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## The Morning Star - volume 34 number 27 - October 5, 1859

Freewill Baptist printers

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very, that of kings becomes almost reasonable and respectable.

Let us look a little at the case related by the Crescent. Two bright, intelligent, free, colored men are compelled, not by individual cruelty or brutality, but by a deliberate law of the State of Louisiana, to doom themselves and their posterity to slavery, for no crime, no offense, except that of their hereditary descent, and this in a country which professes to disregard all distinctions of birth or blood in its laws and Constitution. It is not pretended, even, that these men needed to be taken care of—that they could not provide for themselves. It is expressly stated, on the contrary, that they were doing a good business, earning, one seventy-five, the other one hundred dollars a month. And this is but a single instance out of a multitude of similar cases. Compared to this, the Mormon outrage, which so shocked the civilized world, sinks into insignificance. And yet so debased have the moral sense and the political instincts of the American people become by the long-continued domination of the slaveholding aristocracy that crimes which will ring forever through history, and stains that will never be effaced from our national fame, are regarded with complacency by a large part of our population, and by the rest, with few exceptions, are passed over with apathy, or at most with a smile or a sneer. We are doing rapidly as a nation into despotism of the vilest kind, and are renewing in the middle of the nineteenth century the most atrocious oppressions of the fifteenth and sixteenth. And yet men are found, and in the free States, too, who justify these things in the name of democracy.—*Tribune.*

## MORNING STAR.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1859.

The General Conference of our denomination, which is held triennially, commences in Lowell, Mass., to-day, and will continue through this week, and the most of next.

We are informed that it is proposed to have a kind of Denominational Social Gathering in one of the large Halls in Lowell on the evening previous to the close of Conference, which will probably be about Thursday, the 13th. Let none make arrangements to return home before this.

### THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

The large heartedness of Jeremiah, as expressed in his wish that "his head were waters and his eyes a fountain of tears, that he might weep day and night over the slain of the daughters of his people," challenges the admiration of every Christian. It was magnanimous, unselfish, just that trait of character which allies the human to the Divine.

But Jeremiah is not the only one who has been moved by such concern for others. All who have had the spirit of Christ have wept over sinners, and had great heaviness and continual sorrow for those who reject the offers of mercy. And when the forces which Christ has ordained to effect the redemption of sinners are disorganized, enfeebled and powerless, this distress is intensified. Sinners perishing and the church distracted, or sickly and discouraged! What Christian can contemplate it without pain? And who of us escape such visions? Are there not such churches around us on every hand? Do we not see them losing ground by removals and death, with no accessions from the ranks of sinners? Their public meetings are irregular, their preaching of a low order, and but little of it, their congregations small; their young people are not gathered into Sunday schools, but are trained under the culture of sinners; their resources limited and influence insignificant. There are scores and hundreds of churches in the East and in the West, which scarcely have an existence; their life is almost crushed out of them, and yet they are surrounded by broad fields that need vigorous culture. Can we consider their case and not be moved? Have we no heart to feel for them in their low estate? and can we do nothing for their relief? O if all of our ministers felt as Jeremiah did, there would be effort, prayer, labor, more efficient scheme to nurse and strengthen the things that remain, and save those feeble churches from extinction.

If the laity were filled with the spirit of Christ, they would co-operate in the good work with redoubled zeal. If more cannot be done in this direction than have been doing, we are destined to suffer decline, discouragement and disgrace. The outskirts of our army are being depleted, churches upon the old battle field of our fathers need vigorous efforts to resuscitate them, and in new fields of decay and death seem quite as prevalent as life and growth. We ought to reverse this whole matter. We can do it. Do we say, we will do it? Let this be our watchword.

### REVELATION OR REASON.

Having settled the question that the Bible is a revelation from God, it is the province of reason to interpret, but not to add to or subtract from the inspired system.

We hear much said at the present time about the dignity, the divinity of reason, and its competency to guide us in all matters earthly and Divine. But this is no new boast. It is as old as time, and as false as sin. What has been the success of man in reasoning out truth in relation to God and eternity? How has he prospered in this sublime task? His feats of reason, his follies and failures in speculations, are enough to bring a crimson blush of shame to the cheek of the most brazen egotist among these "wise men."

Reason alone revelation! Men of reason not in need of a revelation! Man by force of reason find out God's will and man's duty! Well, just bring forward two of these Solons of wisdom who agree in these important matters, and we will listen. The theories of these men of might have been as numerous upon the stream of time as bubbles upon the dancing wave, and have burst as soon. Reason in religious matters has thus far made sorry work. Our Strauss, and Newman, and Parkers, and Smiths sparkle and boast, assert, swell, and look complacent, and assume great wisdom, with not a whit more credit to reason than the "wise men" who played egotist and created "babes," thousands of years ago. And cannot agree among themselves, nor can either one of them agree with himself. The Parker and Smith of to-day laugh to scorn the infallible Parker and Smith of yesterday; and to-morrow they will be leveling the infallible artillery of reason against the infallible spring of reason which they foster to-day. But all of this fails to clip their wings of vanity. They are willing to accept so much of the Bible as accords with their reason, and no more! But all the scribes in the country could not change, add to, or subtract from, and mutilate the Bible fast enough to keep pace with their tergiversations. And no man could be assured when he carried in his family the infallible light of these giants of reason that he would not awake in the morning to be rebuked and condemned by another decree from the same source, for the sentiments he had welcomed to his heart in confidence, and with the hope that he had found rest at last.

If we have no revelation from God now, the failures, the disgraceful failures of reason in ancient and modern times, to come to any solid and harmonious conclusions in regard to the vast concerns of the soul and eternity, prove that we are in great need of one. There is no want so imperative as this. These great questions, upon which our happiness and hope rest, must be answered by God, or remain unanswered. We believe that they are answered truly, wisely, in the Bible, and to that we will cleave. We will at least hold fast to this light until philosophers, men of reason, agree upon a better system. We cannot exchange this light for the rockets, meteors and sparks which they have thus far produced. Talk about reason above revelation! So is a taper above the sun in splendor, as much. Reason should be vigorously employed in deciding what bears evidence of being a revelation from God, and to interpret such a revelation, discover its real meaning. Beyond this it is unsafe to rely upon it.

### WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY.

There is a vast amount of talent and means turned to no good account, from comparatively trifling misconceptions. Many would be useful, if they knew how. All desire to be happy, and most are aware that happiness is inseparably connected with usefulness. Not a few also have sincere desire to be useful from benevolence. They would not live merely for self. The promptings of a better nature forbid it. Still the question arises, how can I be useful? What can I do?

Some are waiting to be employed, like those represented by Christ as standing idle in the market. He had indeed given the command to all, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Yet as he went out from hour to hour he found many idle, and excusing themselves for not entering, because no one had employed them. So it is now. The wide world is before us, with all its innumerable wants and demands; and the call is to every one, as much as though given by an audible voice from Heaven: "Go into my vineyard and labor."

"But what shall we do?" First, have you nothing to do for yourself? Some are so benevolent to others, that they do not do justice to themselves. Now, we are not required to love others better than ourselves, but as ourselves, which implies that we have duties to ourselves as well as to others. Is there then nothing you can do in this direction? Is your own heart, life, example right? This is a great matter, and of vital consequence. Very little can we do for others, if our own conduct is neglected. Not that we can do nothing for others until we are absolutely perfect. But we must be consistent; our lips and lives must correspond, so that we can speak from experience. Example always has the highest influence.

Next, "for whose benefit shall we labor?" We answer, never wait for great occasions. There is much of pure romance in the aspirations of many. If they could have some station of great responsibility, they think they could fill it; but neglect and despise smaller trusts. Could they be missionaries, ministers, or occupy some leading position in society, they would be useful; but in their little sphere they can find nothing worth doing. Such should consider the words of Christ: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

Are you a member of a family? Here is a very important field of usefulness. Some have rendered the highest service to mankind by their faithfulness in this relation. The culture of one immortal mind is a great and responsible work.

Are you a teacher, or scholar in the Sabbath school? If not, become one without delay, for here you may be useful. Are there no poor in your vicinity with whom you can sympathize? None wandering, whom you can lead to the right path? Yes, there is plenty to do on all sides. Then up and be doing, for there is no time to waste.

### NEGLECT OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Those who are in the habit of attending upon the stated means of grace, who hail with delight every Sabbath dawn, and say with feeling,

"Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest!"

who love the sanctuary as David did when he declared, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness"—who love the prayer circle, the conference room, and the society of Christians wherever enjoyed—such feel that these are most precious privileges, and they would rather be deprived of any earthly blessing, than to be denied these foretastes of the heavenly land.

But do we realize how many are indifferent to these things? The Sabbath bell awakens no responsive echo in their hearts, they take no delight in approaching to God, their feet rarely if ever tread the courts of the Lord. They would rather spend the hours of God's holy day in a pleasure excursion, or even in listless reverie at home, than in attendance at the house of worship.

Neglect of the Sabbath and of the means of grace connected with it, are fearfully prevalent, and increasing in our land. Most of those who prize these means are probably not aware of the extent of this neglect. It is of course greater in some localities than in others. Some cities, villages, and country communities are exemplary in this respect. The mass of the people—almost all who consistently can be, are regular in attendance upon the means of grace. But such instances are exceptions, and also rare, and we fear too are becoming rarer. In this we are sadly degenerating from the practice of our fathers. In many communities well supplied with churches, not one half the people are church-going; in others, not one fourth; in others still less; while other large portions are almost wholly unsupplied. To-day a considerable part of old Puritan New England is missionary ground. What, then, can be expected of the newly settled districts, especially of the great West?

What can be done in view of this state of things? We cannot now stop to discuss the causes which have produced it, or the various methods proposed to remedy it. We may say however in a word, we have no faith in any man-made device, as that of multiplying the forms and ceremonies of worship, after the manner of the Catholics. What is needed and indispensable, is the descent of the Holy Spirit upon ministers and people, and a spiritual resurrection like that in Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones. If it comes with the sensible manifestations now witnessed in Ireland, let it come. If with the still, small voice, it is equally welcome. But let us look to God. Our only hope is in Him, that he will revive his people.

### A WORD TO PARENTS.

Dear parents, sympathizing deeply with you in your responsibilities and trials, we anticipate the dawn to address a few lines to you upon the most important of all subjects, the conversion of your children.

We need not tell you that of all earthly objects your children are the most dear to you. We know what solicitude you feel for their welfare, as you sit by your cheerful fire, in the centre of the family group; and how often, as you sit down to your daily meals, your eyes fill with tears of parental affection, as your children come to their accustomed places, and sit "like olive plants around your table," and your appetite almost fails you if one seat is vacant. How often, mothers, are your thoughts tremblingly alive to the future, as at night you prepare your little ones for bed, and after they have said, "Our Father," you tuck them in, as though you would not only secure them against the dangers of the night, but from all coming harm. How often, in the night watches, you rise and survey them, as all unconscious they lie sweetly sleeping before you, and it may be, you drop on to your knees and silently implore the Divine Watcher to preserve and bless them. If one of them is ill, how readily every other call is denied, and all your efforts are bent to bring back the wanted health. How cheerfully do you labor for their good, robbing yourselves of rest and luxuries that you may furnish them with the means of making a respectable appearance in the world.

But your love and anxiety for your children should spring from a deeper principle than natural affection. It should proceed from a solemn and heartfelt recognition of your responsibility to God, as his appointed guardians not of the present only, but the eternal welfare of those whom he has committed to you to train up for him. Do you receive them thus, in their infancy, and dedicate them to God in earnest prayer, imploring his grace to assist you in meeting all your obligations, in this relation, as his stewards? In pursuance of this conception, have you been careful to instill into their infantile minds the elements of Divine truth, by teaching them passages of scripture, Bible stories, verses of hymns,

"And prayer, the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try?"

You cannot begin too early. You know not how soon these early instructions may ripen into Christian graces. We shall never forget a visit, when a mere child, to a little Sunday school mate, who was on his death bed. His mother plied her loom in the room, adjoining the little bedroom where he lay, and while she was thus employed, she heard him repeat the verses of scripture and hymns which she had taught him from his infancy, not knowing what a help they would be in his sorest need. A few nights after, his little son passed triumphantly to the skies.

Do you begin while they are yet very young, to take them with you to the Sunday school, and to the house of God? Too often parents leave it optional with their children whether or not to attend Sunday school, and if they attend, the parents do not see to it that their lessons are well prepared. Sunday school teachers should be considered as auxiliary to the parents; at least, the parents should co-operate most efficiently with the teacher. Will God allow you to shirk this work off upon some one who may be transiently employed in the Sunday school?

Too often, also, the principle seems to be acted upon, that it will be sufficient if the parents, or even the husband and father alone represent the family in the public worship of God. Thus while the parents are lifting up holy hands to God in the sanctuary, where are their children? Roaming through the fields and woods, converting the Sabbath into a holiday. And when the children become large, if they incline to attend meeting, the parents and children do not appear as a family in the house of God, but struggle in one after another, and sit at random through the congregation.

How is it with your family worship? Are the children present every time, if they are able to be, and does each, provided with a Testament, read in his turn; and are they required reverently to kneel, while the family "worship God"? It is sad to behold the looseness that prevails in many professed Christian families respecting the importance of family worship as a means of grace. Children allowed to be absent for the most trivial causes, and even the worship itself given up, when to attend to it would occasion a little inconvenience, or be a little crossing.

Finally, let me affectionately ask you, what is the state of your preparation as a family, for the approach of death? Should he enter your circle, would you be filled with consternation in consequence of the work which should have been with great circumspection performed from day to day, having been neglected, until now it is crowded into a space so narrow as to forbid its being well done. Consider, what it would be to see the dear child, of whose eternal interests you are now in some measure careless, writhing in the grasp of death, but unprepared to die.

### MISTRUST AND COMPLAINT.

How prone are men to borrow trouble, to mutter and complain, if matters do not move on in that way they imagine to be the best way. In this habit is bad enough when it refers to men and to human conduct; it is still worse when it relates to Providence and things in nature. A few weeks since, in the severity of the drought, how many voices were ready to exclaim, "There will be no harvest; corn will be a failure, and potatoes not half a crop. But the plentiful rains have come in season to change the face of things; and now the truth is stated thus—corn a pretty good yield, except on some light soils; potatoes abundant, of excellent quality, clear of all rot; while the great West is filled up with wheat, corn and flour more than enough to supply all demands, home and foreign. Wisconsin is estimated to have a crop of fourteen million bushels of wheat, of which she can consume only four millions, leaving ten millions for exportation from that one State. How does a bountiful Providence thus silence and shame the distrust and complaints of men, and fill us with food and gladness. But instead of real gratitude and thankfulness, we allow the plentiful harvest to pass as a very common experience, a usual occurrence, the regular order of nature; and when Thanksgiving day comes round again, only a few of all the people will go up to the sanctuary to return thanks to God—not more than one third of the ordinary Sabbath congregation.

Rather would not this be better for us—as Christians, in the season of such a drought as we had this summer, still to trust in God, pray for rain both at the family altar and in the sanctuary—not mutter a syllable of distrust as though nothing but trust, we shall have no crop this year—but to trust in Him who has said there shall be seedling and harvest, as cold and heat, day and night, to the end of the world—and when the abundant harvest does come, be thankful to God, and bless his name?

Gratitude is a very pleasing emotion—pleasant to him who exercises it, agreeable to man and acceptable to God. But mistrust and complaints are always bad. Every way it is better to hope than to borrow trouble—to do well our part, then patiently wait.

### DEATH.

How much terror there is in this word, especially to the natural heart! It is before its victim like a huge, unwelcome giant; and yet, appalling as it is, the great mass contrive to forget it. Exposed every moment and still never expecting it at present. Admonished every day, and still inclined to put it far away. Thus mankind, blindfolded, rush onward to the goal of life. They see their friends fall around them—some as unexpectedly as though it had been themselves; nevertheless they live on thoughtlessly and unprepared.

An incident illustrates this. A few days since the cry came down the street at West Buxton—that of a boy Mr. Wm. Huff was in the river, drowning. In a few moments it was ascertained to be Mr. Huff himself with his boy. Both had been taken from the bottom of the river, and strange to say, the former was dead, while the latter was able to walk home. A few minutes before this, Bro. Huff was seen coming down river on a raft, loaded with sunken wood, then he was irretrievably dead. Society was startled and astounded! "Can it be possible?" It appears that in the effort to raise another stick from the bottom of the river, the raft tipped and both were plunged into the water together; and though the father was a good swimmer, and would not have hesitated a moment to have gone to the rescue of anybody else, yet, to the astonishment of all, he sank, together with the boy. A neighbor, hearing his cry for help, swam to his raft, and succeeded, in a few minutes, in drawing him out of the water upon the raft, with the boy clinging to his clothes. The father was dead, and the son was able to walk. Who can explain it?

The multitude stood aghast at the doleful news. The cheek turned pale, the nerve trembled, the lungs heaved with a sigh, and the tongue whispered, "Can it be? Alas! a good man has fallen—a man who will be missed as a citizen, a neighbor, a Christian, and especially as a husband and father." We could but feel the truth of these remarks. All seemed ready the next day to leave their business and go with the bereaved wife and children to the place of prayer, and listen to words of instruction and condolence from the man of God. There were many sad hearts assembled. Many thought of him who was so suddenly torn away; and many thought of the disconsolate widow and fatherless children, who needed the care and counsel of him that was gone. When heart broken and fearful, they cast the last, long lingering look upon the cold form of their loved one, many a heart beat in sympathy with theirs, and formed good resolutions for the future.

They bore him to his last resting place—to the house appointed for all the living, and returned home to think of earth! The silent tear of sympathy, the ejaculation, "He is gone," and the cares and pleasures of life again engross the mind. Our mortality is forgotten! Though so signally rebuked for our carelessness, we heed it not! Others die as a matter of course, but we are not to die—yet. So it is, natural for men to dream.

But death has a language for all. It speaks to all in tones not to be mistaken. It gives warning of its approach by the removal of our friends from our side, coming nearer and nearer, until, perhaps, it selects the one we love the best, the one on whom our happiness apparently depends. It brings us down to the border of the grave, and, as if relating, it lets us its grasp, and we breathe easier until its inexorable mandate is finally obeyed.

"Die we may and die we must,  
Dust must be returned to dust."

Let us listen to the admonitions we have, and make speedy preparation for our final departure.

### DAYLIGHT.

How sweet is daylight. When the long night has been lengthened in painful vigils—when sickness in one's own person or in dear friends has made the night hours long—then, as the morning star shines in at your window, as the daydawn spreads over your room to the sufferer, how joyous is the change! So metaphorically—when the mind is in darkness; when there are fightings without and fears within, starlight and moonlight are not enough. Daylight that shall dispel all shadows, and illumine and cheer the soul, is what you pray for. And how grateful when it comes—what rejoicings when the sun-spangled morning appears after a dark and long night!

But patient, ye tried and suffering ones—Bright day will succeed to your night. The earth moves, and the glorious sun only waits the revolution, to make all bright again! Jesus is the sun. If thou art His, he will come to thee in the night of trial. Turn to Him, and look up!

"In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawn is begun;  
He is my sun's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun."

### POSTPONEMENTS.

"The act of deferring to a future time; temporary delay of business," says Noah Webster. That is just what we have been guilty of again yesterday, for the thousandth time; and these postponements, "temporary delays of business," are always bad; evil and only evil continually.

But how is it, you inquire? Well, it is just this—we intended yesterday to have written an article for the press; had a subject selected on which we wished quietly to write out those thoughts which we wished the press to publish in ten thousand ears—but we postponed it to-day. And now what? Why are we taken off—unavoidably hindered for to-day—and to-morrow is all too late to answer the purpose. Here is a dilemma! Sad—bad—an opportunity lost—what is to be done? This—we will henceforward postpone all postponement, and attend to the business next time at its proper hour. And we cordially invite all ministers who by reason of postponements have had the preparations for the Sabbath services all to make on Saturday, to join us in amending all such short-comings for the future.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE NEW YORK MEETING HOUSE.

The first of October is at hand, and we take this way to remind our friends of their promised kindness. We greatly need their assistance at that time, as we have made our arrangements according to their kind promises. Direct to E. W. Page, or me, Box 2817, New York. D. M. GRAHAM.

The Bible is the preacher's theological text book. In it he should get a lesson three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. It should stand, in his estimation, before any other treatise whatever, upon religious faith and practice. In the study of it, he should be chary in the use of "helps." They should be "helps," nothing more. The process should consist in first studying the word without note or comment; endeavoring, in all candor and honesty, to get the meaning out of the words. If this reading be in the original Hebrew and Greek, all the better. The meaning of scripture must be taken from the naked text, if it be found at all. The commentary is only the commentator's opinion of what the Scripture says, unless, indeed, it be second or third hand commentary, as many of them are, consisting of Dr. A's report of Dr. B's report of what Dr. C states to be the opinion of the fathers upon the holy writings. We do not condemn the use of commentaries, but let every man make his own commentary first, and then compare notes with others, and get what assistance he can from them in settling his own views. By coming directly to the scripture, the mind is not confused, as it must be, by the attempt to read the scripture and form an independent judgment upon its import, and, at the same time, grasp the opinions of perhaps half a dozen commentators. The last is like a student reading a classic with the aid of a "pony." He sits down with his classic in one hand, and the translation in the other; first he takes up as much of the translation as he can carry across and lay along side of the original, and when by this comparison he has possessed himself of such much of his lesson, he goes back and obtains another morsel, and thus travels back and forth, until he gets through the class assigned him. But when he comes to the class exercise, what does he really know of his lesson? At best he has a very precarious hold of the author's meaning, so that by looking upon the original he can recall enough of the translation to make out a tolerable rendering. But he has not gone to the sources whence the only reliable knowledge of his author could be obtained, his lexicon and grammar; hence, when his teacher pushes the examination, the pupil finds his fingers all thumbs. Had he first formed his own opinion by selecting the definitions from the dictionary, and constructed his sentences according to the principles of his Grammar, he might with profit have compared his own conclusions with the more learned notes and versions of ripe scholars. But nothing can compensate him for the loss of the critical study, and exercise of judgment, which independent study necessarily involves.

It is said that a good editor never reads his exchanges till after he has written his own editorials. To these he gives the first clear exercises of his mind, before he suffers himself to be confused with the heterogeneous mass which floods his sanctum from every part of the country. So, if the Bible student would have an independent and tangible opinion of the meaning of the sacred oracles, let him do his utmost to obtain it from the text itself unassisted, except by the Holy Spirit, in humble reliance upon whose guidance and illumination, the Bible should ever be studied. Afterward, having "bettered his own opinion with the learning" of the commentators, he will feel a confidence which studying the Scriptures, through the commentators, can never give.

### REGISTER FOR 1860.

This work is now out of press, and we are ready to fill orders for it. It contains, as usual, a good Almanac, with Levitt's calculations—the statistics of the denomination, comprising the names of all our churches, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, with the number of their members, and the increase or decrease the past year—the names of ministers—obituary of ministers deceased the past year—and much other valuable denominational information. The price is ten cents a copy; 20 per cent. discount will be made to those who take them on sale. For cash down, without the privilege of returning those which are not sold, the price is 84 cents a dozen, or \$6 per hundred. Orders from our brethren in all parts of the country are solicited. It is hoped that all who can will send the cash with their orders, and thus secure the work at the lowest price.

### RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

SYLVIA'S WORLD. Crimes which the Law does not reach. By the Author of "Bury Moments of an Idle Woman," "Lily," etc. 12mo. pp. 284. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The first part of this book, "Sylvia's World," is very well written, quite interesting, and has a good moral. It is better calculated to interest a certain class of lady readers in some of the large cities than readers in any other locality.

The last part of the volume, "Crimes which the Law does not reach," is composed of several short tales on "Gossip," "A Male Pilot," "A Coquette," etc. The book, as a whole, makes a very readable volume.

MISS SLIM'S WINDOW, and other Papers.—By Mrs. Mark Peabody. With Humorous Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 312. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Some papers have spoken, quite highly of the humor of this book; yet we have read it without having hardly smiled once at its wit or humor. We protest against this wholesale attack upon "Old Maids," although we have neither maiden aunts nor sisters to defend. If the author of this book is really a lady, we think she must have been urged to write by some "old grudge" against a rival. We are however loath to believe that a lady wrote it. But if the author of the "Bedell Papers" really did write it, all we can say is, there is a great falling off.

The last half of the volume is composed of short stories, very much more pleasing, which serve to redeem the book as a whole from the judgment we were about to pronounce upon it. FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILA AND POWERS: or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. 12mo. pp. 384. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The author of this book, Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, has written some valuable works for popular reading on subjects connected with the health and happiness of the human system. This is his last work, published since his death; and we wish every body might read it. To be sure, in many cases it is a sad confession of the inability of medicine to cure diseases. Yet it is no more than true. Consumption, fever, cancer, cholera, and a few other of the worst diseases which destroy ninety-nine hundredths of the human family are entirely incurable by medicine, as every physician knows. And yet a physician is one of the most important men in community. If he cannot cure a fever before it has run its course, he can often prevent it from proving fatal. And so of other diseases. The time never will come when educated physicians will not be needed. But generally, we fully believe,

one half of their visits to sick people are unnecessary, if the people would only believe. Rest, diet, pure air, proper exercise, bathing and good nursing, in very many cases of sickness will be all that can be done to any advantage; and these can all be attended to just as well without as with a physician.

This is the doctrine of this posthumous volume of Dr. Alcott. The book should be in every family.

### Correspondence of the Star.

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 21, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—It was my privilege to attend the recent session of the Vermont Yearly Meeting, held with East Randolph ch., of which Rev. Joseph Whittemore is pastor. My journey between the Putnam church, N. Y., which is between lakes George and Champlain (through Benson, Brandon, Rochester and Randolph, over two principal ridges of the Green Mountains, by private conveyance, was one of rare interest to me. About all that I had seen before of Vermont, was in my journey to General Conference in 1847, at Sutton.

Vermont, I am convinced, from what I have seen of it of late, is a much better State for farming and grazing purposes than it is generally supposed to be. The mountains are very different from those of New Hampshire, the latter being much more barren than the former. I was told that the Vermont mountains do not now, owing to drought, present their usual beauty, though now they do no injustice to their name "Green Mountains."

Taking into account the character of the inhabitants and country of Vermont, there is no more important region in New England for us as a people to cultivate. The people are generally well to do, and many of them are more wealthy than is common for a farming and rural population.

Engagements at other places prevented me from visiting any of our churches except the one at East Randolph, but I met many of the pastors at the session of the Yearly Meeting, and formed with them a most agreeable acquaintance, and shall always count my visit there among the pleasant memories of my life. The brethren of the Yearly Meeting gave our New York cause a most cordial greeting, and passed a vote which I think was unanimous, advising all the churches to give the cause a similar welcome. As brethren Woodman and Waterman were about all the acquaintance I had before in Vermont, their absence from the meeting I could not help feeling. In addition to feeling their absence, I was depressed in my spirits at the meeting by ill health. But the warm and kind greeting I received from brethren, hitherto strangers to me, soon served to make me feel myself at home. The spirit of the meeting in the main was excellent, and I can but hope the Vermont churches are soon to be refreshed by a general outpouring of the Spirit. I think there is a spirit of prayerfulness among the pastors, and a sighing for the reformation power in their midst.

I notice in the New England Yearly Meetings and Quarterly Meetings the absence of the conference meetings for a general participation in devotional exercises. Saturday afternoon, in some of the Western Yearly Meetings, is sacredly devoted to that purpose, and usually proves to be an occasion of great interest. It seems to me at most of our convocations there is altogether too much stress laid upon preaching; too much curiosity to hear great sermons; and sometimes (shall I mention it in confidence?) too much ambition among the preachers to preach great sermons. I am not now speaking of any particular locality.

Preaching is not to be neglected on these occasions, but the spirit of the meetings can be greatly improved by giving more time to prayer, and by the same means the business may be done with more thoroughness and despatch.—D. M. G.

### Correspondence of the Star.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD—NO. 19.  
Journey from Ramleh to Jerusalem—Valley of Ajalon—Gibeon—Nely Samel—Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, Syria, April 15th, 1859.

Yesterday as the sun was rising over the mountains of Judea, we mounted our horses and left the town of Ramleh. A long, but interesting ride through the passes of Benjamin, brought us to this "city of the great king." Of the three roads which lead from the coast to Jerusalem, we choose the longest, that we might pass by Beth-horon and Gibeon. We had no reason to regret the additional fatigue, as we stood, in thought, with Joshua above the steep passage, and read the story of the great victory of the Israelites at Gibeon; their pursuit of the Amorites, and the miracle which attended them, we felt that the account had a new interest and meaning. Just at our feet was the almost inaccessible side of the deep valley. Farther to the south was the beautiful "valley of Ajalon," opening and expanding into the green plains of Sharon. Behind, hid by an intervening cliff, was the city of Gibeon. We lingered over the account of the alliance of the five kings; their sudden defeat and flight; and their confusion as they poured "along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon," with deepest interest. We imagined their flight; already the silent mountains began to echo with the shouts of the pursued, as they outstripped their enemies. In the distance glistened the green fields of Philistia, which they thought would afford them a shelter. Their families seemed to welcome their approach. With frantic earnestness they leaped from stone to stone, hurrying in full stream down through the valleys, or dividing at each hill, as they hastened "in the going down to Beth-horon." Many hours had passed since that disastrous sun had lighted up the hills, and they thought that in a few hours the friendly darkness would hide them. Besides, the way was unknown to the Israelites, and to them each winding valley and deep cave, was a familiar haunt. But now the sky grows dark, not with the night, but with an angry cloud. From the blue Mediterranean, which they had seen sparkling in the noonday sun but just before, the strong wind was driving up a fierce hail-storm. Suddenly it fell upon them. In vain they rushed along the valley, or climbed to the village over against us, for "the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died." The Israelite leader had now gained the ridge on which we stood: around him his weary, yet "mighty men of valor," before him the fleeing Amorites, falling beneath the anger of God. The faint figure of the new moon shone over the valley, and just behind was the sun "in the midst of heaven." "Then spake Joshua to the Lord"—"and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." When at length that longest day of the world had ever known was ended, and the sun had set, the Gibeonites were arrayed and Israel delivered. It was down this same pass, after so many years, that the Jews under Judas Maccabeus, with but a handful as it were,

drove their enemy. Here, too, they gained their last victory over Cestius the Roman leader; so many times has the blood of man flowed in these ravines, and so often have these stern hills refused to hide the trembling fugitive, and the unwavering pursuer.

Gibeon stands upon the top of an isolated hill of limestone. Round its feet, and clinging to its sides, are the richest of groves, and the most beautiful of meadows. Orchards and vineyards encircle its towers, and rich springs of water leap from its bosom. It is frequently referred to in the Scriptures, and was called "a great city, as one of the royal cities." It was the home of those crafty men who searched their dusty hoards of rubbish, for tattered raiment and patched-up wine skins, loading their dead, beauteous with musty bread, and representing to the







was actually in the world, I may perhaps  
that I have gone through as large a course of  
general reading as most men of my

[illegible]

**PERUVIAN SYRUP.**  
Or Protected Solution of Protocatein of Iron Combined.  
THE failure of IRON as a remedy for disordered blood, has been one of the great weak points in the treatment of it to enter the stomach in the protocatein state, and associate at once with the blood stream. This want the PERUVIAN Syrup supplies, and is the only form in which it reaches the system, and enters the circulation. For this reason the class of diseases the Peruvian Syrup readily cures, are precisely those in which the usual remedies merely repress; among which are,  
**DYSPEPSIA, Affections of the Liver, Dysuria, Neuralgia, Bronchitis and Consumptive Tendencies.** It also cures the effects of Lead, Scoury, the prostrating effects of Lead or Mercury, General Debility, Dropsical swellings, &c. &c. *See Alternative*  
*(See page 7) Medicine.*  
Those who may wish for further particulars respecting the character of the Syrup, cannot fail to be satisfied with the following testimonials, in the hands of the Agents. The signatures are those of persons well known in the community, and of the highest respectability.  
**CALIF.**  
The undersigned having experienced the beneficial effects of the "Peruvian Syrup," do hereby recommend its use, and call the attention of the public thereto.  
Wm. C. FERRIBOUT, Treasurer.

stock of any kind, is rather a mean business from a pecuniary point of view. Raise supplies for animals on rich perennial grasses, if you can, for good income from your farm in stock raising.

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feet deep. Last spring, the potato made its appearance in the form of *thirty-six* stalks or vines, which grew to such height

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MATTIE ESTELLA, only daughter of Newell  
Clara A. Bickford, aged 5 years, 2 months  
days. This fair flower, thus early nipped  
chilling frosts of death, has been removed

**BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.**  
(SUMMER Arrangement, April 4, 1890. Station  
on Haymarket.)

*Trains from Boston.*

To Lawrence, (South Side), 7 1/2, and 10 1/2 A. M., and 6 30 P. M.; to Portland, (North Side), 7 1/2, 10 1/2 A. M., 12 M., and 6 30 P. M.; to Manchester, Concord, and Upper Railroads, 7 or Haverville, 7:30 A. M., 12 M., 3, 5, and 6:30 P. M.

To Dover, Dover Falls, and stations east of Haverville, 7 1/2-8 A. M., 3, and 6 P. M.

To Bangor, Bangor Falls, and stations west of Bangor, 7 1/2-8 A. M., 12 M., 3, and 6 P. M., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 P. M., to connect with Steamer Daniel Webster for Bangor and other landings.

*Trains for Boston.*

From Portland, 8:45 A. M., and 3 P. M., and on arrival of Steamer Daniel Webster from Bangor. From Dover Falls, 5:40 and 10:35 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.

From Dover, 5:50, 10:55 A. M., 5:05 P. M.

From Exeter, 6:30, 11:30 A. M., 5:50 P. M.

From Manchester, Concord, and Upper Railroads, 6:25 and 6:35 P. M.

From Lawrence, 6:20, 9:40 A. M., 6:30, 7:25 and 9:50 A. M., 12:17, 12:40 P. M., 6:32 and 6:55 P. M.