of it, suddenly
broke forth a chorus of voices from the
road:—

"From far away we come to you,
(The snow in the street and the wind on the door.)
(To bring great tidings strange and true,
(Minstrels and maid stand forth on the floor!)"

"Here they are, Margaret!" said Sir
Richard, starting up.

There they were, the tuneful waits!
Sweetly enough they sang; ah, how much
sweeter their music would once have
sounded to the two lonesome listeners!
They sang the long carol through; then
followed a muffled stamping of feet in the
snow, and a hum of talk and laughter as
they came toward the house.

"I must go down to them," said Sir
Richard, "to give them greeting, and see
that none goes away hungry or thirsty into
this cold night."

Margaret stayed behind in her low
seat. She heard the merry riot of voices
pouring into the great dining-hall. There
were snatches of song and some huzzas.
The pipes squeaked plaintively, and
now and then there was twanging of
harpstrings; the clatter of dishes resound-
ed over all. They were bent on jollity,
the good villagers. But Margaret's ear
caught another sound, faint though it was.
A footstep on the floor—a deep-drawn
breath—she was not alone any longer. She
looked around, and started to her feet in
fear. A man stood at the door; he
seemed to have come with the band of
minstrels, for his cloak and boots were
still snowy, and his huge hat slouched
low over his face. As she stared at him
in silent fright, he threw back his cloak,
flung his hat upon the floor and made a
step forward. He had an old-young face,
pallid and hard of outline, with eyes that
had looked on evil as well as good; but
there was longing in them, and an eager
tenderness that betrayed him to his sister.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"
Everything passed from Margaret's
mind except the consciousness of holding

her brother in her arms again, of hearing
his voice, and of pulling him down to sit
upon the hearth beside her, as in the old
time.

"Oh, my dearest Harry! With me
again at last! How pale you are! Have
you been ill, dear?"

"No, not ill—in body. I am a pale
fellow, Margaret; the world I have been
living in deals unkindly with rosy
cheeks."

"Ah, and they were so rosy!—Look at
me. Am I the little sister still, Harry?"

"Still little Margaret," said he gently,
"that cried when the mummers gave her
Merry Christmas!"

Margaret laughed with delight, hang-
ing upon his shoulder. "I had been think-
ing of that, to-night." And then the rest
of her thoughts rushed back upon her,
and all the color went out of her cheek.

"Harry—what will father say to you?"
The prodigal hung his head. "Heaven
knows," said he. "I was homesick to
see you again—and Kirby—all the old
places. I came back to Kirby to-day, un-
recognized, and slipped in here to-night
among the singers. I have seen enough
of the world to make me sick at heart;
and I thought I would make one struggle

to get back, even if father turns me off
again without a word. Probably he will;
I deserve it. But I tell you, Margaret,"
said he, suddenly raising his head with the
reckless look strong on his haggard
young face, "if he does it will be the last
of me! I am a penitent wretch now, and
I would gladly stay and let you make a
better fellow of me. There is some good
in 'wild Harry,' yet. Mother—"

His voice broke, and he looked toward
the oaken chair that had been Lady Bran-
don's. "Wild Harry" had actually a
glimmer of tears under his black eye-
brows. "But if he turns me off, I shall
go straight to destruction!"

Margaret shivered, and held him tight-
ly. "Oh, Harry, I dread his coming!
He is so firm—so terrible; he is like fate
itself! The people are going already;
don't you hear them? What shall we do?"

The brother and sister sat mutely hold-
ing each other's hands. Group after
group of merry-makers tramped noisily
out through the hall below, shouting
thanks and farewells, till the last man
was outside, and the instruments began
to tune up for their parting carol. Then
a heavy, soldierly tread mounted the
staircase, and the two held their breath.
Sir Richard walked into the room.

He was a man of nearly perfect self-con-
trol. After the first recoil of surprise, he
came forward with firm step, his face like
a gray statue's, sad, inexorable. Margare-
t gave one look at it, and dropped on
her knees by her mother's chair, with
hidden head. There was a silence. She
knew by some dreadful instinct that Sir
Richard was motioning toward the door;
she felt her brother's penitent gesture,
the piteous look in his eyes. Still no
word. "Oh, mother, mother," she
mourned, clasping the carved arm where
Lady Brandon's fingers used to rest,
"mother, how you prayed for him! Was
it all in vain?" She heard her brother's
lingering step, on, on, toward the door—
had she lost him again, after all?—then a
pause, as if for a last look—

"Harry! Harry!"

It was her father's voice, but what a
tone! What a change! Margaret raised
her head. If the spirit of Lady Brandon
was still hovering about her earthly
home, it must have felt that her years of
faithful prayer availed at last. Sir Rich-
ard was trembling, his hands stretched
out, his stern look melted. "Peace and
goodwill, Harry, on Christmas Eve!—
and forgiveness—for your mother's sake!"
And "wild Harry" ran into his father's
arms. . . .

The minstrels were just finishing their
carol. "Come to the window, come!"
Margaret cried, "and let them see us to-
gether!"

The storm was over; a pretty crescent
moon hung over Kirby church-tower, and
the snow glistened wondrously. The sing-
ers, looking up, saw Sir Richard, with pale
and shining face, drawing back the cur-
tain, and his children beside him, in each
others' arms. And they understood, and
sent up a shout that rang even to the vil-
lage. Then a fresh carol was started:

"The moon shines bright and the stars give a light
A little before the day."

Harry Brandon, with one arm about
his sister, and one hand grasping his
father's, leaned from the window and
sang with them to the end. And then
with one last shout they set off on their
snowy round; and pipe and tabor never
sounded sweeter to Margaret than when
these went dying away into the dis-
tance—

"My song is done, I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here;
God keep you all, both great and small,
And send you a glad New Year."

CHRISTMAS KEEPING.

BY A. M. L.

Happy is he who at Christmas
knows how to eke out the contents
of his purse by thought, for the
getting of presents as well as the
mixing of paints, must be "with
brains." Two of my friends, who
have a habit of using their brains
in all their daily affairs, object to
the present getting and giving
mania that undoubtedly we over-
do. Edward insists that Christmas
is a festival, but that we have
made it a fishing expedition where
every one strives to see how much
he can catch before the turn of
the tide.

Edward and Huldah have tried
to keep in their home the idea of
the festival. The house is put in
holiday dress, but the decorations
are home-made and of the simplest
description. The children have had
their fingers in the work ever
since there was a baby finger to
put in—"not for the improvement
of the decorations but for the im-
provement of the baby." Huldah
explains when some prim body
wonders "how you ever can have
such a muss."

The children are preparing for
Christmas all the autumn. Bright
leaves, delicate ferns, the scarlet
bitter-sweet berries, dainty thistle
puff balls and silvery milk-weed
pods are all treasured, and with
the beautiful evergreens make the
home a bower. It is wonderful
how deft childish fingers become
and how this sorting and select-
ing train the eye. There is a stuffed

white dove that comes out at Christmas,
but that is the only bit of ornament that
is not home-made. Lovely letters are cut
from pasteboard, covered with fluffy
white cotton batting, and, with a few
drops of mucilage, and frosting, such
as is bought for wax work, scattered
over the batting, the effect in lamplight
or sunlight is magical in its frostiness.
Twelve year old Carl built a green ce-
dar bank under the piazza over the street
door last year. These snowy letters laid
in the bank, making the words, "Christ-
mas is Here!" attracted many admiring
glances from passers-by.

The long evergreen ropes and wreaths
that festoon the house are varied by in-
tertwining strings of popped corn in
them, and when the green and white are
wearisome to the eye, the strings of corn
are dipped in melted wax, colored with
a bit of vermilion, and they glow in the
dark green wreaths like bits of coral.
Wires are thrust into peas softened by
soaking in warm water and also dipped
into the colored wax. These are used
in bouquets. Sometimes there is a tree
in the evening but the idea of dressing
the tree to make a beautiful appearance
is still kept above the struggle to get or
to give the handsomest or most costly
present. There is often a ride, a call
with little gifts at the almshouse or on
an invalid or cripple, not necessarily a
poor person, but somebody who enjoys
seeing fresh faces and who is shut in-
doors. There are games with father and
mother—the greatest treat these chil-
dren know—and dinner is served with
all the grandeur of separate courses, a
feat not possible every day in a house-
hold of hard working people. "We
want to do it, sometimes," Huldah says,
"that the children may learn at home
how things should be done, and by mak-
ing grandeur a holiday treat, the chil-
dren long for it, not considering it the
irksome thing people brought up in
simple ways sometimes find it."

There are Christmas songs and Christ-
mas stories and Christmas presents, but
the presents, as I have already said, are
not the end and aim of the Howlands'
Christmas. The family contribute some-
times to buy a nice book or picture or
other article that can not be made; some-
times the gift is very simple, a little birch
bark book or scroll with a text in dain-
tily illuminated letters, a bouquet of de-
licious hot house roses, tickets for the
whole family and two or three friends
for a concert or a subscription to a mag-
azine or paper or a rare mineral or other

curiosity to add to a cabinet collection.
The Howlands' recollections of Christ-
mas in after years will not be of "that
time Joe Thomson gave me those books,
not worth half what I gave him," but of
"the year the leaves were so fine on
Newell Hill, that we carried oranges to
old Uncle Billings, that we sang as 'Waits'
under Tommy Elkins's window, that we
had the big party on Swan Pond and got
supper by the fire on the ice," or, "the
year the girls embroidered the hat band
with my name and Mr. Hale's motto,
'Lend a Hand.' Christmas will al-
ways bring to them, no matter what
their after lives may be, the memory of
a time that was not given to greed and
gain, but when in one home, at least,
there was truly "Glory to God in the
highest" and, necessarily following,
"peace on earth, goodwill to men."

O blessed day, which givest the eternal life
To self and sense, and all the brute within!
Oh! come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toll
In senate, shop, or study; and to those
Who, smothered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmaned to
brutes.
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine,
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.
—Charles Kingsley.

*Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of Love,
Brought from his royal home above;
Brought to thee in the far off land,
Brought to thee by his own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.*

Our Children.

"Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure
for a child; for there is no saying when and where
it may again bloom forth."

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

If you want a merry Christmas,
My little girls and boys,
I can tell you how to double
Your pleasures and your joys.
Go share your many blessings
With the suffering and the sad,
Where weary hearts are waiting
For you to make them glad.
There are homes in every city
Where Santa doesn't go,
For there no pretty stockings
Are tempting him, you know;
Where tender children hunger,
And want is at the door;
Suppose you had a little less,
And they a little more!
There was once a holy baby
Who in a manger lay,
He brought to you, my darlings,
This blessed Christmas day.
O keep his loving message
Within your memory:
"As ye do it to the least of these,
Ye have done it unto Me." —Sel.

CHRISTMAS AT OUR HOUSE.

Pattie, the dear little girl that we
live with, at our house, had just as
nice a Christmas this year, so I am
thinking, as any little one in our
town. The good time began sev-
eral days before; for Pattie kept talk-
ing about the fine things she was
going to have, and counting over the
nice things she was going to do;
and you know that is almost if not
quite, as good as the time and things
are, after they come.

I don't much think Pattie believes
that wonderful story that Grandma
and Auntie and other folks tell about
that queer, good fellow called,—

Jolly old St. Nicholas,
Who drives a mammoth sleigh,
Drawn by eight fleet reindeer,
The eve of Christmas day;
"And goes about with sack and pack,
And pockets full of toys,
And candy, nuts and other things,
For little girls and boys;"

and who goes diving down into
chimneys great and small, and fill-
ing the stockings he finds hang-
ing there. Still I notice that
Pattie hangs up her stockings, like
other little ones, and I notice, too,
that somebody always fills them
with the very things she is expecting.

This year, besides the candies
and nuts and bon-bons that found
their way into the stockings, there
was quite a variety of other things,
on the table near by, that bore the
name "Pattie," including an India-
rubber doll, which, though no beau-
ty, was a comical-looking chap.

In the afternoon if you had looked
into her play-room you would have
seen a funny sight. Pattie with
Tabby the cat sitting in a chair with
a pair of eye-glasses on her nose,
and her family of dolls gathered
about her, "keeping school."—*The
Little Ones.*

News Summary.

AT HOME.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16.—The election yesterday in Boston resulted in the re-election of Mayor O'Brien by 8,500 majority on a reduced vote; 40,000 Democrats, 31 Republicans, 1,000 votes. A fire yesterday in Wilmington, Del.; loss, \$100,000. Also a fire in Danville, Va.; loss, \$75,000. By a collision of passenger trains on the Ga. Pacific R. R. near Atlanta, at midnight Monday, 10 were killed, 3 fatally injured, 11 badly burned. Hon. John W. Daniel elected U. S. Senator in Va. A plot discovered in San Francisco for assassination of the most prominent citizens.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17.—At Atlanta, Ga., United States Judge McCoy decides against the liquor men at every point in the contested election case. The funeral of Gen. Robert Toombs takes place in Washington, D. C. Disastrous fire sweeps over Jacksonville, Fla., destroying property valued at \$450,000, on which there is an insurance of \$350,000.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18.—Thirty miners are imprisoned in one of the mines of the Susquehanna Coal Company by rubbish and water caused by a flood. A large party is working for their rescue, which it is believed will be effected, as the confined men have plenty of air. The Singer Sewing Machine Works at Elizabeth, N. J., have suspended operations in consequence of tax troubles with the city controller, throwing 3,000 workmen out of employment.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19.—The City Bank of Houston, Tex., one of the oldest financial institutions in that city, suspends payments. The total liabilities of the bank will exceed \$500,000. There is a loss of \$350,000 by fire in Chicago.

MONDAY, DEC. 21.—The search for the entombed Nanticoke, Penn., miners continues with vigor, but up to half past one o'clock this morning no rescuing party had not succeeded in finding them.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22.—The labor disputes in Brockton are settled for six months. The 24 silent mills start this morning. The latters are pleased, the manufacturers not fully satisfied. The Pilgrim Society at Plymouth had an elaborate celebration of Forefathers' Day yesterday, with church services, a dinner, and speaking by James Russell Lowell, Dr. Ellis, Dr. Dexter, Dr. Duryea, Dr. Gordon, Justin Winsor, and others. The Singer Sewing Machine Company's troubles at Elizabeth, N. J., have been adjusted, and the 3,000 locked out employees will resume work this morning. The rescuing party in search of the entombed miners at Nanticoke, Penn., have been forced by the treacherous quicksands to abandon their efforts for a time, and but little hope is now entertained that any of their comrades will be rescued alive.

ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16.—The stipends of 30 priests have been stopped by the French minister of public instruction for alleged interference in the recent elections for members of the Chamber of Deputies. The Pope has protested against such action. The Chamber of Deputies approves by 331 to 167. The French forces in Tonquin have dispersed the Black Flag and pirates in the Marble mountains north of Hai Duong. Adolf Duercher, Radical, has been elected President of Switzerland. Eleven Europeans, while trying to escape from Burmah, were massacred on the 20th ultimo by Burmese troops under command of a palace official.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17.—During the recent gale at Aspinwall, Colombia, 16 vessels were lost, with their crews. The damage done to property was very great. The Sultan of Turkey has appointed Prince Alexander governor for life over East Roumelia with rights of succession.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18.—A young man and woman named Magee have been arrested in London for attempting to blackmail the Prince of Wales. Advice from Montenegro, Montenegro, says that ex-Governor Sepulveda is a prisoner by order of the government, and that General Rodriguez, the late revolutionary leader, has been appointed to a government office. Montenegro has armed and equipped 45,000 men, who will be held in readiness for action in case of foreign invasion or for more aggressive work should the government so decide.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19.—Mr. Gladstone, in a dispatch from Hawarden disclaims being bound to any of the ideas respecting home rule in Ireland recently announced in his name. By an explosion of dynamite in a Siberian mine it is reported that between 400 and 1,000 persons are killed.

MONDAY, DEC. 21.—King Leopold says that the funds for the construction of the Congo Railways will be furnished when needed. The Liberal press of Russia urges an English alliance for the settlement of the Eastern question.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22.—The armistice between Bulgaria and Serbia has been extended until March 1, the Servians agreeing to evacuate Pirot on Sunday next. The Grande Orange Lodge of Ireland has issued a manifesto in opposition to the proposed scheme of home rule for Ireland.

Congress.

On Tuesday (Dec. 15), in the Senate Mr. Hoar made a speech in explanation of the presidential succession bill. A debate occurred over the right of the Senate to prohibit the sale of liquor in the capital building. The existing rule to prohibit, however, remained. The House considered the report of the committee on Rules. Wednesday the House passed the Senate bill removing the political disabilities of General A. R. Lawton of Georgia. Thursday Mr. Evans spoke for an hour in support of the presidential succession bill. The measure was finally passed without a division. The House concluded the debate for the proposed revision of rates. Friday the Senate passed a bill giving a pension of \$5,000 a year to the widow of the late General Grant. Senator Hampton introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor for Congressmen to recommend or solicit appointments to office under the Government. The House adopted the Morrison report on the revision of rules, and passed a joint resolution providing for the holiday recess from Monday, Dec. 21, until the 5th of January. The bill granting a pension of \$5,000 to Mrs. Grant was also passed. In the House on Saturday a futile effort was made to consider the presidential succession bill, but no action was taken. The committees in the House, with one or two exceptions, have not been appointed. The machinery of Congress has not been fully put in motion, yet the two houses will not reconvene until January 5. Monday the Senate confirmed the nomination of John Bigelow to be Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

From Hon. E. L. Freeman, editor of Weekly Visitor, Central Falls, R. I.: "Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer has been used by myself personally and in my family with most satisfactory results. I regard it as the best medicine for the purpose for which it is recommended with which I am acquainted." For sale by all druggists. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Long fits of sickness saved by Dr. Seth Arnold's Pills. Sold everywhere, 25c.

The Postal Savings Bank.

In the December number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there is an interesting article on Postal Savings Banks, a strong plea being made in favor of the establishment of such banks in this country. These institutions have been in operation in England since 1861. More than 7,500 of the post-offices of Great Britain are open from nine in the morning until six at night, and on Saturday until nine, for the receipt and repayment of deposits, the greatest sum that can be deposited being one shilling. The best results have followed the Postal Service System in the United Kingdom. The colorists are removing the example of the mother country, with similar good results. Nearly all the governments on the Continent have established the same system, and the postal savings banks are among the most popular institutions of the European countries. The article referred to discusses very ably and at considerable length the very great desirability of introducing the system into this country, especially to meet the wants of the people living in the sparsely settled sections of the United States. It is well remarked that "a government guarantee for money deposited in a post-office would furnish the absolute security which is needed to encourage the people to trust their surplus earnings to such savings depositories." As the trustworthy character of postmasters is a matter of grave importance in the discussion of the subject under consideration, the writer takes strong issue with the advocacy of the best civil service. "It is scarcely conceivable," he remarks, "that, with so strong a public sentiment in favor of honest and efficient civil service, any Administration for partisan reasons would dare to tamper with so considerable an extent of dishonest and inefficient men for those whose ability and integrity have been tried and proved. It would be suicidal to any party to pursue such a course in a department of the government which reaches and interests so much all classes of people."

Another Edmunds Bill.

Senator Edmunds certainly has good reason to congratulate himself on the success which has attended the enforcement of the law framed by him against polygamy. The Mormons, by this time, must distinctly understand that they assume a grave responsibility if they attempt any more plural marriages. The Vermont Senator now proposes to aim another blow at the peculiar system which is so abhorrent to our American ideas. He intends to introduce a bill into Congress, repealing the act under which the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was incorporated, and place the temporal affairs of that Corporation in the hands of a board of trustees to be appointed by the President. These trustees are authorized to wind up the affairs of the organization as early as possible. It, moreover, empowers the Attorney General to institute proceedings "to forfeit and escheat" to the United States the property owned by it, and to use the same for religious purposes, and invest the money for the support of public schools. "This," as has well been said, "is an extreme remedy, but the situation in Utah is most grave. With a fortnight's movement, the whole open rebellion has been discovered and is only held in check by the presence of a large body of United States troops. That there has been for years in Utah a secret rebellion against the National Government is unquestionable. Mr. Edmunds' bill will stand the test of a close inspection as to its constitutionality, the President's message indicates that he would not oppose it, and the temper of the people of this nation is such that they would heartily applaud it."

Meteoric Showers.

The November display of meteoric showers on the 27th was visible over one quarter of the globe. It was more brilliant in Europe and Asia than on this continent. What we saw was only the end of the main shower. At the Yale Observatory, in the early evening, forty-four meteoric showers, shooting stars, were counted. Twenty-four minutes. Many were somewhat brilliant and left trails of light behind them. They appeared to radiate from Andromeda, and had a staff of observers been sufficient probably 600 meteors could have been counted in a minute. This display, doubtless, is due to the breaking up of the Biela's comet, the dissolution of which was first noticed in 1846. Now the comet is in a million of fragments. These fragments are made luminous by their rapid movement through our atmosphere, and they sometimes fall to the earth. Once in about six and two thirds years the earth passes through the meteoric belt. The display generally lasts two or three hours, but in different years varies in brilliancy. In 1872 between 50,000 and 100,000 stars could have been observed by a single party. The next contact with the ruins of the comet occurs in 1892.

Mr. Gladstone and Ireland.

Writing under date of Nov. 30 to some Irish-American citizens of St. Louis, Mr. Gladstone said: "Of the millions of Irish who have emigrated to the United States, many have been devoted to the service of Ireland; and the most potent of the motives which have led me to an advocacy of the cause of Ireland, has been the knowledge that the Irish people have been and are being wronged, and that it is the hope of possibly being allowed to render her some further service." This Mr. Gladstone wrote when Mr. Parnell was denouncing him and his party as guilty of conspiring with the British to chain the Irish to the British Empire. The coalition of the Parnellites with the Tories is doubtless to be of short life. Now that the elections are over, the friends of Ireland are looking to Mr. Gladstone for some measure of relief. Mr. Gladstone has a scheme in mind, which is causing considerable excitement in England lest he may go too far, and the leading organ of Irish opinion, in an article supposed to be inspired by Mr. Parnell, beseeches the Irish leaders to remember the difficulties under which Mr. Gladstone acts, and to be prepared to accept reasonable compromises which may be offered. If the Irish people would only remember that the moderation of the predicted civil war will not be met by Mr. Gladstone, though abused, and deserted by some of his own party, will crown his life with a measure greater than those recently carried by him.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, after fourteen years' hard work, marks another chapter in the remarkable engineering history for which America has become famous. Surveys for the road began in 1870. Forty thousand men at one time were employed along the line, and half the time were almost continually at work. A completed track of 3,100 miles, or about one eighth of the circumference of the globe, stretches from Quebec to Fort Moody, while 1,500 miles of tributary track adds power to the system. The road has cost a quarter of a billion of dollars. For some years a large revenue will be derived from the sale of land and town sites, but the road can not probably pay expenses for a long time to come. It is possible that the route may serve Canada as a means of communication with her Indian empire. The admission of British Columbia into the Canadian Union has already given it a political importance.

Miscellaneous.

The Tehuantepec ship railway will be before Congress again this winter. We have heretofore spoken of the advantages of latitude for this route, as it would avoid the belt of calms, and of the saving of distance. The Senators seem favorable to the plan. Those who have been special advocates of the Nicaragua Canal project, now that it is abandoned for the present, are not inclined to antagonize Captain Tilton's Tehuantepec scheme, though they complain that the latter was used to defeat the Nicaragua treaty in the Senate last winter. If the bill passed the Senate, it has little prospect of passing the House, when the feeling against subsidies is stronger than in the Senate.

The Board of Aldermen of New York City has passed a resolution asking the State Legislature to pass an act legalizing the allowing of Riverside Park to be the final resting place of General and Mrs. Grant.

It is estimated that two thirds of the wheat crop in the Northwest has been sold.

The British privy council sustains the right of the Canadian Provinces to exclusively control the issue of licenses.

Over 4,400 buildings were destroyed by the typhoon in the Philippine Islands on the 7th ultimo. Eighteen lives are also known to have been lost.

The German Liberals will, on the reassembling of the Reichstag, make an effort to demand the action of the Government in expelling the Poles from the country.

The anthracite coal companies propose to advance the price of coal, after the 1st of January, 15 cents per ton, and freights 10 cents per ton.

Saturday was an eventful day for Brocton and the most important one in the history of the great strike. The arbitrators were appointed at whose hands both capital and labor expect to receive justice. The Monongahela Valley miners have unanimously decided to continue the strike for the three cent rate.

A bill has been introduced in the French chamber of deputies for the taxation of foreigners, the object being to exclude foreign workmen from France.

Eight stores and their contents were destroyed by fire in Brampton, Can., Monday night.

Several of the best buildings in Trenton, Penn., were destroyed by fire Monday, the property loss reaching \$60,000.

It is said that Congressmen Randall, now that the rules have been revised in the House, proposes to press a bill which will authorize the President to veto parts of an appropriation bill which he may consider excessive without defeating the whole bill. We hope such a bill will be passed.

John S. Wise, late candidate for governor of Virginia, says that he was elected by eight thousand majority but was counted out. He does not think that there is any hope for Virginia as a Republic, as the Democrats have secured full control of the political machinery and that a contest on the basis of the present political parties is hopeless. Mr. Wise adds, however, that neither he nor Gen. Mahone have any intention of leaving the State.

It is reported that the Serbian troops have been withdrawn from the Widin district. Prince Alexander having expressed his willingness to disarm if the Servians will evacuate Widin and indemnify Bulgaria for her war losses. The armistice negotiations were transferred to the ambassador of the Great Powers in London. They agreed upon a month's cessation of hostilities. The war preparations of Serbia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, however, continue unceasingly.

Personal.

On Saturday two of Vermont's oldest ex-governors died—Hon. Hiram Hall of Bennington and Lyman Fletcher of Brattleboro. But nine of the ex-governors who were living at the beginning of 1885 are now alive.

Hon. James G. Blaine declines to deliver the commencement address at Dartmouth in June, but expresses the hope that he may be a spectator at the exercises of graduation.

A special ovation was paid to Professor Leopold von Ranke, the German historian, in Berlin, Dec. 21, on the event of his ninetieth birthday.

Lieutenant Greely, the Arctic explorer, lectured last night at the Lyceum, and received a very flattering ovation.

Miss Mary Helen Ferguson, a New York journalist, and Misses Bertha von Hillern and Maria J. C. Becker, the artists, will pass the winter in Florida.

Judge Tourangeau now lives in Maysville, N. Y.

During a fox hunt engaged in by the Austrian court a short time ago Prince Paul Esterhazy's horse ran away with him and he has not been seen since. The incident is the prevailing sensation at Vienna.

Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, formerly a Unitarian clergyman of this city, was ordained as a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Henry C. Potter at St. Thomas's Church, New York, on Sunday.

Educational.

The catalogue of the officers and students of Oberlin College for the college year of 1885-6 shows the good prosperity. There are forty-six professors and teachers. In the department of theology there are 50 students; in the classical course, 204; in the literary course, 183; in select studies 39; in the department of preparatory instruction there are in the classical school 252, and in the English school 256. The Conservatory of Music has 446, and there are 76 art pupils. Deducing names enrolled in more than one department, there is a corrected total of 1,392.

The Harvard Annex, now in its seventh year, has had a merited success. A house has been purchased at a cost of \$24,000, of which sum \$11,000 has been raised. Fifty-five students are on the roll, six more than last year. The cost of instruction for the six-year average is \$18.64, but the cost of instruction administration was more than \$200 per student. Of course, the fees do not meet this, and the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women by professors and other instructors in the Annex. The college appeals to the public for an endowment to meet this deficit.

There is talk of moving Union College from Schenectady to Albany, where the law, medical and astronomical departments are now located.

Hon. John Eaton, LL. D., has been elected president of Marietta College, O. He accepts the position and expects to leave for the college in the near future. He is Commissioner of Education at Washington shall have been appointed. The college is fortunate in securing so excellent a successor to Dr. L. W. Andrews.

By the will of the late John Langdon Sibley, his entire property, valued at \$100,000, will come to the Yale University, which has accepted of the gift. The Society, making him the largest benefactor. He has given heavily to educational institutions previously, Exeter Academy having received about \$30,000 from him.

The Amherst catalogue shows that there are 355 students in the college and that the library contains 45,000 volumes.

A number of very important changes in the management of Cornell University have been made by the executive committee of the board of trustees of that institution at their meeting recently held at Ithaca. No less than three professors, who have been identified with Cornell since its foundation, have been promoted to more responsible positions, while at the same time there has been a general increase in nearly all the professors' salaries. The action taken was in accordance with the recommendations of President Adams in his recent inaugural address. A seminary in oratory is to be established in connection with the University.

It was announced at the meeting of the Yale Alumni Association of Hartford Monday night that Brayton Ives of New York has given \$1,000 for the new Yale gymnasium.

The President accepted with reluctance the resignation of John Eaton as U. S. Commissioner of Education. He is taking time to nominate his successor, and we trust that no second rate man will be called to the position Mr. Eaton has so honorably held.

Art Notes.

The amount realized by the sale of paintings belonging to the late George Whitney of Philadelphia was \$73,822.

The Duc d'Aumale has purchased the late Lord Dudley's Raphael, "The Three Graces," for \$250,000.

A bronze monument of John McCullough as "Virginia" is to be erected in Philadelphia. It will stand on a black marble pedestal six feet high, upon the entablature of which will be scenes in his relief cast in bronze, from the "Gladiator," "Virginia," "Brutus" and "Richard III." A statue of Fame in bronze will cap the monument. The structure will cost \$24,500, contributed by thirty-nine friends of the late actor, and will measure forty-two feet from the base to the wings of the upper statue. The base will be the crypt, containing twelve catacombs. The superstructure will be of Nova Scotia granite.

Some genius proposes to introduce paper shirts. This might do for Japan, but would prove a "big thing" for the doctors, because rheumatism, etc., would become frequent. If, however, people would keep Salvation Oil convenient, paper shirts might still be a success. It costs only 25 cents.

THIS AND THAT.

When a dealer cries out that his fish most loudly have reason to suspect that they are not fresh.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. In General Debility and Emaciation.

Is a most valuable food and medicine where the appetite is poor, and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the body. This is easily digested and assimilated and gives strength and vigor to the emaciated body.

Look after the establishment of a worthy character and leave its appreciation to others.

Catarrh and Bronchitis Cured. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death.

Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East 15th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A number of colored men have organized an oyster packing company at Annapolis, Md., the first in the State.

Lung Trouble Promptly Cured. Messrs. Editors:—About three years ago my right lung became affected, and I then commenced taking Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer. I used it about nine months, and that lung has never troubled me since. Last summer I had a cold and it settled on my left lung; it got firmly seated, and I began to take the Cough Killer again, now I don't cough at all.—H. W. Aldrich, Northbridge Center, Mass. For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Stomach troubles cured by using Dr. Seth Arnold's Hissip. Sold everywhere.

The supreme court of Texas has decided that a will scratched on a candle box is a legal instrument, thereby following an English precedent where the testator chalked his testament on a stable door.

Christine Nilsson, the famous prima donna, has written an article on "The Right and Wrong Methods of Teaching Singing," for the YOUTH'S COMPANION. This is her first appearance as an author, but her article is said to be of remarkable value and interest.

Rev. Dr. Newman declares that Gen. Grant was a more man in Germany or anywhere else, and that there never was a tannery in Galena.

Herr Einwald writes to the Cologne Gazette that he has discovered extensive gold mines in Zulu land.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, and a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by his motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, to A. N. S. & Co., 117 West 15th Street, New York.

The latest discovery of the medical writers is that water is fattening, or at least favors fullness and roundness of the body.

REPS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial sent free. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 50c

The election for President of France will be held on the 28th inst.

Quera's Cod Liver Oil Jelly. Approved by the Academy of Medicine of New York for coughs, colds, bronchitis and tubercular consumption, scrofula and general debility. The most reliable, pleasant and nutritious form of Cod Liver Oil can be used, and with more benefit secured to the patient by a single teaspoonful of this jelly than by double the quantity of the liquid oil, and the most delicate stomach will not reject. For sale by all druggists, and E. H. TRUAX, 288 Pearl St., New York.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

The Markets.

Boston Produce Report. Reported by HILTON BROS. & CO., Commission Merchants and dealers in butter, cheese and lard, 30 South Street, Boston, Mass.

SPRING WHEATS. Reported by HILTON BROS. & CO., Commission Merchants and dealers in butter, cheese and lard, 30 South Street, Boston, Mass.

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APPLES, &c. We quote:

Apples, #1	1.50	1.60
Baldwins, No. 1	1.50	1.60
Baldwins, No. 2	1.25	1.30
New York State mixed	1.25	1.30
Greenings No. 1	1.37	1.50
Common varieties	1.00	1.00
Cranberries, Cape, #1	1.50	1.60
Cranberries, Country	1.25	1.30

HAY AND STRAW. We quote:

Northern and Eastern—	19.00	20.00
Choice, #1	17.00	18.00
Fine	16.00	17.00

POULTRY. We quote:

Northern and Eastern—	15.00	16.00
Turkeys, choice young, #1	12.00	13.00
Turkeys, fair to good	11.00	12.00
Chickens, choice	10.00	11.00
Chickens, common to good	8.00	9.00
Fowls, choice fresh killed	10.00	11.00
Fowls, common to good	8.00	9.00
Ducks	12.00	13.00
Geese	12.00	13.00

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