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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1856.

## THE LATE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, AND ITS RESULTS.

We have no disposition and never had to "meddle with politics" in any unwarrantable manner. However, in the pulpit and out of it, we have ever claimed the right to speak of moral subjects, whatever their connection with politics, and even of the morals of current politics, as we suppose they should be spoken of, without asking leave, or regarding the claims of such as presume to dictate what should be spoken and what should not. In treating of the late Presidential canvass, then, we propose to confine our remarks to its bearing on the subject of slavery and others of a moral character; and to ascertain, if we can, what has been the result in this direction; and what are the prospects for the future.

And, last, as to the issue.—The leading question, which overshadowed and eclipsed all others, was this. Shall slavery be extended or not into territory now free? That was the issue fairly made up, that gave character to the whole struggle, and on that turned the final decision. If this be denied, or doubted, we appeal to all the platforms laid down by every party paper issued during the canvass, to every speech pronounced in advocacy of the claims of either candidate. The changes of slavery were rung on our ears from morning to night, from the beginning to the end of the canvass.

Again, the result proves the same fact. Every slaveholding state but one gave its vote to the candidate virtually pledged to give aid and comfort to the propagators of slavery—while of the free states voting the same way were all border states; and what is more, these were the most instances carried by the counties on or near the southern line, where the influence of the institution are more sensibly and perniciously felt. To illustrate, take Illinois. The northern counties sent down a majority of 35,000 for Fremont, whilst the southern counties overbalanced this by Buchanan majorities. Now, what else than we have stated does this fact mean? But perhaps we ought not to have expended a single line on this point; it was enough doubtful, it is not this. In the result, as we expected, slavery has triumphed. Yet, all things considered, it is not a great victory. Not one that all of us much boasting—especially a northern man—for, say and think what you may, it is a triumph of the slaveholding South over the free North—and it might be supposed that every intelligent man at the North, who contributed or attempted to contribute to this humiliating result, would have sense and decency, if not moral integrity enough, to accept it with as little boasting as possible.

3d.—Consider some of the unfavorable developments of this canvass.

1. Amount of lying and personal abuse.—By general consent, lawyers are allowed to tell uncommonly "large stories"—and to assert as truth things at least improbable, with far less damage to their reputation, than would accrue to that of other men of no profession, or perhaps of other professions. Some such license has been granted to politicians, especially to political editors. The effect of this upon the moral character of all our political campaigns is apparent, and highly pernicious. If every honest man would stop his paper whenever he might detect a willful lie on the part of his editor, the evil might be corrected; and the character of such campaigns as the one we have just passed through would be greatly improved. But however this might be, no one can deny that the late campaign was characterized by a malignity of feeling—personal abuse, and base and persistent lying against one of the candidates, which disgraced the press, and ought to blast the reputation of each and every one of the perpetrators.

At the opening of the campaign, six months ago, not a man in the whole country could boast of a private and public character, fairer or more enviable than that of John C. Fremont. But no sooner was the campaign opened, than he was assailed as a man wanting in the private virtues, dishonest in his public transactions, and hypocritical in his religion—and these charges, false as every one knows, except the most credulous and stupid, were dwelt upon with a zest of malignity and persistence unparalleled, except perhaps in the case of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. It is true, other public acts of the other candidates underwent a most severe and fiery scrutiny—no doubtless some, perhaps in many instances, even misrepresentation. We think, though the facts are not now before us, that the charge brought against Buchanan, that he argued for the reduction of the compensation of the common laborer to 10cts. a day, was not warranted by any construction of his speech on that subject; but so far as our knowledge extends, neither his personal character, nor that of Mr. Fillmore, was maligned, or even assailed. This habit of falsifying facts, and uttering personal abuse, with the view of carrying an election, must result disastrously to the morals of the country, and tend fearfully to undermine and overthrow all public virtue in the land; and therefore should meet with the reprobation of all Christian and honorable men.

2. Violence at the polls.—Perhaps at no previous election were so many lives lost, and wounds inflicted, as at the late national one, and the recent state elections in Maryland and Pennsylvania. If the reports be true, hundreds were prevented from voting at all, and other hundreds of peaceable citizens were insulted and violently treated, while attempting to discharge the highest prerogative of American citizens. This was no more than was to be expected at this time.—Men who can justify the gross outrages on the freedom and purity of the ballot box committed in Kansas, would not, of course, scruple to transfer the same scenes to the states, and were doubtless only restrained from doing so to the same extent, through fear of laws and popular resistance. The purity and freedom of the ballot box constitute the palladium of our liberties, and not a moment after these are lost can we be a democratic and free people.

3. The intensity of opposition to the anti-slavery movement.—We were always aware that this was great, and that it would ultimately become desperate. But there were some developments of its spirit and violence, for which we were hardly prepared. We do not refer to the wild threats of the South to dissolve the Union, rather than to submit to the administration of a man opposed to her darling institution. Nor to

the bluster of Gov. Wise in getting his forces ready for such an event, nor to the assertion of Mr. Fillmore and others, that the South would find a justification for that measure in the election of Fremont; but to the united and desperate effort made to defeat the re-election of Anson Burlingame, not made in Virginia, nor yet in New Jersey, nor still in some of the dark corners of Pennsylvania; but in New England, even in Boston. We did suppose that in his case, even an anti-slavery proclivity would be pardoned, and that but a feeble opposition, if indeed any, would be made to his triumphant election.

The facts are these. For a long series of years the representatives of the South have taken occasion, in their congressional speeches, to assail and vilify Mass., and especially the city of Boston, heaping all manner of abuse upon the name, history and men of that godly and gallant state, and this solely on the ground of her anti-slavery character and measures. This spite and venom finally culminated in a murderous and cowardly assault on one of her Senators, whilst in the discharge of his official duties in the national Senate chamber. This base and dastardly act was endorsed by a unanimous vote in the district of the detestable miscreant, who committed the act—and nearly the whole South shrieked its hearty approval. Mr. Burlingame, at the moment of the excitement resulting from the above act, when it was dangerous for a northern man in the streets and hotels of Washington to characterize that offense as it deserved, and peaceable members of Congress felt themselves justified in taking their seats with arms for self-defense. Mr. Burlingame took his life in his hands, and stood forth in a most eloquent and powerful defense of his State and country—and what then? Why, the three political organizations opposed to him in his district, forgetting their prejudices against each other, and ignoring all party considerations, united in one of the most desperate and unremitting efforts to defeat his election, that characterized the whole campaign? We wish we could make ourselves believe that this was done, at least in part, as a rebuke to Mr. Burlingame for the part he acted in the proposed duel between himself and Brooks; but we have not a particle of evidence to that effect. On the other hand, we believe that self-respect, state pride, and a natural passion for historic fame, were all sacrificed to an opposition to Mr. Burlingame, as one of the strongest champions of the anti-slavery sentiment of the age.

We shall cite no more pernicious features or effects of the campaign, though there are many which are common to seasons of like political excitement, such as neglect of business, of religion, and the unhappy tendencies of excited passion, &c.; but shall turn to a brighter side, and notice some of its encouraging developments, and inquire as to the present position and future prospects of the anti-slavery cause, which, however, must be deferred to a future number.

## THE TRIALS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Secure in the enjoyment of Christian privileges, we often forget the furnace of affliction through which the church has travelled. Christ was a "man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," hated, maligned, persecuted, and finally murdered, under the forms of law, charged with treason, sedition, and impiety. The apostolic period was opened by the blood of Stephen, and continued a drama of terrible sufferings; fines, imprisonment, scourging, and death were the common lot of believers in every city. For three hundred years the church had no rest, no security, no guaranteed rights. In caves, forests, deserts, secluded places, they were not safe, they could not worship God without being arrested, tortured, and confined in prison.—Christians were seized and thrown to wild beasts; covered with pitch and set on fire, or flayed alive, while thousands shouted in wild and barbarous glee to behold the spectacle. Over three millions perished in three hundred years by torture, starvation, and the multitude of contrivances of barbarous ingenuity, to effect a miserable death.

These were Christians intimidated, and terror did its best to prevent persons from becoming disciples, and to turn aside those who had already believed.

In addition to this, the power of wealth, of social position, of self-interest, religious education, political ambition, were all arrayed against the existence or growth of the church. All the laws of the realm were against them, and the literature and influence of learned men were no less hostile. Power was on the side of the persecutor, and it was used with diligence and skill to demolish this new religion, which aimed a blow to the prevailing usages of the people. To become a Christian was to sacrifice all earthly honor, wealth, security for life or property, all social favors, reputation, friendship, and become an outlaw, a criminal in the eyes of the law, a pitiable fanatic in the esteem of the public.

When Christianity became national, it fared but little better.—Its alliance with political power was fatal to its vital being, crushed out its spirituality, transformed its brotherly, benevolent, self-denying spirit into a proud, emulous, selfish, aristocratic formalism. This was a severe trial than the severities of persecution; for it was more fatal than hatred and abuse, and the church retained but the name of godliness, without the power. But there were some who refused the Bible, and proved faithful to Jesus. Then have the strange spectacle of bloody persecution by the professed disciples of the Lamb of God. For one thousand years the civil and ecclesiastical power tracked with murderous purpose the true Christians, into desert, mountain, secluded valley, and dragged them to the flames, the gibbet, and more terrible dungeon, and infernal torture. O, it chills the blood and pains the heart to review the record of those dark, weary, terrible years, when Satan seemed to revel in the blood of the saints, when the true Christian had no rest by day or night, from the cat-like pursuit of the man of sin.

Two hundred years have scarcely passed since the freedom to read the Bible and worship God was refused in every nation under heaven, and now that liberty is enjoyed in only a part of the civilized world.

But the legal, political and social warfare against Christianity, has by no means been its only contest. The philosopher, scholar and artist have done their best to hedge up its progress and destroy its influence. It has been assailed on historic grounds; its philosophy has been disputed, and its moral system ridiculed. More effort, investigation, speculation, have been levelled against the Christian system than against all other forms of religion the world has ever seen. This seems to have been a common enemy. The pagan and unbeliever have always waged malignant, unceasing opposition to its doctrines and facts. Mountains of books have been written to prove that Christianity is falsified by the facts of nature, history, experience, or philosophy, and every apparent success has been received with a shout of joy by the sensual, unbelieving world.

Against all of these enemies no martial power, no worldly bribe, no civil penalty, has been employed. The doctrines of Christ, in their simplicity, truthfulness, majesty, rely for success and aid on no such earthly forces, which are but enemies in disguise. The contest has seemed unequal, the fate of Christianity often appeared to be inevitably sealed; that it should survive the siege against such numerous and mighty foes, seemed impossible. But nations, kingdoms, institutions have passed away, and Christianity survives, a miracle of wonders, a monument of God's long-suffering and unchanging love.

Why, then, should present obstacles discourage us, since Christianity has triumphed over the past? Who will doubt and fear for the future, when he reviews the conflicts and victories of by-gone years? Slavery, fraud, despotism, partisan malignity may array themselves against the church; infidelity, sensuality, and ignorance may do much harm, but Christianity is founded on a Rock and cannot fail.

## "DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK."

So wrote an old author long ago—"Death loves a shining mark"—and the saying is fulfilled again and again, as loved and dear ones are borne away to the silent church-yard. For a long time this truth has not been more fully illustrated within the circle of our own friendship, than in the recent death of Dr. JOHN B. SWEAT of North Parsonfield, whose funeral was attended last Sabbath, November 23. Another may furnish an obituary article for its appropriate column in the Star, yet we shall be excused for the references we are about to make to an esteemed friend now no longer with us, that we may give some expression to those feelings which this providence has awakened in our bosom. We know of no young man who had enjoyed more eminent opportunities to acquire skill in his chosen profession, or who had improved them better. The best professional education attained at medical schools and hospitals abroad, and a few years of a most successful practice, had just fitted him now for eminent success in his profession, and general usefulness in the community—when, at the early age of 30 years, he has been summoned away from those circles of earthly friends, who have cause to regret their loss. Dr. S. has divided the few short years of his professional life between the most successful practice at home, in connection with his father, and travels abroad to increase his medical knowledge—having within the last two years twice served as a member of the state legislature, and accomplished the European tour, visiting England, Scotland, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, &c.

But we did not assume our pen to write a biographical sketch. "Death loves a shining mark." The last time we saw our lamented friend, we spent a most agreeable hour in listening to his descriptions of things, persons and places in foreign countries. Little did we think it was to be the last hour with "Dr. John" in this world. But so it proved! He seemed then to be in the most perfect health. But the great change has come in a few short weeks. The "typhoid fever," from which he has saved others, would not spare him. In the persons of fond and anxious relatives, the best medical skill stood round his sick couch; father, uncle, cousin, brothers. But he who gave hath taken away.

As we have said, his funeral was the last Lord's day. A multitude of people had gathered in from F., and the surrounding towns, bestowing a deep interest and sympathy. A friend in attendance says, he "never saw as many people present, nor as many tears shed, at a funeral" in his life. Rev. John Russell, C. O. Libby and J. Jordan, participated in the religious services at the house, and at the grave the Masonic burial services were performed. The "unworn living" may not know how much importance should be attached to presence of one's dear friend before he is called to the "unworn living." We are told that Dr. S., not long before his sickness, had expressed a wish to his nearest friends, when he should die, to be buried in full dress and had given some other similar directions—all which, of course, have been most scrupulously observed, by the afflicted friends. Youth—alike—promise of eminent usefulness, are stricken down in this dispensation of Providence. May the all-merciful God comfort the mourning.—P. S. D.

## THE QUARTERLY.

We were highly gratified with the interest in this work manifested at General Convention, but our brethren must know that loud speeches and high toned resolutions will never secure for it a living patronage. We do not propose here to enlarge upon its merits; it has by its attained a character alongside other kindred publications. This may seem incredible, considering its brief existence, and the untoward circumstances attending its publication, but so it is. We need not speak of its importance to fill a place and do work in our progress that nothing else can fill and do. It has become a necessity. By the reduction of its price it has been brought within the reach of all, and at the same time rendered a large increase to its subscription list indispensable to its continuance. Every minister, especially, should have it. And this is the way he can get it. A club of ten, at one dollar each, secures a copy gratis to the one who obtains the club. This, in ordinary cases, should go to the minister. Now, what intelligent Christian will not give \$1.00 for a copy for himself, and thereby secure one to his minister, which he ought to consider worth as much to himself, even as his own. Such a work for 25 cts. a copy.

But this work must be done. The time has come for the issue of the first No. There ought to be received ten clubs each week during the interval. Shall they come? If this experiment fails, the work is doomed, and Bro. Goodrich will have to sleep with "the Quarterly dead," whether he will or no.

## WITHOUT REPROACH.

This world abounds with the spirit of malice, envy, detraction. The best men have felt its bitterness—the Savior himself was made the victim of the foulest slanders. Yet Christians are required to be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom you shine as lights in the world." And a minister especially is required to have "a good report of them that are without; lest he fall into reproach, and the snare of the devil." This is to be sought by no popularity-hunting—no pandering to corrupt tastes; but by inflexible honesty and integrity of character. We should live so as to give no occasion to the adversaries of religion to speak reproachfully of the cause. And this requires circumspection, prudence, watchfulness, over our words, our business, and all our conduct.

A man of strict integrity will be honored even by the world. It is not in human nature, fallen as it is, not to appreciate and reverence truth. A good and upright man may for a time and for various causes be maligned, but the shafts will

fall powerless at his feet, and his name will shine the brighter in the end. We never need fear the effect of any foul aspersions, or even be anxious about them, so long as we know they are groundless. But if we allow ourselves to indulge in any measure a careless and reckless spirit, get off our guard, swerve from the line of strict propriety and rectitude, we know not what the result may be. Therefore the necessity of the injunctions: Keep thy heart with all diligence. Avoid the very appearance of evil. The cause is so sacred, the interests involved so precious, that there is but one rule of duty.

## THE FREEWILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY.

The last No. of the current volume of this periodical has been issued. The following are its contents:

- I.—The Holy Spirit, his Manifestation and Functions.
- II.—The Prosperity of the Church.
- III.—Idola, or the Doctrine of Retribution.
- IV.—Education.
- V.—State of the Denomination.
- VI.—The Sufferings of Christ.
- VII.—Common Schools in New England.
- VIII.—The Sea and its Teachings.
- IX.—Contemporary Literature.

## Editorial Correspondence.

Thanksgiving—Union meeting—A bold and manly sermon—New England military visitation—Poor Lovjoy—The new pastor—Augusta Savings Bank—Help expected—Old friends remembered—Shooting and walling—Boy done—Boring moral—Saved by grace—Peace in Jesus—Ready for the judgment—A minister's crown.

AUGUSTA, ME, Nov. 21, 1856.

Dear Bro. C.—As in many of the other States, so in our good Pine Tree home, yesterday was Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving! time-honored festival—day of the Pilgrim Fathers. Would that the sons celebrated it as did their fathers. Would that all our hearts were thankful as were theirs—that we, as they, regarded the day "as unto the Lord"—that balls and dances, and turkey-shootings, and frolic, and fun, and noise, and sin were gone, and that on the day appointed, as did our fathers, so did we make GIVING—THANKS our chief employment. Well, we are not fault-finding—we are no misanthropes—we do not deal in universal uncharities—bad as we are, as a nation, and many as are our sins and our blemishes, we are far from being among the number of those who are almost, if not quite, ready to say that there is nothing good under the sun.—There is something good in the world—in our own country—good, as poor human nature can be good. There are thankful hearts, many of them—there were such yesterday. We believe we mingled with such hearts at our own fireside in the morning—with such hearts in the sanctuary at mid-day—with such hearts, too, when, on the afternoon, we, "family and all," enjoyed hospitalities, that, by the way, were not the first to which under the same roof we had been invited.

Speaking of the sanctuary, we may say that we listened yesterday to an excellent sermon in the F. Baptist house from Bro. Colby, pastor of the Methodist church of this city. We go for union meetings, certainly, on Thanksgiving, and Fast days. Bro. Colby's text was Psalms 46: 10, "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." "Be still," The Psalmist, said the speaker, does not, by this language, teach us inactivity, but activity—that we are, as Christians, to labor in the fear of and for the service of Christ—but when we have thus labored, we are not to be over-anxious as to the results of our labors—that duties are ours, and results are God's. He then applied the text as giving us right instruction when we had been seeking to discharge our duties as citizens. And here, said the speaker, I may be reported in certain pro-slavery papers, but I shall speak notwithstanding. The great question of the extension of slavery has just been politically brought before us—the fastening of chains upon millions of our fellow-beings—and we have all labored for the triumph of the right—we have looked to God in prayer, as I went, said he, from my knees to the ballot-box—and yet our prayers have not been answered, so far as we can see—the right has been defeated—the wrong has triumphed. Now, what shall we do? "Be still," for we know that the Lord is God. The speaker said again that the text showed us our duty in our efforts to reform the church. This he illustrated by the great work which is now being pushed forward to red the Methodist church of slavery. One slice had gone, said Bro. C., and another probably would go, and all he had to say about the matter was, let them go—he should do his duty—he should war against slavery wherever it existed, whether in the state or in the church—and when he had done his duty, he should leave all in the hands of a power higher and wiser than himself.

The third point in the sermon was a very touching application of the Psalmist's words to what should be our conduct under our bereavement—"God is not dead," said the little fatherless boy to his weeping and heart-broken mother. "The Bible says, mother, that God will be the widow's husband—I know father is dead, but God is not dead, mother." So when the hand of God is heavily upon us in afflictions, we should "be still."

The speaker then dwelt upon the second clause of the text, "I will be exalted," &c. God will yet be "EXALTED," said he—he will work out his own plans in his own way—and at his own time—all is safe in his hands—God can bring to nought the counsels of wicked men.—He can overrule evil for good.—He can cause the wrath of man to praise himself.

Bro. C. alluded in his sermon to the case of Israel at the time when another king arose that "Knew not Joseph"—to the prophet who said, "Lord, they killed thy prophets, and digged down thine altars, and I am left alone, and they seek my life"—to Job, to Daniel, and to others, closing with the remark, that the church needed more faith in God, and should seek, above every thing else, a general revival of religion.—We need, said he, in America, as in Nineveh, a reformation that shall begin at the throne and go down to the people.

It was an off-hand, bold and manly sermon, such an one which if people would heed, this would be a changed world.—We were "thankful" for the sermon, and many a Christian heart was comforted while hearing it.

One item, however, we have forgotten, as we did not take notes, and we will mention it here. Bro. C., in the course of his remarks, vindicated the New England ministry on their high anti-slavery position, and of course did not spare Lovjoy, leaving him almost "alone in this glory."

Bro. Bean is teeing omeets of good among his people. He assumed the pastorate of the F. W. Baptist church here on the last Sabbath in August. The exercises of the day were interesting. The new pastor himself preached in the morning on the duties of a pastor to his people, and Bro. Peck, of Portland, preached in the afternoon on the duties of the people to their pastor. Though the congregation is good, the Sabbath school flourishing, and sinners, one by one, have been giving their hearts to Christ this year round, yet our cause here continues

ignorant to self-education and elevation. And by means of the moral culture it gives in early life, it is strongly, though it may be indirectly, aiding to render our institutions of learning better adapted to do a true and complete educational work.

It is not civil and political; yet the morality it teaches and develops is essential to mould and preserve good government; especially where, as with us, the people are the rulers.—No government whose pillars were injustice, has long been sustained. Greece had philosophy and Rome had arms; but, lacking justice, both have fallen—prophesying as they went down, the doom of every other people who fear not God nor regard man. No government can prosper without knowledge, none self without religion. And this needful morality is specifically taught and enforced in the Sabbath school.—Each school is based on the Bible as its constitution. These divine teachings are simplified, unfolded and impressed upon minds most easily influenced by religious truth—not yet biased by prejudices, nor confirmed in evil habits; at an age most favorable for inspiring the purity and strength of purpose which issue in a glorious manhood; at an age when, for the most part, the principles which determine the weal or woe of the whole future are accepted and incorporated into life. Hence, the tendency of the Sabbath school to qualify for the responsible duties of government, and create a demand for the men under whose rule "the people rejoice." A large proportion of our truly great men, in state as well as in church, have been members of the Sabbath school; and I have no hesitation in saying that the marked distinction between the evil and the good men found in our legislative assemblies, may be found strikingly correspondent with the differences of their early Sabbath instructions and Sabbath employments. And though it is not impossible but the best and most timely instructions may be afterwards disregarded and disclaimed, yet it would not add to the seven wonders of the world, if it should be found that those would be and might be great men—whose manly integrity consisted in the dexterously wielding the gutta percha cane upon the helpless object of their hate, and whose honor demanded the commission of penitentiary crime—never saw the inside of a Sabbath school, never felt its restraining and salutary influence, and never heard the precept of its constitution against the ungodly distinctions among men which they aid to keep alive.

The Sabbath school is not the church; but it is not its foundation, it is at least the quarry whence are supplied the human corner-stones of this glorious edifice. If it be not the garden of the Lord, it is the nursery whence are transplanted the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Then the Sabbath school the church has no greater or better auxiliary. It supplies the church with a large proportion of the attendants upon its services, and sets them down before the pulpit ready to receive the sacred word, which makes wise unto salvation.

II. The Sabbath school demands more general, systematic and efficient effort in its behalf. If what has been said respecting its character, relations, aims and objects be true, how high is the estimation in which it ought to be held, and what is there of needed aid and encouragement which we ought not to bestow? If, by the principles it inculcates, and the influences it sends abroad, are the safeguards of society, what class of Christians or citizens should not be willing contributors? This general demand involves several specific ones.

It requires a proper estimate, by parents and guardians and wards, of their obligation to train up those under their care in the knowledge and obedience of the truth, and look upon the Sabbath school as one of their most efficient auxiliaries to this high work. So long as children and youth are regarded simply as creatures to be fed and clothed and gradually to become profitable in the worldly sense, they will lightly esteem the means of a higher culture, and effort in behalf of these children gives promise of only the smallest harvest. The urgency, not to say the reluctance and dissatisfaction with which many children are prepared for Sabbath school, the almost total indifference of parents and guardians respecting the influence of the school and the acquisitions made there, their entire exclusion of themselves from the school when no necessity detains them—all these are wrongs for which there exists not even the semblance of an apology. It would hardly be an unjust or uncharitable view of many parents, to regard their appreciation of the Sabbath school as measured by the relief it affords them in the care of their children.

It requires, besides the Bible, an increasing variety of the best reading matter for the pupils. Vanity is the chief attraction of nature, and one of the strongest demands of the young mind. Re-reading cannot be long interesting to the young—their eye strains after novelty—their law is progression. This reading matter must be such as shall illustrate and enforce the truths taught in the Sacred Scriptures, as they bear on the whole being—the volitions of the heart, the language of the lips, and the actions of the life. Every virtue must be encouraged, every vice must be made to feel the stroke.—The exclusion of all references to the subject of slavery from Sabbath school books, by some of our popular societies, exhibits an unpardonable conservatism, and can have no countenance from any Free-will Baptist Sabbath school patrons.

Much greater care and attention are needed on the part of Sabbath school teachers than are generally given. Sabbath school teaching should be made a business, and every qualification diligently and earnestly sought. I am not certain that there is not a necessity for Sabbath school Teachers' Associations, and Normal schools, almost equal to the necessity for such, for teachers of the sciences and arts. I appreciate the kindness of any who profess their aid in this responsible calling, but must be allowed to say that they who possess the qualifications requisite to the most eminent success, enjoy accomplishments of no ordinary degree and quality.

The Sabbath school teacher should possess an affection for the young, and both the ability and the disposition to adapt himself to their capacities. Some lack the faculty, others the disposition. To employ children's ideas, or children's phrases, they seem to think is almost as unmanly as to go to sleep in children's cradles or walk the streets with children's rattles; & so, in talking to or with children, they employ the same abstract and general terms which they use in conversing with their co-equals. The true teacher is neither the patron nor the tyrant, but the friend of children. Affection is reciprocal; and they feel at home in his presence.

The teacher should be familiar with the truth of Scripture, and be able to develop it with facility; for besides knowing the truth, he is to tell it, and that is another and often a much more difficult thing. One may be an adept in science, and yet not apt to teach it.

Above all, a teacher should possess paramount love to the Author of the word and the Savior of sinners. Without this he will see but half his task, and appreciate but half the importance of leading his young charge to Christ for his blessing. There is need also of a warm and hopeful disposition, for by its aid only can the gospel be rightly interpreted. The gospel is pure, genuine goodness. It is "peace on earth, and good will toward men." The teacher should be an embodiment of that gospel; for if he is dependent and severe, though he may be devout, he cannot be evangelical.

III. The Sabbath school demands the earnest prayers of all lovers of truth, humanity and God. There are not a few encouraging promises to youth, and to the teachers of God's ways—how proper that we earnestly seek their fulfillment. Within this enclosure labor may be as available as elsewhere; but it is as true here as anywhere that Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God must give the increase. The field may be thoroughly plowed, the furrows straight, the seed selected from the choicest parcel, fresh, clean, and finely sifted, but it must lie as when committed to the earth, if nothing more be done. There is one element which the husbandman cannot control. He cannot govern the sea nor the winds. So with God's husbandmen, in the Sabbath school or any other department of the moral field. Christians and Christian teachers have not sought unto God in behalf of his blessing on this institution as is becoming and duty.

Christ said to a beloved disciple, and at a time when his words were likely to be most impressive, "Lovest thou me?" "Feed my lambs." All ye who profess to love Christ, what has been your degree of care and solicitude for the numerous and tender young, at the door of the church, waiting your blessing? Parents, when you return to your homes, look upon the couch where slumber your sweet babies, folded perhaps in each other's arms, and ask—when they sit with you in the morning around the domestic board, ask—what of my children? what of the life they are to lead? what of the death they are to die? what of their future, their destinies? Can you be so negligent of their improvement, and of the facilities offered to aid in their moral training in the Sabbath school, as you may have been in the past? May there not have been an angel of mercy in the place, ready to drop a blessing on your house, and you knew it not?

But I am addressing more or less Sabbath school teachers. You may have week day schools, which seem to entitle you to the rest of the Sabbath; or you may have happy circles and pleasant firesides at home, which it is some hardship to leave. But let the love of Christ constrain you. His was a sacrifice indeed, but he will willingly made. Angels are sent on errands of mercy to the earth, and we may believe they bid their companions in heaven a blithe good-morrow, as they quit the Sabbath of the skies. So, too, you may learn to rejoice in the reflex blessing of self-denial and sacrifice. O who may tell the blessedness, if in the day of final retribution, beyond all your present knowledge and fondest hopes, the book of life thrown open, you may see names once on your teaching roll, and where you once deemed your labor vain and your strength spent for naught, you discern by the light of the great white throne the children God hath given you!

Rev. J. B. Davis. You can easily see that I need courage to undertake to speak now. A great plan complained once that other men had stolen his thunder. These brethren have done more than that—they have stolen all my lightning, without which the thunder would have no life to speak with. I am reminded of the story of a man who had a large sum of money due him from a remote neighbor, and the road was so infested with robbers that he dared not go after it. At length his servant offered to undertake the task, on condition of receiving a liberal reward. He went, and on his return a robber rushed from the thicket, drew a pair of pistols and demanded the money. The servant stated the case, told him he would deliver the money, but didn't want to return with the appearance of a coward; and so asked the robber to shoot a ball through his hat to indicate how severe a fight he had maintained, and what a narrow escape he had. The robber consented; then on being requested, shot another through his coat, one through his vest, and one through his shirt, just grazing the skin. Having shot all his balls away, the servant drew his pistol, saying, "Now stand back or you are a dead man." I am not so fortunate; for these brethren have blown my pistol all to pieces. They have left me in a sad plight. My steeds of lightning they have run away with, never stopping till they had driven them up almost out of sight, as they went upon their pathway of glory. And they have exhausted almost every power of speech. But they have not told all the truth there is. And I will tell you what little I can, though it is but little, and that must be told in a plain, prosy way. I will hold up by little lamp as high as I can, though it is not a sun. Little things sometimes suggest great ones. The tea-kettle sings over the kitchen fire, and that is the starting point of the steam engine, which, by and by, whistles through the mountain. Franklin sends up his kite, and sees the electric spark snapping out from the suspended key; afterward it makes neighbors of those who live on opposite sides of the globe.

"Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse," "Twas harness'd by Professor Morse."

It is not always your best horse, but the best rider that wins the race. And this horse, under skillful hands, goes off at such speed that you may start off a message from New York, at a little after 12 o'clock, and it gets to Chicago at 11. Pigeons become giants, and acorns grow to oaks that pierce the skies.

I am reminded of this by thinking of Robert Raikes, who, walking in the streets of London, sees a boy, stops, sees another boy, looks round, sees many boys, then with his mind's eye, keep all the boys of London; and then Robert Raikes starts a rake in motion that rakes diamonds out of the mud, and sets them as jewels in the Savior's crown.

The result is our Sabbath school—the Sabbath school for our children. It is no experiment now, but a great fixed fact—one of the greatest of Protestant Christendom. It meets the poor, who not only have the gospel preached to them, but have the Sabbath school where it is simply and clearly taught to them, and we forget the time is not far distant when all the colored children of the South shall have it. It is not simply the principles and elements of a common education that are taught there, but the great laws that bear us up to the Infinite—the great laws that elapse the world. You do not need fishing spears to command this cause, you know its character. The Sabbath school is the flower garden of God—the Eden of the earth.

One or two remarks respecting the qualifications of the teacher.

A teacher needs patience. Ministers and Sabbath school teachers need patience above all other persons on God's earth. I have never felt

so deeply the need of this quality as while getting familiar with Sabbath school labor; and I have never received so much sympathy in my trials as a minister, as from earnest and faithful teachers in the Sabbath school. Find a church having a good Sabbath school, and you will find a good church. In the class some boys will be playing with their books, some girls will be unfolding and picking a handkerchief—having learned the practice perhaps of older people;—for you see ladies now and then before you on the Sabbath, who look as though they were inwardly saying, "I guess that woman has got a new bonnet; I have never seen it before." A man told me once that while I was preaching a hard-labored sermon, he was getting up a new casting. But let us not get out of patience.—Let us be like the noble lady who went after a Sabbath school scholar eleven times before securing his attendance, but brought him to her class and kept him there; and that boy has become John Harris, one of the ablest authors of the present day. Don't get impatient. Your work is important. Every one of you here to night is busy at work making an angel or a devil—making them out of yourselves and out of others too.

Some good ministers and other good people always talk about melting people in order to get them into shape. But that don't always do.—There are laughing devils and envying devils.—It is the softest material that we mould. You can mould butter easily. You can't mould ice or granite to make a door stone. They must take the great hammer and drill, drill, drill, the speaker suiting the action to the word; put in your powder, and then stand off! Bang! it goes; and there are the pieces of granite ready for use. Some ministers and teachers work only with a view of fashioning the soft material; but your rough, crabbled pieces of humanity are often well worth an effort to get them into shape. You must blast, blast away at these to do anything, put in the powder without stint. But be careful and don't blow yourselves up in the operation. Know what material you are dealing with, and then go to work wisely—the granite, mica, and hornblende all have a nature of their own, and require peculiar treatment. We want discernment. The best material can't be worked down at once; don't hew carelessly, nor chop out too deep.

A teacher needs to be pious. All teachers should be pious. Not that non-professors should always be excluded from the post. You had better put a wicked man into the Sabbath school, than have him doing mischief all the day on Sunday. We have had a practical illustration of this in our school at Lowell. A young man was induced to come into our school who was not religious, and was set to teach an interesting class. There was some revival in the congregation. He had dodged his minister repeatedly, and so kept more or less away from the naked truth of the gospel. One evening at our prayer meeting, when I was asking the anxious to come forward, this young man after struggling for some time with his feelings, came forward, stood up before that congregation, and said that he had been for some time teaching a Sabbath school class, and felt all Sabbath that he must give up the class or give up his heart to God. And said he, "When I saw those young ladies come into my class to day, I said to myself, I can't stand it any longer; I determined not to come to meeting to night, but I could not sleep nor rest; I felt it was God's last call, and I have come as you see me; and instead of giving up my class, I will give up myself to the service of God; and I hope all my class will be Christians likewise." And ten of that number came forward and knelt with their teacher before God, while our tears fell and our hearts went up to heaven. That teacher is now one of the most faithful members of the church. And this shows that when one is willing to take the post of Sabbath school teacher, he is likely to walk on till he reaches the foot of the cross.







## Poetry.

For the Morning Star.

On hearing a funeral sermon from the text, "What I do know, I have said."—*W. H. HILL.*

A smiling babe reposed  
On his mother's breast;  
The parent, with a song,  
Hushed her sweet child to rest;  
Nor dreamed that soon the precious trust  
Would fade, and moulder in the dust!

Alas! how frail is life—  
How transient earthly joys!  
The brightest vision fades,  
And death's dark wings destroy.  
The spoiler came, in grief and woe  
The mother cried, "Why is it so!"

A maiden, young and fair,  
With kindred and loved  
Of friends she knew full well,  
Life seemed a long happy day.  
And death and sorrow far away.

But soon the cheek grew pale,  
The sparkling eye dim,  
The faltering footstep pined,  
Too plainly she must die.  
And friends who watched her living breath  
Said, "Why is this? O cruel death!"

And one in manhood's prime,  
A husband, father, friend,  
Knew not, until life's joys,  
That life soon would be dim.  
But the All-wise, who rules in love,  
Called to a nobler work above.

Mysterious seemed the hand  
That sent the fearful blow—  
Kindred and friends around,  
Asked, "Why must this be?"  
The wife, with weeping children,  
Cried, "Why, O why, am I bereft!"

When on the tears we shed  
For sorrow such things—  
The heart must feel its woe,  
Yet let it not repine,  
Bid every mourning thought remove,  
Thy Father chastens whom he loves.

So then in meekness bow,  
He kindly sends the rod—  
Not willingly afflicts,  
Nor grieves thee, but for good.  
"Ye know not what ye say," he says,  
But trust, hereafter ye shall know.

New Hampton, Oct., 1856. *MARIA.*

For the Morning Star.

HOPE.

BY G. S. BRADLEY.

Whatever may have been your dreams  
In childhood's artless hours,  
O may you never cease to hope,  
To gather choicest flowers.

Yes, let me point you to the heights,  
Where fountains ever flow;  
O drink the waters of life,  
Fill your goblet with God's cheer.

As your bark is in a tempestuous sea,  
Where wild winds are all blowing,  
O may you anchor safe in harbor,  
Where the light of life is going.

O how doubly cheering is the thought,  
That this world is not our home,  
But that in blissful regions fairer,  
We shall ever, ever roam.

Although the storms of life are beating,  
And the scene is dark and drear,  
Yet there's our bright and happy way,  
And the stars are shining clear.

Hilldale College, Nov., 1856.

The Family Circle.

For the Morning Star.

STAR CASE, NO. 10.

I CAN WAIT.

Last eve, when slumber's soft and heavy chain  
Was round me, a sweet and sad epiphany  
I stole over my senses, and bathed in bliss  
My woe-worn heart—a bliss which morning's  
Sweet light did not dispel, but which left its  
Aid and blessing with me many days.

Methought I stood with a vast throng  
In wide space, my mind's arena  
Of those about me, were healthy and happy,  
With ardent and ambitious hopes of life.  
There were young men, strong in vigor; maidens  
In peerless beauty, around whose hearts  
Twining tendrils were closely clasped; and smiling  
Infancy, in its innocent purity.

A lone old man of the group was suffering, sick,  
And sorrowful. There were friends of mine,  
Young and lovely for the moment, and then  
Were buried in their own pleasures, whirling  
To their common end as they left my side.  
"The girl will die!" the streamers whirled  
With mingled love and pity.

He pointed to a strong young man—the hope  
And stay of aged parents—and again glanced  
At me with a questioning eye, and said:  
"He is useful—a burden, even to those  
who love me; take me, and let him live!"

Suddenly the beautiful angel (for beautiful he  
was, albeit the death-angel) unrolled the future  
of that youth to my gaze. And what did I see?  
A life of dreary sorrow, of filial  
kindness; of little children treading in their  
father's steps, and spreading wide desolation. My  
soul sickened at the sight.

By suffering a while longer, you may spare  
the sight this misery; spoke the angel at my  
side.

"Pass on, gentle angel, I can wait," was  
my reply.

He passed, and struck down the youth. His  
parents were stricken in agony—the world was  
shaken at his sudden demise, and said, "How  
and how unfortunate that he should be so  
kind; and should be left, useless!" "God send  
as man sees," they all could say. "Twas a  
very cross for me to live; yet was the strong  
and healthy and active taken in my youth."  
"Pass on, gentle angel, I can wait," was  
my reply.

He came—pointed to a young mother, and I  
shooked as she spoke.

"O do not weep," her children need her,  
let me go in her stead!"

Again the future of that mother and children  
was unrolled to my view by the angel, and  
again I exclaimed, as I gazed on the painful  
picture.

"Pass on, gentle angel, I can wait," was  
my reply.

They the young and strong, who cherished  
No other care for the strife!"

While I, weak, weary, sick and languishing, longed  
for the boon of death; yet as the death-angel  
opened to my gaze the future of each of his  
visions, I resignedly permitted him to pass, in pity  
for their greater sorrow, if life was continued,  
bearing my own burden as best I might, weary  
and faint-hearted. The world said "Twas passing  
strange, that I should live on year after year,  
while the strong and healthy were falling all  
around me. And passing strange was it, that  
God's ways. He lieth burdens upon us, and  
none may take them off! He lieth them on our  
shoulders, and none may put them on. From  
the evil and sin to come. He taketh many,  
and none may resist. He lieth them on our  
heads, and none may shake them off. He lieth  
them on our hearts, and none may escape them.  
And yet He loveth all! hath died for all! and  
pursueth each a sinner as would best help all  
to heaven, would they submit to His will.

Years passed with in my dream—still the  
work went on. The brightness of life had fled  
—the past was like a dream—the future dark  
and dreary. The light of youth had faded from  
my gaze—its roundness from my limbs. I  
hope for my heart; I was, blighted, de-  
cayed, and poverty around me. I had waited  
long, I had waited long. I could not work and  
suffer—I had been resigned to suffer and bear.  
But now the cup was brimming over. I gazed  
anxiously at the angel.

He stooped near me, bent low and breathed  
in my ear,  
"Pass on, gentle angel, no more shall thou  
wait!"

A soft light was flooding me with its radiance  
the rushing of angel-powers, and sweet, holy  
music awoke me.

I was still a dweller of earth—but, ah! I  
could see clearly.

HEART-STREAM OF THE FAMILY.

"If ever crystal water ought to flow sparkling  
over shining stones, it should be the heart-  
stream of the family."

So said my father a few Sabbaths ago, and  
often since have those few expressive words sug-  
gested to my mind a variety of homes.

I have seen a family wear outwardly the ap-  
pearance of mutual love and delight in each other's  
joys, the semblance of contentment and hap-  
piness; every luxury that wealth could procure,  
and good taste dictate surrounded the place they  
called "home," yet it was home only in name.

A pebble in the streamlet's path  
Has turned the course of many a river,  
and sadly disturbed was the flow of the heart-  
stream of that abode. The husband differed  
from the wife; her opinion seldom conformed  
with his; neither would yield, for union or  
love's sake; one parent indulged the children  
in every foolish desire; the other administered  
reproof and discipline unceasingly. Their off-  
spring followed their example, and constant war  
was waged, in which each parent took a sepa-  
rate part. That harmony which should charac-  
terize a home where an indulgent Father in  
heaven had granted such a profusion of means  
for happiness, was unseen, unfeeling. Many  
sighs and sighs, outwardly brilliant and  
beautiful, inwardly loveless and sorrowful.

But happily all homes are not thus. I have  
seen a family where a godly, glorious Father—  
home where the sunlight of love, the joy of hope,  
precious confidence, and trust abide; heart  
open to heart, and answers back again. Nearly  
half a century have the parents of that happy  
household dwelt together in a blessed union.

"Their fears, their hopes, their aims are one,  
Their comforts and their pleasures all,  
And still they run together like a band,  
To gather choicest flowers."

Each was happy in living for the other, until  
new and stronger ties were given them; and  
then those precious gifts from God bound them  
in a nearer relation, and they strove together  
to train the immortal souls entrusted to their  
mutual care, for the home of perfect purity  
and endless love.

It was no slight struggle for those parents,  
dependent as they were upon unfeeling labor,  
to maintain so large a family; but their united  
efforts and strong determination enabled them  
to give their children far better advantages  
than many who are accounted rich. More than  
this they did. They set before their children an  
example of union of heart and soul—of earnest  
living piety. How, then, could there exist  
among them contention and strife? How could  
selfishness thrive and flourish beneath the shade  
of that roof-tree, where parental affection and  
trust were so manifest?

That family altar was more than a dead for-  
mality. That mother—every Sabbath's setting  
sun found her kneeling in her daughters' room,  
commending them to the Father's love, and  
entreating them, with a mother's tenderness,  
to seek an interest in the dear Redeemer.

That good seed, so deeply implanted in their  
hearts in the spring-time of life, bedewed by a  
mother's tears, enriched by a father's influence,  
watched by heavenly angels, and carefully  
cultivated, must bring forth an abundant harvest.  
And thus it resulted. All  
of those seven children have hopefully and pro-  
fessingly become the children of God; three of  
them have gone home to Jesus, and become  
members of his blessed kingdom; of which the  
Christian family on earth should be a type.

The happy parents still live, blessing their  
four remaining children by words of advice and  
encouragement, and instilling into their minds  
the same pious zeal which has made their first-  
born so successful. The Duke of Devonshire, be-  
sides his other estates, owns 96,000 acres in the  
county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000  
acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at the Duke of  
Norfolk's park in Sussex, is fifteen miles in cir-  
cumference. An agriculturist bought lately the island  
of Lewis, in the Hebrides, containing 500,000  
acres. The possessions of the Earl of Londsdale  
have eight seats in Parliament. This is the  
largest estate in the United Kingdom. In 1832,  
one hundred and fifty persons sent three  
hundred and seven members to Parliament.  
The borough-mongers governed England.

These large domains are growing larger. The  
great estates are absorbing the small free-  
hold. In 1782 the Duke of Devonshire owned  
by 200,000 corporations and proprietors; and in  
1842, by 32,000. These broad estates find room  
on this narrow island. All over England, scatter-  
ed at short intervals among ship-yards, mills,  
mines, the iron-works, and refineries, are the  
great estates, the great houses, and the great  
heightened by the contrast with the rural in-  
dustry and necessity, out of which you have  
stepped aside. *R. W. Emerson's English  
Travels.*

BEAUTY.

The following contains a beautiful idea, on a  
beautiful subject, in a beautiful style.

Most heartily I agree with the sage who  
said, with a sigh—"Well, philosophers may  
argue and plain men may fret, but beauty will  
way to the human heart." And it should be  
so, for so the Creator wisely and kindly or-  
dained, that the soul should be drawn to the  
perception of beauty. He hath made the  
perception of beauty a source of delight to him,  
and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the  
skies, with bright and beautiful objects, which  
he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is  
the earth, and every thing upon it, so beau-  
tiful, so full of beauty of outline? Why are the  
hills, the rocks, the trees all lovely? Why  
runneth not the river, canal-like to the ocean?  
Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the  
green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit,  
the yellow leaves? Why not the firmament  
of leaden chandeliers? Why hangs not the  
clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the  
bright tints of morning, the splendor of the  
noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a  
word, does the great firmament, the over-  
arching kaleidoscope, every revolving wheel pre-  
sent to man a new and beautiful picture of  
the skies? I care not that I shall be answered  
that these and all other beauties, whether of sight  
or sound, are the result of arrangements for other  
ends. I care not that I shall be told that the  
benevolent God hath so constituted us as to en-  
able us to derive pleasure and benefit from them;  
and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent  
upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following description of the city of Con-  
stantinople, as it presents itself to the traveller  
on a cursory view, is from a correspondent of  
the New York Journal of Commerce:

Constantinople, Nov. 26, 1855.—I have been  
in Constantinople a week, and can say that all  
my anticipations of novel and strange sights are  
not equal to the reality. It is, indeed, a won-  
derful city. Its natural advantages are  
probably the world's. Its scenery is  
rich in every beauty, and its people present the  
most curious medley of Turks, Armenians,  
Greeks, Jews, and Europeans of almost every  
cast, filling the streets with every variety of  
color, dress, and language, and through the  
city, like the first rays of the morning,  
the great confused mass of habitations gradually  
unfolds itself, separating into three distinct  
cities—Stamboul, Scutari and Pera. The seven  
hills on which Constantinople is built, were soon  
clearly defined, and the city was divided into  
three parts, each with its own character. A  
hundred mosques are standing before us, with  
over all glittered the yellow crescent, the sym-  
bol of the Moslem's faith, and of that ruthless  
power which crushed out Christianity from all  
the Eastern lands, and still in gaudy splendor,  
surrounded by ignorance, stupidity, sensuality,  
depravity and death. But nothing of this decay  
or ruin was visible to the eye. The whole scene  
was one of intense and wonderful beauty.

I had seen the Bay of Naples, and the harbors  
of Smyrna, and Spezia, and the most beautiful  
harbors on our American coast; but as the  
Bosphorus opened its waters before us, and we  
passed Seraglio Point and looked up the Golden  
Horn, over the green hills of Scutari, and far  
into the bosom of the Bosphorus, and the  
tallest of the mountains, every revolving wheel  
presented to man a new and beautiful picture  
of the sea. I care not that I shall be answered  
that these and all other beauties, whether of sight  
or sound, are the result of arrangements for other  
ends. I care not that I shall be told that the  
benevolent God hath so constituted us as to en-  
able us to derive pleasure and benefit from them;  
and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent  
upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

MR. GOUGH'S CONVERTS.

Mr. Gough, among other places, lectured at  
Chatham, and all classes were anxious to hear  
his eloquent oration. A gentleman in the neigh-  
borhood had a good deal of drinking water, and  
calling him, he said, "Robert, you suit me to-  
get rid of you. Now, Mr. J. B. Gough is going  
to lecture at Chatham, and if you and Mary like  
to go and hear him, there is no objection, but  
convince you of the evil of drinking, and your  
ability to labor without, obey him, and become a  
member of the teetotal society, and I will try  
you."

The man and his fellow-servant heard him,  
and both signed the pledge. The gentleman re-  
turned home, and the next morning, he called  
him, and said, "Robert, you suit me to-  
get rid of you. Now, Mr. J. B. Gough is going  
to lecture at Chatham, and if you and Mary like  
to go and hear him, there is no objection, but  
convince you of the evil of drinking, and your  
ability to labor without, obey him, and become a  
member of the teetotal society, and I will try  
you."

"A pint per day,"  
"And did you get drunk on a pint a day?"  
"No, but that just whetted my appetite, and  
then all my spare money went, and credit be-  
sides."

Well, if your beer cost twopenny per day,  
and you drank four pints, that would be eight  
pence; and if you drank six pints, that would be  
twelve pence; and if you drank eight pints, that  
would be sixteen pence; and if you drank ten  
pints, that would be twenty pence; and if you  
drank twelve pints, that would be twenty-four  
pence; and if you drank fourteen pints, that  
would be twenty-eight pence; and if you drank  
sixteen pints, that would be thirty-two pence;  
and if you drank eighteen pints, that would be  
thirty-six pence; and if you drank twenty  
pints, that would be forty pence; and if you  
drank twenty-two pints, that would be forty-  
four pence; and if you drank twenty-four  
pints, that would be forty-eight pence; and if  
you drank twenty-six pints, that would be  
fifty-two pence; and if you drank twenty-eight  
pints, that would be fifty-six pence; and if you  
drank thirty pints, that would be sixty pence;  
and if you drank thirty-two pints, that would  
be sixty-four pence; and if you drank thirty-  
four pints, that would be sixty-eight pence; and  
if you drank thirty-six pints, that would be  
seventy-two pence; and if you drank thirty-  
eight pints, that would be seventy-six pence;  
and if you drank forty pints, that would be  
eighty pence; and if you drank forty-two  
pints, that would be eighty-four pence; and if  
you drank forty-four pints, that would be  
eighty-eight pence; and if you drank forty-  
six pints, that would be ninety-two pence; and  
if you drank forty-eight pints, that would be  
ninety-six pence; and if you drank fifty  
pints, that would be one hundred pence; and  
if you drank fifty-two pints, that would be  
one hundred and four pence; and if you drank  
fifty-four pints, that would be one hundred  
and eight pence; and if you drank fifty-six  
pints, that would be one hundred and twelve  
pence; and if you drank fifty-eight pints, that  
would be one hundred and sixteen pence; and  
if you drank sixty pints, that would be one  
hundred and twenty pence; and if you drank  
sixty-two pints, that would be one hundred  
and twenty-four pence; and if you drank sixty-  
four pints, that would be one hundred and  
twenty-eight pence; and if you drank sixty-  
six pints, that would be one hundred and  
thirty-two pence; and if you drank sixty-eight  
pints, that would be one hundred and thirty-  
six pence; and if you drank seventy pints,  
that would be one hundred and forty pence;  
and if you drank seventy-two pints, that would  
be one hundred and forty-four pence; and if  
you drank seventy-four pints, that would be  
one hundred and forty-eight pence; and if you  
drank seventy-six pints, that would be one  
hundred and fifty-two pence; and if you drank  
seventy-eight pints, that would be one hun-  
dred and fifty-six pence; and if you drank  
eighty pints, that would be one hundred and  
sixty pence; and if you drank eighty-two  
pints, that would be one hundred and sixty-  
four pence; and if you drank eighty-four  
pints, that would be one hundred and sixty-  
eight pence; and if you drank eighty-six  
pints, that would be one hundred and seventy-  
two pence; and if you drank eighty-eight  
pints, that would be one hundred and seventy-  
six pence; and if you drank ninety pints, that  
would be one hundred and eighty pence; and  
if you drank ninety-two pints, that would be  
one hundred and eighty-four pence; and if you  
drank ninety-four pints, that would be one  
hundred and eighty-eight pence; and if you  
drank ninety-six pints, that would be one  
hundred and ninety-two pence; and if you  
drank ninety-eight pints, that would be one  
hundred and ninety-six pence; and if you  
drank one hundred pints, that would be one  
hundred pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and two pints, that would be one hun-  
dred and two pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and four pints, that would be one  
hundred and four pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and six pints, that would be one  
hundred and six pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and eight pints, that would be one  
hundred and eight pence; and if you drank  
one hundred and ten pints, that would be one  
hundred and ten pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and twelve pints, that would be one  
hundred and twelve pence; and if you drank  
one hundred and fourteen pints, that would be  
one hundred and fourteen pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and sixteen pints, that  
would be one hundred and sixteen pence; and  
if you drank one hundred and eighteen pints,  
that would be one hundred and eighteen pence;  
and if you drank one hundred and twenty  
pints, that would be one hundred and twenty  
pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
twenty-two pints, that would be one hundred  
and twenty-two pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and twenty-four pints, that would be  
one hundred and twenty-four pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and twenty-six pints, that  
would be one hundred and twenty-six pence;  
and if you drank one hundred and twenty-  
eight pints, that would be one hundred and  
twenty-eight pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and thirty pints, that would be one  
hundred and thirty pence; and if you drank  
one hundred and thirty-two pints, that would  
be one hundred and thirty-two pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and thirty-four pints,  
that would be one hundred and thirty-four  
pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
thirty-six pints, that would be one hundred  
and thirty-six pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and thirty-eight pints, that would be  
one hundred and thirty-eight pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and forty pints, that would  
be one hundred and forty pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and forty-two pints, that  
would be one hundred and forty-two pence;  
and if you drank one hundred and forty-four  
pints, that would be one hundred and forty-  
four pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
forty-six pints, that would be one hundred  
and forty-six pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and forty-eight pints, that would be  
one hundred and forty-eight pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and fifty pints, that would  
be one hundred and fifty pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and fifty-two pints, that  
would be one hundred and fifty-two pence;  
and if you drank one hundred and fifty-four  
pints, that would be one hundred and fifty-  
four pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
fifty-six pints, that would be one hundred  
and fifty-six pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and fifty-eight pints, that would be  
one hundred and fifty-eight pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and sixty pints, that would  
be one hundred and sixty pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and sixty-two pints, that  
would be one hundred and sixty-two pence;  
and if you drank one hundred and sixty-four  
pints, that would be one hundred and sixty-  
four pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
sixty-six pints, that would be one hundred  
and sixty-six pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and sixty-eight pints, that would be  
one hundred and sixty-eight pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and seventy pints, that  
would be one hundred and seventy pence; and  
if you drank one hundred and seventy-two  
pints, that would be one hundred and seventy-  
two pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
seventy-four pints, that would be one hun-  
dred and seventy-four pence; and if you drank  
one hundred and seventy-six pints, that would  
be one hundred and seventy-six pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and seventy-eight  
pints, that would be one hundred and seventy-  
eight pence; and if you drank one hundred  
and eighty pints, that would be one hundred  
and eighty pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and eighty-two pints, that would be one  
hundred and eighty-two pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and eighty-four pints, that  
would be one hundred and eighty-four pence;  
and if you drank one hundred and eighty-  
six pints, that would be one hundred and  
eighty-six pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and eighty-eight pints, that would be  
one hundred and eighty-eight pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and ninety pints, that  
would be one hundred and ninety pence; and  
if you drank one hundred and ninety-two  
pints, that would be one hundred and ninety-  
two pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
ninety-four pints, that would be one hun-  
dred and ninety-four pence; and if you drank  
one hundred and ninety-six pints, that would  
be one hundred and ninety-six pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and ninety-eight  
pints, that would be one hundred and ninety-  
eight pence; and if you drank one hundred  
and one hundred pints, that would be one  
hundred pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and one hundred and two pints, that  
would be one hundred and one hundred and  
two pence; and if you drank one hundred  
and one hundred and four pints, that would  
be one hundred and one hundred and four  
pence; and if you drank one hundred and  
one hundred and six pints, that would be one  
hundred and one hundred and six pence; and  
if you drank one hundred and one hundred  
and eight pints, that would be one hundred  
and one hundred and eight pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and one hundred and ten  
pints, that would be one hundred and one  
hundred and ten pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and one hundred and twelve pints,  
that would be one hundred and one hundred  
and twelve pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and one hundred and fourteen pints, that  
would be one hundred and one hundred and  
fourteen pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and one hundred and sixteen pints, that  
would be one hundred and one hundred and  
sixteen pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and one hundred and eighteen pints, that  
would be one hundred and one hundred and  
eighteen pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and one hundred and twenty pints, that  
would be one hundred and one hundred and  
twenty pence; and if you drank one hun-  
dred and one hundred and twenty-two pints,  
that would be one hundred and one hundred  
and twenty-two pence; and if you drank one  
hundred and one hundred and twenty-four  
pints, that would be one hundred and one  
hundred and twenty-four pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and one hundred and twenty-  
six pints, that would be one hundred and one  
hundred and twenty-six pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and one hundred and twenty-  
eight pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and twenty-eight pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and one hundred and  
thirty pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty pence; and if you  
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two pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-two pence; and if you  
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four pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-four pence; and if you  
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six pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-six pence; and if you  
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eight pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-eight pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and one hundred and  
thirty pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty pence; and if you  
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two pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-two pence; and if you  
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four pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-four pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and one hundred and thirty-  
six pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-six pence; and if you  
drank one hundred and one hundred and thirty-  
eight pints, that would be one hundred and  
one hundred and thirty-eight pence; and if  
you drank one hundred and