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The Morning Star.

VOL. LXIV.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

NO. 51.

THE MORNING STAR is a Weekly Religious Newspaper, issued by the Free Will Baptist Printing Establishment, Rev. ARTHUR G. F. Acting Publisher, to whom all letters on business, remittances of money, etc., should be addressed at 457 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. All communications designed for publication should be in the English, and 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.

Advertising Rates for each Insertion. 10 cents per line for ordinary advertisements. 12 1/2 cents per line for business notices. 15 cents per line for reading notices.

Advertisements set in agents type, fourteen lines to the inch. Large advertisements inserted on special terms.

The Morning Star.

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All communications designed for publication should be directed, Editor, THE MORNING STAR, 457 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. Contributors please write on one side only of their paper, and never fold it preparatory to mailing. Full name and address must be given, not necessarily for publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned unless stamps are enclosed. Articles are not paid for unless an understanding to that effect is had beforehand.

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THE MORNING STAR FOR 1890.

With the issue for Jan. 2, THE MORNING STAR will enter upon its sixty-fifth volume.

We look back and forward. We are grateful for the past year. It is probably safe to say that there never was a year when fewer complaints touching the contents of the STAR reached the office. This may be due in part to the good-natured forbearance of its readers. Very well. It counts for much that its readers are good-natured. That the fact is also and largely due to the qualities which the paper really possesses, our treasured testimonials give kindly assurance.

We prefer to let what the STAR has been and is give indication of what it will be during 1890, rather than voluble promises. "Speech is silver; silence is golden." The quotation may apply here. But something is doubtless expected by many. Let us say that our hands are already on higher rounds of the ladder that we are climbing, and the hope is indulged that in the year to come the STAR will attain greater altitudes and shine yet more brightly. Would that its measure of Gospel light and helpfulness might gild and permeate for good many more homes and lives than it now reaches!

"The faith which was once delivered unto the saints"—this it will be our care yet more fully and plainly to inculcate. A wide variety of useful and entertaining matter bearing on the leading questions of moral, social, and domestic life,—this will continually be provided. Questions of doctrine and denominational polity will receive more attention than heretofore. More news from the churches will be collected and published in a condensed and readable form. We hope to bring the STAR nearer to the thought and heart of all readers, including the graduates of our educational institutions. Touching these, one of the features already provided for is a series of articles on various topics by members of the alumni associations of our two leading colleges. Special correspondence from

leading centers of our country and abroad will enrich our columns. Dr. Dawson Burns will continue his able and interesting English Letters. Among the engagements made is one by which the Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, late of Philadelphia, now in Scotland engaged in the advocacy of the cause of missions, will furnish some correspondence for our readers. There will probably be some change for the better in the make-up of the paper, but no valuable feature will be omitted; rather, each will be strengthened and enhanced in value just so far as possible. Our corps of editorial contributors will remain as now. It is expected that Dr. Phillips will continue in charge of the Missions department; and Rev. H. M. Ford, State Agent for our work in Michigan, whose bright paper at General Conference won general admiration, has agreed to write articles on Home Mission work. Dr. Crandall will continue to furnish valuable matter for the Health columns. Contributions, as heretofore, may be expected from those writers with whose names in our columns STAR readers have become familiar and whose writings have proved so interesting and helpful. Occasional articles from writers of exceptional eminence may be expected.

The usual reports of Joseph Cook's Boston Monday lectures, and more than the customary reports of certain great religious conventions, are intended. We shall also continue the publication of sermons once or twice each month and offer if the desire for them shall appear to justify it. We invite all readers to write us freely respecting the contents and make-up of the paper, and thus cooperate in making it in all respects what is desired and needed.

As to the value of a religious newspaper, an eminent man has written the following pertinent sentences, which we commend to all: "Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope some one to whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article. Who is he? A professor of religion and not taking a religious newspaper! A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the Church! A follower of Christ, praying daily, as his Master, 'Thy kingdom come,' and yet not knowing or caring to know what progress that kingdom is making! But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular paper? Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. How can a professor of religion answer for discrimination in favor of the world? How defend himself against the charges it involves?"

As to the value of the STAR, one of our veteran toilers says in a letter just come to hand: "How I have been pained that no more Free Baptist families take it. I consider it one of the very best religious papers published. *How much we lose every year by neglecting our own publications and patronizing others!* Every Free Baptist family should have a copy of THE MORNING STAR. How much it would help them in the service of the Master. How much more intelligent they would be in regard to Free Baptist doctrine and practice. Let us enter into solemn covenant before God and with each other, that we will labor to secure this most desirable object!"

Amen and amen, brethren of the ministry and of all the churches.

A special canvass for the STAR is begun.

It will be pushed with "all the energy and time we can get for it at the office."

Friends, help us for the sake of the cause.

"A life which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. For a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright; but a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."—Tennyson.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY IDOLA.

'Twas night; a fair and star-lit night. Each bird And bee had sought its nest, and hovering o'er The slumbering earth, with wings outstretched, the Dove Of Peace appeared. The busy hum of day Was hushed, and nought was heard, save, now and then, The breathing of the gentle zephyrs as They swept across the sleeping, star-lit plains. Reclining on those plains, guarding their flocks, The keepers lay, those simple shepherds, who, With not a thought of the strange tidings soon To rouse the silent night, in peace reposed. It seemed a fairy scene. The gems of night, So pure, so beautiful, their mellow beams Embracing all the sleeping earth, lit up The weird dim shadows with their blushing rays. While Nature's mantle, stretched upon the earth, Reflected back those radiant beams. The night Wore on, when lo! amid its hush a light Appeared; a glorious light that flashed upon The scene, irradiating heaven and earth. And lo! a voice, a voice was heard, that on The ears of the dazed, startled shepherds fell With soothing power.

"Fear not, fear not, I come to bring Glad tidings of great joy, Jesus is born, your Saviour, King, Whose power can nought destroy."

"In David's city see Him lie, The glorious Prince of Peace,— He comes to hush the mourner's sigh, And give the world release."

The angelic accents ceased; and lo! as stood Entranced, the shepherds in their wonderment, Heaven's portals opened wide, and from their

A multitude, resplendent in the light That beams from those fair clads, appeared. Then how the heavenly armies sang, as from The lips, touched with a fire divine, pealed out Upon the night the glorious symphony:

"Glory! Glory in the highest; Glory! Glory to our King! Christ is born, the Great Anointed; Peace on earth, He comes to bring."

"Glory! Glory! Let all nations Hail the long-expected One! Hail the blessed Babe of Bethlehem! Hail God's own beloved Son!"

As tidings upon the air the last sweet strain, The echoing plains took up the melody, And Nature's voice joined, with one accord, The rapturous song.

In haste, to Bethlehem The wondering shepherds sped, where, bending o'er His lowly couch, they gazed upon the One, For ages long, the theme of prophet's verse And minstrel's lay.

A day babe, so fair, So pure, so helpless in His loveliness! Oh, could it be that He was to achieve The destiny of man? That He, the Babe Of Bethlehem, would conquer Death, and make The way to heaven's gate so plain that all May enter in?

Yes! He has come: The Christ, The Great Deliverer; of ages past, The Hope.

The guiding Star that led, on that First blessed Christmas morn, the Magi to His lowly cot, still beams on high, to point The weary ones to that glad home where reigns Supreme, Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem. Jesus, the loving One, who left heaven's gate ajar, that all His faithful followers May enter in.

Hail our Saviour! King! Thy natal day we hail, and, reverently, As bowed the Eastern Sages of the Long Ago, we at Thy footstool fall.

CHRISTMAS.

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

"How do you know that Jesus ever lived?" asked a scornful skeptic of a little child.

She looked into his face with wondering eyes, as she replied, "We know he lived because we keep his birthday."

On, yes! Of all the days of the year this is the most blessed in its message to the world. It comes, year after year, with its ever-recurring testimony to the greatest event the world has ever known; and in its coming—though in this Northern clime in the bleakest month of the year—it ever brings a breath of heaven. Millions of souls breathe a new atmosphere on this Christmas morning. There are few so lost that they do not feel its influence. The evil passions that desolate the earth are hushed or restrained, like the demons in the presence of Him whom they knew to be the Son of God; and the sorrowful world catches glimpses through the clouds of the beautiful angels that hover above us. Love shows herself with radiant face and loaded hands, and Peace and Joy echo the song that was first heard in Bethlehem's plain. Christmas not only bears witness to the birth of Christ, but it tells of his living spirit, blessing the world, and prophecies of the day when that spirit "shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

In order to understand what Christmas means to us, it is necessary carefully to consider the history of the past. We cannot know what Christ has done for the world, except we compare its condition at and before the advent. With the present. Such study would immeasurably increase the faith of the Church in the ultimate and speedy triumph of Him who was born not only "King of the Jews," but King of the whole earth; and such faith would be followed by an increase of work that would hasten the glorious day.

The advent of Christ marked the summit of the old pagan civilization. Four thousand years the race had labored at the great problems of life, and what had been accomplished proved the godlike power of the human intellect. Phidias had wrought those matchless marbles which are the admiration of the world to this day. Noble buildings had been reared, whose grand proportions and exquisite sculptures still astonish and delight us. Roads had been built, and rivers spanned. Poets had awakened the wondrous strains which still reverberate in our ears. Orators and statesmen had lived, and wrought in the social structure which rose slowly through the ages. But when we examine this civilization, which had its use in preparing the world for a better condition, we discover it was the gilded veneering of a social and moral state, utterly corrupt and miserable. Selfishness, with all the evil passions it nourishes, reigned supreme. The strong dominated the weak, and with the exception of the few rulers, the world was a world of slaves, whose condition was hopeless and deplorable. Examine the ancient governments and we find everywhere the same unlimited despotism. Read the book of Esther, and think of the arbitrary power of the king, who with a word doomed a whole nation to destruction. This irresponsible power, used only for purposes of ambition, avarice, and pride, crushed the people. What interest had they in the temples and pyramids which they built for their masters? The Israelites were not the only slaves in Egypt. They shared the common fate; and when God brought them out into the land which he gave them, and conferred on them a law that secured their civil rights and their personal freedom, he set them as an example before the world. But they, by their sins, forfeited their glorious inheritance; and at the time of the advent they were the slaves of "Rome, the universal robber, whom neither the east nor the west could satisfy." The temple of Janus was shut, because she had disarmed resistance, and the nations that had struggled in vain, lay quiet beneath her feet.

But hark to this new song: "On earth peace, good will toward men." The angels sing it as they witness the wonderful event we celebrate, and see the dawn of a new era, and the commencement of His kingdom of whose "government and power there shall be no end." They hear the voice that cries, "Behold, I make all things new!"

"And the whole earth and the skies Are illumined by altar candles, Fit for blessed mysteries; For Pan is dead."

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But what is the outcome of this advent, of which the angels sang with so great joy? We deplore the corruptions of the present age. We sometimes cry out in despair—that the powers of evil are too strong for us; but if we compare the nineteenth with the first century, we cannot fail to see that wherever Christianity prevails, even though in a corrupt form, there is a great advance over the old paganism. Murder is not legalized in the form of worship. Children are not destroyed. Woman is not a slave. Nowhere could a city be found that would tolerate the brutal shows in which the gladiators were butchered by hundreds to make a holiday in imperial Rome. Nowhere could a community be found that would endure the frightful abuse of power that marked the reigns of Caligula, Nero, and other Roman emperors.

The prophet declared that the Messiah should come—"to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." This prophecy has been fulfilled, not only in the spiritual sense in which it is generally understood, but literally. The great change wrought in the world is in the improvement of the condition of the masses. The Christ spirit pervading the state makes the old tyranny, that long enslaved the world, impossible. Let us then, on this birthday of our King, give thanks, not only for spiritual blessings, but for our social and civil rights, which are secured to us by his government. Let the Christmas bells ring out their gladdest peals. Let the angel's song, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," not only thrill our hearts with joy, but also fill our lives with work in his service. Let the "Unspeaking Gift of God" to us move us with a passion of giving for his sake, giving not only to those we love, and who may give to us again, but giving to those whom he loves, to whom a cup of cold water given in his name will not be forgotten by him.

"Ring out old shapes of foul desire; Ring out the narrowing thirst of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old; Ring in the thousand years of peace."

"Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kinder hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY HARRY H. MOORE.

I see the stars of Christmas night, I catch the struggling rays of light, The rays that in long-vanished years Burst through their native atmospheres To meet us here this Christmas night. O happy stars! O kindred stars! Rejoice our Christmas greetings. I hear the winds of Christmas night; I feel their breathings cool and light; The new moon lingers, dipping low Above the crystals of the snow, The spotless snow of Christmas night. O merry winds! O courtes winds! Waft forth our Christmas greetings. I hear the bells of Christmas night Come chiming from the belfry's height To wake the sleeping world below, Proclaiming wide where'er they go The "Peace, good will" of Christmas night. O pealing bells! O joyous bells! Ring forth your Christmas greetings. I watch the dawn of Christmas Day Creep after the retreating gray. So shall our sleeping Love arise And Hate shall fade like aspen skies Upon this gay, glad Christmas Day. O merry time! O peerless time! Replete with Christmas greetings!

ENGLISH LETTER.

BY THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, D. D.

Biblical scholarship and pulpit eloquence have been deprived among us of one of their most promising representatives by the unexpected death of Professor W. G. Elmslie, D. D. Dr. Elmslie's public reputation has not covered a period of more than five or six years, but few names had become more widely and honorably known; and the news of his decease last Saturday morning, Nov. 16, came like a blow to thousands who had regarded him with a feeling much resembling personal affection. His father was a Presbyterian minister, still laboring in Liverpool, and Dr. Elmslie was one of a large family of brothers and sisters. He was educated at Aberdeen, where he attained a high position, and received a call to be assistant minister with Dr. Oswald Dykes, who had succeeded Dr. James Hamilton at Regent's Square church—built for the famous, lamented, and lamentable Edward Irving. During the years of Dr. Elmslie's association with Dr. Dykes, little or nothing was heard of him outside purely Presbyterian circles; and I am not aware that inside those circles he was remarkably admired, except by the few discerning minds who saw, under the reserved and shy exterior, the rich veins of precious ore. But the Presbyterians are branching out in all directions, and a mission church having been founded at Willesden, a northwestern suburb of London, Dr. Elmslie was appointed to its charge, and soon afterwards he was elected professor of Hebrew in the Presbyterian College, situated in Queen's Square, Holborn. It was then that, unfortunately for himself, he became known as a preacher of very peculiar and popular power. He was invited to fill the pulpit of the Brixton Hill Congregational church vacant by the death of Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, and also the pulpit of Westminster Congregational Chapel, where Rev. Samuel Martin had once preached to overflowing congregations. Professor Elmslie could not but feel that in his Sabbath ministrations he was reaching a large and interesting body of hearers. Under the heat of his moral earnestness his stores of learning imparted a many-colored gloss to his discourses of Bible personages and scenes; and much of Scripture incident and truth became charged with a vital reality and force which many who heard him had never before experienced. The ethical element was predominant in his sermons, and it was this which led some members of his audiences to consider that he was wanting in evangelical love and action. I must say for myself that I could have wished, when I sometimes listened to him, that he had crowned his discourses with appeals drawn more directly from the sacrificial life and death of Christ. But if the Evangelical spirit be one in harmony with that of the living Gospel of the righteousness and life of Christ, Dr. Elmslie was evangelized in a measure infinitely surpassing that form of evangelism which consists in the proclamation of orthodoxy, and the reiteration of a few favorite texts. He never lost some singularities of pronunciation brought from his Forfarshire home, but amidst the rush of thought and emotion, and the denunciation of all kind of wickedness in high or low places, nothing was felt but the sanctities of the divine character, and the benignant glory of the divine administration. He was very fond of describing the men and women of Scripture times, and though I not infrequently thought him either too severe or indulgent, there was no question as to the searching nature of his analysis, and the vivid portraiture of moral excellences or defects. These Sunday exercises, which were seldom interrupted—so constant was the demand upon him, allowed him but little time for physical recuperation; and when typhoid fever attacked him, after the fulfillment of a public engagement at Liverpool, it was with great difficulty that he could be brought back to London. In little more than a week came the startling news that his earthly career had closed, and that never more would the many who rejoiced to hear him, listen again to his impassioned and heart-stirring preaching. It may be that to some the impression made by his early death may preach even more impressively than his fervent speech. He was about forty-nine years of age, and a wife and little son, dearly beloved, have been left to the tender sympathy of his friends. About two years ago the death of his mother caused him not a little grief; and in the family vault at the Smithfield Road Cemetery, Liverpool, the bodily remains of the learned Professor and brilliant orator were deposited on Tuesday last. On the previous evening a funeral service was conducted in the Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Fraser is the minister, and of which Dr. and Mrs. Elmslie were members.

I cannot speak from any direct knowledge of his scholarship, for he had written but little, and that in a scattered form. But if, as was stated, he could read fluently in eight languages besides his own, we cannot but marvel at the vastness of the industry and

the strength of the memory which had brought together such a mass of linguistic resources. He said in a letter to myself that his pulpit style was extemporaneous, yet the ordering of his thoughts and the collocation of the language were so much under the command of his memory that his sermons from the same texts were substantially similar.

While there is great sorrow, there can be but little wonder at his premature death. He was working every day at such a high pressure that some collapse was inevitable, and when the exhausting ailment which assailed him touched his wearied frame, it succumbed to the stroke and the spirit returned to the God who gave it. Who shall say whether the world loses most by the unbridled expenditure which becomes worn out, or by the neglect of a still greater number to give a full and healthy rein to those abilities which are miserably dwarfed, for want of appropriate exertion?

ARIELISMS.

If married people must quarrel, let them have lovers' quarrels so that while estranged they shall suffer deepest agony, and when reconciled they shall be deeper in love than ever.

If your boy is going to play cards, you had rather he would play them at your own table than to sneak off into somebody's barn and do it, would you? If he is going to steal, you would rather he should steal with your knowledge, not expecting any reproach from father, eh? But it is better if he is going to be mean in any direction, that he feel compelled to hide it from you. He will sooner quit it, than if he does it with your knowledge and consent.

What business have you to mutilate the Word of God as you do? If you don't understand it, you say, "Oh, it does not mean just as it reads," and so you take something away from or add something to it, to make it plain to your understanding. Better read what God says as he closes up his Revelation. The expressions of Christ that now seem to you to be paradoxes and unintelligible will sometime be found to be exact statements of truth. Hands off! Jesus knew just what he wanted to say, and just how to say it.

So you don't believe that you are converted, because you can't tell when you experienced a change of heart? Well, what of it? Don't you believe you live? And yet you can't remember your birth. You are conscious of exercising the functions of life, and so you believe, yes, you know, you live. If you are conscious of exercising the functions of spiritual life, you may know that you live unto God. Can you say, "Whereas I was blind I now see"? Then you live. You are converted. Never mind about the date of birth. Your Father will keep a record of that.

ARIEL.

HUB NOTES.

The dense crowds on Washington St. declare that Christmas is near.

There are rumors that Rev. Dr. Lorimer is likely once more to come to Boston, this time as pastor of the Warren Ave. Baptist church.

The International Maritime Exhibition at the Mechanics' Building continues. Wednesday and Thursday of this week are "American Shipping League days."

It is decided that the Anderson History is to be retained in the city schools. Reason: It is acceptable to the Catholic priests. The Home Journal says that "in at least two school districts, one the O'Brien in the Highlands, and the other the Tennyson St. school, the school day is opened by reading from a Catholic Bible."

The General Theological Library has sold its building to the State and purchased the property at No. 6 Mt. Vernon St., where it will establish itself as soon as needed improvements can be made. All our ministers should avail themselves of the advantages of this institution which places within their reach everything that is of value in current publications as well as the wealth of the past. It costs but \$5 per year. Any church by paying \$100 becomes a life member. Could they do better by their pastors than to make this investment?

The citizens have passed judgment upon Mayor Hart's administration of their affairs. They say to him, "Well done," by a plurality (5,116) nearly three times greater than last year. Too much credit can hardly be given to the new system of voting. The falling off of the "yes" vote on the license question is a surprise. Last year the majority in favor of license was 18,084; this year it is only 8,178. Whether this is to be credited to change of opinion, to lack of interest, on the part of voters, or to absenteeism, is an open question. Certain it is that 13,561 of the registered voters of Boston failed to vote!

The Boston Merchants' Association gave its annual banquet Dec. 12 at the Hotel Vendome, the Hon. Jonathan A. Lane presiding. Among the guests were Ex-President Cleveland, Gov. Ames, Hon. Henry W. Grady of Georgia, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, and Andrew Carnegie. The speeches of the evening were made by Mr. Cleveland and by Mr. Grady who discussed with rare eloquence and commendable frankness the color problem. The speaker insists that the South has heartily and honestly consecrated herself to the right solution of this vexed question and is succeeding. Send for the Boston Journal of Dec. 13 and read this and the other able speeches of the occasion.

A congress of churches held a two-days' session in Tremont Temple Dec. 11-12 to consider the relation of the secret lodge system to civil liberty and the Christian religion. The result of their deliberations is expressed in the following excerpts:

"As a body of Christians, representing the Christian churches and ministry of the land, it is the deliberate judgment of this congress that the various orders bound to secrecy in all their multitudinous forms and names—Mormonism, Masonry, Jesuitism, the Klan-Gael, etc., etc.—are incompatible with true Christianity, and with the obligations of American citizenship, and with the free institutions of America, and they should be met and overthrown in the name of republican government and of true religion. And if the Universal Exhibition shall be held in Chicago, the headquarters of our reform, as we hope it may be, we recommend that an international conference be held during the progress of the exhibition to adequately represent the reform against the secret lodges, and which shall enlighten the world by the vigor and power of its discussions."

Missions, HOME AND FOREIGN.

"Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

CONDUCTED BY DR. JAMES L. PHILLIPS,
1234 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE CONCERT CALENDAR, 1890.

Jan. 5.—The Whole World.
Feb. 2.—China.
March 2.—Mexico, Central America.
April 6.—India.
May 4.—Burmah, Siam, and Laos.
June 1.—Africa.
July 8.—Islands of the Sea, North American Indians.
Aug. 5.—Italy and Papal Europe.
Sept. 7.—Japan and Korea.
Oct. 5.—Turkey and Persia.
Nov. 5.—South America.
Dec. 7.—Syria.

SPECIAL GIFTS FOR MISSIONS.

It is occasion for gratitude that the offerings for our missionary enterprises have been growing more regular. There has seemed to be more of system in them this year, and as a consequence our treasury has not suffered so much as in former years. The reading of current missionary literature and the planting of the monthly concert of prayer in so many churches has doubtless had something to do with producing this happy result. As our people grow better informed in regard to the condition and claims of the pagan world and of our home fields, they naturally feel a greater interest in them and become more disposed to respond to their needs.

When these lines reach our readers they will be thinking of Christmas festivities and getting ready for them. The uppermost thought at such a season in Christian minds cannot but be that expressed by the Apostle when he exclaimed, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Would not Christmas time be just the time for special gifts to our missionary enterprises? After the regular offerings of the year, are there not some in our churches who would count it a privilege to make now a special offering crowning the whole? The Lord still sits over against the treasury and his eye watches all who cast in their gifts. How it would rejoice the hearts of our faithful toilers at home and abroad, were some larger sums to be brought to God's altar during Christmas week.

As to calls for special gifts, I may cite the present needs of our work at Harper's Ferry and in India. The Morrell fund should be speedily completed, that the testimony of a noble life may be perpetuated. The Bible School at Midnapore has no building as yet. If one person would give it a home, or several friends unite in so doing, it would carry confidence and courage to our brethren toiling to train a native agency for the evangelization of the millions committed to our care in India. At this season of making and receiving gifts, let us ask ourselves what we can give for extending His kingdom who gave himself for our redemption.

MIDNAPORE GLEANINGS.

We see tokens every day that convince us that superstition is not all removed yet. My pundit, a man who has taught in the mission for years, and who has had every opportunity to learn better, has been questioning the astrologers. They inform him that the examination of the horoscope shows a very bad state of things. His stars indicate misfortune, therefore he is advised to go away from Midnapore for a time, and to eat nothing except from his mother's hand. So he has gone to Calcutta with his mother, and left his work and everything else behind. We are inclined to say, "What a fool!" I suppose that it is all very real to him. It often seems like up-hill work to try to do anything for such people. But all is not discouraging, by any means. There are many hopeful signs, and best of all we have the promises of our God, "Ask of me and I will give the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We are not working in our own name, but in the name of our King.

Commencement Dinner. Each year at the close of the Bible School year there is a dinner for which the sum of ten rupees is appropriated. That is, for about three dollars and a half the Bible School students with their families, the native preachers and their families, and the missionaries have their fill. Last night was the time. At 6 P. M. I went to the school-house and found a happy company seated on mats on the veranda, eating curry, dal, and rice. The plates were made of leaves pinned together with little sticks. These are spread, one before each; and on these leaves the rice is put, and on the rice, the dal and curry are poured. Then all fall to eat, using the fingers for knives, forks, and spoons. It is more enjoyable than one would at first think. The great obstacle to enjoyment is the fiery character of the curry. It is too warm for comfort. When I finished my meal, my digestive tract, from the tip of the tongue to the pit of the stomach, was thoroughly warmed. The people here do not regard the curry as too hot; indeed any less fire would make it flat to them.

We have not given up the hope of having some new missionaries this year from home; we are hoping on the strength of a brief sentence that appeared in the STAR, to have a man and his wife from home. Besides this, the way seems to be opening for us to get a man and woman here. The good reports that come from the treasurer are full of cheer. But the treasury can only be kept in good condition by constant, persistent, prayerful effort on the part of the living. The work must not be left to depend on the wills of people who are going to die. It must depend upon the wills of living men subject to the calls of the Master. The cause needs living men who are ready to say I will give a tenth of all that the Lord puts into my hands to his service. Who will make the call of a will?

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." EDWIN B. STILES.
Nov. 2, 1889.

AN EXAMPLE OF CONSECRATED WEALTH.

The late William Thaw, Sr., who was for forty-eight years a consistent member of the Third Presbyterian church, Pittsburg, Pa., and who recently died in Paris, France, besides leaving to a public member of his large family an ample fortune, and bequeathing hundreds of thousands of dollars to various colleges, hospitals, homes, boards, associations, societies, relatives, and individual friends, left also to each and all of us one of the richest legacies the Christian Church has ever received.

This legacy we may avail ourselves of immediately if we like; or, we may decline to receive it altogether. If we decline it we will be the losers. If we accept it can be made to yield untold blessings, not only to ourselves, but to generations yet unborn. This legacy I need hardly say is the noble example left us in the record of his magnificent life.

He had taken his lesson of life from the great Teacher of men. His heart had been touched by divine grace. He aimed to be like his Master, and hence his heart overflowed with love for humanity. He was a friend to the friendless. He strove to raise up those that were bowed down, and to deliver the oppressed from their oppressors. He went about doing good; and so he drew irresistibly toward him all whose lives in any way came in contact with his own. Richly endowed in all directions, it was, nevertheless, without doubt his kindness of heart, his wonderful generosity, and his Christian charity that made him truly great, and made the people mourn when his Master called him home.

After twelve o'clock each day he usually drove to his office in the Pennsylvania Company Buildings, and there, too, though busied with the varied interests of the great railroad corporation in which he was a director, and of which he was one of the vice-presidents, he still found time to hear the cry of the needy, and dispense his gifts in the same princely way. He even had provided seats in the outer room where the weary might rest while waiting their turn.

His various benefactions given daily in this way, large and small, never of late years ran less than one hundred thousand dollars a year, and some years they went as high as two hundred thousand dollars and over. During the last fifteen years of his life millions of dollars were distributed in this way, and it has been truly said that he seemed to work harder in giving his money away than he did in earning it.

Did he consider himself overrun with applicants for aid? Well one would think so until some day he joined the throng and himself presented the case of some worthy object; then the illusion would be dispelled, and the applicant as he left would almost feel that he had done the man a favor in coming. Indeed, I have known it to be the case that when some committee came to him representing some cause that especially commended itself to him, he not only responded quickly, liberally, cheerfully, but afterwards would say to the greatly astonished applicant, "I am really obliged to you for giving me the opportunity of helping so good a cause." He always replied to the oft-heard question, "How can I ever repay you for this great kindness?" "Why, I have my pay already; I get my reward in the privilege and pleasure of giving."

1. Mr. Thaw began giving on principle, and systematically, when a poor man. He was often heard to say that his first subscription to some benevolent operations in his own church was three dollars a month. Then he would smile and say, "That seemed small, but it amounted to \$36 a year." Having begun on this plan he simply kept it up. He saw no reason why, after God had prospered him, he should give any less in proportion than he did before such prosperity came to him. Giving had become a well-formed habit with him, and when his means were enlarged if he made any change at all, it was more likely an increase in the proportion than otherwise.

2. Regarding part of his possessions as already consecrated to God, he did not have to go continually through the act, and with some men, the struggle of giving. He only regarded himself as God's steward in the matter, and felt only anxious that he should faithfully and wisely distribute what he already considered as belonging to the Lord. He had consequently all the joy of giving, with none of that lingering regret which some men feel at parting with what passes for a real generous contribution.

3. He gave with the purest and highest motives. He resisted all attempts to have his name connected with his benefactions. Thaw universities, colleges, halls, homes, chairs, libraries, etc., could have been dotted all over this land with his money had he so allowed it; but this was not his idea. It was God's money he was disbursing. He gave for God's sake and for humanity's sake—not for his own. His reward was in giving; not in having people know that he gave. It was these three elements in his giving, I think, that made it to him a constant pleasure. As a consequence, since he was always giving he was always happy. He was a thoroughly religious man, but he was singularly free from religious cant. He had the reputation of being able to get angry under just provocation, and they who have had dealings with him under such circumstances, report that his anger was fierce.

When he took his stand he was as firm as a rock. He could refuse an applicant for aid and refuse quickly, too, and decidedly; yet his heart was so overflowing with benevolence that it had generally to be a desperately bad cause to compel him to forego the pleasure of giving.

Is not such a life a study for us all; especially those whom God has blessed with an abundance of this world's goods?

Would it not help on the world's redemption amazingly if all the gold and silver of the Christian Church were similarly consecrated?—E. F. Cowan, D. D., in *Missionary Review*.

Correspondence.

Our Siberian Neighbors.

"There is something more imperial than an imperial ukase, and that is public opinion, which, in the civilized world, is master. The object of this meeting is not to form, but to voice, public opinion. The parable of the good Samaritan is old, but the application of the Christian doctrine of *neighborhood* was never so distinct as in these days of telegraphs and railroads, which make every spot on earth the center. That doctrine commits us to a policy of Christian interference and exhortation. I hope every one will feel that it is a blessed prerogative to co-operate with this dark, cruel thing shall be swept from the face of God's own earth."

These words were uttered recently, before a large assembly, by Rev. G. D. Boardman, D. D., after Mr. Kennan's appalling account of the sufferings of Russian exiles in Siberia.

The meeting had been called to formulate some plan by which a suitable representation upon the subject can be made by the American people, (not the American government) to the Russian government. That Philadelphia, this dear old "City of Brotherly Love" and the leader of American freedom, should be the first to plan this humane effort seems, as Mr. Kennan said, "eminently fitting"; and, moreover, he assured us that hundreds of letters were coming to him from all parts of the United States, asking, "What can we as Americans do to relieve the terrible suffering in Siberia?"

Many speeches worthy of repetition were made at this meeting, but we especially quote Dr. Boardman because his thought, "our neighbors," more emphatically designated our responsibility than any other that was expressed. Doubtless every STAR reader has had his whole being stirred by Mr. Kennan's articles in *The Century* and by reviews in all our papers; but until that "neighbor of ours" has had his gaping wounds dressed, and his piercing cry for help is soothed and silenced by Christian love, we cannot do less than listen to his sad echoes.

Mr. Kennan again briefly brought the Russian exiles before us, 20,000 of whom are annually sent to Siberia, 4,000 or 5,000 being innocent women and children. Many march from 1,500 to 3,000 miles through the suffocating sands of summer and piercing cold of an Arctic winter.

The Tomsk prison, intended for 1,400, had, most of the time, 4,000 inmates; 450 seriously ill were thrown into a hospital where there were beds for only 100, and they were compelled to lie on a cold stone floor, packed as closely as possible, with no covering, and the mercury only six degrees above the freezing point; and news has just come from Tomsk expressing the probability that there will be 7,000 prisoners this winter in the prison with accommodations for only 1,400. For fifteen years the doctor of this same prison has been reporting to the Russian government, and begging it to burn the prison to the ground, because it was saturated with disease. But no response has ever reached him, and exiles are sent in larger and larger numbers to sacrifice life upon this reeking altar. Over the Bastille of the French Revolution and the "Black Hole" of Calcutta one may throw a thin mantle of charity, for they were nearer the Dark Ages; but with what horror can the blaze of this 19th Christian century enshroud this Siberian prison for Russian exiles? It would have strengthened every true American for higher service to attend this enthusiastic meeting in their behalf.

Dr. Louise G. Rabinovitch, a young Russian woman who studied medicine at the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, gave her testimony of appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Kennan, and also remarked, "I believe the Czar knows all about the subject, and a petition to inform him upon matters connected with his government would, in my opinion, seem ridiculous. But a strong expression of public opinion from the United States would be a power, and if the Czar learned that the citizens of this country understood this cruelty, it would have great weight with him."

Mr. John Lythe, secretary of the Pennsylvania Prison Association, thrilled the audience with, "Our task is not a hopeless one. I have just returned from our National Prison Congress, where the subject of the international congress to be held at St. Petersburg next September has been under discussion, and the Czar has most cordially invited the American delegates to be present, and our association is asking Congress to appropriate \$50,000 to defray the expenses of a deputation from this country, who will gladly take with them any humane message the people of the United States may send to the Czar." Surely the bare possibility of staying this tide of woe should induce us to embrace every possible opportunity to, in any sense ameliorate the condition of the thousands in barbaric bondage.

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That this meeting heartily approves the movement looking to the presentation of an American petition such as has been spoken of to the Russian government, through the approaching prison convention in St. Petersburg."

"Resolved, That a central association be established to promote the circulation of such petitions for signatures, and for the circulation of intelligence on the subject."

MARY R. PHILLIPS.

Philadelphia.

Seventy Weeks: Dan. 9: 24.

To understand prophecies in general it is important to comprehend the scope and meaning of this particular prophecy. For, having mastered the underlying principles of this prediction, a key is furnished for unlocking the rest.

There is great importance attached to this on several accounts. First, if it can be shown that one prophet has foretold a future event, by a similar course of reasoning it can also be shown that many prophets have been similarly inspired, and if the prophets were inspired, it is not difficult to prove the whole Bible the word of God. Secondly, if the Seventy Weeks of Daniel have been accomplished, it is manifest that the Jews are in error in rejecting Jesus as the Christ and in still looking for the promised Messiah.

But just now we are interested in the discussion of the subject on account of the light it casts upon other predictions of a similar nature. "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression and to make an end of sins and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy." In the verses following, these seventy weeks are subdivided and considered under three heads. 1. "Know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince, shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks." The decree of Cyrus, the king of Persia, authorizing the Jews to go up to Jerusalem and build the house of God was issued B. C. 536. Assuming that each day in the sixty-nine weeks above mentioned is a year long, we have 483 years, which falls 53 years short of covering the period between the decree of Cyrus and the birth of Christ, according to received chronology. Several attempts have been made to reconcile the discrepancy between the prophecy and chronology, none of which would have been thought of had there been no discrepancy, and all of which will be instantly abandoned should the chronology be shown to be erroneous.

2. "The street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times. And after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself." The wall was dedicated 445 B. C. and the Messiah was cut off A. D. 33, received chronology, giving us 478 years from the dedication of the wall to the death of Christ. Allowing a day for a year as before, we have 434, according to the prophecy, for this period, which falls eleven years short of the received chronology. The importance of these discrepancies will be considered farther on.

3. "He shall confirm the covenant with many for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate." Taking a week for seven years, the Messiah was cut off in the midst of it, and many were confirmed during the seven years, reckoning from the baptism of John. The space allowed in a newspaper article permits but the briefest statement of only a few important points.

1. The decree of Cyrus, the dedication of the walls of Jerusalem, the birth of the Messiah, his work, his death, the destruction of Jerusalem, not to mention other important matters, were all future at the time of the utterance of this wonderful prediction.

2. Pretty nearly everything prophesied was fulfilled before the close of the first century of our era. Even the Jews are obliged to assent to this proposition. For while they deny that Jesus was the Messiah, they cannot dispute the facts of history concerning the destruction of their city, the crucifixion of the Nazarene, and the rise of Christianity at that time.

3. A question arises. Shall we insist upon exact chronology in the predictions of Daniel and the other prophets? Before this question can be answered there is a vast amount of work to be done by antiquarians, historians, astronomers, and Biblical critics. If these figures of Daniel are to be taken as sacred numbers pointing towards, but not precisely designating, the time, then other prophecies similarly delivered must be taken with similar latitude. Even if we hope that the time will come when the chronology and the prophecy shall coincide throughout, yet till that time it is worse than folly to set date for the fulfillment of coming events.

4. A principle of interpretation of prophecy, of vast importance, is here forced upon our attention. "When one thing is done which is a determining cause of another and subsequent event, both are spoken of as transpiring together." Take as an illustration the first prophecy ever uttered: "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The crucifixion of Christ, the ces-

sation of temple worship, and the destruction of Jerusalem did not transpire in the same week, even when a week is seven years long; but the death of Christ in the midst of the week made the other two events certain, and they are spoken of as occurring together.

S. D. CHURCH.

Deerfield Centre, N. H.

Horse-Shed Religion.

I do not mean the "pious" smoker's place of rendezvous during "Sunday-school." Nor the "pious" politician's place for canvassing during the continuance of the same service. But I mean that kind of religion which provides a shelter for the dumb animals which are placed in our care. The religion of the Gospel is designed primarily to affect the relations of man and his Maker, also of man and his fellow-man. It is as truly adapted to affect the relations of man to the animal creation around him. "I never want to hear that man preach; no Christian would treat a horse like that," said a godless merchant who saw a minister treat his horse in a thorough ministerial kicking not long ago, because his horse did some little thing not quite to his liking. His religion failed to regulate his conduct toward his animal.

It always seems rather irreligious to me to have a horse stand out to shiver in the cold, and sweeter in the heat, with no shelter, while the owner is enjoying so much in the service which the horse brought him to and is to carry him from. Said a minister of my acquaintance, a long ago, "I fear I could not preach very well if I were to look out and see teams standing exposed in a hard storm." "But," said a parishioner, "you won't see my team stormy Sundays." And he voiced the sentiment of a large number of country church-going people. Their religion is a sort of pleasant Sunday kind, not that which provides a shelter for the animal, nor considers the feelings of the pastor on a rainy or stormy Sunday. "Somehow you always preach your best sermons on stormy Sabbaths," said a parishioner of mine in New Hampshire. Now I do not think it was true, but the effort put forth to be present enhanced the rebuke. Let us not forget it is written: "The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast." And that the measure of that regard is oftentimes put for the measure or for the lack of personal religion.

E. OWEN.

Religious Life.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY THE REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

Christ is born,
The Saviour, our King—
Alleluia!
Blessed morn,
Thy glory we sing—
Alleluia!

Laid in the manger so lowly our Lord!
Humbly we bow as the God-child we see—
Blessed, most holy, the Incarnate Word;
Praise Him—in gladness and love bow the knee.

Christ is born,
Redeemer Divine—
Alleluia!
Blessed morn,
Salvation is thine—
Alleluia!

Welcome, Immanuel! long hoped for to reign;
Welcome as conqueror o'er darkness and shame;
Welcome! Earth's kingdoms and glory regain;
Welcome! our Master, all holy Thy Name.

Christ is born,
All honor we bring—
Alleluia!
Blessed morn,
Loud anthems we sing—
Alleluia!

Praise Him! Repentance to sinners command;
Praise Him! Forgiveness, redemption proclaim;
Praise Him! yes, praise Him, on sea and on land;
Praise to the Christ-child! now world-wide His fame.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

About three miles from Jerusalem, nearly south, and in the vicinity of a small village called Bethlehem, we read of an important event, deservedly prominent in the history of our race. This occurrence, celebrated as it is, the world over, by song and prayer, or by the less sacred and less appropriate exercises of the cotillion and the gay waltz, took place, as near as can be ascertained from reliable authority, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine years ago.

"There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." And we may fancy it to have been a rainy night; for according to the physical features of Palestine, as given by those familiar with the facts, the greatest amount of rain in the year, in that country, falls during the months of December, January, and February. However, the night might have been a pleasant one, with moon and stars throwing their rays of light over all nature.

But as to the kind of a night which the Lord may have chosen on which to proclaim, for the first time, the good news, it matters little. It is enough to know, just here, that in that country, at this time of year, the brown and desolate plains became green pastures. Early in December, and during the month of January, the face of nature is undergoing a change not unlike that with which many of us have been familiar late in April and during the beautiful month of May, in Ohio and New York.

While we are walking over fields of snow and packing our ice, preparatory to a long, hot summer, our neighbors just across the waters, at the east end of the Mediterranean, are working their corn; the groves and meadows are adorned with many flowers, and the oranges begin to ripen.

It was amidst the freshness and gaiety of springtime, as the opening blossoms were sending forth their fragrance, that the poor, honest shepherds were astonished and terrified at the appearance of a heavenly messenger. First,

entirely unlike any deceiver, the winged messenger seeks to quell their fears. "Fear not," speaks the gentle voice, such as never greeted those ears before. "Fear not," came pure and clear from the angelic lips. Then followed the announcement of the object of his mission; direct from Heaven's throne the voice comes: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." Just here the attention of the shepherds is turned to that godlike spirit. Their flocks are forgotten, and their souls are at once absorbed in the study of that superhuman form which stands before them. The heavenly voice continues:

"Unto you is born this day,
In the city of David,
A Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord."

The message was delivered. Angelic lips pronounced words which conveyed a truth more glorious and blessed than anything that had ever before come to the consideration of human intelligence. A world of fallen, helpless beings, lost in sin, was redeemed. And the angel had only proclaimed the glad news, when suddenly there was with the messenger a multitude of the heavenly host, confirming the testimony, praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men."

Well might the angelic spirits join in such a chorus. Who can reject the principle, "On earth peace, good will toward men"? Is it not the culmination of all that is good? Is it not the attainment of moral power and human glory, superseding every other moral system? Is it not an idea conceived through the infinite love of God to the fallen race, and born in heaven?

In a few days we shall gather to celebrate that greatest of all events in history,—the arrival of an unusual Personage upon the earth. And while we look upon the "Christmas tree," and listen to the melody of many voices, and witness the distribution of gifts, let us remember that that peculiar Coming was first celebrated by angels. An angel first proclaimed the Saviour's birth, and then followed musical tones of the heavenly host, portraying in the most effective manner his loving mission to earth. He came that all, through faith in him, might escape the consequences of sin. "God so loved the world that he gave his Son."

And to the disconsolate we say, in brief, *Look up*. Away beyond the clouds the sun is shining brightly. The Giver of all gifts has spoken words in the light of which we should not be cheerless. The clouds may lower, dark and dreary. The perplexities of life may loom up before us so that we may almost regard life a burden. But midst all, from Heaven comes a voice, soft and gentle: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." C.

FROM THE CLOSET.

What thou hearest in the closet that speak upon the housetop. How a minister found his text. In his private devotion he asked for it, like Spurgeon and doubtless many others, upon his knees. He sought it in meditation upon the needs of his congregation—the general and the special need. Not finding it, he knocked at the door of his friends—his books. The Bible seemed to have no special oracle. The *Review* seemed to have nothing in its suggestive texts. It remained for the friend in his own household to speak the words for which he was seeking. He had got his text and his theme. The message is from God, though it comes in different ways. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. C. E. M.

ADVENT HYMN.

Hearken to that joyful strain
Rising from the earth and main
As a mighty rushing wind,
Legion voices of mankind;
Christians aye, Christians young,
Withered lips and infant tongue,
Like the thunder, like the sea,
What can this great anthem be?

Lo, upon this happy morn,
Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born,
Girded not with pomp of kings,
But amidst God's lowliest things;
Angels, on Judea's plains,
Sing His birth, in heavenly strains,
Peace proclaiming from the sky,
Glory unto God Most High!

All the joy of pardoned sin,
All of happiness within,
All that Christians have below
Unto Jesus Christ they owe.
He, the gift of Heavenly Love,
Came, gift-laden, from above;
Thus do Christians join to sing
Hallelujah, Christ is King.

Millions still upon the earth,
Nothing know of Jesus' birth;
Nothing of His matchless life,
Words or works, with blessings rife;
Know not that He gave them breath,
For them suffered pain and death;
See not Christ enthroned on high,
Sovereign of the earth and sky.

Pray we that in every land,
On each mountain, plain, and strand,
All men Jesus Christ may know,
Daily in that knowledge grow;
All men may all others love,
As the angels do above,
Till from every tongue arise
Hallelujahs to the skies.

Come, O Lord of life and light!
Come, O Spirit, in Thy might!
Come, O Father of us all!
Hallow this great festival;
Come as sunbeam, come as rain,
Banish sorrow, sin, and pain;
Speed on earth heaven's joy and calm,
Wake the universal psalm.

—R. Smith.

Sunday-School.

[This department is devoted especially to Bible study. Besides notes, comments, and illustrative matter relating to the International S. S. Lessons as presented in the *Star*, *Quarterlies* (which see for Questions, etc.), there will be presented a variety of interesting and profitable matter, designed to aid in the study and understanding of the Scriptures, to meet in objections, and promote the development of Christian faith and works.]

- LESSONS FOR FOURTH QUARTER.
- Oct. 6. The Tribes United under David. 2 Sam. 5:1-13.
13. The Ark Brought to Zion. 2 Sam. 6:1-13.
20. David's Thanksgiving Prayer. 2 Sam. 7:18-29.
27. Sin, Forgiveness, Peace. Psalm 32:1-11.
- Nov. 3. David's Rebellious Son. 2 Sam. 15:1-12.
10. David's Grief for Absalom. 2 Sam. 18:1-33.
17. David's Last Words. 2 Sam. 23:1-7.
24. Solomon's Wise Choice. 1 Kings 3:5-15.
- Dec. 1. The Temple Dedicated. 1 Kings 8:54-63.
8. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings 10:1-13.
15. Solomon's Fall. 1 Kings 11:1-13.
22. Close of Solomon's Reign. 1 Kings 11:26-43.
29. Temperance Lesson. Prov. 23:29-35.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Sunday-school lesson for Dec. 29, 1889. See Prov. 23:29-35.

Revised Version.

- 29 Who hath we? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions?
Who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that go long at the wine;
They that go to seek out mixed wine.
31 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
When it giveth its colour in the cup,
When it smelteth sweetly:
32 At the last it biteth like a serpent,
And stingeth like an adder.
33 Thine eyes shall behold strange things,
And thine heart shall utter foolish things.
34 Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea,
Or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.
35 They have stricken me, shall thou say, and I was not hurt;
They have beaten me, and I felt it not:
When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

I. LESSON INTRODUCTION.

Our lesson of to-day gives a wise man's graphic picture of the effects of drinking fermented liquors.

The Hebrew received revealed doctrines with a calm and resolute faith. Instead of speculating on questions altogether above his faculties, he contented himself with accepting the great first truths of religion, and strove to discover their practical bearings. It was a fundamental principle in Israel that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom. So the religious philosophy of the Hebrews took the form of proverbs. "In these were embodied weighty opinions in the most sententious form on the great questions of life—its ends, its difficulties, and the true principles for its guidance."

With Solomon the use of proverbs is especially associated. He wrote, we are told, no fewer than 3,000. Many were lost, for the Book of Proverbs contains only 915 verses, and the last two chapters are expressly assigned to other authors. These proverbs, looking at religion from the practical side, assert that goodness is wisdom; and vice and wickedness are folly.

In terse, poetic language, with few touches of the pencil, the drunkard is depicted.

II. EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Verses 29-35. We are emphatically told of the evils which befall an intemperate man. *Mixed wine*: Spiced, drugged; perhaps two wines combined, or one made more intoxicating by medication. See 9:2; Isa. 5:11. *When it is red*: Color denoting great strength. (Gen. 49:11.) *Smelteth its color in the cup*: Gives its eyes, i. e. sparkles. *Goeth down smoothly*: Denoting its mellowness. It is an indication of old wine. The more enticing the wine the greater the danger. *It biteth like a serpent*: Like a serpent of easy motion and brilliant colors whose bite is a stinging, burning poison. *Adder*: Horned snake of very poisonous bite. It is not safe to play with poison.

Verses 33 and 34 indicate physical and moral effects of wine-drinking. It inflames the passions (Gen. 19:31, 35), distorts the vision, overcomes discretion, produces insensibility to the greatest dangers. *When shall I awake?* i. e. from drunkenness (Gen. 9:24). The language is rather of acts than of the tongue. *I will seek it yet again*: Under the severest of suffering, there is no tendency to reformation; the will is weakened; the man is a wreck, seeing duty, but impotent in the presence of temptation, controlled by appetite.

DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL INFERENCES.

"Within this cup Destruction rides,
And in its depth does Ruin swim;
Around its foam Perdition glides,
And Death is dancing on the brim!"

A large volume would be required to paint all the evils resulting from alcoholic liquors. It has been demonstrated that alcohol is not a food, nor is it necessary to health; but, directly, or indirectly, it destroys fortunes, ruins health, debilitates mind, and ruins soul. In its final effects it paralyzes the will, and nearly or quite deprives man of that highest attribute, choice.

It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The must dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. Intellectually, a stupor amounting to almost paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger, senseless and brutal.—*Scientific American*.

Even moderate drinking operates against a man in getting insurance. Statistics show that among intemperate persons between the ages of twenty and thirty the mortality is five times greater than among temperate persons. From thirty to fifty the mortality is four times greater with the intemperate, and from fifty to sixty it is three times greater, while from sixty to eighty it is

twice as great. These are figures that do not lie, and old toppers and moderate drinkers should take a hint. In a group of total abstainers, aged twenty, the average of life left is forty-four, and two-tenths years, while with moderate drinkers the average would be fifteen and six-tenths years. That is to say, a total abstainer on an average would live to be sixty-four, while the moderate drinker would be cut off at thirty-five. By a moderate drinker is meant a man who drinks continuously or periodically so as to affect his health. A drinker is more liable to accidental death than a sober man is, and in addition to that he is steadily breaking down his constitution.—*Nat. Temp. Almanac*.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE MIND.

It is one of the curious errors that alcohol stimulates the imagination, and gives a clearer, more practical insight into the relation of events of life. The whirl of thought roused up by the increased circulation of the blood in the brain is not imagination; it is not a superior insight or conception of the relation of events, but is a rapid reproduction of previous thoughts, soon merging into confusion. The inebriate never creates any new ideas or new views; all his fancies are tumultuous, blurred, and barren. The apparent brilliancy is only the flash of mania, quickly followed by dementia. Alcohol always lowers the brain capacity, and lowers the power of discriminating the relation of ideas and events. After a few hours of intoxication, the mind under the influence of spirits is a blank, blurred page. The poets and orators who are popularly supposed to make great efforts under the influence of alcohol only repeated what had been said before in a tangled delirium of expression. The physicians who are supposed to have greater skill when using spirits have paralyzed their higher brain centers, and have lost all sense of fear or appreciation of the consequences of their acts, and hence act more automatically, simply doing what they have done before without any clear appreciation or discrimination of the results. The inebriate is the best of all imaginative persons, and the one in whom the higher brain forces of judgment, reason, and conception are the first to give way. The man who uses spirits to give mental force and clearness is doing the very worst thing possible to destroy this effect. Alcohol is ever and always a paralyzant. It never creates anything; it never gives strength or force that did not exist before; it never gives a clearer conception and power of execution, but always lowers, destroys, and breaks down.—*T. D. Crothers, M. D.*

HINTS ON REVIEWING.

A review ought to be a re-view (even though it be a new-view)—a looking over what has been learned. A new exercise committed to memory for the occasion is not a review. If the scholars have merely memorized the golden texts, with the titles and topics of the lessons, a review of them will be in order. If they have also learned the principal facts and teachings of the lessons, these ought to be included in the review. It is a superintendent's first duty to decide what he intends to cover by his review, as the first step in preparing for it.

A general review of the school needs the co-work of the teachers, and it should be talked over in the teachers' meeting as fully as any lesson. The superintendent can there find out what the teachers have taught during the quarter,—what particular truths they have applied to their classes out of each lesson. He may also inform them of the teachings he wishes to emphasize in the review exercise. He can confer with them as to the methods of review which they find or think to be helpful to their classes. In this way, the reviewing in class and desk may tend in the same direction, and superintendent and teachers may work together and help each other.

Many a superintendent fails to make a review a success because he attempts too much. He tries to bring out each lesson separately, with its title, topic, golden text, facts, teachings, and applications; or to use a complicated diagram, which he does not fully understand, or to string all the lessons and their teachings on a blackboard diagram. The effort is beyond his ability; and if it was not, it would still be beyond the grasp of his scholars generally. It is well to be very simple in review plans, and to be less anxious to make a good show in reviewing than to test the attainments of the scholars.

A few well-planned questions, to bring out from the scholars the main facts of the lessons of the quarter, with the principal teachings of the quarter's series as a whole, and the application of these to present every-day life, would make a very profitable review in any Sunday-school. It would be a great improvement on some of the more showy and popular review exercises, which fail to refresh the scholars' minds with the truths before learned, and leave no distinct impression on the minds of those having a part in them.—*Sunday School Times*.

A few months since we noticed fully and favorably the third volume of "The Bible-Work: The Old Testament." It contains in Revised Version, Joshua, Judges, 1st and 2d Samuel, 1 Chronicles XI, 1 Kings I-XI, 2 Chronicles I-IX. It gives the history of Israel under Joshua, the Judges, Saul, David, and Solomon. It is arranged in sections, with comments from the choicest, most illuminating and helpful thought of the Christian centuries, taken from nearly three hundred scholarly writers. It has illustrations, maps, and diagrams. It is prepared by J. Glentworth Butler, D. D., and is published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. In preparing these Sunday-school notes and applications for the last four months, we have been greatly indebted to this volume, and we take this way to express it.

Obituaries.

Particular Notice. Obituaries must be brief and for the public. For the excess of one hundred words, and for those sent by persons who do not patronize the *Star*, it is expected that each will accompany the copy at the rate of four cents per line of eight words. Verses are inadmissible.

Walker.—Sister Margaret Walker died at her home near Cheshire, Galla Co., Ohio, Nov. 18, 1889, aged 72 years and 15 days. She was a faithful member of the Free Will Baptist church from early life till her death. Her husband, Jesse Walker, now in his eighty-fourth year, has also been an active and valued member of our church from early life. They have taken the *Star* regularly since their marriage in 1847. Sister Walker was a woman of the deepest sympathies and a tender and rich maturity of Christian character. She was an invalid for nine years preceding her death, but was always patient and cheerful. Her husband and her only son and daughter survive her. The funeral was held at her home on Nov. 21, the sermon being preached by Rev. J. M. Davis. J. M. D.

Greenleaf.—Died in Southport, Me., July 31, Mrs. Abigail Greenleaf, aged 92 years. She was converted and baptized under the labors of Rev. Clement Pinney, in the early days of his ministry. She was a native of, and always resided in, Southport, though Edgecomb was the original name. She had been a worthy and honored member of the Free Baptist church from about the time she was some twenty years old. She was deeply interested in the *Star* and in all our enterprises as a people. Her legacy to her eleven children, four of whom survive, one of them being the devoted wife of Capt. S. G. Hodgdon, of Hodgdon's Island, was that of rare devotion and untiring interest in her church and family. She was universally beloved and looked upon as a faithful Christian, wife, mother, and neighbor. Her only son and daughter survive her. The funeral was held at her home on Nov. 21, the sermon being preached by Rev. J. M. Davis. J. M. D.

Osborn.—Died in Sherman, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1889, the Baptist Osborn, aged 86 years and 10 months. He was born in Kingsbury, Washington Co., N. Y., Jan. 12, 1803. Both of his parents died when he was eight years old, leaving a family of nine children to be scattered among strange lands. He learned the tanner's trade, and in 1824 he came to Ripley, Chautauque Co., where he and an older brother formed a partnership and established a tannery, boot and shoe store, harness shop, sawmill, which they carried on in connection with their farm. The brothers kept "bachelor's hall," and as there was no school in town consented to the starting of one in their kitchen. The school prospered, children old and young coming to be taught by the brothers, and when it stormed they stayed all night. In 1843 Bro. Osborn was married to Miss Mary E. Durand of Westfield, N. Y., and in 1848 moved to Sherman and with his brother continued the business. The business relation between the brothers was always exceedingly pleasant, and continued until age caused them to retire from active business life. In 1863 he moved onto a farm where he spent his last years with all his family about him. Brother Osborn united with the First Free Baptist church of Sherman more than fifty years ago, and when it disbanded he gave his name and support to the Second church, which was organized at Wall's Corners, four miles out of town. He loved the church to which he belonged. Had taken THE MORNING STAR more than fifty years, and took pride in showing a copy of Vol. 7, dated Feb. 28, 1883, printed at Limerick, Me. Among the noted ministers of his denomination who used to be his guests were Rev. David Marks and many others. He was a man of decided opinions, was a strong Abolitionist and an earnest worker in the temperance cause, had spent many days riding about the country procuring signatures in remembrance of the cause, and because of him and many others of his stamp there has been no licensed saloon or bar in Sherman for twenty years. For many years past he had been a great sufferer from rheumatism, but bore all pain and disability with patience, was always cheerful and pleasant, with a kind word for those about him. All his family except himself were Presbyterians, yet "father's minister" was just as welcome as their own, and was always remembered with tokens of kind regard. His life is his best monument, and it was based on a sure foundation, Jesus Christ the corner-stone. There are few men like Bro. Osborn, and the secret of his success is not hard to tell; he simply did his duty, leaving the result with Him who doeth all things well. But few men have been blessed with such sweet home life as is found in the wife, daughters, and son-in-law of the Osborn family. May Heaven's blessings rest on them all. Our brother died as he lived, peacefully, and the text, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace," seemed particularly applicable to him. [Rev. J. W. PARKER.]

Tebbetts.—Died in Springvale, Me., Nov. 8, 1889, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel D. Tebbetts, of apoplexy. She was born in Shapleigh, April 25, 1821, and was consequently in her 68th year. The most of her life has been spent in Springvale. In all the relations of life she had been an exemplary woman, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a kindly neighbor, and a woman whose heart was moved to liberal expenditures in every department of Christian charity. She will be missed not only by the immediate family, who realize only too deeply that this loss can never be made good to them in this world, but by the community as well. She leaves a husband and three daughters to mourn because of the broken family circle. Of the daughters, Mrs. Carrie E. Allen and Mrs. Mary O. Hanson reside in Springvale, and Mrs. Edna F. Rollins resides in Portland, Me. Very early in life she became an active Christian and joined the Methodist church in Lawrence, Mass., where she was temporarily residing. Later, but still very many years ago, she made her church home in the Springvale Free Baptist church, of which she was a member at the time of her death. The funeral occurred Sunday afternoon at her late residence, services conducted by Rev. J. D. Waldron, who took for his text the words found in Heb. 4:9: "A large company of mourning neighbors were present and testified by manifestations of grief their heartfelt sympathy with the bereaved family."

Littlefield.—Died in Springvale, Me., Nov. 7, 1889, of pneumonia, Mr. Albert Littlefield. Born March 17, 1813, Mr. Littlefield died at the residence of her son, Albert M. Littlefield, and the funeral occurred at the same place Saturday morning, Nov. 9, 1889, at 10 o'clock. A large number of friends and neighbors gathered at that hour to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. Rev. J. D. Waldron conducted the services, taking for the subject of his discourse the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The speaker bore ready testimony from personal knowledge of the kindness and tender interest with which Mr. Littlefield and his family had watched over the aged mother.

Allen.—Died in Portland, Me., Nov. 3, 1889, Mrs. Rhoda P. Allen, aged 82 years. Mrs. Allen was a resident of Poland, Me., nearly the whole of her life. In early life she became a devoted Christian and united with the F. Baptist church at West Poland. She was the second wife of the late Deacon Joseph Allen of Poland, to which she was united in wedlock and faithful. So her death was peaceful and triumphant. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." A. LIBBY.

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Christmas is rightly a time of rejoicing. Our indebtedness, both material and spiritual, to the advent of Christ is beyond computation.

Paul in the first chapter of Romans gives a true picture of the state of morals at the time the Gospel was first preached. The highest civilization was almost devoid of moral excellence. The majority of men had no freedom; women were degraded socially and morally; the poor and unfortunate were regarded with contempt; and religious leaders were formal, bigoted, and hypocritical. At such a time Jesus, "the real-

that of Jonathan Edwards, but the hope of *The Watchman* will not be realized so long as Baptist creeds remain unchanged and the expression of Baptist views is in some particulars such as is published by Dr. Strong. We fear that this will be some time yet. Dr. Strong holds that "in Adam's fall we sinned all"; he understands foreknowledge in a way that if it does not imply foreordination comes pretty near it; he teaches that "there is a certainty of final perseverance and salvation in the case of every true believer"; and also that "God chooses one man to eternal life, not because of anything in him but for reasons which exist only in God and which are unrevealed to us."

GRADY AND THE NEGRO.—That Editor Grady, of Atlanta, is a rarely gifted orator, no one who has either heard or read a speech of his is likely to deny. He possesses an opulent imagination and a remarkable facility of speech. He himself says: "I am a talker. I inherited it. My father was an Irishman, and my mother was a woman—both talkers. I came honestly by it." His address on the Negro problem before the Merchants' Asso-

5. **THE STAR** voices a sentiment, conviction, purpose, growing in the denomination, that there are greater possibilities for Free Baptists than they have begun to reach, and that they must arise and build, must for their own interest and the common interests of the cause of Christianity.

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Rev. O. W. Waldron of Saco, the people repaired to the beautiful water known as Deer Pond and witnessed the baptism of four hap-

Friday evening. He is and has for many years been deeply interested in our church, and greatly enjoys its improved condition."....."The pastor has received many pleasant letters from strangers attending our services."

The Home Circle.



WAITING.

BY ADALINE HOFF BERRY.

Sitting in a well-worn rocker
Where the twilight silence falls,
Gazing in the crimson firelight
Tracing phantoms on the walls,
On her face a solemn patience
Which the shadows brightly hide,
Waiting a mother for a footstep
Always due at eventide.

Snows of many weary winters
Her dark hair have blanched at last;
Troublous winds have blown upon her
As the years went trooping past;
Waves of care have worn their furrows,
While the sky of hope hung low,
And her eyes have lost the sparkle
Once they had so long ago.

As the outer darkness deepens,
And the heart-shine brightly grows,
And the busy clock is telling
That the hour is near its close,
She is looking off to future,
Sweeping now so sweetly near,
And a strong, light-footed angel
At the gate she seems to hear.

There is not much more to wait for;
Just a little suffering yet,
Then the weight that seemed so heavy
'Twill be easy to forget;
Borne to rest in light-strawn spaces,
'Tare and kingdoms at her feet,
God's best friends will wait upon her,
And the bliss of heaven repeat.

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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O bells! sweet bells! across the years
Has a gay, half-sad, your chiming;
Old joys ye tell; old sorrows swell
Through your tender ringing.

O merry bells! this Christmas Day
How loud and clear your ringing!
Such love and mirth o'er all the earth
Your lusty voices flinging!

O happy bells! through coming years,
We hear in your glad sending
The message still of peace, good will,
All jarring discords blending.

O bells of God ring on our souls
To grander action nerve,
Till all our days are Christmas days
Of loving and of serving!

—Caro A. Dugan.

CHRISTMAS AND AFTERWARD.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

These two words are not always connected as they ought to be in our thought, especially in our practical planning for the Christmas-tide. Do we not too often choose our gifts as if their mission ended with the day, as if there were no days and months of toil and care and pain to follow? Let us resolve to do otherwise this year; to bestow only those things which shall be helpful in the broadest sense, and so a lasting joy or comfort to the recipient. And if we can put something of our taste and time and skill into them, so much the better. We shall give them a bit of ourselves, and such gifts are never barren ones.

And it is quite as likely to be the simpler thing, rather than something pretentious or elaborate, that gives greatest pleasure, or is itself most valuable and tasteful. There must be a certain simplicity and fitness in all beautiful things, even in "fancy-work." I saw the other day, in a friend's house, a tiny table cover, whose decoration was so artistic, yet so simple, it was a refreshment to see it. The cover was of brown felt, and in the corners leaf-sprays, cut from golden-brown velvet, were applied upon it.

The one that most pleased me was patterned from maple-leaves, and the leaves themselves had been the pattern. There were just one or two loose clusters, with long stems, and they were put on with gold-colored silk in coarse button-hole stitch, with veinings in the same color. Such a cover could be pinked around the edge and left unlined. Or a lining of cotton flannel could be put in, and the edges blind-stitched, with balls or tassels at the corners. A pretty trifle is a shell-sachet. Select two fan-shaped concave shells, exactly similar in size and shape, and drill a hole in the point of each. Make a small, shirred bag of yellow satin, fill with heavily scented white wadding, and glue lightly, yet firmly, between the shells. Draw a half-yard of inch-wide satin ribbon to match the sachet, through the holes, and tie in a graceful bow. Blue, pink, or cardinal may be substituted for yellow if preferred.

A dainty lamp-shade is made of yellow satin. Take two widths, each one-quarter of a yard in depth, and sew together the selvages. Make mock seams at intervals of two inches the same way of the cloth all around the shade, leaving off about an inch and a quarter from the bottom. Turn in the top edge to the depth of an inch and a half, and put at the bottom of this hem a narrow tape, under which run an elastic, to fit the shade to the lamp-globe. Make with the scissors cuts around the shade to meet the seams taken, and on a line with them. Turn up and fasten so as to make a point at the bottom of each of the two-inch spaces mentioned above, and finish these points with tiny coin bangles. Finish the shade, under the points, with a frill of soft, fine lace, about two inches in depth. Another color may be used, but yellow adds much to the cheerfulness of a room, and is beside a desirable tint.

A twine bag is a convenient article. To make one, procure a ball of pale-blue cord, another of pink netting-silk, two yards of pale-blue ribbon, and a pair of tiny scissors. Crochet of the silk an open-work bag, in loose, "long crochet," to fit the ball of twine, and finish with a row of deep scallops. Suspend by the ribbon run in around the top, and attach to it the scissors.

In starting, one should make to begin with, a chain of several stitches, joined in a circle, through which is drawn the end of the twine. For a handkerchief case, cover a circular piece of cardboard, about five inches in diameter, with cardinal surah, overhanging the edges neatly. Crochet of cardinal netting silk a bottomless bag to fit this cardboard, and sew it to the edge. Draw up at the top with a narrow ribbon, or with a cord and tassel. A letter-tablet is a convenience to a traveler, or indeed to any one who cannot keep letter-writing accessories at hand. Procure a "block" of paper of good quality and medium size. Cover the paste-board back with cardinal silk or satin, and put a narrow, embroidered strap across the back to hold envelopes or postal-cards, allowing also a tiny loop for a pencil. Over one of the lower front corners put a tiny "cap" or corner piece of the silk, with a spray of flowers or some other small design painted or embroidered upon it. This will keep a sheet of paper in place, if paper of another sort is used. For a broom case, cover a palette-shaped piece of paste-board with velvet, plush, or felt of some dark color. Fasten across it, tightly enough to keep the broom in place, loosely enough to admit its being pulled down and out, a narrow band of embroidery, or a strip of velvet ornamented with applique. Tie a knot of ribbon in the thumb-hole of the palette, and suspend by a loop at the back.

There are, however, some tokens of quite a different sort; one of which, it seems to me, might be more significant and helpful than a score of dainty trifles in plush and satin. The name, "Thought Calendars," defines quite accurately the mode and motif of these home-made booklets, which may be, however, as dainty in appearance as if they were the product of press and bindery.

An acquaintance showed me once such a calendar, which she was preparing for a friend. Hers was just a thick blank-book, to be filled with favorite quotations, one for each day of the year. Later, for an invalid friend to whom the Sabbaths bring only silent sermons, I filled a tiny book with selections for each Sunday of the coming year, putting under each date a bit of verse, a thoughtful prose-paragraph, and a text of Scripture. It seems to me, now, knowing the pleasure the little manuscript volume gave, that it might be improved upon by inserting similar quotations for a date midway between the Sabbaths. Of course, the arrangement might be varied almost indefinitely. And it is the truth the book holds, and the solace it imparts, with the peculiar, personal quality and influence felt in thoughts so chosen and passed on, that give such a token its value and fitness. It would be an excellent way to bring comforting truths home to some lonely or sorrowful heart; an avenue by which the Sunday-school teacher might reach some pupil's heart; a strong and tender bond between friends at a distance. The small, leather-bound blank-books, which come in all sizes and thicknesses, are admirable for this purpose. If one is skillful with pen or brush, the cover might be suitably decorated. Add it goes without saying that all dates should be accurate, and the handwriting very legible.

I think we do not realize how much the manner of our giving affects the value of our gifts. We all might strive, at least, to win that graciousness in giving which "doth make the least gift great." The cheery, tender wish, the quaint greeting, the pencilled line of remembrance and affection, even the apt allusion or quotation—these enhance many fold the significance and sweetness of the gifts we make.

"Last year's presents are scattered and gone;
You have almost forgotten who gave them;
But the loving thoughts live on
As long as you choose to have them."

"There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King."

God chooses that men should be tried,
But let a man beware of tempting his neighbor.—*McDonald.*

Uninteresting, solitary, monotonous as your life may seem, it is an object of interest to God and angels.—*Dods.*

"The bellies of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is chill;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."—*Tennyson.*

There is no record that the birthday of Jesus the Christ was observed till the second century. At the suggestion of Pope Telesphorus, some of the Eastern churches recognized the 6th of January as the day, while those of the West added it to other celebrations in the last week of December.

In the fourth century Pope Julius made an order assembling the chief theologians of the time for the purpose of examining all evidence bearing upon the birth of the Saviour, that they might, if possible, fix the day in order that its observance should be universal. After due deliberation they decided that it was on the 25th of December. This decision was, at the time, believed by many of the fathers of the church to be erroneous, and they went so far as to assert that the examiners had been biased in their decision by the desire to please the public, to whom this day had already come to be a noted one. Popular feeling, however, sustained the council in their decision, which was finally universally accepted.

But we find another derivation of the name. The old Saxons had a word, *Moessa*, by which they designated all days freed from labor, whether holidays or fast days. The holidays kept in remembrance of the birth of Christ were called *Christ Moessa*.

The spread of the Christian religion carried with it the observance of Christmas as a religious festival with which became connected other observances varying with the customs and habits of different peoples.

In merry England it was kept in a grand old way that has not entirely disappeared. On Christmas Eve, after the usual devotions were over, it was customary to light large candles and throw on the hearth a huge log, called the Yule Log, or Christmas Block. At court and in the houses of the wealthy, an officer named the Lord of the Mistle, was appointed to superintend the revels; and in Scotland a similar functionary used to be appointed under the title of the Abbot of Unreason, till the year 1555, when the office was abolished by an act of Parliament. The reign of the Lord of Mistle began on All-Hallow Eve and continued till Candlemas Day, Feb. 2. The favorite pastimes over which he presided were gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, foot plough, hot cockles, blind-man's-buff, etc.

On Christmas Eve, and on the evening of that day itself, the mummers used to go from house to house, and act some short stage plays. These mummers (my little readers must be careful and not confound these with mummies which are the preserved bodies of people who died thousands of years ago) dressed themselves in the most fantastic costumes, and they made a great deal of sport. They used to play many rough jokes, too, though they sometimes had the tables turned on them, particularly when they sat upon a very innocent looking barrel, and went "sonse" into a lot of soft-soap or ice-cold water. The mummers did not think then that this was "where the laugh came in." But when the sports were over, the hat went round and coppers and silver pieces found their way therein, and made up for soapy and wet clothes.

In Southern England, especially in Kent, there was a curious custom practiced called "Hodening." This was a procession of young people, quaintly dressed, who sang carols, rang bells, and made as much noise as children possibly can. But the principal character, and the one that came in for its share of the noise, was the "hoden." What do you suppose it was, this strange thing with the strange name? Simply the head of a dead horse fastened to a pole about four feet long, with a string tied to the lower jaw. Over all but the head was thrown a cloth beneath which was secreted a boy whose business it was to pull the string, so as to make a loud snapping noise. The people living in the houses by which this odd procession went used to present the mummers with cakes and candy.

It was usual to deck the houses and churches with evergreens, especially with mistletoe, to which a traditional sacredness was attached on account of its use by the Druids. A century ago on Christmas Eve mistletoe was carried to the high altar of the cathedral, and a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city, toward the four quarters of heaven, was proclaimed. This custom probably had its origin in the fact that the day has always been associated with good-will, good-fellowship, a time for forgiveness of those who have injured us, and forgetfulness of the injury itself.

At Christmas parties in the country the young men had the privilege of kissing any of the opposite sex under the mistletoe that they could get hold of.

When Sir Roger de Coverly was danced, the chief guests were expected to dance with the cook and the butler. On both Christmas and New Year's Eves, when the clock begins to strike twelve, the doors—especially the front and back—are opened that the bad spirits may pass out, and the good ones may pass in; and immediately the clock has struck twelve the doors are shut, as it is said, to keep the good spirits in.

With the German Christmas has always been celebrated as the "Children's Festival," and with them originated the world famous myth of St. Nicholas, alias Santa Claus, alias Kris Kringle, the patron of Yule-tide, and the friend of all proper boys and prettily behaved girls. It was formerly the custom and is still the practice in some of the small villages in North Germany, to commission a personage known as Knecht Rupert, corresponding with Santa Claus, to distribute all the presents made by parents and friends to children. Disguised by a mask, wearing an enormous flaxen beard, clad in a long white robe, and shod in tall buckskins, Knecht Rupert went from house to house, was received by the parents with great ceremony, called for the children, and after the strictest investigation into their conduct, dispensed gifts accordingly.

Mince pies may not be a Christmas "custom," but it has become customary to eat them at this time. In Queen Elizabeth's day, they were called "minched pyes," and they have been styled "shrid pyes." You may wonder how it ever happened that these dishes became associated with Christmas. You know the pies are full of spices; and the older and wiser heads tell me that "this compound of the choicest productions of the East, have in view the offerings made by the wise men who came from afar to worship, bringing spices, frankincense, and myrrh."

The Puritans would not eat mince pies nor would they celebrate Christmas on account of their popish associations. The difficulty of repressing the joyous frolic of Christmas Day even at the farthest winter outpost of extreme Puritanism is shown, however, by Gov. Bradford's record of Christmas time in the Plymouth Colony. In November, 1621, about a year after the arrival of the *Mayflower* came the little ship *Fortune*, of fifty-five tons, bringing a welcome addition to the settlement of thirty-five persons. Bradford sententiously remarks: "Most of them were lusty young men, and many of them wild enough," and then continues: "And herewith I shall end this year, only I shall remember one passage more, rather of mirth than of weight. One ye day called Christmas-day, ye Govr. called them out to worke, (as was used), but ye most of this new company excused themselves and said it went against their consciences to worke on ye day. So ye Govr. told them that if they made it matter of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in ye streets at play, openly, some pitching ye bars, and some at Stool ball, and shuch like sports. So he went to them and took away their implements, and told them that was against his conscience that they should play and others worke. If they made ye keeping of it matter of devotion let them keep their houses, but their should be no gaming or reveling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

Since the Revolution Christmas has been gradually asserting itself until it has become the most popular feast of the year. The Christmas of to-day is almost the Christmas of long ago, when in the words of Scotland's bard:

"Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That night only, in all the year,
Saw the stolid priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle green;
The hall was dressed in holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
When opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, on roasting, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair,'
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Christmas bells are gayly ringing,
Hear the merry, laughing chime;
Happy thoughts their peals are bringing,
Of the joyous Christmas time.
Ev'ry leaping tongue rejoices,
Clear and high their praises ring;
Shout ye people, lift your voices,
Hail the birth of Christ the King.
"Peace on earth" all discord stilling,
Comes to man the sweet refrain;
Listen, how all hearts are thrilling
With the strange and mystic strain.
Now the notes fall soft and tender,
Dropping downward thro' the air,
Dreary hut or home of splendor,
All the gracious message share.

Now again triumphant sounding,
Jubilates high we raise,
Gift to man, with love abounding,
Christ's nativity we praise;
Rising, sinking, dying, swelling,
Ring ye bells, throughout the earth,
All your cheerful message telling
Of the Christ-child's wondrous birth.

—Selected.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners
In a glow of crimson light!
The tiny scarlet stockings
With a tinkle in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys,
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their homes may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning
An empty stocking to see!
Left in the faith of childhood
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall!

Alas, for the lonely mother
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no scarlet stocking
With childish toys to fill;
Who sits in the swarthy twilight
With her face against the pane,
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave lies out in the rain!

Oh, the empty shoes and stockings,
Forever laid aside!
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe-strings
That will never more be tied!
Oh, the small graves at the mercy
Of the bleak December rain!
Oh, the feet in their snow-white sandals
That never can trip again!

But happier they who slumber
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who has no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor bed.
Yes, heaven help the living!
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no fold nor pasture—
Out to-night in the rain!

—May Reiley Smith.

"INASMUCH."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LILLIAN A. FOURTILLOTT.

"Oh! Fred, isn't it cold?" exclaimed Alice Harding to her brother, as they were walking home from school on a bleak December afternoon.

"Cold! Yes," was the reply. "Cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand."

"Why, Fred, it isn't cold in India," said Alice, in a tone of correction.

"Well," said Fred, "I was only quoting. Can't you let a fellow quote poetry?" And he picked up a stone to throw at a squirrel who ran chattering along the fence by the roadside.

"Oh, Fred, please don't hurt the poor little squirrel," pleaded Alice. "Come on, I want to tell you something."

"All right," said her brother, walking on beside her; "what is it?"

"School has been keeping nearly two weeks and Willie Gray has not been there yet."

"Well, I know that. Was that all you had to tell me? Guess I'll go back and knock over my squirrel," said Fred.

"No, don't, please," said Alice, earnestly. "That's not all. Do you know why he does not go to school?"

"Because it's so cold I suppose. Cold enough to freeze a fellow, and almost Christmas and no snow yet," he added in a tone of disgust.

"No, Fred, it's because he hasn't any boots, and—"

"Then I was right," interrupted Fred. "If it was not so cold he could go without boots."

"I want to tell you, Fred," persisted his sister, "Mr. Gray has not been able to do any work since he broke his leg last summer, and I suppose that's why Willie hasn't any boots, and we are going to get him a pair for a Christmas present and we want you to help pay for them."

"Oh, that was what you had to tell me! Well, you've been a long time getting to it. Now I bet that's Bessie Lane's plan. It's just like one of her ideas."

"No, Fred, it was not Bessie's," said Alice, who did not like to tell her teasing brother that she had suggested the gift herself.

"Who was it, then?" asked Fred. "It's in the Bible," she replied,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." You know who said that, don't you, Fred?"

"Well," he replied, ignoring her question, "Willie Gray may not be the least, but I guess he's small enough. Yes, I suppose I shall help you. How much do you want?"

"We only want twenty-five cents more. That's what each of the other big boys gave."

"And what are the girls going to give?" asked Fred, quizzically.

"We are going to knit socks and mittens and anything else which our mothers think best."

"Yes," said her brother; "I suppose he will need something beside boots to wear. There's that little overcoat. I had it years ago and it was too small at first. It's been hanging in the closet a long time, but I don't think it has grown any larger. You can give him that if mother is willing."

"Thank you," said Alice. "We are all going to meet at Mr. Howard's this evening to make arrangements," and having reached home, she hastened to her mother for her advice and assistance in her work of kindness.

After supper Fred went to his room and took from his box the money he had been saving to buy Christmas gifts. There was no need to count, it. He knew just how much there was. Three dollars and seventy-five cents.

There was a photograph album at the village store, a marvel of beauty and cheapness for only two dollars. Mother must have that, and he resolved to se-

cure it the next day before any one else should get it, and one of those plain writing-desks for Alice, then a quarter for Willie's boots.

"There won't be much left," he said to himself, "and I did want to buy something for Bessie Lane. She was so kind to Alice last year when she sprained her ankle and could not go to the picnic," he added by way of apology. "Perhaps I shall have enough though. Mr. Brown marks his goods down at Christmas," and slipping a silver quarter into his pocket he joined his sister who was waiting for him to accompany her to the house of the pastor.

A sum sufficient to purchase the boots was left with George Howard, and Grace said perhaps Mr. Brown would give him a cap. Bessie Lane and Annie Wilson were each to knit a pair of socks, Grace would knit mittens, and Alice a warm woolen scarf, and all would be ready to take their gifts to Mr. Gray's on Christmas Eve.

"Will you have time to knit the scarf, Alice?" asked one of the girls.

"Oh, yes," said Alice; "I shall knit it. toboggan stitch. I can knit that very fast."

"Better knit him a toboggan cap," broke in Fred; "a big one to wrap him up in, and then he won't need anything else."

The boys laughed and Alice's cheek flushed. She had borne her brother's banter when alone with him, but this was too much. She turned toward him with a flash in her eye and an impatient word on her lips, but Bessie's hand was on her arm, and Bessie's gentle voice said: "Please, Fred, don't tease," and so the little cloud passed by.

Very busy were the girls during the following week, and a group of happy hearts and glad young faces met again at the parsonage on Christmas Eve. Mr. Brown had generously added the gift of a cap to the purchase of the boots, and all set out for the home of Willie Gray in excellent spirits. But somewhat to the surprise of his companions, Fred Harding was unusually quiet; his thoughts were wholly occupied in devising some means by which he could, unseen by the others, transfer from his pocket to the hand of Bessie Lane a little volume of "Selections from the Poets." The album for his mother and the writing-desk for Alice were in his room and were to be presented the next morning; but this was a more embarrassing matter, and he half wished the book was back in Mr. Brown's store.

Mr. Gray had nearly recovered from a severe illness which had followed a compound fracture of the leg; and on this evening spoke hopefully to his wife of being able soon to return to his work.

"Oh, then, papa," said Willie, "I can have some new boots, can't I?"

The question was not answered for just then came a rap at the door. Mrs. Gray opened it and the boys and girls trooped gayly in led by Alice Harding.

"We have come to bring some Christmas gifts for Willie," she explained, after the greetings were over; and as she spoke she threw the bright warm scarf about his neck, while Fred laid the overcoat upon his shoulders. The other gifts were bestowed, while Willie stood in surprised silence until George Howard removed the wrappings from a large package which he carried, and placing the cap upon the child's head, presented the boots. Then Willie found voice and turned to his father exclaiming in a tone of delight: "Boots, papa, boots!"

"Don't thank us, please," said Alice, as Mrs. Gray was about to speak. "We just enjoyed doing it, and we want to see Willie at school after Christmas, and now we must go home and see what Santa Claus will bring for us," and they passed out as gayly as they had entered.

Bessie Lane lingered a few minutes to deliver a message from her mother to Mrs. Gray. This was Fred's opportunity, and falling behind the others he joined her as she came out, and placed the little book in her hand, saying: "Christmas gift for you, Bessie."

"For me?" she asked in momentary surprise, and then suddenly comprehending, she added: "Thanks, Fred, you were kind to think of me."

"You are always kind, Bessie," he replied as they hastened on to join their companions. And all went home happier and better prepared to enjoy their own Christmas gifts by having remembered "one of these little ones."

YOUNG WITS.

"Mamma, I'm sorry I disobeyed you."
"I am glad to know it, Flossie."
"Mamma, I'm dreadful sorry."
"Yes, little dear."
"Mamma, I'm just as sorry as I can be."
"That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You needn't heap it up."
"Well, mamma, may be some of it will do for next time I disobey."

Julia didn't like to go to school, and complained a great deal of feeling ill. Her mother tried to find out what ailed her, and asked a great many questions. There seemed to be no trouble with her head or stomach. "Do you have any pain?" she asked. "No, mamma."
"Where do you feel the worst, dear?" said mamma. "In school," said Julia.—*Youth's Companion.*

In the infant class the teacher was trying to bring out the fact that David was a man of varied occupations. The question was asked, "What do you call a man who plays on a harp?" A youngster raised his hand and answered, "An Italian."—*Boston Traveller.*

The Book Table.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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

BOOKS.

INTERLINEAR GREEK-ENGLISH GOSPEL OF LUKE. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1890. Chicago: Albert & Scott. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR'S ALMANAC FOR 1890. Arranged by Eugene Toppin. Boston: Samuel Usher, Publisher, 171 Devonshire Street. Price, 5 cents; per hundred, \$2.00.

PAMPHLETS.

THE DEVIL'S MISSION OF AMUSEMENT—A PROTEST. Archibald C. Brown. Introduction by C. H. Spurgeon and preface by Geo. C. Needham. Published by Fleming H. Revell, New York and Chicago. 35 cents per dozen, or 50 copies \$1.00.

A GOOD FARM FOR NOTHING: REASONS FOR THE DECLINE OF AGRICULTURE AND FARM VALUES IN NEW ENGLAND. By Judge Nott of the U. S. Court of Claims. Copies of this 16-page pamphlet may be obtained of *The Evening Post*, New York, at one cent each, in large or small quantities; postage extra.

MAGAZINES.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN (Dec.). Boston: D. Lothrop Co. \$1.00 a year; 10 cts. a number.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW (Dec.). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Single number, 35 cts.; yearly subscription, \$4.00.

THE KINDERGARTEN (Dec.). For Teachers and Parents. An illustrated monthly magazine. \$2.00 a year; single number, 30 cents. Alice B. Stockman & Co., 16 LaSalle St., Chicago.

THE NEW MOON (Dec.). A People's Magazine for Old and Young. Lowell, Mass.: The New Moon Publishing Co. Published monthly. \$1.00 a year; 10 cents a number.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE (Dec. 7 and 14). Boston: Little & Co., 31 Bedford St. Single number, 15 cts.; \$3 a year.

BOSTON MUSICAL HERALD (Dec.). A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Art Universal. Boston: The Musical Herald Co., Franklin Square. Price, 10 cents; \$1.00 a year.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER (Dec.). Conducted by Wm. W. Payne, Director of the College Observatory, Northfield, Minn. \$2.00 a year.

BABYHOOD (Dec.). A Magazine for Mothers. Devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children. New York: Babyhood Publishing Co., 5 Beekman St. 10 cents a number; \$1.50 a year.

THE HOMELIFE MAGAZINE (Dec.). (Formerly *The Household Quarterly*). New York: E. B. Treat, 71 Broadway. Price, 25 cents.

WIDE AWAKE (Dec.). An illustrated magazine. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 30 cents a number; \$2.40 a year.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Hitherto if one wished to get information about coal, what it is, how it was produced, how it is mined, etc., he has been at the pains of gathering scanty knowledge from several sources; for the literature of the subject is very meagre. Now we have in a small volume entitled *COAL AND THE COAL MINES* a reliable information free from minute details and technicalities. The author, Homer Greene, has gathered the knowledge of this subject, for the most part, through personal experience in the mines. He has, however, availed himself of the various written sources of information, and received valuable aid from mining superintendents and others. As a result he has given us a very valuable book. The illustrations are very helpful, and the theory as to the formation of coal accords with that of the best geologists. It is only necessary to give the titles of the chapters that one may correctly judge of the value of this volume of "The Riverside Library for Young People." They are:—In the Beginning, The Composition of Coal, When Coal was Formed, How the Coal Beds Lie, The Discovery of Coal, The Introduction of Coal into Use, The Way into the Mines, A Plan of a Coal Mine, The Miner at Work, When the Mine Roof Falls, Air and Water in the Mines, The Dangerous Gases, The Anthracite Coal Breaker, In the Bituminous Coal Mines, The Boy Workers at the Mines, Miners and their Wages, A glossary of mining terms and index are appended. This epitome of a great industry is uniquely dedicated to one who has been the world before him: "To my son, Giles Pollard Greene, who was born on the day this book was begun, and whose smiles and tears through half a year have been a daily inspiration in the work." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 246 pp. 75 cents.)—A SUMMER IN A CANON: A CALIFORNIA STORY, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a breezy, entertaining story of a camp-out life as enjoyed by several very agreeable boys and girls chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, parents of two of the young company. The conversations are bright and witty, and there is a pleasing variety in the characters. A book written by the author of "The Bird's Christmas Carol" and "The Story of Patsy" cannot fail to please and profit, and the locality lends its charm to the whole. The volume is from the Riverside Press, and has the imprint and beauty of the well-known firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Price, \$1.50.)—THE STRUGGLE FOR IMMORTALITY is the title of a volume by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. It is composed of seven essays, several of which are reprinted from periodicals. They are thoughtful essays, for the author has read much and thought more. She writes tersely and vigorously, and in opening up to other minds as fond of subtle exploration as her own mines of thought, one cannot fail of catching her thought and inspiration; for none but a torpid soul will fail of quickening as she touches the vibrating cords of its being. Besides the essay which gives the volume its name (the fourth in the volume), there are the following: What is a Fact? Is God Good? What does Revelation Reveal? The Christianity of Christ, The Physical Opportunity, The Psychological Wave, While the author's faith may appear at times to incline this way or that, it keeps to sure foundations on the Rock of Ages. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 245 pp., \$1.25.)—Another well-printed, neatly bound volume from the Riverside Press is entitled *THE CHURCH IN MODERN SOCIETY* by Julius H. Ward. "This book is intended for the whole Christian family in this country. The author's aim is that the Church of Christ may exert 'the organic influence in the social life which the national government exerts in the political and economic life of the people.' The book is a thoughtful one, and we propose to notice it more at length in the near future." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 232 pp., \$1.00.)

The nineteenth volume of ALDEN'S *MANLY FOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE* makes the same fine appearance as its predecessors. This is the cyclopedia for the people, and for popular use it is superior to its more costly competitors. It is comprehensive, and for this purpose, the fields of literature, science, art, and of all knowledge are gleaned. The topics are ably treated, many illustrations are given, and a vast amount of information is condensed into small space. The articles are written by experts in their various lines and are carefully and skillfully

edited. The results of the latest discoveries and inventions appear, many of the subjects being brought down to June, 1889, and some even later. Among the important topics treated in this volume we notice Home Rule in Ireland; Homestead Entry, and the Homestead Laws for all the States; Homeopathy, nearly 7 pages; Hop; Horology; Horse, Horse Racing, Horse Shoeing, and Horse Taming; Hospitals, 8 pages; Howard University; Hydropathy, over 6 pages; Hypnotism, 4 pages; Hysteria; Ice; Immigration, with valuable statistics; Imports and Exports, with figures for the United States covering 100 years and brought down to June, 1889; Indians, 7 pages; Induction of Electric Currents, 8 pages. In the line of biography we find articles on Homer; Hood; Hopkins; Horace; Howard; Howells; Hugo; Humboldt; Hume; and Hunt; while among the Countries and States noted are Honduras; Hungary; Iceland; Idaho; Illinois; India, 35 pages; Indiana, 8 pages; and Indian Territory, including the opening of Oklahoma. The price of this great work is almost incredibly low. The first nineteen volumes in cloth binding will be sent upon receipt of \$9.00, or in half Morocco style for \$12.80, if ordered at once. A specimen volume, subject to return if not satisfactory, will be forwarded for 60 cents in cloth, or 85 cents in half Morocco. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago, and Atlanta.—THE ADMINISTRATRIX, by Emma Ghent Curtis, author of "The Fate of a Fool." New York: John B. Alden, publisher. Cloth, 273 pp.—The author says she has endeavored to portray the cowboy as he is. That she has succeeded, no one will question who knows anything about that class of men. The characters are well drawn, and while some please, many disgust. Similar characters may be found in the East, although the use of the revolver is not quite so lawless.

SPORZA: A STORY OF MILAN. By William Waldorf Astor, author of "Valentino." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. MDCCLXXXIX. Cloth and gold, 282 pp., \$1.50. For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.—The author takes the reader to Milan as it was in 1499, restless under the rule of the usurping Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan. Yet the Milanese were uncertain how to receive the news of the approach of Louis the Twelfth of France to avenge Charles the Eighth. A thread of romance runs through this story of war and intrigue, and the author of "Valentino" has made a very readable book.

MAGDALEN'S FORTUNES is another novel by W. H. Helmberg, the author of "Gertrude's Marriage," "Two Daughters of One Race," "Lora," etc. Here we have the pen name for a distinguished lady novelist of Germany. It is well translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and illustrated by photogravure, and well done. The publishers are the Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York, and it is for sale by Dammell & Upham, Boston. There is a great sameness in many of the German stories, and this is one of the lighter kind. The only bad thing is a duel, but the Germans do not view duels in the light they are looked upon in this country.

A KNIGHT OF FAITH has for its author Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, author of "The Life of Lafayette," "A Short History of the French Revolution," "Boys' Book of Famous Rulers," and of other well-known books. Below is her short preface:—

In the realm of fiction great truths can only be hinted, not handled; lines of evidence can only be suggested, not exhaustively treated. But in the development of character these great truths may be so reflected in the life as to furnish a helpful exemplification of the living force of Divine Truth as a motive power in human hearts. It is with the hope of affording some such aid, however slight it may be, to seekers after truth that the present volume has been written.

This is a much more pleasing book than many of the late so-called religious novels, and a careful reading finds the leading characters worthy of esteem, if not of imitation in all respects. The publisher thinks this effort a complete refutation of Robert Eismere. Certainly the worthy purpose of Eric Elmore to seek as sedulously for the evidences in favor of Christianity as he had formerly sought for those against it, might be copied profitably by many. He heroically decides that he will not ask the lovely Dorothy to marry him until he has fully decided whether he can accept the truths she believes or not. If he cannot conscientiously become a Christian, he decides not to seek her, for fear of weakening her faith. His endeavors to find the truth result as his sincere endeavors must do. While Eric and Dorothy are the leading characters, several minor characters act their part in a very natural manner. Mrs. Osgood and her daughter Judith are decidedly worldly, but the others give a pleasing variety.—New York: J. S. Oglivie, 57 Rose Street; 182 Wabash Avenue; Chicago. 288 pp. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.

THE EXTINCTION OF EVIL is the title of a book composed of three theological essays by Rev. E. Petavel, D. D., Free Lecturer at the University of Geneva, Switzerland. They are translated, with an introductory chapter, by Rev. Charles H. Oliphant of Melburn, Mass. The preface is by Rev. Edward White, minister of Allen St. Chapel, Kensington, London, author of "Life of Christ," "Mystery of Growth," etc. It is published by Charles H. Woodman, 144 Hanover Street, Boston. The book contains 184 pages and is sold for 75 cents. This work is written in support of the doctrine of conditional immortality as the only antidote for prevailing Universalism. Man is not absolutely immortal, or by nature destined to endless life. By his sin man is under sentence of capital punishment, or extinction of all life—"a destiny from which he is to be saved only through the Divine Incarnation, that is, the union of the Eternal Life of God with human nature. In the person of Christ, by regeneration, and the resurrection in glory." In brief, eternal life is the gift of God through Christ, but only those who will accept it are to have it. All others are to cease to be, both body and soul. Such is the doctrine ably presented here. To this doctrine the great body of evangelical believers, including ourselves, do not subscribe.

ROMANISM AND THE REPUBLIC is a volume which discusses the purposes, assumptions, principles, and methods of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Its author is Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, M. A., of Worcester, Mass., and it has an Introduction by Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, D. D., late superintendent of missions of the Methodist Episcopal church in Italy. It is 51-2x7 3/4 inches and contains 496 pages.

It would be more than could be expected for such a book to be absolutely correct on all minor points, and in reference to this our readers will remember the discussion of Rev. Mr. Starbuck and Mr. Lansing. The book is, on the whole, a strong presentation of the growth of Romanism in this country, and the dangers that threaten us from it. We reserve the privilege of a fuller notice. It is published by W. Kellaway, Boston.—ROMANISM IN FOUR CHAPTERS, TOGETHER WITH AN OPEN LETTER TO ARCHBISHOP IRELAND IN REPLY TO HIS STRICTURES, a small volume by Rev. Henry Clay Mable, D. D. This book furnishes a temperate, judicial, and candid discussion of Romanism. It gives credit where credit is due, while holding out the beacon of warning which patriotism, social economy, and true religion must prompt in view of the daring encroachments of this booby propaganda upon free and cherished institutions. It determines what is Romanism, examines its claims, its spirit, its methods, and in the light of these, ascertains what our attitude should be in regard to it. Aside from the added interest felt in the book, resulting from the response which these lectures evoked from Archbishop Ireland, it may be considered an intelligent and interesting presentation of the subject. It is published by Thos. J. Morrow, 18-20 North 4th St., Minneapolis. 12mo, fine cloth, 50 cents; paper cover, 25 cents.

TABLE TALK.

—Our Little Men and Women for December will make the children dance with delight. It is one of the best of this month.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have incorporated in their convenient Riverside Edition of Browning's Works all the changes and corrections recently made by the author, and as the changes in "Pauline" were very numerous, they have reprinted the poem in its previous form as an Appendix to the volume in which the revised version appears.

—The numbers of *Little's Living Age* in no way decrease in value as the year nears its close. In the issue for Dec. 14 Dean Plimtre ably examines the question of "Christianity and Socialism." Other valuable papers are "Fisher Life in Scotland," "Some Indian Legends," "A Day in Damascus," "Notes for an Unsentimental Journey," "Folk-Lore in Northern Portugal," and "The Old Wells of Burma." Besides, there is the serial and installments of poetry.

—The December Boston *Musical Herald* is an interesting number. Some of the most noticeable articles are "Danger Ahead," by Bayreuth; "George W. Chadwick" (with portrait); "Mozart's Dramatic Work." The danger at Bayreuth is the popularity of the festivals. Wagner selected an "out-of-the-way place," that only those who love and are interested in music would go there, but he did not consider the omnipotence of fashion. Correspondence, shorter articles, news, music, etc., make up a good number.

—"The brightest of the children's magazines," says the *Springfield Republican*, "is the *Wide Awake*." Surely the December number leads one to endorse the above decision. "A Legend of the Christmas Rose" is the title of the opening poem by Francis L. Mace. The serial stories are a specialty of the number. We need mention only Boyesen's "Sons of the Vikings," W. O. Stoddard's "Gid Granger," Grant Allen's "Wednesday the Tenth." The Christmas feature is strongly marked.

—The December *Babyhood* considers "A New Aspect of Catarrhal Troubles," "The Value of Repetition," "Natural Science in Home Training," "Nursing in Diseases of Children," "Burns and Scalds," "Mental Hygiene for Nervous Children," "The Breakfast Table," "The Mothers' Parliament," "Baby's Wardrobe," "Nursery Problems," "Nursery Literature," "Current Topics," are full of suggestions, hints, and instruction. Deservingly this excellent monthly is constantly increasing its subscription list.

—The *Sideral Messenger* for December closes volume VIII. Much encouragement has been received in regard to the new features for the periodical for 1890. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Gen. O. M. Mitchell. Prof. Asaph Hall writes of "The Resisting Medium in Space," and concludes that the Encke comet alone shows evidence of a resisting medium, and possibly the variations of the comet can be explained on other causes. Thus science is at present destroying theories, and in the future positive results may be reached. J. G. Porter writes of "Ormsby Macknight Mitchell," and Herbert A. Howe of Earth-Tremors." Several other articles and valuable editorial matter complete the number.

—We hope to clear our table of books for notice before Christmas, but we have still waiting for a notice several valuable books from D. C. Heath and Co., Boston, and the firm can well be congratulated for the excellent books they are producing. One or two of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s are on hand, and the excellence of their books is world-wide. The very valuable work on "Studies in Pedagogy," by Thomas J. Morgan, A. M., D. D., the able Indian commissioner, published by Silver, Burdett and Ginn, Boston, will receive early attention. The same can be said of "An Egyptian Princess" by George Ebers, published by John B. Alden. Lee and Shepard, Charles Scribner's Sons, and D. Lothrop Company published very valuable holiday and other books, many of which have been noticed recently in our columns. Still another book worthy of notice on our table is "Great Senators of the United States Forty Years Ago," by Oliver Dyer, published by Robert Bonner's Sons.

—The *Andover Review* for December has the following six papers in the order given: "The Old Pessimism and the New," by Rev. Chauncy B. Brewster; "Holman Hunt and the Pre-Raphaelites," by Miss Agnes Maule Machar; "The Spectre of the Negro," by J. R. Kendrick, D. D.; "The Recovery of the Devotional Element in Work and Worship," by Rev. DeWitt S. Clark; "Pulpit Prayer," Pastor; "The Problem of Duty: A Study in the Philosophy of Ethics," by Rev. Charles F. Dole. The fourth and fifth papers are related. All these papers are valuable, and the most of them treat great practical questions with a breadth and justness of view worthy of thoughtful consideration. This is eminently true of the Negro question. The editorials treat "From Progress to Comprehensive-

Rheumatism is undoubtedly caused by lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, hips, and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

ness," "The Modern Pulpit: Limitation of Emancipation," "Public Reading of the Scriptures," and "Parochial Schools in Massachusetts." The "Sociological Notes" discuss "Industrial Education" and "Profit Sharing." There are able notices of important books.

Farm and Home.

Moan on ye cold and winter winds,
Against the frosted window-panes!
Ye cannot change the love that binds,
With strong and fervent chains,
The heart that beats and never wanes.

Lash in your might the aged tree,
Spare not her form, though bending low,
Nor let a leaf there clinging be,
But blow ye winds and blow,
Ye cannot change the heart in me.

—Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE DAIRY INTEREST.

All over the northern part of our country there seems to be a general agitation of the subject of dairying. At Grange meetings and farmers' institutes this is a leading topic, and the best breeds for the purpose, the best feed to obtain the best results, the silo system, with its relation to dairying, the systems for the manufacture of butter, are considered and compared.

Why is the farming interest thus agitated? Simply because our Eastern farmers are compelled by the competition from the West in the production of beef, which at one time was a leading agricultural interest, to abandon the business and seek for some other way to utilize their rich pasture lands. And co-operative dairying appears to be about the only resource remaining. Where this has been tried, it seems to give good results. In towns in the interior, remote from railroads, the creamery is, we believe, just what is needed, and it will enable the farmer to realize more from his stock than in any other way with which we are acquainted. The produce of the dairy in the shape of butter is more easily transported than milk, and much more easily preserved. In many places near railroads where milk has been sold at the cars, creameries have been established, the farmers believing that more is realized in that way than by selling the milk.

It is hoped that the subject will continue to be agitated until creameries will be generally established and the butter of the country will all be made at them. This will relieve the farmer's wife of much drudgery, and at the same time give a more even product.

The Illinois State Grange offered \$10,000 for a practical reaping machine that would bind with straw. A result of the offer was that forty inventors competed for the prize and the prospect is that a successful machine will be in the field another season.

Wisconsin has a stringent law against weeds, and town officers are obliged to see to their destruction. If the weeds are not attended to, the owners of the land are liable to a heavy fine.

Much is said about the abandoned farms of New England. How would it do to talk some about the half-cultivated farms and their improvement.

After the ground is frozen is the best time to manure or mulch strawberries. Coarse manure is good for this purpose or pine leaves.

Lettuce is one of the most profitable crops of the market garden and it is in demand in our large towns all the year.

Western stockmen are beginning to learn that stock requires protection from the cold weather.

Claus Spreckels started his sugar refinery on Monday of last week in Philadelphia. He can refine 4,000,000 pounds of sugar a day. As he is not in connection of the sugar trust it is expected that the tendency of this establishment will be to keep the price of sugar from rising.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA

NO MAN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE SYSTEM IN WHICH THE CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humbling, itching, scaly, and simply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood-purifier internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

100 SONGS for 2 cent stamp. Hous & Yarn, Clark, O.

CANTAPAS FOR CHILDREN.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HERBERTS, (30 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Lewis, CAUGHT NAPPING, (30 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Lewis, JINGLES FOR BEARS, (30 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Lewis, CHRISTMAS GIFT, (15 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Rosabel, GOOD TIDINGS, (30 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Rosabel, KING WINTER, (30 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Rosabel, MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS, (30 cts.; \$1.50 doz.) Towne.

FOUR CHRISTMAS SERVICES

By Rosabel. Each 5 cts.; \$4. per hundred.

Birthday of Our Lord. Holy Christ Child. Old, Sweet Story. Joyful Chimes.

CAROLS AND SONGS.

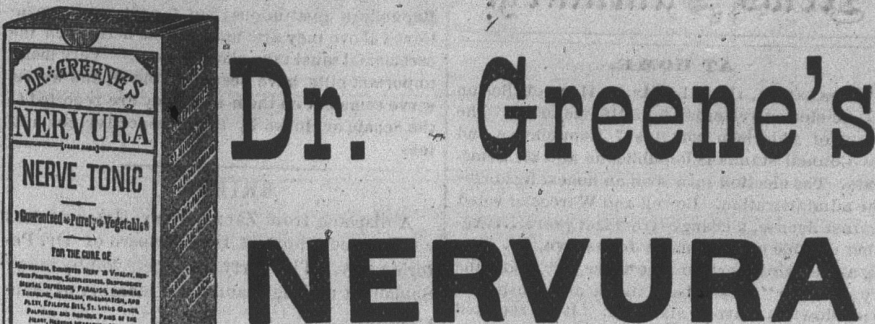
3 Collections by Howard, 10 Carols, 7 Carols; (each 10 cts.) HOLLY BOUGHES, (15 cts.; \$1.44 doz.) NEW PICTURES FOR XMAS, (30 cts.; \$1.44 doz.)

W. PUBLISH IN SHEET MUSIC FORM, very many superior pieces, that for quality, might well be termed Prize Songs. Six good specimens at 5 Signal Bells at Sea, (40 cts.) Hayes, Victory of Old Fates of Home, (40 cts.) Stults, Mamma's Lullaby, (40 cts.) Edwards, Cotton Field Dance, For Piano, (40 cts.) Gilder, Thomas of New York, (40 cts.) Knight, Military Schottische, (30 cts.) Rollinson.

Any book or piece mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston.

"The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Century."



Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.

The Great Nerve, Brain and Blood Invigorant.

Fac simile of bottle.

Be sure and get this remedy.

ALL WHO ARE WEAK AND NERVOUS.

These are the feelings of which so many complain. They are weak, tired and exhausted; they have no life or ambition; they become irritable, cross, blue and discouraged; in some cases there are pains and aches in various parts of the body, and there are often indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, constipation, dull head and general dispirited feeling.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS AND TIRED WAKING

Follow. Neglect of these symptoms results in excessive nervous prostration, mental depression, inability to perform any kind of work, trembling, cold feet, poor circulation and weakness and weariness of the limbs. Do not fall, nervous sufferer, to use the great remedy, Dr. Greene's Nerve Tonic, which is beyond all doubt the

MOST STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING

remedy for both nerve and body over-due, and is an absolutely certain cure for all weakness and exhausting nervous diseases. Use it and you will be surprised at its marvelous curative powers. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations. Only the genuine Dr. Greene's Nerve Tonic has no equal. Insist on having Dr. Greene's Nerve Tonic if you wish to be certain of being cured.

Price, \$1 Per Bottle.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TIRED BRAIN AND DEBILITATED BODY.

Do not neglect the first symptoms. Thousands become completely prostrated, paralyzed or insane by not knowing or realizing that the nervousness, gloom of the mind, loss of memory, nervous weakness and depression show an exhaustion of nerve force which will in time result in utter mental collapse and absolute prostration of nerve and physical power.

SHATTERED NERVES AND EXHAUSTED ENERGIES.

Save yourselves from these terrible results while there is time, by the use of the wonderful nerve invigorator and health restorer, Dr. Greene's Nerve Tonic. Its effects are truly wonderful, and it is only necessary to use it to be convinced of its remarkable restorative and strengthening powers. It invigorates the blood and tones up the nerves.

A SURE AND POSITIVE MEANS OF CURE.

It is an absolute specific for nervous debility and physical exhaustion. Persons with weakened nerves and exhausted vitality can regain their strength and vigor by its use. It restores lost energy and invigorates the weakened vital powers in old and young.

Price, \$1 Per Bottle.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

10,000 AMERICAN STEM WINDING WATCHES TO BE GIVEN FREE

We will give 10,000 Stem Winding American Watches FREE to those who will assist us in procuring new subscribers to our *ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY*. The accompanying list represents the watches to be given away. We will send one to each of our new subscribers, and one to each of our old subscribers who will send us a new subscriber. This is a well-known fact, and every one who has seen our magazine knows it. We will give away some elegant premiums, worth in itself many times the subscription price of the *ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY*, and we will forward it by mail, postpaid, with GOLD PLATED CHAIN, and we will send it to you as soon as we receive your subscription. We charge you nothing for this premium, and the only way you can secure it is to send \$1.00 for one year's subscription, which we will send you any one of our watches, and the other will hold you for SIXTY DAYS ONLY. Subscribe at once, no time to lose, and get a handsome watch in the bargain. We will not sell it. We will give it away, and the only way you can secure it is to send \$1.00 for one year's subscription, which we will send you any one of our watches, and the other will hold you for SIXTY DAYS ONLY. Subscribe at once, no time to lose, and get a handsome watch in the bargain. We will not sell it. We will give it away, and the only way you can secure it is to send \$1.00 for one year's subscription, which we will send you any one of our watches, and the other will hold you for SIXTY DAYS ONLY. Subscribe at once, no time to lose, and get a handsome watch in the bargain. We will not sell it. We will give it away, and the only way you can secure it is to send \$1.00 for one year's subscription, which we will send you any one of our watches, and the other will hold you for SIXTY DAYS ONLY. Subscribe at once, no time to lose, and get a handsome watch in the bargain. We will not sell it. 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News Summary.

AT HOME.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11.—Mayor Hart of Boston was re-elected yesterday by a 5,116 majority. The Board of Aldermen contains 7 Republicans and 25 Democrats. The election turned on an honest business-like administration. Lowell and Worcester voted against license, a change from last year. Another terrible catastrophe at Johnstown, Pa. During a theatrical performance there last night the cry of "fire" was raised and a mad rush was made down a narrow staircase. It is reported that 12 persons were killed and 30 wounded. Mrs. Scott-Lord, sister of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, died at Washington yesterday. The steamship *Amara* brought to Boston yesterday 1,573 tons of sugar, the largest cargo ever brought to this port. Whitney & Co., New York, dry goods, have suspended; liabilities about half a million. The inundation of the Sacramento River has done considerable damage in some portions of California. The barbed wire trust has collapsed. The strike on one division of the Northern Pacific Railway, which began last Sunday, threatens to extend and become a serious affair. The funeral of Jefferson Davis occurs at New Orleans, largely attended. The centennial anniversary of Washington's inauguration is commemorated in the House of Representatives, Chief Justice Fuller delivering the oration.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12.—Boston Merchants' Association held a brilliant banquet at the Vendôme. Speeches are made by ex-President Cleveland Governor Ames, President Lane, Alderman Rogers, Hon. Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, Andrew Carnegie of Pittsburgh, and Hon. William L. Putnam of Portland, Me. The great sugar scheme in Kansas has collapsed.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13.—The New York Supreme Court decides that the city authorities cannot be prevented from pulling down the overhead wires. During a fire in a hotel in Kansas city yesterday morning one man was burned to death and four persons were injured.

SATURDAY, DEC. 14.—Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, ex-president of the Philadelphia and Reading Road, has taken his own life in Washington. Kilrain, is sentenced at Purvis, Miss., for fighting with Sullivan to a fine of \$200 and imprisonment for two months. The S. C. legislature has repealed the civil rights bill enacted by the Republicans when in power.

MONDAY, DEC. 16.—The Exchange Elevator at Buffalo was burned on Sunday; loss \$25,000. Ten tons of nitro-glycerine exploded yesterday near Warren, Penn.

TUESDAY, DEC. 17.—Four of the prisoners charged with complicity in the Cronin murder were found guilty; three of them got life sentences and one a sentence of three years. Bages was acquitted. The Third National Bank of Malone, N. Y., has suspended. The bill for the construction of eight battle ships meets with Secretary Tracy's approval. The Senate voted yesterday to adjourn from Dec. 19 to Jan. 4.

ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11.—Influenza is epidemic in Paris. A sensation has been produced at Brussels by an article in the *Frankfort Zeitung* to the effect that King Leopold must be cautious if he desires to retain his throne. Switzerland has refused to naturalize the Austrian arch-duke John as a citizen of the Republic.

The Shah has ordered his ministers to form a commission to study the laws of European countries, with a view to framing the draft of new civil and criminal codes. He has expressed his willingness to forego such of his personal prerogatives as the interests of his people may require. Heavy snow storm through central Germany.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12.—Emir Pasha had a rest-less night, disturbed by frequent and very severe paroxysms of coughing. He is unable to swallow solid food. His bruises continue very painful. Otherwise his condition is unchanged. Despite the amnesty declared in Crete, twenty Christians were recently brought before the authorities there in chains and beaten with rods.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13.—The Russian government is about to appoint special attaches to each of the leading Russian embassies abroad whose duty it will be to study the railway and telegraph systems of the country in which they are located. The Queen has telegraphed to the family of Albert Browning an earnest expression of her sympathy with them in their bereavement. Mr. Parnell is recovering from his illness.

SATURDAY, DEC. 14.—Two thousand colliers in the Marquis of Londonderry's Scotch coal mines in Durham strike owing to a dispute about wages. The number of persons in Berlin who are suffering from influenza is placed at 15,000.

MONDAY, DEC. 16.—Stanley proposes to remain at Zanzibar several weeks. He will go from there to Cairo, and thence to London in the spring. A cold-blooded massacre of Siberian exiles by Russian soldiers is reported.

TUESDAY, DEC. 17.—The strike of the employees of the South Metropolitan Gas Co., London, has proved a failure. Emir Pasha expects to die by the end of the present month.

Congress.

Speaker Reed had within a week of his election announced five of the committees. Such progress is not only unusual, but surprising. The leading committee, that of Ways and Means, is a strong one. McKinley of Ohio and Dingley of Maine are the more prominent Republicans on it. Carlisle and Mills hold corresponding places on the Democratic side. Mr. Reed is trying on his part for real work. Our Washington correspondent says: "In the past, Congress has not thought of settling down to public business until after the Christmas holidays. Indeed, seldom have the committees been announced until just before the adjournment for the holiday recess, and December of the first session has been an off month. But by this prompt action on the part of the Speaker the practical work of the session, in some of its branches, there begin at least a fortnight before Christmas. There is much for encouragement in a good beginning, and at the present rate, with no unexpected cause for delay, the difficult task of House organization will be completed much before the usual time." The sensation of the defalcation of Silcott, the cashier of the ex-mercantile arm, has not died out. It is not yet known whether members can recover what they lost by him. The Congressional investigation of the case just ended, leaves it to the House to decide where the loss shall fall; whether on the individual members or on the Government. Our correspondent further says: "On Wednesday last both Houses of Congress took holiday in order to attend, in the Hall of the House (where all official ceremonies are held, because it is so much larger than the Senate Chamber), the exercises commemorative of the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington. The program was very simple. There was music, a prayer by the chaplain of the Senate, an address by Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court, and the benediction by the chaplain of the House. The exercises were attended by the President and Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, delegates to the Pan-American and International Marine Conference now in session in the city, and the principal officers of the Government. Ceremonies of this kind in Washington must necessarily be of an official character, and attendance is only by card. There is no hall in the world, I may say, that could accommodate half of the crowd that would attend

on such occasions, were they open to the public. Exclusive assemblies are not in keeping with our Republican institutions; but for the reason mentioned above they are unavoidable here when the ceremonial must take place indoors." Very many important bills have been introduced, and we reserve comment on them until they are reported to the Senate or House by their respective committees.

BRIEFS.

A dispatch from Zanzibar says later advice confirm the report of the massacre of Dr. Peter's party. The party was encircled by many Somalis at midnight and not a member of them escaped.

One of the witnesses who recently testified at Salt Lake regarding the oaths of the Endowment House has had one valuable horse killed and another shot at, but not fatally injured, by his Mormon neighbors.

The heir apparent to the Japanese empire became of legal age (11 years) on Nov. 3. He was appointed to some honorary offices and given a sword that has been kept in the imperial family since 701.

The Norwegians are said to be the longest lived people in the world. Official statistics show that the average duration of life in Norway is 49.33 for the men, 51.30 for the women, and 49.77 for both sexes. The duration of life has increased of late years.

At a meeting of the governors of the thirteen original States, held in Washington, Tuesday of last week, steps were taken to provide for the erection of a memorial structure in Philadelphia to commemorate the achievements of the nation during its one hundred years of independence.

Robert Browning, the distinguished English poet, died Thursday evening, Dec. 12, at Venice where he had gone for the benefit of his health. This was a surprise to many, for his recovery was hoped for. His end was peaceful, unmarked by pain. This century has produced no character of more decided individuality than Mr. Browning. A place has been offered for his tomb in Westminster Abbey, where he will be buried in deference to the wishes of the English people, though the family would prefer that his remains should rest at Florence with those of his first wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died in 1861.

Oliver Johnson, the veteran abolitionist, author and editor, passed away at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday afternoon of last week. Had he lived to Dec. 27 he would have been 80 years old. A native of Peacham, Vt., he served an apprenticeship in the printing business in the same State. Four days after he attained his majority he became editor of a new paper, *The Christian Soldier*, and from that time, up to the last year of his life he devoted his time and labor to the anti-slavery cause as a lecturer and as an editor, manager, and contributor to newspapers. During the next five years he was the managing editor of *The Independent*, resigning in 1870 to become editor of the New York *Weekly Tribune*. His contributions to the *Tribune* continued many years after that, but his official connection was ended in 1872, when he accepted the post of managing editor of the *Christian Union*. One of his most noted works was the book on "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times." Mr. Johnson was the youngest member of "The New England Anti-Slavery Society," formed in this city in 1839, and he undoubtedly was the last survivor. He was a man of much ability, and highly esteemed.

Personal.

Lord Tennyson is very hospitable to his old age and likes to entertain young people. Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody's daughter was married at North Platte, Neb., the other day, and the Colonel sent his blessing, \$50,000 in cash and a deed to a house and lot. The Empress of Austria is in such bad health that she is quite unequal to any social duties, and there will be hardly any court festivities and no State balls at Vienna this winter. The result is a grand migration of fashionable folks northward of Berlin. The ex-Empress of Brazil has received a telegram from Rio Janeiro informing her that all her jewels have been stolen and that the police are investigating the case. This loss will be a heavy blow to the Imperial family. In the collection of jewels were comprised the finest Brazilian diamonds there are in the world.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, who, as head of the educational department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, received and

presented to the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congress over 4,000,000 petitions for Federal aid to public schools, has written to President Harrison, thanking him in behalf of these petitioners for his recommendation of this measure in his recent message to Congress.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

NEW ENGLAND.—The New England Branch of the Christian Alliance held its annual session at Berkeley Temple, Boston, last week. Rev. Dr. George Leon Walker, pastor of the Center church at Hartford, Ct., is seriously ill, threatened with pneumonia.

MIDDLE STATES.—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says that Miss Kate Drexel, now known as Sister Katharine, has purchased sixty acres of ground at Andalusia, near Torresdale, Pa., where she will build a convent and found a sisterhood for the education of the Indian. So far as determined, the sisterhood is to train young women of a similar grade and social standing to that which Miss Drexel occupied, and who, like her, have resolved to devote their lives to the church, especially missionary work. Father Stephen of Washington, who is now in charge of the Indian Bureau of the Catholic Church in Washington, is to be attached to the new institution as spiritual adviser and supervising manager.

At the twenty-third annual meeting of the Wesleyan University, held last week in New York, an announcement was made of a gift of \$250,000 by Dr. Daniel Ayres of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of 50 years' standing.

FOREIGN.—The Sultan has authorized the erection of a Protestant chapel at Bethlehem for the use of the pilgrims to that place. The German Empress has taken great interest in the matter. The pope is in a feeble condition, not having strength for the ordinary duties of the office. A meeting of American missionaries was held at Constantinople, Dec. 5, at which it was resolved to insist that the U. S. minister to Turkey assist in prosecuting Mousa Bey for having assaulted two of their number. The Brazilian Government, it is alleged, will insist on the separation of Church and State.

IN GENERAL.—The \$10,000 recently given by Rev. Elias Bond to the Bangor Theological Seminary and to Bowdoin College is but a small part of his benefactions, according to a writer in the *Christian Mirror*, who recalls \$100,000 given by Mr. Bond for religious and charitable purposes. Though a missionary all his life, now being stationed in the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Bond has for years drawn nothing from the treasury of the Missionary Board for his support, but has put a great deal into its treasury and has supported other missionaries.

A Christmas Tour.

"It is just at this season of the year teachers and other brain-workers have a limited holiday on their hands, and ask themselves, 'What' to be done with the time after Christmas Day?'"

With this consideration in view, the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its personally-conducted supervision system by a Tourist Agent and Chaplain, offers a week's beneficial and instructive sight-seeing trip to Washington, which surely solves the problem, "time and expense."

The party will leave Boston, December 26th, at 3.40 P. M., in special parlor cars via the Old Colony Railroad, and arrive in New York next morning, to leave immediately for Washington.

They travel without a necessary thought to the incidental annoyances and uncertainty of securing a comfortable location in cars and attending to baggage, for this entire duty is assumed by the Tourist Agent, while the Chaplain lends inestimable comfort to those of her own sex.

The purchase of a ticket for \$33.50 includes all traveling expenses and hotel charges, from Dec. 26th until their return again to Boston, leaving Washington Dec. 31st; included, also, in tickets purchased, is the carriage ride for a bird's-eye view of Washington, to say nothing of the complete supervision and care for the comforts of the railroad's guests by its officials named above.

For itineraries and tickets apply to or address, S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

A Holiday Trip to Washington.

Every teacher, as well as every one else who would spend the Christmas holidays pleasantly, is interested in the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted Christmas tour to Washington. It allows three and a half days at the capital in the very heart of the season, and the expense is so trifling that every one can afford it.

The holiday party, under the escort of the Company's Tourist Agent and Chaplain, will leave Boston Dec. 26th, at 3.40 P. M., via the

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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used in children's diarrhea. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. 25 c. a bottle.

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Old Colony Railroad, in parlor cars reserved for their use, arrive in New York next morning by the Fall River boat, and leave at once for Washington. Leaving Washington for home on the morning of Dec. 31st, a stop of two and a half hours will be made at Philadelphia, allowing the party ample time to visit Independence Hall, the Mint, and other places of interest.

The excursion rate for this tour, including all necessary traveling expenses and hotel charges in Washington, is only \$33.50. It will undoubtedly form one of the most charming trips of the winter.

As the party will be limited in numbers, tickets should be purchased at once. All tickets purchased and not used will be redeemed by the company at full value. No extra charge will be exacted for baggage.

For itineraries and tickets apply to or address S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

Parties desiring to join and leave the tour in New York can procure tickets reading from that city at a rate of twenty-four dollars.

Personally-Conducted Tours to Florida via Pennsylvania R. R.

As has been the custom for a past few winters the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will this season offer to its patrons a series of select tours to Florida. The dates have been fixed for Jan. 7th, 21st, Feb. 4th, 18th and March 4th, 1890. The party will travel by special train of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars, and they will go through via the Atlantic Coast Line on a fast schedule. The Tourist Agent and Chaplain will conduct each tour in both directions, and all the details of the tours will be carried out in that superior style for which these trips have become celebrated.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations and meals en route in both directions, will be sold from New York at \$50. They will be good only on the special trains, and will only be accepted for the return trip on the regular returning train of that tour. They will admit of a stay of two weeks in Florida.

The special train will leave New York at 9.20 A. M., arriving at Jacksonville next evening.

For tickets and itineraries, apply to ticket agents, or address S. W. F. Draper, 249 Broadway, New York, or 205 Washington Street, Boston.

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