

Old Bowdoin Awake!!—Ratification Meeting.

Agreeable to notice, the students of Bowdoin College in favor of the nomination of FREMONT and DAYTON, assembled in the Chapel to-day, at noon. T. L. Ambrose was chosen President of the meeting, and W. L. Melcher, Secretary. The following resolutions were then introduced by R. B. Howard, which, after appropriate and eloquent remarks by the mover, and several others, were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, The unjust and tyrannical encroachments of the slave oligarchy, for a long series of years, reaching their climax in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the consequent lawlessness, violence and bloodshed in Kansas, have demonstrated that to yield longer is to be subdued; and *whereas*, these aggressive measures, and the men who executed them, have been sanctioned by the Democratic party and are heartily endorsed by their nominee; and *whereas*, these things are calculated to wrest our institutions from their legitimate course—to prohibit Freedom and establish Slavery, and to alienate the affections of our best citizens, whose devotion to Freedom and Equal Rights is co-equal to their love for the Union and Constitution, under whose exclusive jurisdiction our fathers guaranteed Liberty to every man. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the platform adopted at Philadelphia, we recognize a common ground on which every patriot can take a firm and unflinching stand to vindicate our outraged rights and to blot out our accumulated wrongs.

Resolved, That the measures it contemplates, to preserve peace, foreign and domestic, to advance internal improvements, to secure freedom in the territories, and to preserve the blessings of LIBERTY and UNION, meet with our hearty approval.

Resolved, That we hail with delight FREMONT and DAYTON as our standard-bearers, in this conflict of Principle with Party, of Liberty with Slavery.

Resolved, That the whole life of JOHN C. FREMONT has entirely identified him with the people, whose candidate he is, and whose President he is destined to be; and in his nomination we are glad to see a just tribute paid to energy, ability and integrity of character, and a compliment to the cause of useful science.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the sterling worth and tried statesmanship of WM. L. DAYTON, and we look forward with pride to see him honor the high office which Atchison has disgraced.

It was voted that these resolutions be published.

A committee was raised to take measures for the immediate organization of a FREMONT CLUB, after which the meeting adjourned with nine hearty cheers for the nominees.

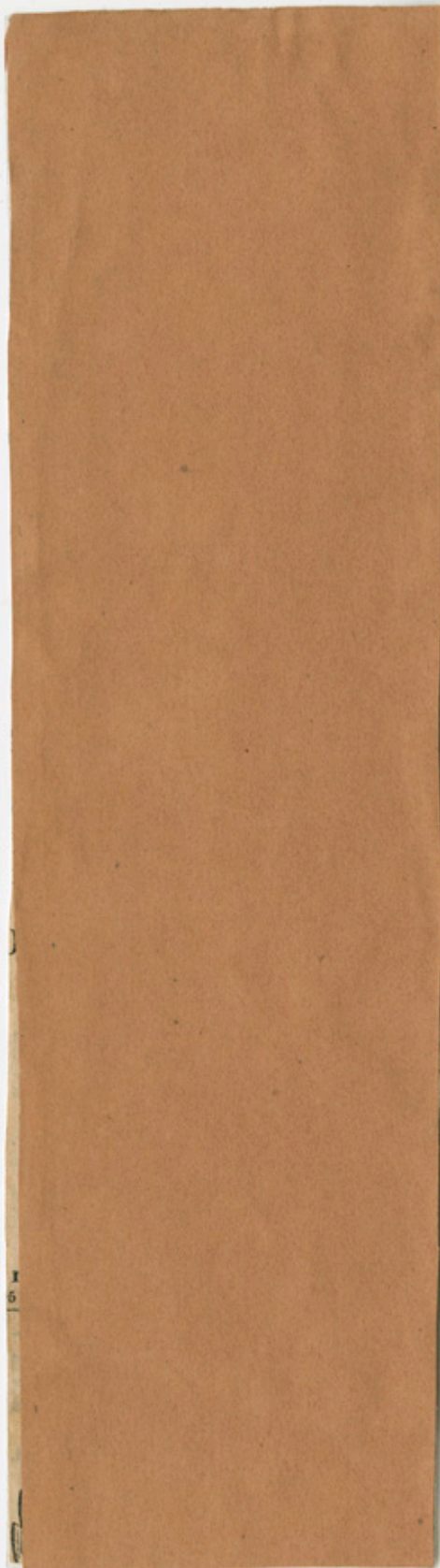
T. L. AMBROSE, President.

W. L. MELCHER, Secretary.

Much enthusiasm was manifest. A great majority of the students sustain the nominations.—Most of those who have hitherto acted with the "Straight Whigs," came out nobly and manfully for the platform and the candidates. This augurs well for our young men.

At sunset the "stars and stripes" were raised, bearing the names of FREMONT AND DAYTON.—A salute of fifty guns was fired, amidst the ringing of bells and the cheering of the multitude.

Bowdoin College, June 20, 1856.



NEW YORK, March 30, 1893.
To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

MR. BEECHER'S CONVERSION.

There is much religious interest in Plymouth Church. Extra meetings are held for the congregation, the young and the Sunday School. At these meetings the pastor interests and instructs by sketches of his own personal history, his trials, his Litchfield home, his college days, his life in the West, and his religious experience. One evening he gave this account of his conversion: He was a professor of religion before he was a Christian. Family influence led him into the church. Once in he tried to do his duty. He had no true knowledge of Christ and no joy in his service. While at Amherst College a powerful revival broke out. He was deeply moved. He had no one to lead or guide him. He was in deep darkness. He passed days in agony, and knelt in prayer by the hour at the side of his bed, but obtained no relief. He was as one alone in a dark and lonely castle, and wandered from room to room, sick, cold, in despair and in terror. He resolved to call on Dr. Humphrey. It was a great cross, for he was known to be a member of the church. But he wanted to find the Saviour. He told the President his condition, and he shook his head gravely and informed Mr. Beecher that he was under the influence of the Holy Spirit and he dare not interfere. Home Mr. Beecher went, no better, but rather worse. Collegians did not think much of the village people. Mr. Beecher went down to the village church to see if he could find Christ there. The anxious were invited to stop. He took up another heavy cross. He allowed his college friends to go back, and he remained among the inquirers. An eminent clergyman began to converse with those who remained, and came within a pew where Mr. Beecher sat, deeply anxious for religious conversation. He came no further but went back into the pulpit, spoke of the evident presence of the Holy Ghost in the meeting, and sent home the congregation. Mr. Beecher completed his college course and was not converted.

At Cincinnati he began the study of theology. He was not only not a Christian but was skeptical. The influence of his father decided him to study. One of the sons had swung off into skepticism and should another follow it would break the old man's heart. He did not intend to be a minister. The study of theology would not hurt him, and he need not go into the work when the course was completed. Without conversion and without believing in Christianity he became a student of theology.

While in the Seminary some ladies belonging to the first families of Cincinnati, connected with the Second Church, urged him to become their teacher in a Bible class. What could he do? He who was not an experimental Christian, but was skeptical, how could he teach in what he did not know, and how could he instruct in what he did not believe? He was a member of the church and a theological student. He accepted the trust that he could not honorably decline. All he need do was to tell the class what the Gospels contained. He need not tell them what he thought of them. So he began his work. He studied and collated the Gospels. He took all passages, scraps, hints and facts that bore on the character of Jesus, and his relations to guilty and lost men. Jesus appeared to him in those Scriptures. He smote the rock and the waters gushed out. He saw the Saviour in all his love and compassion, and fell at his feet to adore. "Never till I get home," said Mr. Beecher, "will I have brighter visions of my Redeemer." I saw Jesus in all things—in the flowers, in the fruits, in the trees, and in the sky, and above all, in the Gospel. "O," said he, "years ago, in my deep anguish at Amherst, had Dr. Humphrey said to me, 'Young man, behold the Lamb of God! I should then have found the Saviour and been spared years of darkness and sorrow.' While relating this, Mr. Beecher was deeply affected, tears coursed down his cheeks and his emotion forbore utterance. This experience was new to his people, who were most deeply impressed by his utterance.

Senator Ingalls, of the Worcester District, made a capital speech following Mr. Miner. Letters were received from General O. O. Howard and Governor St. John, of Kansas. The following was from Gen. Howard:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WEST POINT,
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1892.

L. Edwin Dudley, Esq.

My dear Sir,—I am sorry to say no to your kind invitation. Senator Blair, in the published letter that you sent me, touched my heart. As a temperance man and poor, I know how hard it is to struggle up into moderate respectability. And after canvassing the field afresh, I have come to the conclusion that the slowness of our temperance progress is due to two causes; first, to the hunger and thirst of men's souls—a sort of unhappy, uneasy feeling that drives the mass hither and thither in search of some panacea. A prey to this increasing trouble, opiates and drink are resorted to. People spring from the trains as soon as they stop; they empty stages at interior stations, they crowd from ocean steamers, to quench their terrible thirst. What will suffice like whiskey?

Second, the slowness is due to money. The true men have little, and the liquor men have much. "To entertain without wine and strong drink," a great lady said to me, "how can it be done? I cannot even cook respectfully without these essentials."

Judge then of my delight to find Governors, Mayors of cities, Senators, Representatives and men of wealth coming together under the new galvanic influence of the good old word "club." What a happy thought to have a "temperance club!" Not a society, an association, a union, not a body of sons, Good Templars, or even of churchmen, but a sportive, festive, joyous, happy crowd, with the historic good fellowship of the club-room. And then it is genius that lets the women into the club-room. It is sure to succeed, this new temperance effort. I am a little afraid of temperance addresses. They are so common, so stale. You cannot horrify anybody now. A man may eat up his own lips in delirium, beat his friend in his cups till he is beyond recognition, or starve his poor wife and children to death. This is too common for the orator or the audience, so try the new plan: club together, gather money, get power, get woman's help, and with this living force go ahead and conduct the war till peace.

I have engaged to be absent the 12th inst. on a similar invitation from Brooklyn; so duty compels me to decline yours so kindly given.

Yours, with pleasant remembrances and sincerely,
O. O. HOWARD,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.

Woman Preaching

Furthermore: in their own way, they are preachers of great power and wisdom. It has been said that the best preaching is done when the audience is one as well as the preacher. Let a prayerful Christian woman set herself, with all the earnestness of her affection and conviction, to tell the gospel to some wanderer or unbeliever, to some young person or old neglecter, and all her peculiar power comes into play. Her logic is quick; her appeal is touching; her personal magnetism compels attention and respect; and she leads and sways and moves with a profound and subtle effectiveness. Or let her collect a little circle of parents and children about her, and she holds them better than a man could hold them. Or let her gather a little congregation in a private room like those in which the apostles preached, and she may lead the compact assembly in prayer and song, and may teach them out of the Scriptures with a power all her own. Not one fine intonation, not a touching cadence, not a tremor of her lip, not a moistening of the eye, not a delicate gesture or swaying of her form, is lost upon the listeners. Her presence has its full and appropriate effect, softening and inclining all hearts to her words. So, peculiarly, in homes of poverty, in prison-cells, and by the bedsides of the sick, she goes, an angel of benediction and beneficence. With regard to these forms of usefulness, there can be no doubt. Others may be imposed upon her by and by; these responsibilities undeniably rest upon her now. Women are solemnly bound, by their fealty to their Lord, to engage, in much larger numbers than ever before, in these labors. They are doing so, and with great effect. One young lady has, within three years, brought nearly a hundred persons to Christ and into the communion of the Church; another lady, in ten years, has brought five hundred; and a third, within twelve years, seven hundred. Few ministers of the gospel have done as well, if we except certain revivalists, who make a specialty of the work of gathering in the harvests in fields which others have been cultivating long and faithfully.

Surely women should not despise their peculiar gifts, whatever other gifts they may share with their brethren. No person of good sense is anxious to do this work in a noisy way. But every true heart longs to do some good work faithfully. The wisest think, that, *the less noise, the better.*

less fascinating attractions to too early abandonment of school. The churches have leisure to reflect upon and give up their too great wordliness. The winter will furnish pastors and people ample opportunities for abundant spiritual and reformatory labors. Indeed, in all higher aspects, the field of this great State was never more promising to the humble, faithful laborer for Christ than now.

The political campaign was somewhat excited, but the result was astounding and overwhelming. The death of Mr. Greeley and the accompanying circumstances fell upon the nation as a death in a divide household often does upon it. For many reasons sadness overspread both his political friends and foes. God thus effected "reconciliation" in a way far more effective than platforms and candidates could do. Many animosities are buried in that sad grave. Our imperturbable President was not unaffected, and it seems as if the whole nation would thereby learn to fear God.

R. B. H.

Among the students were a company of profligate and profane young men who made a mockery of religion. They formed a "ring," and did what they could to corrupt the hearts of the unsuspecting, and to draw them within their fatal influence.

The leader of this company was a youth of talent, and possessed of a fine presence. He was the son of wealthy parents. His mother was a professing Christian. His home training accompanied with many indulgences, though to be of an innocent character by his mother. Among his accomplishments that of dancing. In the acquisition of this graceful and fashionable art, no pains and no money had been spared by his pious mother.

My room-mate, now the Rev. C. J., Chaplain to one of our Sailors' Retreats, suggested that we hold a prayer-meeting in our room, one evening in the week, to which the students should be invited. This was the first meeting of the kind held in the college. The object was to counteract the influence of that ungodly "circle," and to gather souls to Christ.

On hearing of the meeting, this young man rallied his companions and formed a mock prayer-meeting! They agreed to meet in his room on the same evening, and at the same hour of our meeting; where, gathered about a centre table and under the effects of ardent spirits, they would sing their ribald songs and kneel in solemn mockery in the presence of the heart-searching God.

It was a part of their plan for their leader to feign an interest in a country Sabbath-school started by my room-mate. He accordingly professed a desire to become a teacher. His proposition was accepted. In his boldness he accompanied us one Sabbath afternoon to the school. A class was assigned him, and the Bible placed in his hands. He had scarcely proceeded with the lesson for the day when the word of God pierced his conscience and proved sharper than a two edged sword. So deep were his convictions that he betrayed outward symptoms of alarm. This was perceived by the superintendent, the Rev. Mr. T., now the pastor of a church in the interior of Pennsylvania, whose remarks at the close of the school were made with special reference to his case.

When returning to the college, he opened his mind to us, and begged to be permitted to join us in our prayer-meeting, also to come into our room at our regular morning and evening prayers.

The Spirit of God wrought powerfully in his soul. The change in him produced a deep and solemn seriousness throughout the college. The mock prayer-meeting was abandoned, and several of its members were persuaded to forsake their evil ways.

These with their former leader in wickedness became active co-workers in our prayer-meetings, and were not ashamed to be seen bending the knee in sincere prayer with those who feared and served God. The young man who had before been so reckless, now thoughtful for others, and began to lay out for their good. He established a mission Sabbath-school for the colored people in the town, which was the means of great good among that hitherto neglected class.

He found it difficult, however, to crucify his fondness for dancing. Under the power of this lust, he was occasionally induced to attend fashionable parties, which were a serious check to his spiritual growth. He afterwards became a lawyer of some note in Virginia. He has long since gone to his rest.

Letter from Mr. Howard.

BAYFIELD, Wis. Aug. 19, 1871.

MR. EDITOR.—The trip from Chicago to this point has pleasantly occupied eight days. The steamer "Ontagon" has performed her work well, but slowly, and I was glad to stand on solid ground once more, and to receive and read the REPUBLICAN, and letters from home. This little town is opposite the Apostle Islands, and is a fishing port and a summer resort. Persons suffering from pulmonary complaints receive great benefit from the bracing air.

Let the wide-awake local newspaper, the Bayfield Press, whose editor does his own printing of five hundred weekly copies.

Bishop Armitage, of Wisconsin, makes his annual visit to the little Episcopal church to-morrow. There are no more than fifteen or twenty Protestant families—the majority being Catholics.

I find that we bring most of our food with us by steamer from "below." Green corn has just appeared, and red raspberries are plenty, but potatoes, apples, pears and grapes must have matured under a warmer sun.

An overcoat is very comfortable mornings and evenings in this latitude. A running stream on the hill above the village supplies a number of fountains with full flowing streams of pure, cool water.

The tide of summer travel sets this way more and more, every season. The new Northern Pacific railroad lifts the whole region into public notice, and attracts thousands of people for all sorts of business purposes.

It seems to me that the beauty of the lake and shore, the coolness and salubrity of the summer climate, the comparative ease and cheapness of access will make this region a favorite summer resort for future generations of Illinoisans. Of course everybody must go "back East" once or twice, for the sake of old associations, kindred, and our parents' graves; but the time is coming when the thousands of the prairies will visit this lake and hill country, to rest from the lassitude of heat and work, recuperating and recreating for another campaign. I go on one of the Indian reservations and the end of the Northern Pacific railroad.

Mr. Howard's Trip to Red River.

DACOTA TERRITORY, RED RIVER, September 14th, 1871.

MR. EDITOR.—One Saturday night I slept in a "claim cabin," a small edifice eight by ten feet, capable of sheltering us from rain, but not a sure defence against fleas, mosquitoes, *et cetera*.

Following the example of the Editors on their luxurious excursion, for which special express deposited costly viands long in advance of their coming, I will mention our bill of fare. Supper, warm biscuit, fried pork, and tea, with a small bit of butter obtained from a neighboring Swedish log house. Breakfast, the same except that the pork gave out, and the butter was low, though by no means weak. But the meal was cooked by a promising young lawyer, and served with hearty hospitality. The next day I rode to Oak Point, and held the first religious meeting ever known in the city, certain to rise at this crossing of the Red River of the North. I had an attentive audience, and enjoyed a quiet Sabbath, all in the tent of Dr. C. F. Forbes, formerly a Baptist minister in Massachusetts. His interesting family are tired of living after the manner of the patriarchs. In my audience was a worthy missionary who labored for fifteen years or more at the Grand Ligne Mission among the Canada Catholics, and a good Wesleyan of Montreal, James, the brother of Rev. George Douglas. The former has taken a "claim" in Dakota. The latter deals in lumber hauled by teams from the railroad at Morris 150 miles. Oak Point has eleven tents and one log house, all very populous. The place is a great center for trade for the new settlers, the principal item of which, both there and at every way side tent, seemed to be whiskey. On Monday I rode fifty miles east of Red River on the main line of the N. P. R. R., towards Duluth and spent the night at Oak Lake, another "tented field."

The Minneapolis Young Men's Christian Association have a station at this point occupied, at the time of my visit, by a brother of Prof. Tourjee, of Boston. He had a neat tent, presented by some benevolent person for that purpose, in which a daily prayer-meeting, a weekly Sabbath School, and a fortnightly religious service were held. It was also a reading room, well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. I preached to the railroad men under the trees. Tuesday I rode directly South to Fergus Falls, a new and really beautiful and prosperous town on the Otter Tail River, fifty miles from the main line of the railroad.

The country for 300 miles on both sides of Red River is as flat a prairie as on the Central railroad in Southern Illinois. West of that river it is the same unbroken, save by narrow belts of timber on the streams—the belts not being over four rods wide on either bank. But going east you rise at the distance of 16 miles on to a high prairie, slightly rolling with occasional boulders peering above the surface. The railroad is partially graded to a point 16 miles from the Red River, and wherever the railroad goes the telegraph is ahead. The upper soil of the flat prairie is as dark as about Princeton and from eight inches to twenty-four deep. The sod is not tough. I saw it broken with one yoke of oxen. The annual fires keep down the grasses, and the drouth of the present summer said to be exceptional, has greatly parched the ground. Where the innumerable ground squirrels had thrown up the clayey sub-soil, I noticed that cucumbers, squashes and vegetables generally seemed to grow as well as upon the darker

surface. From Oak Lake to Fergus Falls, no word so fitly describes the country, new and "unbroken" as it is, so well as "park." It is a succession of beautiful small hills and valleys, with lakes bordered by forests, and abounding with game. I could not realize as I gazed, that the whole broad area for fifty square miles had hardly been touched by the hand of civilized man. But much of the land has now been preempted under the homestead act, or by a great land company which has issued fraudulent scrip, ostensibly belonging to certain unknown and unheard of Indians and half-breeds. Still there are thousands of acres unappropriated. When you pass west of the Red River into Dakota, and out for hundreds of miles you have, I am told, an unsettled and equally fertile region. As you go north from the Red River, crossing to Pembina, you have a flat but fertile prairie. The Northern Pacific railroad has a rich

THE NORTHWEST.

The New Openings.

Light on the Indian Rings.

Scrip Frauds.

Letters from our Correspondent of the Ground—New Revelations.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

FERGUS FALLS, Minn.,
Sept. 14, 1871.

A drive through this lake and park region of Minnesota has not been exaggerated as to its beauty and exhilaration by any of the excursion editors or correspondents. From the line of the Northern Pacific R. R. down the Pelican prairies and Duck Lake and the Pelican river to this point on the Otter Tail, is about fifty miles.

The whole country in sight does not contain more than a dozen human habitations, but it is difficult not to think that the fields are cultivated, so smooth and grassy are their undulations. At Pelican Rapids a New York sportsman, Mr. Tuttle, had located in a very paradise of game, as it would seem. Mr. Tuttle's Chickering piano looked old but sounded sweetly in the single room of their turf-covered cabin of logs. Fergus Falls has the elements of a real and permanent town.

Already, by its central location and admirable water power, the place has attracted an enterprising population. I was glad to hear that the people were moving for a school house, and that the town proprietors had given a lot for a church, and another for a minister's house, Rev. Ludwig Wolfson's. Mr. W. brings the Andover training, the power of speaking several languages, and a warm heart to his work of molding the various elements of the new society. The writer preached at Oak Point, at the crossing of the Red River by the Northern Pacific railroad, and at Oak Lake, where the Young Men's Christian Association have an organization, a nice tent and an effective laborer.

Immigration is throwing light upon the dark doings of the frontiersmen, who for years have cheated the Indians in the name of philanthropy and the United States government. These performances are no longer distant and obscure.

If the administration does not get frightened out of its humane policy toward the red men, and if it said Gen. Grant is not easily frightened or turned back, a new and better era has indeed dawned upon them. The depraving influences of whisky and licentiousness will be abated, even if the Indians themselves are not reformed immediately. And by continuing the co-operation with voluntary benevolent associations already successfully begun, there is certainly hope for the Indians.

Maj. E. P. Smith left St. Paul for the several points of his agency on the 14th inst. He was accompanied by Rev. Geo. Whipple, of New York, so long and favorably known as the Corresponding Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and by two other gentlemen appointed to superintend the distribution of annuities and supplies. There are fifty thousand dollars in cash and twenty-four thousand dollars in supplies to be disbursed. Pembina, White Earth, Otter Tail, Red Lake, Leech Lake and Mille Lac are the places where the party will meet the Indians.

The character of the men employed is sufficient guarantee that the disgraceful scenes of some former years will not be repeated at the "payments."

Before the party left St. Paul, a commission, consisting of Maj. Smith, Maj. S. N. Clark, and Mr. Neal, of Ironton, Ohio, sat upon the question of alleged frauds in the issue of Sioux and Chippewa scrip since 1863.

After patient investigation a report was made to the Indian Bureau of such barefaced and unmixed iniquity in the way of forging the names of half breeds who never lived, or are dead, or whose consent was secured to assign their scrip by deception, which, if published, will make a shaking among former officials of the ring. I am glad, in the interest of the bona fide homesteaders, that no more land warrants can be located under the bogus scrip. Enough has already been issued, to enormously defraud the government, the Indians, and the actual settlers, and to enrich the guilty parties.

But with the railroad and telegraph spreading both north from St. Paul and west across the rich prairies of the Red River, will dawn a better day for all concerned.

As to the richness and value of much of the Northern Pacific railroad land grants, this private visit has more than convinced me. No better lands can be found on the continent, and none will be settled faster in the next five years. The northern immigrant, whether he come from Maine or Norway, does not relish the lassitude and debility that supplants his native vigor when he settles at the South. It is the feeling of life that this high latitude gives a weary body that will do much to fill it early with a thrifty, industrious and happy people.

TRAVELER.

The Swedes in Illinois.

PRINCETON, Ill., April 14th, 1871.

To the Editors of the Lewiston Journal:—

As the encouragement of Swedish immigration has become recognized as a part of the State policy in Maine, it may interest your readers, to know something of that class of people here. Princeton is the County seat of Bureau Co., Ill., and one hundred miles southwest of Chicago, and the centre of one of the finest corn raising regions in the world. The first family of Swedes settled here in 1854. They have gradually increased until there are twenty-five hundred of that nationality living in Princeton, or within ten miles of that city. They have one church that numbers over seven hundred, including the children—Rev. Mr. Lindholme, its pastor, is a gentleman of pleasant address, and sound scholarship, and deep piety. He speaks English fluently and is in full fellowship with the other protestant ministers and churches. There is but one person of Swedish origin at the almshouse. A few families have been assisted a little by the town in the depth of the winter, but most of the poor receive all needed aid from the church. But, in so large a population, it is surprising that so few ever need charitable assistance; not more than from five to ten families at most. They are industrious, frugal and thrifty as a people. The leading jeweller and clock dealer of the town is an intelligent and excellent Swedish gentleman, by the name of Fagercräus. He is a respected member of the City Council. Mr. Shenland, another Swede, is a leading and popular grocer; and all the larger stores of this town have Swedish clerks, who are able to speak both languages. The Swedes are honest as a class. They are readily trusted in the stores and are prompt in meeting their obligations. I am renting a small house next my residence to a Swede family and ask for no better tenants. The children, who are found in large numbers in all grades of the public schools, vie with our own in learning their lessons. They all "read" with the minister twice a week a portion of the year. As carpenters and farm-hands the Swedes stand high. Almost the whole region is supplied with a good class of domestic servants from the girls of these families. I have not seen a Swede intoxicated. Some of them are intemperate but they are not such whiskey drinkers as the Irish nor such beer guzzlers as the Germans. They compare well with both these peoples in point of neatness and excel them both in thrift. R. B. H.



Sabbath Reading.

The Precious Death of the Saints.

Discourse preached at the Congregational Church in Princeton, Ill., July 23d, 1871, in memory of eight members of the Church who have died since Oct. 15th, 1870.*

By REV. R. B. HOWARD, PASTOR.
Ps. 116. 15. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

The memory of some things about the death-beds of our friends we would gladly forget. The recollection of other things, though tinged with sadness, is always precious. The lingering, fading smiles that spoke of undying love when the door of utterance was finally shut; the uncovering of some deep and secret place in the heart that would have remained closed but for the near separation; the slightest expressed wishes, the parting mementoes are all precious in the retrospect. Sometimes, in the retirement of confidential intercourse, one can speak of these things, counting and telling over the coins hidden in the treasure house of memory. How comforting then to think that our heavenly Father also is interested in these scenes, and sympathizes with us in this crisis of life, manifesting himself to the falling sight, or sending some ministering spirit, who will minister to the last want of these heirs of salvation, thus proving how precious they are then even to Him.

The nameless terror that haunts many a child as he finds himself in the presence of death wears off in riper years. There is pleasure in performing the small but necessary offices for our cold and silent ones. We do not shrink from the remains of those we love. I can remember no scene more touching and beautiful than a sister combing and fondling the hair of her departed brother, and anon gently kissing the marble brow beneath.

As we grow older we outgrow our love of mere sentiment about death. We care less to sing sentimental songs about dying, and no longer speak in low whispers and suppressed voices of the grave. But death is more real to us every year, and in some of its aspects quite as terrible. I think we learn increasingly to respect the power of death. An enemy so pitiless, inexorable, implacable, and mighty we are compelled to reverence.

In youth we start out like volunteers, who, gay in new uniforms with buoyant spirits, laughing at danger, and making sport of the enemy, grow pale and nervous as the first wounded man is carried past from the bloody front, and are cowed at the sight of the mangled beast by the roadside. Like that same man, after years and battles, we are taught to respect our enemy and to dread his missiles. For observation teaches us that we are marching on to certain defeat, and every moment brings us nearer the fatal termination. Death conquers all. Our friends were too dear, and their destroyer too terrible for us not to feel fear and pain too deep for words. Who that has suffered by the broad Atlantic, every restless hungry wave of which has devoured a life, can calmly sing "Bury me not in the deep, deep Sea!"

I think the poets write most glibly and romantically of death when young. They dream of and dread it. But when "the sun grows low, and the hill shadows long" they say and sing less, for the shadows fall on their own hearts. "It is hard to see to write in the valley and shadow of death," says Charles Lamb after one of his bereavements. In early life one can sing of dying as he does of the days of chivalry, the imagined distance casting a poetic haze over the prospect. But as friend after friend departs, and the event draws nearer to themselves, they begin to peer out into the mystery beyond, or are content to be still and wait.

For some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear, And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near, As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye Of Him, the sinless Teacher, who came on earth to die.

I watch the joy, the terror; yet these within my heart, Can neither wake the dead or the longing to depart; And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea, I calmly stand and wait till the hinges turn for me.

Death's doings are not uniformly to be deprecated. When the leaders of a Paris or New York mob fall, there is something of relief in the sigh which we utter. Peace and order seem at times to follow only in the pathway of blood. The general well-being of society and even the progress of Christ's peaceful kingdom demand that, at certain crises, even life shall be sacrificed. We acquiesce in the justice which smote Belshazzar and Herod, or which put more private persons, like Ananias Sapphira, to death. We cannot mourn over the loss of a life that makes a needed and beneficial reform possible. No one is pained at such a death except the immediate friends of the deceased. But death is indiscriminating. A devoted missionary dies just before he completes a translation of the Bible that he alone can finish. A President dies, and leaves momentous affairs to be administered by one less competent than himself. A whole generation may suffer from his early removal. A mother dies, as did a member of this church, just when a mother's care and influence are indispensable to her young children. An active, earnest, devoted pastor dies as did Rev. Thomas Lightbody of Lamolite, but yesterday, in consequence of one of those providential events we call accidents; a family is deprived of its head; a flock of its spiritual shepherd; and the great harvest field of the Lord already whitening for the sickle, loses a prized and needed laborer. Our reason is often baffled in trying to account for the time and the way which God chooses to remove his saints from earth. Our wisdom would have ordered otherwise. Love too, always resists separation. No circumstances can be so propitious, no human life-work so complete, no consolations so sweet, as to make a loving heart perfectly willing to consent to bereavement. Precious to us is the life of our dear ones.

My first funeral in Princeton was that of one of the oldest members of this church,

one whose obsequies were saddened by the absence of children and grandchildren, whose tears were wont to fall around the coffin of the aged. Our brother died at fourscore. We buried him when the October leaves were falling, and left him to await the world's resurrection spring. In advanced life, he fled for a refuge, and laid hold on the hope set before him in Christ Jesus.

Early in January, before the glad greetings of the New Year had quite ceased, and before the holiday gifts of the household were forgotten, we were called to sympathize with a husband and young children, bereaved of their nearest and dearest friend. O Lord, thy judgments are a great deep!

On the 11th of January we laid away in the grave a beloved physician, whose eulogy was spoken and recorded elsewhere. The 27th of the same month witnessed the departure of a dear wife, sister and mother. She waited for the consolation of Israel.

On the 27th of February an aged saint and sister who had endured almost life-long suffering, fell asleep in Jesus. Her hope was strong, her faith lively, her spiritual triumph complete.

Just as Mayday, with its wealth of blossoms and burden of song, returned to gladden the earth, one lovely spot was made darker and lonelier, by the death of a well-known and highly respected brother in Christ. He had borne with this people the hardships of an earlier day, and enjoyed the fruition of his toil. He lived a life of singularity, integrity and uprightness, honoring God with his substance. The end of that man was peace.

On the 7th of June, a sister, who for many years had been identified with all the struggles, trials, joys, and sorrows of this church, and who had often been foremost in caring for its interests, and who bore dying testimony to her love for Jesus and her fellow-Christians, was committed to the tomb, with trembling hands and weeping eyes by her bereaved family. She was the stay and staff of the household, the strong arm on which they safely and confidently leaned, their counsellor, consoler, protector; a true wife, mother, Christian; hers was a thorny pathway of pain through the valley and the shadow of death, but Jesus was with her, his rod and his staff, they comforted her.

When the jubilant sounds of the Nation's birthday were dying away, and the mild sun shone softly through the dewy leaves; in the hushed quiet of a beautiful morning, we followed one who had been younger, stronger, and more buoyant than any we have named, as she was borne from one pleasant spot to another on the same shady street, not to labor, nor to suffer any more, only to rest. To my mind, three places are associated when I recall the name of this sister, the last on our catalogue to receive the star. First, her charming earthly home, where every beautiful and tasteful thing had owed to her cheerful temper and refined taste its fitness and charm. Secondly, her last resting place under the shadow of the oaks. Thirdly, the place in Heaven which Jesus went to prepare for her. Each of these has thus been portrayed by a more skillful pen:

"Is this her home?"
I ask, in earnest tone,
All that make home are here,—
Husband, and child most dear,
And kindred hearts, which ever seem to be
Full of kind love and gentle sympathy;
But desolate they stand,
That little household band;
Most mournful is the crying
I hear in sad replying
Unto my earnest tone,
"Is this her home?"

"Is this her home?"
I ask, in earnest tone,
The new-laid turf is green,
And the sweet flowers, I ween,
Will love to come and deck the lowly bed,
Where in calm slumber rests that youthful head.
The wild-bird's song is here,
The sunshine bright and clear,
O peace! she's sweetly sleeping,
While we the watch are keeping;
Why answer still with weeping
Unto my earnest tone,
"Is this her home?"

"Is this her home?"
I ask, in solemn tone,
Behold, the Lord is here;
The Lamb of God is near,
To lead her into pastures ever fair,
And point her to the living waters there;
See! red in light she stands
Amid the angel band;
Her hand a harp is stringing;
Its notes through heaven are ringing;
Oh, list! the song she's singing,
Most joyful is the tone,
"Heaven is my home."

Our sister, Mrs. Delano, was in earlier life than the others who have died. She was, in social life, the brightest and most cheerful of companions. She had been closely associated with, and greatly beloved by a circle, drawn together by neighborhood, kindred tastes, and common Christian aspirations. The little band of sisters in the church, who always found in her a sympathizing friend and helpmeet, when friends needed sympathy, and some worthy Christian enterprise required help, will understand me. Many have been the trials they have endured, and the labors they have put forth together, and, next to her own kindred, none will more sorely miss her than these confidential friends. Her prolonged and peculiarly trying illness, her own cheerfulness and hopefulness during these months of pain, the little offices of love which it has been your privilege to render have kept quickened and alive to the last every feeling of interest and affection. None met their new pastor and his family with a warmer greeting. No cheek was mantled with a brighter hue of health and hope, and when, in too short a time after our coming, her physicians pronounced her insidious disease incurable, and made us feel as if sentence of death had been pronounced upon one in full strength; in this shock to sense and feeling, she was willing to receive such sympathy and counsel as a Christian pastor loves to give. She always met me with a smile, a smile that towards the last struggled through pangs of pain. She always wished me to pray, and made every effort to join in our devotions. The name of Jesus was a welcome sound. He had taken away the fear of death, making it bright with the hope of heaven. She made a brave, hopeful struggle for life, submitting cheerfully to every attempt to relieve or restore that her friends advised. Her interest in her church, her friends, her husband and her only son was manifested to the very last. Her words were weighty, with love, even

when the burden of her prayer was for speedy release. O she keeps them still, these sweet affections of earth, although heaven is her home.

"Enfold her, Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be,
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee."

My purpose in speaking thus to-day to you who are living, has been to join you in casting a flower of memory on each of these new made graves. I can but notice that God has taken more in number from this church during these months, than from any equal number of our citizens. He seems to have called hence his best beloved ones. Why is this? He has wise, loving, holy reasons, for precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. These are never objects of neglect or indifference to their God. He does not cast them off in the time of old age. He delivers their feet from falling, their eyes from tears, their souls from death. He never leaves or forsakes them. No one of them is lightly or without good reason given over to die. God contemplates his departure with intense interest. It is precious to Him.

If then our Heavenly Father is so deeply interested in this hour, ought not his people to feel as he does? That our interest may be intelligent, and our feelings submissive, let us consider a few things that we may properly infer from the preciousness of the saints' death in the sight of God.

1. Our departed brethren and sisters went from us in accordance with infinite wisdom and infinite love. The day of their death was fixed for them by no chance. It was determined by no indifference to their welfare, by no disfavor of God to them or us. Having done what we could to retain them, having gone to the full extent of our wisdom, strength and resources, unavailingly, it is good to think that we yield them at last not to the call of man, but of God.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong."

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone, that life or death
His mercy underlies."

2. Some merciful ends are evidently subserved by their death. One is their emancipation. We are all slaves to the body, and are scourged with restlessness, nervousness and stinging pains. To escape from this is liberty. Our life is often like a cage to a prisoned bird. We flap our wings against the wires and long for the free air of heaven, with its unrestrained flight and song. We are painfully conscious of ignorance, weakness, care-burdens and personal sinfulness; and while it is true we are "fond of our prison," yet as we draw near death, the world's attractions are less potent. Our sense of its darkness, and narrowness increases, and we long for liberty. The righteous hath hope in his death. Our Father appreciates the greatness of this deliverance as even the dying saint cannot.

"God pities all our griefs."

A mother may forget her child, but God will not forget his, in illness, in temptation, in bondage to sin. His unsleeping eye watches over the final struggles tenderly and expectantly. His mercies cannot fail.

3. The death of his saints is a point of intense interest to God because it introduces the sufferer to glory. When our children graduate at school or college, the solicitude of years seems to be concentrated into a few hours, as our minds accompany them through the final tests and ordeals, and welcome them to a broader arena of life. When we watch the close of a great enterprise that has only been presented under discouragements, and in danger of complete failure; when the slaves watched for the dawn of the day that, by proclamation, was to make them legally and perpetually free; when the first glimpses of a coming peace were perceived through the murky clouds of war; when a single battle of days was fought through, and our watchful, trembling hearts were assured that not only our cause, but our own dear soldier boy was safe; we feel possibly a little as do they who earnestly watch the conflict, and behold the victory of the saint. It is a conflict, severe and terrible even as we see it, but its mightiest throes, like its grandest triumphs, are often behind the clouds. Our human eyes can pierce the veil but little; we do not discern all the foes that beset the followers of Jesus, even as they did him. We cannot witness the grapplings and wrestlings, nor can we behold the angel-presence that strengthens and cheers the departing spirit; nor can we catch a glimpse of the glory, except as it is sometimes reflected on a dying face. But God sees it all. A father's arms are open wide to welcome his free, glad child! Redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, comforted by the Holy Spirit, kept by the power of God under a great fight of afflictions, ministered unto by angels, in jeopardy once, safe now! God comes forth from the hidings of his power, and smiles upon his ransom'd child with a father's welcome home. Such a death is indeed precious to Him.

4. Death affects the living and is therefore precious to God. The living will lay it to heart. No storm of sorrow sweeps over soul and leaves it just as it was, as no natural storm leaves the fields and forests as they were. That soul's atmosphere grown clear, or becomes murky by the agitation. The stars of heaven are either obscured, or they look down with purer sweeter rays. God is nearer to feeling and faith, or he is further off. While radical changes of character are seldom effected, there are new views of life, and death, and immortality. These things become more real and personal to us when our friends die. Life seems shorter, cheaper, its thread brittle. How soon its work must be done! Does eternity hang on these brief moments? How quickly then its questions must be settled, heaven secured, or lost! The many deaths we this day recount should make us who survive, sympathize more deeply with one another. When an individual dies, a few feel it keenly, but when "friend after friend departs," when there is hardly a house which the death-angel hath not visited, the circle of sorrow and of sympathy is widened. Many feel and say, my loss, my bereavement is like yours, and yours like mine. So as family after family is broken up, when the narrowing circle of the Church is often invaded, does not every new vacancy teach us to draw nearer together, to close up the broken ranks, and clasp the hand that lies next the one now cold in death? We are strangers and pilgrims. Our friends have passed on. The world seems darker, but the pathway of heavenly light, which our tear-dimmed eyes follow, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Finally, Brethren, do not these events enforce upon our attention and consciences the words of Jesus, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch!" "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!"

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of his feet;
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home.
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say,
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If he is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows
And He will come."

*The persons named below with the dates of their decease are those alluded to in the discourse:

Oct. 15, 1870,	Gustavus A. Gunn,
Jan. 5, 1871,	Mrs. Flora B. Carpenter,
" 11 "	Dr. Daniel Jones,
" 27 "	Mrs. Emily A. Triplett,
Feb. 23, "	Mrs. Martha Charlton,
May 1, "	Seth C. Clapp,
June 7, "	Mrs. Betsey G. Crittenden,
July 3, "	Mrs. Martha M. Delano,

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Attention All!

To the Citizens of Princeton and Surrounding County, I would say that I have this day formed a co-partnership with C. W. Bradley, of Adrian, Michigan, for the purpose of carrying on

The Meat Business

At my old Stand, in Princeton, where will be found at all times a good assortment of

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Fresh and Salt Fish,

New Goods!

Spring and Summer.

A word in regard to the new stock of goods at Bates' just received and now open. The goods with all the new arrangements of the store are really worth going to see. The first thing that attracts ones attention is the millinery department under the management of Miss Sarah Budd, where you can find all the latest novelties in bonnets and hats. The Cases of Flowers and Ribbons are elegant, with a variety of Ties, Scarfs, Sashes, and Hair Goods too numerous to mention.

Then we find the center of the store filled with show cases, and they are filled with a stock of fine goods that would do credit to any Broadway store, Sunshades from 35 cents to \$6.00, childrens plain and fancy, colored silk in the plain shades, Black and Colored lined, and 200 of the new Buff Shades both lined and unlined. Fans from the common Palm Leaf to the Gilt and Silk, with Sandal wood Fans. The new Vienna Fan Silk and wood very handsome.

Kid Gloves at \$1.00 per pair two Button Kids Fancy Stitched, warranted at \$1.50 the real Alexander in Black and the new Colors \$2.00, two Buttons \$2.25. Naltese real Thread and Point Lace Collars, also fine and Imitation Laces.

On the right hand you will find a large Show Case filled with Gents Furnishing Goods, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Socks, Linen and Paper Collars, etc., etc.

And then you find the Notion Stock with an almost endless variety of Gloves, Hoseing, Corsets, Dress Buttons, Dress Trimmings.

Next comes the Prints, 75 pieces at 10 cts, per yard both light and dark, Prints are handsome this Spring and here you find the handsomest ones.

Next are the Shoes, and among them are many new things, the Side Lace Gaiters, the Croquet Slippers in all Styles, the French Kid Shoes and all kinds of Childrens Shoes and Slippers. The most of the Shoes were bought of the Manufacturers by the Case, and will be sold less than by any other house in Town. Every pair warranted.

Carpets are next, and there one is puzzled to know which is the handsomest. There are some new designs in Brussels, three ply and Ingrains, never shown till this Spring. Brussels Carpets from \$1.25 to \$1.45 per yard, as handsome as the body Brussels. A New Coloring in a Lowel three ply both sides complete.

A large variety of Ingrains in Super and Extra Super. Also Mats, Oil Cloths etc. In the Stock, there are some 10 to 15 pieces Lace Curtains from .25 to 1.00 per yard. Also Paper Curtains and a Dozen Variety of the Oil Shades in the Green, Buff, Tan, Lavender, Pearl Shades, and next comes Ticks, Denims, Hickory, Checks and Cottonades, and then the Woolen Department, where one can find anything he may want, from a common Kentucky Jean and Western Cassimers for Boys wear, to the finest Cassimer. Broadcloths, English Diagonals in Black Colors all of which are made up to order on very short notice, and then we find Crashes, Linen, Table Linens, Brown, Bleached and Red Damask, Napkins \$1.25 to \$8.00 per Dozen, Bed Spreads, Handkerchiefs, Piques, Swisses, Plaid Nan-sook, Stripes etc. Linen Collars and Cuffs. Made Skirts, Hoop Skirts. New Pique Trimmings and Ruffling.

Last but not least as you return to the Front of the Store, you find the Dress Goods and Silk Department, with Black Silks at 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00 2.25 2.75 3.00 3.50 4.50, and they are cheap. Figured Grenadines 40 to 50 cts. Black Grenadines 75 cts. to \$5.00. Colored Silks, Irish Poplins all colors. Plain, Check, and Striped Japanese Silks at \$1.00 per yard and perfect beauties too. Pongie and Brussel Silk at \$1.00 in Stripe, Check and Plain. Black Alpaca, Double Faced from 35 cents to \$1.00 per yard. Pure Mohair Alpaca dble faced, from 75cts. \$1.25 per yard. Colored Alpaca, Colored Serges, and all kinds of Gray Mixed, and Plain Goods from 25 cents to \$1.00. Fine line of Wash Poplins, Cambrics, Lawns, French Gingham, French Percales and Prints etc, etc. You will always find us ready to show goods with pleasure. Every article guaranteed to be just as represented. All goods marked in figures, and sold at one price to all.

Dress and Cloak Making up Stairs by Miss Abbie Patterson.

E. C. Bates.

Main St. Princeton, April 5, 1871.

J. MERCER & BROTHER,

DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,

At the Princeton Depot.

Have constantly on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, AND

PATENT MEDICINES.

Also, a full assortment of Foreign and Domestic

Perfumeries and Toilet Articles.

WINE and LIQUORS

For Medicinal and Sacramental Purposes constantly on hand.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR TASCOTT'S

ENAMEL PAINT,

Pure White and over 100 different shades, Mixed Ready for use.

The BEST quality of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty, &c, &c, always on hand, and every article usually kept in a First Class Drug House.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

Also, Agents for Weed's Sewing Machine, acknowledged to be among the best in the market.

EXTRAS kept on hand. Give us a Call.

J. MERCER & BROS., At the Princeton Depot.

May 11, 1871—19

PEACHES,
And all of the Fruit of the Season
AT HARRIS & COTTLE'S
Bakery and Grocery Store, 90 Main st.,
PRINCETON, ILL.

Removal!



We would announce to our patrons and the public generally that we have

Removed our Stock

To C. N. Burr's New Store, two doors north of C. Jones Meat Market, where they can at all times find a full assortment of

SHELF HARDWARE,

Table, and Pocket Cutlery,

Iron, Nails, Tin, Copper, and Japan Ware, Hoes, Rakes, Forks, Shovels, Spades &c, &c.

Stoves all Grades

And prices, not forgetting the Celebrated Home Comfort for wood, and Monitor for Coal, both plain and extension top.

Special attention given to Tin Roofing, putting up Eve Troughs and Conductors and Repairing of all kinds.

Curtis & Worthington.

Princeton, June 15, 1871—24

Harvest at Hand

The Champion Machines,

As Mowers, Reapers, or

Droppers.

Wood's Self Rake,

Mowing Attachment,

WOOD'S PRIZE MOWER

—AND THE—

Williams' Mower

Sweepstake and Aultman

and Taylor Threshers

With their valuable Improvements and at reduced prices are worthy the attention of all who wish to buy, or desire to see the Best Machines of the period.

WM. MILES.

Depot Princeton, June 7th, 1871—24

First National Bank

OF PRINCETON, ILLINOIS.

Capital, \$105,000.

Money received on Deposit.

Money Loaned on Good Security.

Government bonds, exchange and specie bought and sold. Revenue stamps supplied to order.

B. S. FERRIS, Pres. W. W. FERRIS, Cashier.

H. H. FERRIS, V. Pres.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

B. S. FERRIS, J. H. BAXTER,

GEORGE CROSSLEY, A. R. KENDALL,

MATTHEW TRIMBLE, H. H. FERRIS,

Princeton, Jan 24, 71 W. W. FERRIS.

THE DEPOT BANK.

FERRIS BROTHERS, BANKERS,

Land and Collection Agents, dealers in Exchange, Revenue Stamps, United States Bonds, Specie

Money received on deposit.

PASSAGE TICKETS from or to Liverpool, Cork, London, Hamburg, Paris, Antwerp, Bremen, Rotterdam

and Havre, by sailing ships or steam ships, for sale as low as by any lines represented in the United States or Europe.

DRAFTS payable at sight sold for any amount on Great Britain, Ireland, Northern Germany, Southern Germany, France, Sweden and Norway.

B. S. FERRIS, W. W. FERRIS, H. H. FERRIS,

Bank, on Main street, near the Depot, Princeton, Ill. November 23, 1870.—16

Savings Bank.

Princeton Loan & Trust Co.

Chartered by the State.

Paid-up Capital, \$50,000

Allows six per cent. interest. Compounded every six months. Interest is paid Jan. 1, and July 1st, of each year. If not withdrawn it is then added to the principal, and draws interest the same as the original deposit.

WILLIAM CONVERSE, President,

F. W. WALLER, Treasurer.

Farming Lands,

And Improved Illinois Farms For Sale.

The undersigned has for sale several improved farms on Bureau, Henry, Lee, Will, McLean, Carroll, Jo Daviess, and other counties, in desirable localities, under good state of cultivation, and improvement, which will be sold for cash or on long time, at reasonable prices.

Some of these farms are especially adapted to the raising of stock, and present unusual inducements to the profitable investment of money. Chicago city property bought and sold. WM. KELSEY REED,

Land and Loan Agent, 70 LaSalle st., Chicago and HENRY C. REED, Princeton.

GROCERY AND BAKERY!

C. F. BARKS & SON.

Formerly of Aurora, Ill., have just purchased the Store and stock heretofore owned by Swan & Straker. Having had many years experience in the Bakery business we will endeavor to keep the Best

Bread,

Crackers,

Pies,

Cakes, &c, &c,

In The City.

We have also added a full stock of Groceries, Confectionery, Provisions, and Confectionery, which we offer very Cheap.

We shall run a

Bakery and Grocery Wagon

And will deliver Goods free in any part of the City.

Call and Examine our Stock

C. F. BARKS, & SON.

at Swan & Strayer's Old Stand.

Princeton Depot, May 18, 1871—20

PROCLAMATION !!

Shenlund & Clark

Announces to the Public that they have just opened in their New Store, at 84 Main Street, a Splendid Stock of

NEW GROCERIES,

Which they are prepared to sell at "bottom prices" for cash. Every thing in the

PROVISION LINE.

Supplied on a moment's notice, and delivered free of charge to customers.

CHINA WARE,

GLASS WARE,

STONE WARE,

WOODEN WARE, AND

YANKEE NOTIONS,

Of every variety and in great abundance. Call and see them.

Shenlund & Clark are agents for the following choice brands of family flour:

QUINCY WINTER WHEAT.

MINNESOTA WINTER WHEAT.

SOWER'S INDIANA WINTER WHEAT.

SOWER'S SPRING WHEAT.

The best in the market, and sold at better terms— which please bear in mind. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

The highest Market price paid for country produce.

SHENLUND & CLARK.

Princeton, May 11, 1871—19

AT THE DEPOT.

IRA H. PIXLEY

Dealer in Fine Watches, Cocks,

and Jewelry.

A full line of goods, embracing gold, silver, and all kinds of costly jewelry. Satisfaction guaranteed and a share of public patronage solicited.

Repairing and engraving done to order in a workmanlike manner.

At the Princeton Depot.

Call and Settle.

The law firm of Taylor & Henderson, has ceased to be. All who may have a well grounded faith that they owe these parties anything will please call at their old office immediately, and settle their accounts, either with the money, or by note; the former mode, if preferred, will be entirely satisfactory to us.

J. I. TAYLOR.

T. J. HENDERSON.

Princeton, June 6th, 1871—17

MUSIC.

J. E. HALL, Teacher of Piano, Organ, Composition and Voice. Will receive Scholars in Classes or privately, at No. 5 Patterson's Block.

References

REV. R. B. HOWARD,

CAPT. C. P. HALL,

MRS. P. N. NEWELL.

10m54

CHICAGO MARKET.

Bagging	
Two and a half bu gunnies, per 100.....	\$17.00@18.00
Four bu gunnies, per 100.....	28.00
Burlap.....	21.00@22.00
Leviston A, seamless cotton.....	25.50
Stark A, seamless cotton.....	25.50
Ontario A, seamless cotton.....	25.50
American A, seamless cotton.....	25.50
Minnesota A, seamless cotton.....	25.50
Wool sacks.....	25.50
Knitting.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/2 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/4 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/8 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/16 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/32 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/64 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/128 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/256 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/512 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/1024 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/2048 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/4096 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/8192 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/16384 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/32768 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/65536 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/131072 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/262144 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/524288 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/1048576 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/2097152 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/4194304 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/8388608 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/16777216 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/33554432 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/67108864 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/134217728 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/268435456 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/536870912 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/1073741824 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/2147483648 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/4294967296 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/8589934592 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/17179869184 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/34359738368 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/68719476736 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/137438953472 bu.....	25.50
Line (in bulk), 1/274877906944 bu.....	25.50
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Mr. Howard's Trip to Red River.

DACOTA TERRITORY, RED RIVER,
September 15th, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—One Saturday night I slept in a "claim cabin," a small edifice eight by ten feet, capable of sheltering us from rain, but not a sure defence against fleas, mosquitoes, *et cetera*.

Following the example of the Editors on their luxurious excursion, for which special express deposited costly viands long in advance of their coming, I will mention our bill of fare. Supper, warm biscuit, fried pork, and tea, with a small bit of butter obtained from a neighboring Swedish log house. Breakfast, the same except that the pork gave out, and the butter was low, though by no means weak. But the meal was cooked by a promising young lawyer, and served with hearty hospitality. The next day I rode to Oak Point, and held the first religious meeting ever known in the city, certain to rise at this crossing of the Red River of the North. I had an attentive audience, and enjoyed a quiet Sabbath, all in the tent of Dr. C. F. Forbes, formerly a Baptist minister in Massachusetts. His interesting family are tired of living after the manner of the patriarchs. In my audience was a worthy missionary who labored for fifteen years or more at the Grand Ligne Mission among the Canada Catholics, and a good Wesleyan of Montreal, James, the brother of Rev. George Douglas. The former has taken a "claim" in Dakota. The latter deals in lumber hauled by teams from the railroad at Morris 150 miles. Oak Point has eleven tents and one log house, all very populous. The place is a great center for trade for the new settlers, the principal item of which, both there and at every way side tent, seemed to be whiskey. On Monday I rode fifty miles east of Red River on the main line of the N. P. R. R., towards Duluth and spent the night at Oak Lake, another "tented field."

The Minneapolis Young Men's Christian Association have a station at this point occupied, at the time of my visit, by a brother of Prof. Tourjee, of Boston. He had a neat tent, presented by some benevolent persons for that purpose, in which a daily prayer meeting, a weekly Sabbath School, and a fortnightly religious service were held. It was also a reading room, well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. I preached to the railroad men under the trees. Tuesday I rode directly South to Fergus Falls, a new and really beautiful and prosperous town on the Otter Tail River, fifty miles from the main line of the railroad.

The country for 300 miles on both sides of Red River is as flat a prairie as on the Central railroad in Southern Illinois. West of that river it is the same unbroken, save by narrow belts of timber on the streams—the belts not being over four rods wide on either bank. But going east you rise at the distance of 16 miles on to a high prairie, slightly rolling with occasional boulders peering above the surface. The railroad is partially graded to a point 16 miles from the Red River, and wherever the railroad goes

INSTALLATION, Interesting Services at the Congregational Church last Friday. Oct. 11, 1877.

Installation of Rev. R. B. Howard—Sermon, Addresses, etc.

A council consisting of pastors and delegates from seven neighboring churches together with Dr. Bascom of Hinsdale and Dr. Hyde of the Congregational Seminary in Chicago, met in Princeton Oct. 11, at 3 p. m. for the purpose of advising the congregational church as to the installation of Rev. R. B. Howard as its pastor. Dr. Bascom was made Moderator and Rev. L. P. Norcross of Sublette, Scribe. Prof. Hyde conducted a full and protracted examination of the candidate as to his theological tenets. Mr. Howard briefly related his religious experience from his conversion in College to the present time. He left the Albany Law school in 1857, for Bangor Theological Seminary; was ordained at Farmington, Maine, Oct., 11, 1860, just 12 years ago. He was dismissed from Farmington Aug. 9, 1870, by a council which bore its testimony to his excellent ministerial and christian character, and that his removal was a public loss to his native State. "While deeply regretting his removal we most cordially recommend him to the people of God in the great West as a faithful and earnest preacher of the Gospel, sound in the faith, earnest in labors to win souls."

Mr. H. has labored in Princeton two years but had been hindered by domestic affliction and other causes from acquiescing in the

hearty and unanimous wish of the church, to be installed as its settled pastor. Rufus

Carey, Esq., clerk of the church, read a record of its proceedings with reference to the

installation. After consultation, the council heartily approved of the action of the church

the experience and religious views of the candidate, and voted to proceed to the usual

services of installation in the evening at 8 o'clock. At that time a large audience

filled the cheerful church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The following

order of Exercises was followed.

1. Anthem—The church choir.

2. Minutes of the Council—Rev. L. P. Norcross.

3. Invocation—Rev. David Todd, Providence.

4. Reading of Scripture—Rev. J. A. Alnatter, en, Sheffield.

5. Hymn. (Church Hymn Book, 1246.)

dev. E. H. Baker, Mendota.—"How beautiful are we, on the mountains."

6. Sermon—Matt. 12, 12. *How much better is a man better than a sheep?* Rev. Prof.

James T. Hyde, D. D., Chicago.

7. Installing prayer—Rev. O. F. Curtis, Dover.

8. Right Hand of Fellowship—Rev. G. W. Colman, Neponset.

9. Hymn of Welcome. (Church Hymn Book, 1127.)—Rev. James Tompkins, Ke-

wance.

"We bid thee welcome, in the name

Of Jesus, our exalted Head;

Come as a servant; so He came,

And we receive thee in His stead."

10. Charge to the Pastor—Rev. Charles Caverno, Amboy.

11. Charge to the People—Rev. F. Bascom, D. D., Hinsdale.

12. Concluding prayer—Rev. J. D. Baker, Malden.

13. Doxology.

14. Benediction. By the pastor.

The interest of the audience seemed to be

maintained during the whole two hours.

The sermon was an eloquent answer to the

question of the text, demonstrating the dig-

nity of man in his ruin, and how worthy he

is of seeking and saving. Prof. Hyde is a

good example to the preachers, whom it is

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A Maine Man's View of Chicago—Interesting Incidents—Education.

LAKE FOREST, Ill., Dec. 25, 1871.

To the Editors of the Lewiston Journal:—

From our home by the great lake—just beyond the ashes of Chicago—we send to your readers the compliments of the season—the “merry Christmas” and the “Happy New Year”—I need not repeat the remark so many times uttered in numerous papers and manifold correspondence, that Chicago “cast down, is not destroyed,” that through the unstinted generosity of all the world and her own inherent faith in herself and a good Providence, she is rising to new activities with wonderful elasticity.

Thus the new year has many aspects of cheerfulness even to our afflicted community.

Our own citizens, in this most beautiful of Chicago's outlying towns, are most of them engaged in business in the city, and were more or less affected by its destruction. Very few of them, however, were seriously crippled in their business. The Farwell brothers, for example, who are my near neighbors at Lake Forest, lost a million of dollars by the fire.

But with a round million left, and an abundant credit in all the markets of the world, they are going on with their building and business, with their accustomed energy and success. John V. Farwell, the senior partner of the firm, and one of President Grant's Indian Commissioners is the Superintendent of our Sunday School, and otherwise interested in every good word and work. On the Sabbath of the fire the Sunday School read an exercise on the *Promises*. Mr. Farwell was very much interested in the exercise, and said a good deal about *trusting* in God's promises. The writer met him on the Tuesday morning following, with the inquiry, “How about the promises now, Mr. Farwell?” “All we have left,” was the prompt reply. His little daughter met him on his return from the city Monday evening, with the anxious inquiry, “Have you any money left, papa?” “Very little my daughter.” “Well I have some, papa, and you shall have it all.” Then running for the portmanteau she handed him a *ten cent scrip*, to start his business with! No doubt it helped his heart in the new struggles on which he must enter again, in rebuilding his business.

The brother, Charles B., now a member of Congress, has large business capacity, and is competent to run his part of Chicago affairs public and private, and do his full amount of Congressional duty besides.

Among our indirect losses by the fire is the sale of Mr. Alexander White's rare and costly pictures. This sale was made in New York, at the respectable figure of (\$91,000.) Mr. White is a resident of Lake Forest—credited to Chicago—and has courteously opened his gallery of paintings from time to time to the young ladies of our Institution. We shall miss for the present this rare opportunity. But the proprietor is wealthy, notwithstanding heavy losses of real estate by the fire, and assures me that he will have a new collection, by and by, for the gratification of his own taste and the pleasure of his neighbors.

Our citizens were very much interested, last week, by a lecture from Gen. O. O. Howard on the great topics to which he has given so much time and attention. Gen. Chas. H. Howard, who lives at Glencoe, near us, was also present, and gave us some interesting results of his observations among the Chinese in California, whom he has recently visited, as agent of the American Missionary Association. But most of the evening was given to Gen. O. O. Howard, who spoke with greater power and impressiveness than we have ever heard him before, though he is just in from a month's lecturing in Minnesota. At another hour he addressed the young ladies at Ferry Hall, in his peculiarly interesting manner, and gave us, by request, a blackboard sketch of the battle of Gettysburg.

The General was pleased to congratulate the young ladies on their occupying a building, the most tasteful, homelike and cheerful that he had ever seen in all his visits to seminaries and colleges for young ladies, East or West. The writer must be pardoned for this allusion, in correction of a notion so common in the East, that the West has hardly yet passed the era of log huts and shabby school edifices. The enterprise inaugurated here but two years ago, is already a success, of which deponent's modesty forbids his speaking more particularly.

Allow me to say, further, that your correspondent has had numerous opportunities to observe the interest shown in educational matters, at conventions in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin, and can assure his old associates in Maine, that there is a vigor, and earnestness and intelligence among Western educators, not surpassed in the best gatherings of the kind in New England. From his present point of observation, he watches with interest, every movement in the *old Pine Tree State*, looking to the perfecting of educational measures inaugurated or advocated by himself during the dark days of the Rebellion.

What the State was too poor, or too much engrossed in sustaining the war, to carry through with vigor at that time, she has now no excuse for neglecting. In crossing the Alleghanies more than a year ago, I met a distinguished congressman from the Interior, who spoke of Mr. Fessenden as the strongest man in the Senate;—but went on to say that Maine was so *rich in able men* that she could easily supply his place. Accepting the compliment for what it is worth, let us remember that if Maine would maintain her position as the mother of strong men—physically and intellectually,—she must keep her common and high schools fully abreast with those of other States, in the march of improvement.

E. P. W.

events, and has brought each of us joys and sorrows never to be forgotten.

The calamities of the past year have been of unusual magnitude and significance. A whole nation which once occupied the chief place in history, is starving to death in Persia. France has found in the horrors perpetrated by the Parisian Communists, and in the equal horrors perpetrated against them, a worse fate than ever that to which the terrible war of the previous year subjected her. That dread scourge, the cholera, is raging in the East. Mexico is convulsed with another revolution. Spanish atrocities in Cuba are arousing the sympathies of the civilized world. The proudest city of the West mourns over her ashes; and the fire-fiend has carried desolation over two great states. The small-pox pestilence is scourging our cities. When have disasters by railroad and steamer concentrated in themselves more of awfulness than at Revere and Brooklyn, and scores of other places? What Ku-Klux outrages and what wide-spread terror from the efforts of government to suppress them! And, finally, what astounding developments connected with the New York Ring!

Then, too, death has been busy in cutting down men of eminence. Among the dead of 1871, we note the great authors—Mansel, Ticknor, Alford, Dumas, Grote, Tuckerman and the sisters Cary; among the distinguished Clergy—Bishops Clark and Baker, Father Taylor and Dr. Gannett; among the military celebrities—Benedek, Totten, Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, Rodman, Ressel, and the Circassian Chief Schamyl; among naval officers—Commodore Tatnall; among eminent savans—Herschel, Murchison, Babbage and Wilson, the botanist; among well-known publishers—Bentley, Chambers and Scribner; among famous musical composers and musicians—Auber, Thalberg, Dempster, Steinway and Chickering; among noted public men and Journalists—Taylor, Edwin Crosswell, ex-Senator Howard, Vollandigham, Slidell, Mason, Covode, Judge Davis, ex-Gov. Bigler and A. J. Donelson.

While the year has been one of calamities and death, a year in which "deep affliction has been visited upon many of our readers, it at the same time has been a year of blessings. Peace prevails in all parts of the world, with the exception of some of the countries of Central America. Spain is gradually and certainly improving her condition. France is slowly recovering from her prostration. United Italy has established her capital at Rome. Brazil has abolished slavery within her borders. In our own country taxes have been reduced and the ravages of the war repaired. But it is to the peaceful settlement of the great differences between this country and Great Britain, that we can point with special pride, marking a new era in the settlement of controversies between great nations.

In entering upon the New Year, may we learn wisdom from the past, and avail ourselves of the mistakes of 1871 to guide our steps in 1872. It is a good time for new resolutions, and new and better courses of conduct. Happily our lives have been spared to witness the advent of another year, and there is yet time for improvement. Trusting that the year upon which we have entered will be one of prosperity and improvement, we wish all the *Journal* readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Legislative Gatherings.

Legislative sessions began in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Ohio on Monday. The Louisiana Legislature met and adjourned out of respect to the late Lieut. Gov. Dunn. The Ohio Legislature organized by the choice of republican officers—the Senate by the casting vote of the Lieut. Governor. Tuesday the Legislatures of Florida, Minnesota, Mississippi, New York and Pennsylvania met, and Wednesday those of Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Wisconsin assembled. In New Jersey, West Virginia, and Kansas the sessions do not commence until next Tuesday, and in several States in which year sessions are held the Legislatures do not convene together until much later in the year.

Before all these bodies great questions and important measures must come this year. Many of them replace Senators, and some of them shape the destinies and fashion the mechanism of much needed reform. The Legislatures of Ohio and Iowa elect, a week from the opening day of the session, successors to the Hon. John Sherman and the Hon. James Harlan whose terms expire in 1872; those States which hold biennial sessions only elect this year. California and Kentucky, under the same category, have elected the Hon. Aaron A. Sargent to succeed Mr. Cole, and the Hon. Thomas C. McCreery to succeed Mr. Garret Davis, though the terms of these gentlemen do not expire until 1873. The Legislatures of these States being biennial, and not holding next year, it

New Political Complication in Illinois.

PRINCETON, Ill., May 5, 1873.

To the Editors of the *Lewiston Journal*—

Our spring is more backward than for years. We had very little snow, and have had no great frosts for six weeks, but the winds and rains are cold, and much land as yet unfit for the plow. If this weather continues the price of corn will rise, and the farmers save labor and make money by the increased value of their last year's crop as yet unsold. The comparatively high price of hogs has benefited dealers more than farmers, the latter having sold themselves short in the early winter at a low price. They now must buy their pigs and stock hogs at a time of great scarcity and consequently high prices.

The backwardness of farm work affords increased leisure to prosecute the anti-monopoly movement. Its enemies foretell that the public excitement will die out when the people have to go to work, just as trade in a country town does at harvest time. A representative convention from several counties was held in Princeton last week, and an anti-monopoly candidate for Supreme Judge for this district nominated. But the sentiment of the convention was far from unanimous, and old party drill masters know how difficult it is now to hold the people to the caucus decision, even when the well-tried party machinery can be brought to bear on them. It will be still more difficult to hold together this conglomerate mass of anti-monopolists. One divisive element is that the retiring Judge (Lawrence) is supported by the entire bar and by thousands of the farmers of the district, and his opponent (Craig) was nominated against his own expressed inclination. It is indeed uncertain to most thinking men whether any real reform would gain anything by the defeat of as learned, upright and thoroughly judicial a man as Judge Lawrence. It is a misfortune to elect a Judge on an issue which excites deep party feeling.

But the new label, "Anti-monopoly," is just now very popular in Illinois, and will carry thousands of votes for any man on whom it is visibly posted. There is a real and substantial foundation for the Anti-Railroad crusade, and woe to that man or measure, good or bad, against which it can be enlisted. Republican leaders are many of them content with their present places and power; but "Liberals" and "Democrats" long for new issues and mount new hobbies readily and joyfully. The people have a deep seated distrust of the old anti-war democrats and hardly less disgust towards "Liberal" deserters of last summer, who so readily leaped into the Greeley quagmire.

If these men do not ^{understand} the farmers' movement in Illinois, it will be because the ship is too well constructed, too capacious and well-manned. These politicians are certainly on board, and don't object to command. You will watch the first election where "monopolies" are made the direct issue, with interest, for the movement is destined to be one of national magnitude, and nothing but egregious blunders in its inexperienced leaders, can hinder it from being one of immense political power. Just now the head of the column is splintered, if not split, by making the direct issue on a Judge, rather than on a Legislature, or even Congressmen. This issue cannot carry all who form the farmers' uprising. Another wedge has been driven at the head of the column by over-zealous free-traders. They have inserted an anti-tariff plank in many of the farmers' platforms, which, while it excites little open opposition on account of the ardent desire for undivided effort just now, is sure to make mischief.

The West needs home markets even more than the East. The infant manufactories of the West need protection far more than the firmly established concerns of New England. The plea that free trade will lower the costs of railroads and so of transportation, is plausible, but misleading. The published "cost" of railroads on which "income" is based, is not so much the result of high priced iron and steel as of the highly diluted stocks by "watering" and large individual appropriations, best named "steal." So if the Chicago Tribune—now on the stool of repentance for Greeleyism and railroadism, and its friends, succeed in inserting the anti-tariff plank in the anti-monopoly platforms, they divide the new organization and insure its ultimate defeat. It may be this is their object.

R. B. H.

FROM ILLINOIS.

Winter on an Illinois Prairie—Temperance Legislation.

PRINCETON, Ill., Feb. 7th, 1872.

To the Editors of the *Lewiston Journal*—

A year's residence in this part of the country has not so accustomed me to its "timber," but I feel a little pang whenever I place a stick of black walnut or white oak in the stove. But by wood pile is largely made up of these. Wood is abundant all along Bureau Creek, near which Princeton is situated, and sells for \$4.00 to \$5.00 per cord. Soft coal comes from a number of "banks" only five miles from the town and is retailed at \$3.50 per ton. Its abundance and cheapness will always keep down the price of wood. Coal is used for our two agricultural implement factories, our flour mills and for warming public buildings with furnaces. But for cooking purposes and stoves for heating, wood is preferred on account of its superior cleanliness, and for old association sake. Coal is undoubtedly cheaper, though it costs but \$1.50 per cord to place wood in the shed, prepared for the stove, by a faithful Swede laborer.

The Cold Weather

Came early and has been continuous, the thermometer reaching 15° below zero at one time. Against this our high rooms, thin walls, and single windows rattling in their casements afford small protection. We will never die for lack of ventilation; the wind moving across these vast plains with a momentum that outstrips that even in the mountain gorges. No snow, except slight "squalls," fell till Feb. 4th, when about three inches came and lay quietly upon the roads and fields and housetops, making a complete picture of our old Maine winter. It will remain but for a little while, but sleds, sleighs, pungs and non-descript vehicles of every sort are improving it. Business does not depend upon snow here as in Maine. With the exception of one week, our roads have been as smooth as a house floor all winter, and teaming has been unimpeded.

Crops and Prices.

The amount of corn, coal, hogs, &c., passing to the Railroad Depots is almost inconceivable. Corn does not rise above thirty cents, oats twenty-five cents per bushel. Hogs are \$3.50 per hundred, and the best hay \$6.00 to \$8.00 per ton. Stock commands a better price, but with butter at twenty cents and other things accordingly, farmers complain of hard times. But everybody must be in fashion whether it pays or not! A brother minister feeds one hundred hogs for recreation amid the more exclusive duties of his profession. My family Dr., a physician of large practice, sold \$15.00 worth and killed six swine for use in his own family.

A well-known manufacturer has three or four pets of the same species, whom he washes and pats and embraces as a lady does her favorite poodle! But Illinois is not all hogs! I spent the night with Deacon Hall, formerly of Mechanic Falls, Me., and found in his barn two splendid colts, so tall as to almost require a ladder to get upon their backs, a noble Jersey bull and four cows of the same rare and expensive breed, the latter costing \$200 a piece.

Temperance.

Illinois has adopted the "Ohio Law," which was commended at the Maine Convention at Augusta. It goes into effect July 1st, 1872. It is a great advance on all former legislation, and for a wonder, commends itself as a wise and efficient measure to all the people except the lower class of saloon keepers and their most degraded customers. Its points are briefly these:

1. No man shall sell without a license, under penalty of being shut up as a nuisance with heavy fines and imprisonment.
2. \$3000 bonds shall be given by every man licensed not to overstep a stringent law.
3. Every seller is made liable for damages to the family of any intoxicated person. He may be sued by the wife or child, for the husband's or father's lost time or (health) or for cruelty or any evil result flowing from drinking.
4. The block or building in which the liquor is sold, is liable for the damages.

Democrats seem to favor the law as much as Republicans. The chief opposition is from foreigners who wish to keep and patronize low saloons. They argue that the law is unjust in making it impossible for a poor man to prosecute the business! Of course a Maine law man feels that the law is deficient. It legalizes a nuisance, if selling liquor as a beverage is a nuisance, as we in Maine have been taught to believe. Then the State countenances a rich, respectable, careful rum-seller. It is said, in answer to this, that

the risk is too great to encourage a capitalist to engage in the business. If a customer happens to get drunk and kills a man, the seller is liable for consequential damages, to the amount of his \$3000 bond, all his stock in trade, and the block where his hotel or store is situated. What cautious business man will run the risk? We shall see. It seems as if the moral power of the community was fully enlisted in support of the law, which enlistment is a great advance on anything that I ever saw in Maine with reference to prohibition, where respectable and even religious men, for political, social, or untold reasons, have always been found to some extent among the opposition.

The saloons in Princeton proposed a Carnival till July 1st, but the people elected a "Town Council" of temperance men, and thirteen whiskey-dealers were prosecuted last Monday, under the old "town ordinance." But notwithstanding all that is done, I am convinced that intemperance has made no such ravages in Maine since the Washingtonian movement, thirty years ago, as it is now making in Illinois. R. B. H.

*Sumner Speech Rep
May 1872. R.B.H.*

Heretofore we have respected Charles Sumner's knowledge, but we have distrusted his wisdom. We have honored his talents, his tact, and his professed anti-slavery convictions; and we therefore regret sincerely that he has condescended to stoop to throwing mud on a brave soldier, and through him on his own patriotic party. We say it with all deference to the mature years of Charles Sumner, that his late speech gives evidence of being inspired more by personal pique than by lofty patriotism. He says in substance: "Frederick Douglass was insulted on a Potomac mail steamer," and "President Grant

thought it expedient to annex San Domingo in spite of Hayti; therefore he has shown his disregard of the black race!" Douglass is now an earnest advocate of the proposed annexation, and a warm friend, personally and politically, of Gen. Grant. The commission sent out by the government comprised some of the ablest men the country has produced, and their advice with regard to San Domingo was highly satisfactory to all parties. Mr. Sumner complains of being superceded as chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations. He was unfitted for the place, not by his want of learning, but by his autocratic temper and his bitter epithets towards the administration and the powers with whom the United States was negotiating. He quarrelled with England, and made a speech on the basis of which the President attempted to treat; and yet he blames Grant for the "muddle" he (Sumner) contributed to make more than any other man.

Mr. Sumner takes the position towards the Republican that was occupied by Daniel Webster towards his old Whig associates. Webster was jealous of Clay as was Sumner of Fessenden. Webster was jealous of the popularity which military prestige gave Gen. Taylor, as is Sumner of Gen. Grant. Webster made his dying thrust at the Whig party and killed himself; Sumner is doing the same thing for himself. The majority of Republicans want Grant for President—not because he wields patronage, but—because they respect and love him for his great services to the country. Mr. Sumner neither loves nor respects Grant, and for this reason is anxious to kill Grant, even if he kills the party at the same time.

That Gen. Grant has made some mistakes we will not deny; but he has made no mistake great enough, he has done nothing bad enough to shake the confidence that both his military and civil career has created in the hearts of the people. All that Sumner says of Grant's ignorance of statesmanship was far more true when Sumner aided in nominating and electing him in 1868, than now. Grant has learned something in four years, and will make a better President now than he could have done when his popularity forced the politicians to nominate him, as Mr. Sumner says.



MRS. MARY GROWS. In a recent issue was announced the death of one long known and respected among us, Mrs. Mary Grows. A single circumstance suggests the propriety of a more particular notice of one who has been, and is still, remembered with lively interest by so many, as having been connected with college memories which are always fondly cherished through life.

In 1814, soon after her marriage and coming to Brunswick and just as the college commons were abolished, Mrs. Grows opened her house on Cleveland Street for student boarders and had a full table for forty-five years. Her kind, considerate and affectionate attentions, her exceedingly amiable disposition and motherly care, with her neat, well provided table, ensured her always as large a company as she desired. During her first years of this service, the writer sat at her well ordered board in a hall in the L part of her house with eighteen or twenty in the mess. We were arranged by classes. Grace was uniformly said at the meals and decorum preserved. She cherished the remembrance of her boarders after they had left college; kept trace of them in their several paths of life though in her last years she wished she had been more particular in preserving a record of of them. Her boarders did not forget her, and often when they returned at Commencements or on any occasion, among other familiar objects and scenes they made calls on their college landlady. She recounted with gratification and some pride, the names of those who in subsequent life attained to high respectability or distinction. The writer has heard her thus refer to Solomon Thayer of the class of 1815, Judge Tenney of the class of 1816, Revs. Samuel Johnson and Charles Packard, 1817, Revs. Drs. Rufus Anderson and Hale, Rev J. T. Fessenden, Hon Josiah Pierce and Dr. Soule, 1818, Rev. Geo. Packard, 1821, Hon. James and Luther Bell, 1822, 1823 Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden, 1823, Rev. Dr. Stowe, 1824, Dr. G. B. Cheever, Prof. Longfellow, Hezekiah Packard, 1825 Rev. Dr Ephraim Pabody, 1827, Prof Joseph Packard, 1831, Prof. Goodwin, 1832, Pres. Harris, 1833, Prof. H. B. Smith, 1834, Hon. H. H. Boddy, 1842, the Gen. Howard, 1850 and 1859, Pres. Chamberlain, 1852, Rev. B. G. Snow, 1846. These the writer recalls as she or the family happened to speak of them. Not far from a third of the graduates of those forty-five years must have sat at her table. Perhaps no other woman in New England had such a catalogue of men of mark who were once numbered in her family.

She lingered through several years of infirmity and often severe suffering, and for two or three years with the shadow of certain death resting upon her, in patience, cheerfulness and a trembling hope, and died at the age of seventy-nine. But she never seemed to grow old. for she retained her interest in friends and passing events, was a child with children and grandchildren; welcomed her visitors; delighted in flowers, one of her latest enjoyments being a bouquet sent by a friend. She never spoke ill of others, never in a depreciatory tone except of herself which she often did, being clothed with humility; but doubts and fears were in her last days dispelled, and she rejoiced in hope. P.

—Somebody who drives asserts that the flagman at the R. R. crossing on Main street, ought to be in full view whenever the trains are moving.

—The Portland Advertiser says Prof. Brackett of Bowdoin is expected to deliver six lectures on Heat, Light and Electricity, in that city the coming autumn.

Telegraph

May 17/92

for her son, a lad of fifteen. Slowly and wearily the needle went in and out; stitch after stitch was taken, but to little purpose; it did seem as though she never would come to the last. But her stitches progressed slowly, her thoughts flew fast enough. The last words of her husband lingered in her mind, and again and again they returned to her.

"Yes," she said at last, breaking forth into soliloquy, her usual habit, when much disturbed in mind. "Yes, men can have their burdens lightened, but poor women may drudge. Every year Giles has added something new to his farming implements, while I have to plod along with scarcely sufficient utensils to cook a decent dinner; an old stove, without a boiler or whole griddle, and a cracked door. No wonder I cannot bake a loaf of bread decently. Then here I have to sit and stitch for a week on this suit, when two hours on a machine would complete it."

It is needless to record all Mrs. Giles' thoughts and words, as she sat stitching away. A dim consciousness of her wrongs, and a faint determination to assert her rights, was entering her mind. She had so long given up her opinions, set aside her needs, and fostered the selfishness of her husband, that it was hard to break through the meshes of habit which his stern will had woven around her. The afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Giles laid aside the unfinished garment to prepare the evening meal.

The next morning, at breakfast, she remarked to her husband that an agent for a new sewing machine had called the day previous, and wished her to try one of his machines.

"I told him," she said, "he might leave one when he came next week."

Mr. Giles laid down his knife and fork, and sat with utter amazement depicted on his countenance.

"A sewing machine!" he gasped, when he recovered himself. He needn't leave any of his new fangled humbugs here, I have no use for them."

"But I have," interrupted his wife.

"You," exclaimed he, "don't see what use you have for a machine. You could never learn to use it, or if you did what have you to sew? Only my clothes and the boys'. Women now-a-days are getting mighty independent, wanting machines to do their work; too lazy to do themselves. Suppose they want time to gossip about and talk about their neighbors."

"Why Philip—"

"Woman's work is nothing," continued Giles, not heeding the interruption. "My mother had not as many conveniences for doing her work as you have, yet she always had her meals regular and were cooked, which is more than I can say for you. No, I don't want any sewing machine about my house. God made a good sewing machine as I want when he made woman."

With this ultimatum, he left the table and taking his horse, he mounted and rode away to look at a new reaper he contemplated buying.

One by one the members of the family finished their breakfast, and passed out leaving Mr. Giles alone. She sat with her head resting on her hand, her thoughts wandered back to the days when in the freshness of her youth she gave her heart's deepest and best affection to Philip Giles. Blinded by her great love for him she saw not the extreme selfishness and coarseness of his nature. She implicitly believed in his promises and heeded not the warning of friends.

It seemed a long time since then, so many shadows had darkened her pathway, dark yet seemed to grow life's rugged journey. She saw her six sons growing up around her, and

Philip Giles
Sept 11 1881

Some Things in Illinois.

SOIL AND CROPS.

The material prosperity of Illinois rests on three strata. 1. Soil. 2. Corn. 3. Hogs. The 4th is coming to be neat stock, which, shipped from our interior railway towns, finds a market as far east as Lewiston and Bangor. The soil is black, deep, level and so fertile as to produce a good crop of corn fourteen years without dressing. While I was in Maine in June and a week in July this year, in all four weeks, the corn seemed to have sprung up *here* by magic. I left it seven *inches*; I found it seven *feet* high. In no State is there uniformly a better crop, and no people have better machinery for cultivating and handling corn; but at 25 and 30 cents per bushel it is not remunerative except when fed to hogs and stock and transported "on foot" to market.

HUMAN AND VEGETABLE GROWTH.

Educators from New England are skeptical about making men and women on these prairies as good every way for the best uses of life as those who grow upon the harder soil and in the bracing sea and mountain air of New England. But schools, teachers, buildings, institutes and every other appliance known to a public system of education are fully employed. A new law requires all school teachers to be versed in the rudiments of natural science. The amount of money invested by small towns in school buildings, and paid to teachers, far exceeds that devoted to these purposes in the rural districts of Maine. The mania for expensive school buildings is subsiding, but has burdened many communities with debt. The war enriched our farmers and made it easy to contract debts. Peace has gradually let prices down till our products hardly sell for enough to pay for the men and the machinery used in their cultivation. Now and then a farmer who came West in 1835 will get encouragement at even this low stage of prices by recalling the depressed markets of 1840-50. Corn was cheaper than wood or coal for fuel. Wheat was 30 cts., and oats 10 cts. per bushel and hogs slow at 3 cts. per pound, at the far off-markets of Chicago, Peoria and the Illinois River towns. This was before railroads came. One farmer said a full load of oats hauled to Hennepin scarcely furnished my wife a new dress of poor calico at 25 cts. per yard. But *growth* particularly vegetable and plant growth of all kinds strikes a New England man. The common roads of the country hardly keep their wheel and horse paths from growing up to weeds. In the early fall you cannot ride without hearing the noise of the tall weeds that are swept over by your axle-trees. It is a question if man is as vigorous where everything else is so luxuriant.

H.

PRINCETON, ILL., Aug. 5th, 1872.

The Fog-Bell.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

The vessels are sunk in the mist;
 And hark!
 Through the veil of the air
 Throbs a sound,
 Like a wail of despair,
 That dies into stillness profound.

All muffled in gray is the sea;
 Not a tree
 Sees its neighbor beside
 Or before;
 And across the blank tide,
 Hark! that sob of an echo once more!

'Tis the fog-bell's imploring, wild knell!
 It is well
 For the sailors who hear;
 But its toll
 Thrills the night with a fear—
 To what doom drifts the rudderless soul?
 —Independent.

Lifted Over.

As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
 When places come at which the tiny feet
 Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
 Of love, and set them down beyond the harm
 So did our Father watch the precious boy,
 Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
 Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
 He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
 Rough ways before us, where my arms would
 fail;
 So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear
 child,
 Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
 Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
 Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad?
 And, thanking God, press on to overtake?
 —Helen Hunt.

A TALK ABOUT TEACHING.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Wise old Noah Webster used to ridicule the notion that children should be taught only what they can understand. He remembered through life many things that he learned as meaningless words when a boy, and afterwards understood as his experience widened. What happened to him would happen to other children; wherefore he advised teachers and parents to store the children's minds with the raw material of knowledge when their time was of little value, and trust to after-experience to furnish the interpretation.

On our way to school, years ago we used to pass a thicket of pines on a hillside, a "section" that had been left when the adjoining fields were cleared. Night and morning, in autumn, we were sure of a run after a chip-munk or a squirrel as he scampered along the rail fence or from a clump of oaks in the clearing whence he carried his winter supplies to the retreat in the thicket. The pines were cut away, and directly there sprang up a growth of oaks, the seed of which had been imported by the squirrel. Pine woods, we are told, are frequently followed by growths of oak thus planted. But would a timber-grower be justified in trusting his crop to the chance droppings of squirrels? Or would a wise man strew acorns in a pine forest, and trust to its possible clearing and the possible development of conditions suitable for

Miscellaneous Reading.

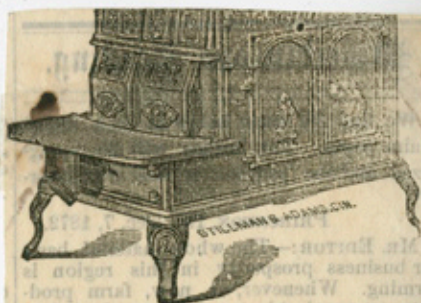
We find the letter below in in a recent Maine paper. The initials will be recognized and the sentiments read with interest:

PRINCETON, Ill., Dec. 7, 1872.

MR. EDITOR:—The whole material basis for business prosperity in this region is farming. Whenever, as now, farm products are unsaleable, every interest languishes. We have no ocean commerce, no great manufactories, and no invested capital to fall back upon, and plenty of land debts still to pay to the banks and the men who have gone west of us. So the times are as "hard" here as before the war, and corn, worth now the same as coal—20 cents per bushel, may be burned this winter for fuel. Oats are 12 to 15 cents, hogs from 3 to 3½ cents per pound.

To add to the general feeling of depression the horses have fallen sick, and neither crops, hogs or fuel can be transported to the depots. I have never seen a pair of oxen yoked in the two years I have spent in Northern Central Illinois. Horses and mules do all the work performed at the east by oxen. When the epizootic compelled the draymen of cities to employ oxen, ludicrous scenes were enacted. In Chicago two men were employed to drive, one on each side! Drivers looked over their shoulders shamefacedly when they "spoke" to their teams. Men and oxen were alike "green." But times are not so hard now as when the first settlers, many of whom are still in the prime of life, first began to market their produce. Some farmers hauled corn to the Illinois river for ten cents per bushel, and sold pork for one cent per lb. They had then log huts and scanty resources, of all kinds, and were in debt.—The prosperity caused by the war and railroads makes men forget the olden times, and grieve over the present low prices. If this continues, the whole farming population will unite to make war on corporations in order to reduce the railroad freights. The politicians see this and are preparing for it. It is popular to oppose the railroads, but profitable to support their interests, if your influence is worth securing. Food of all kinds abounds. The people are comfortably clothed. Some have the savings of former years where they can use them. All sanguine people are looking and hoping for the cloud to lift. Railroad rivalry, European scarcity, or general war would quicken the markets. Any increase of the currency acts favorably on the price of cereals.—Millions of bushels of corn have just been safely cribbed during favorable weather, before the horses fell sick, and people must postpone their luxuries and wait patiently for better times—the hardest thing for a western man to do. In the meantime needed improvements will furnish work.

Free schools, vastly extended and improved in the past few years, are crowded with pupils with plenty of leisure for study and



We would announce to our patrons and the public generally that we have

Removed our Stock

To C. N. Burr's New Store, two doors north of C. Jones Meat Market, where they can at all times find a full assortment of

SHELF HARDWARE, Table, and Pocket Cutlery.

Iron, Nails, Tin, Copper, and Japann Ware, Hoes, Rakes, Forks, Shovels, Spades &c., &c.

Stoves all Grades

And prices, not forgetting the Celebrated Home Comfort for wood, and Monitor for Coal, both plain and extension top

Special attention given to Tin Roofing, putting up Eve Troughs and Conductors and Repairing of all kinds

Curtis & Worthington.

Princeton, June 15, 1871—24

MERCER & WEIS,
DEALERS IN
BOOKS
Gold Pens, Sheet Music, Cutlery Fancy
Goods, etc. Princeton Depot, Ill.

DO YOU WISH TO BUY OR SELL ANYTHING, THEN

Advertise it in the
Republican.

Princeton
Sauie. Autumn
of 1873.

Sermon for the Times.

BY REV. R. B. HOWARD.

Text—Psalms, 87—3—“Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.”

All signs are said to fail in drought so many people believe with regard to God's promises. They fail in hard times. To many the bank of heaven seems to “suspend” or utterly fail when other banks do. Religion is subjected to the same conditions as business. Its duties, especially those of charity are measured by the crops the prices and the market. Men forget that the sources of strength and vitality are quite outside the world and are untouched by the fluctuations of human affairs. They imagine that the promises become worthless when the times are hard. But the promises of God are not like the promises of man. They are not subject to the same conditions. They are not like the promises of man. They are not subject to the same conditions. They are not like the promises of man. They are not subject to the same conditions.

Silverware!

JEWELRY.

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Has now one of the finest and best assorted collections of Dry Goods, Millinery and Notions ever brought to Princeton, consisting of

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Fall & Winter Styles!

Dry Goods!

DRY GOODS!

abbath morning, Nov. 16th.
listened to at the Congregational church,
give little more than a hint, was attentively
and the sermon, of which the above will
The audience was exceptionally large;
wellfare is secure.

goodness both, our temporal and eternal
food to either live or die in. In God and
everlasting. The text describes a state
o the one hundred fold of the present—life
denation to his self-sacrificing ones adds
Our Lord's promise of comfort and com-

plied. "Verily thou shalt be fed."

less, can in no other than in God's way, be
They that hunger and thirst after righteous-

and tormenting than physical starvation.
s a mortal hunger, even more dangerous
His hills are those of Beulah. Again, there
Christ in him. His land is Immanuel's.

vine conditions shall live in Christ and
houses. But he who complies with the di-
trust and anxiety are often ghosts in fair
his head. Restlessness and discontent, dis-

the Son of Man who had not where to lay
ness of soul far more sad than the lot of
world knows not of. There is a homeless-

God's promise, like our Lord's prayer for
daily bread, contemplates food that the
evil times.

and do good is the law of our life, even in
by God, can never be self-contained. Trust
shops, doing good. So, our souls, sustained
out a thousand ways to houses, streets and

ing fountains, but because their pipes lead
pure, not because God feeds them from liv-
it more abundantly. Our city reservoirs are
a trusting heart finds not only life, but buds

honey and clustering grapes of Eschel, so
the promised land flowed with milk and
than the mere necessities of life. As the
the principle is broader in its application

land, and verily thou shalt be fed." But
and sustenance. "Thou shalt dwell in the
kingdom of heaven, but he will have a home

riches enough to exclude him from the
tions of faith and work, he may not have
food and dwelling. If he fails the condi-

not accuse God of unfaithfulness, if he lack
to meet these two divine conditions, let him
possible and proper for you. If a man fails

without your hand from any good work
but you need not contract your souls, nor
may be compelled to limit your charities,

mand not annulled by circumstances. You
God's command is "do good." A com-

ver he intended.
oice. He has given us into just the cor-

and poverty begets parsimony. If such re-
unheeded. He grows more selfish. Dread-

uffers the calls of God for his poor to pass
sympathies with want and suffering. He
aces for economy's sake. He narrows his

rom of doing good. He curtails his chari-
step is logical. He remits his former cus-

for any aid received from him. His next
fails to expect any relief or to be grateful

summoned to his aid. He ignores God, and
anxious care and earnest endeavor can be

forgets that anything but surety, fact, in
prosecuting means to this end that he
him. So earnest is he in devising and

may preserve the interests dependent upon
elsewhere, he begins to consider how he
of commercial ruin and hospital distress

disasters simply threaten, when he reads
when his ventures prove unproductive and
ness or is thrown out of employment, or ita-

usual to trust in God. When he falls in busi-
The first and fatal blunder of a man is a re-

shelter, blossom and life-imparting fruit.
branches spread forth for beauty, shade, and
reach into and are fed by the infinite. Its

of its life and growth, are invisible. They
both root and branch. Its roots—the source
cence. This is the tree of righteousness in

faith in God. Secondly: Christiana-bene-
sequent promise is based. First: Trust or

contains two conditions on which the sub-
can't trust heart is based. The next
these things."

ly Father knoweth that ye have need of
withal ye shall be clothed, for your heaven-

shall eat and what ye shall drink and where
us, "take no (anxious) thought what ye
said, nothing. He commanded them and q-

asked, "Lacked ye anything? And they ov
support. When they returned our Lord w
they took nothing for personal comfort or o
lasting. When the first preachers went out
tions, and the world to come life ever-

but he shall receive one hundred fold in
house or lands for my sake and the gospels,
Christ says, "There is no man that hath left
whom he feeds, and times which he clothes,
They are of more value than many sparrows
ical distress. He will take care of them.
tion from such poverty as will bring phys-

LETTER FROM MAINE.

Weather—Business—Localities Personals—Politics and Temperance.

**Rev. R. B. Howard Gives us an Inkling
of Matters at his old Home.**

AUGUSTA, July, 2, 1875.

DEAR REPUBLICAN:—This rainy day is more refreshing to tired travelers than to the haymakers. The hay crop in a grazing State like Maine is what corn is to Illinois. This year it will prove one of the finest ever gathered. Indeed there is no failure of good crops except of apples in certain localities.

Everybody but the farmers is at the sea side, or in the mountains. The mechanics and other laborers of the cities are finding time for brief vacations as well as the more wealthy classes. Operatives in factories are having more leisure just now than is pleasant on account of the suspension of work. It has been a dull year in all kinds of business. A hardware merchant whose business is not large said to me yesterday: "I will commence next year with great courage if the balance this year is not more than \$5,000 against me."

A drive of 25 miles in the cool bracing air of the hills, with a cold lunch, on the top of the highest, marked Tuesday last as a very enjoyable day. This city is not set on a hill, but upon the sides of two sloping banks of the deep flowing Kennebec. It contains a granite State House, Insane Hospital, United States Arsenal, County Jail, and Court House, and a fine gothic church, the pulpit of which I am supplying for a few weeks. This fine stone is found only five miles away, and is transported even to the Mississippi valley for building purposes. The New York State House at Albany is being constructed from stone of the same quarry.

In spite of the annual migration to summer resorts, I notice many men in my congregation somewhat known in public life. J. G. Blaine, speaker of the National House of Representatives, United States Senators, Bradbury and Morrill, Mr. Warren Johnson Supt. of the State public schools for seven years, are among them.

Three miles east at a noted mineral spring the United States has an asylum for disabled soldiers. At Hallowell, three miles below there is a State Industrial School for girls, and a well endowed Classical Academy founded by the Congregationalists in 1870.

The lumber and cotton mills are extensive all along this river. Twenty miles above is Colby University, which holds its Commencement next week. Charles Francis Adams is the orator and Adelaide Phelps the singer of the occasion. Next to Brown's University at Providence, R. I., this is the leading College in the North East under the control of Baptists.

The music of Longfellow's beautiful poem at Bowdoin Commencement does not die out of our ears or heart. A farmer, not more literary or poetical than most men of his occupation, told me he had read the poem a number of times with increasing satisfaction. It is published in Harper's Magazine for August.

The political campaign is going on in the newspapers with vigor. Conner, Republican, is out in a speech for prohibition, and Roberts, his Democratic opponent for Governor, is equally outspoken against it. Rum Republicans will vote for Roberts and Temperance Democrats for Conner. The issue is squarely made and no one doubts the result. Maine is in favor of prohibition after twenty-five years experiment. R. B. H.

sympathies all alive to the suffering around him. He wonders how he ever came to be married to such an angel—for such he really thinks she is.

HOW MANY RECITATIONS WEEKLY

[The following is an address delivered by J. Mercer, Principal of the Sheffield school, before teachers institute held at High School Hall, in Princeton, July 16, 1875.]

Teachers have met and probably been puzzled to remedy the evil of multiplicity of daily recitations, both in graded schools and particularly in county district schools. It is not unusual to find schools of from sixteen to twenty-four classes which are expected to recite daily. The programme of recitations (if the teachers have a programme) reminds one of the printed time table of a great railroad. The events of the day in sense suggest the arrival and departure of trains at the junction of several rail roads. The bell rings, the train hardly stops moving, the mail-agent flings out the mail-bag and receives the departing mail-bag on an extended arm. As the train moves along a few bundles of express matter are tumbled out on the platform, and a few more received, and the expressman rapidly signs receipt-book, the arriving passengers through the uncertain aisles of the cars and the departing ones tumble into the seats and at the continued ringing of the bell away the train goes. I fancy I have seen a duplicate of this scene in the school room. There is the same amount of bell-ringing, the same reeling through the aisles, the same tumbling into the seats, hasty effort at giving and receiving, the same ill-timed and ill-judged use of the record book;—a whole failure in anything like a recitation being almost wholly chargeable to the multiplicity of them.

Now *any plan* for remedying this evil such as better grading will of course do some good. If by better grading the number of daily recitations, can be reduced, more time can be given to those remaining. The difficulty will be alleviated to a certain extent. But this will not strike at the root of the evil. There is something radically wrong in such piece-meal recitations. Of course, admit that for primary pupils with the instruction on the part of the teacher should all be oral and the recitation on the part of the pupil extemporaneous the recitations should be short, frequent and changing. Pupils of this age can not study. They should not be required or allowed to try to do so. They will only form a very bad habit of study if they do; but for pupils who are old enough to study or to *begin to learn how to study*.—I use the term advisedly—there is something wrong in the idea of daily recitations or of recitations at all if you please. Every one who has gone through a regular course of study, be it in college, normal school or high school knows that he passed through the first half or more of his course before he knew how to study and at the close only began to know how to study.

To return. What teacher has not been mortified over an experience of this sort. He has conducted a class through a course of study, no matter what one. The class has recited daily without fail; the lessons have to all appearance been well learned; the recitations have often been written if necessary and yet at the final examination

LETTER FROM REV. HOWARD.

Eastern Trip—Commencement Day at
Yale and Bowdoin Colleges.

BRUNSWICK, ME., July 5, 1875.

DEAR REPUBLICAN:—We brought along kind mementoes of Princeton friends in the form of ample provisions for our entire journey and at its close fifteen hundred miles away, had plenty left. The weather was not too warm—the whole country we traversed was in its highest beauty, and, gifted with excellent health and delightful traveling companions we are once more in this region of mountains and ocean. The gardens of Connecticut river valley and of this little valley of Sandy river, in northern Maine afford corn and potatoes as far advanced as the fields of the west. But the field crops look meagre and stunted as compared with your prairies.

Commencement day at Yale College was full of interesting scenes. My brother, Gen. Howard's oldest son, graduated and sails by Panama steamer for Oregon on the 15th.—At commencement dinner we had some excellent addresses. No one left a better impression of a high toned character and genuine eloquence than Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina.

The class of ninety-five appeared well. Swallow tailed coats and large shirt buttons detracted nothing from the sensible and practical nature of their addresses. Several Illinois boys graduated with honors. The new boat house of the Yale Navy is very neat and attractive in appearance. The City of Elms never looked more charming. The college yard seems crowded—the new and elegant structures crowding the ancient ones as young men of our day do old fogies.

This is commencement week at Bowdoin college, the *Alma mater* of myself and three brothers. My brother-in-law, Horace R. Patten, somewhat known in Princeton, graduates. He has just taken the prize for the best senior theme, or essay. The week opens beautifully and we anticipate great pleasure in listening to Henry W. Longfellow's poem and George B. Cheever's address. They graduated here just fifty years ago. Anna Louise Carey, who was thought fit to sing with Nilsson at the west, and was greatly admired, aids at the concert to-morrow night. She is a Maine girl and an old schoolmate of mine.

Speaker Blaine has about recovered from his accident and will not object to being judiciously urged to accept the next presidency of the United States. He is the most popular and influential Republican in this State, and an old associate of mine in the days when politics interested me as they do not now.

This letter is sent as a kind of friendly greeting to the dear friends left on the western prairies.

R. B. H.

pon the habits of the people. No
it an uncommon thing for the minister
the gospel to indulge in intoxicating drink.
The annual muster week of the militia,
attended by all the arms-bearing men of the
county and State, was nothing more nor less
than a grand drunken carousal. Now, these
evil tendencies have mostly disappeared
with the common use of the whiskey jug.
Men have not only learned to hate evil, but
to denounce it, in high as well as low places;
and we sincerely believe the average of
mankind is better to-day than one hundred
years ago; better than fifty years ago, and
better than twenty-five years ago.

As a further illustration, we should not
forget that the terrible curse of American
slavery has been abolished, and that to-day,
we are a nation of free men in deed as well
as in word; and every human being upon
the American continent enjoys perfect equality
before the law. Our educational and religious
advantages have increased and multiplied,
and the advance of science has made it possible
for nations to hold hourly communication.
Such progress must certainly be for the steady
advancement of humanity—must certainly tend
to produce a better state of political and domestic
morals. Hence, we cannot but think that those
fault-finding orators and writers who busy themselves
with invidious comparisons as between the
present and past, are engaged in small business;
and, what is still worse, giving circulation to a
libel that must be apparent to every careful reader.

Public Works at Rock Island.

The *Rock Island Union* of Saturday makes the following notice of the recent visit of our member of Congress to that place:

Gen. Henderson and a few friends drove over to the Island Wednesday and called on Col. Flagler. Our new Representative seems to fully appreciate the importance of the government works at this point and is making himself thoroughly familiar with every detail and feature preparatory to a possible struggle for appropriations to continue the erection of buildings according to the plans approved by the War Department. It is thought by some that the Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives will be hostile to Federal improvements of every description, while others believe that abstract ideas of governmental limitation will not interfere with the continuation and completion of national works of genuine importance. Geographical lines will be apt, we think, to have more influence than political lines on questions of this character. The West will be stronger and more influential than ever in the next House, and the West will be a unit in demanding the continuation of work on the Arsenal and Armory until it is completed and the country has secured an establishment capable of arming the grand army of the United States in time of peril as fast as it can be gathered together and organized.

Gen. Sherman is rustivating at Geneva Lake.

1876

A CALL TO MAINE CHRISTIANS.

The arguments and appeals which arise from fundamental considerations of a Christian character are always in place when we plead before the churches of Maine for her own missionary work. If duty calls, or the love of Christ constrains to anything, it is to give money to sustain the toiling missionaries and struggling churches of our state. But good old Dr. Thurston's words in the last MIRROR impressed me newly with two immediate and timely considerations, as well as those which belong to the eternal verities.

1. The one hundredth anniversary of our country's birth ~~place~~ must not be celebrated at one of the best meetings of the centennial,—I mean the next Maine Conference at Portland,—under the shadow of a debt owed by Maine Christians to a cause not second to any, patriotic or religious. The great Home Missionary Society of the country has received during the year closing April 1st \$1100 more than ever before. This, notwithstanding the "hard times" and some denominational agitations that are, to say the least, distracting. She has no worthier daughter, none with a more fragrant and blessed history than the Maine auxiliary. Why should she in 1876 fail of the love and labor and dowry that she deserves? Patriotism and religion both cry out against any such centennial shame.

2. Dr. Thurston has, like his predecessors done manly Christian work. He has expended his strength, with what most men would regard as an inadequate pecuniary support, in planning, traveling, preaching, praying for the cause, till the evening of a noble life begins to draw on. He intimated last year that his work was about done. I hope he is mistaken and can do yeoman service for Christ yet many years. But it would be a shame to let his sun set in a cloud of debt. While such a catastrophe is one for which he is in no way personally responsible, to my mind it would add disgrace to disaster if Maine Christians should compel him to shed one tear, except of joy, over this dear child of his affection, and his prolonged, anxious, tender care. If the ministers and churches will only awake to these considerations early, and keep awake these next seven weeks, every such dreadful calamity may be averted, and thanksgivings take the place of fear.

MAINE.

any rate, the line of action for our
shes seems to me plain. The scandal
great fact. We must deal with it
stly and thoroughly. Even the last
sory Council admitted that the in-
gations which had been made had
l to satisfy the public, and that there
need of further inquiry.

e ought also to follow the principles
r church polity in the methods which
ay adopt. Is it not plain that the
osed Commission has failed to com-
itself to our churches as the best
ey? Even Dr. Bacon admits that it is
kely to do the work for which it was
ed. The leading papers of our
mination, with a single exception,
et to it. So do a large portion of our
st ministers and laymen. It is at
doubtful whether it is in accordance
Congregational principles. It is too
ly identified with Plymouth Church
its Advisory Council, to command the
dence of our churches.

e must have a council. Let Plymouth
ch have a part in calling it, if it will;
f it will not, let us have a council
d by other churches. Let it be selected
rtially. Let it investigate the whole
er of the scandal. Let it hear all the
ence which it can gather. Let it
e the matter to the bottom, and then
tell us whether Plymouth Church is
ring a scandal, and whether its
or is worthy of our Christian fellow-

unswick, April 29, 1876.

appiness does not consist in the length
our bank account so much as in the
and purity of your heart. A man
s he wants money, but he knows he
s faith. How many Christians are
to whom this anecdote is applica-

They believe enough, but they don't
nough. They are all right in the
ogy, and all wrong in life. A pro-
r in one of our colleges was talking
learnedly about the science of skat-
to some college students, when his
slipped and he suddenly found him-
studying astronomy in broad daylight,
so many stars circulating about his
that he became confused. "Oh,

"he exclaimed when he sufficiently
vered his self-possession, "I find I
up in theory, but down in practice."—
Y. Herald.

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Bureau County Republican

Feb. 28, 1876

From New Jersey.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—I sit by my study window. The crowd of young people just returning from school remind me of the many times the bright faced pupils of the High School poured by my five years home in Princeton. With most excellent graded schools, the spirit of scholarship and the ambition for learning for its own sake is even less here than with you. The business whirlpool of New York early gathers the boys into its current. Their hearts are there long before they are allowed to go ^{into} stores and offices. I note with pleasure the success of the temperance people at your city election. Oh for a change of men's hearts so radical and permanent as to require no spasms of righteousness for temporary results! But even a spasm indicates life as utter quietness such as we now have, does not. Our benevolent people are trying to warm, clothe and feed three families of destitute children in our neighborhood. Their fathers sit round the table of the saloon and drink up their earnings. The tobacco vice is very prevalent in Jersey, especially among the best class of people. Few fathers, whose consciences are against the practice, and who will even punish their boys for indulging in it, have the moral consistency and courage to leave it off. Many ministers set the example and are not apparently less acceptable on that account.

There is no light on the dark problems of business. The New York papers make matters worse by what seems like a constant attempt to create a panic on the silver issue. The real cause of idle capital is a prospect of losing it if invested, or at least a terrible uncertainty as to the result. No matter how small a certain income, people who live on incomes will invest. But there is no law and no right anywhere to compel a man to take his money out of the place where it is idly buried and where it will grow no less, if it does not increase. Hence those who hold trust funds or are possessed of capital of any kind, just wait for better times. In the mean time the laborer starves, the people cry "no money" and merchants "no business." One curious result of the hard times was the great rush for winter clothing after the holidays when prices were reduced. "We sell an hundred ladies' cloaks a day now" said a salesman in a large New York house to me one warm pleasant day in the middle of January. Wherever there is a cheap restaurant, hotel or store, there is a crowd.

Religious solemnity and progress are not evidently promoted by the popular style of future punishment discussion. Col. Ingersoll is giving voice to the low vulgar sneers at Christianity that have found the surplus of conversation for many generations of bar rooms and liquor saloons. He has utterly ruined whatever chance he had for personal respect or political preferment, not only by his blasphemies against God, but by his unfilial and dishonorable talk about his own honored father. His talents make his words conspicuous. But they are the old scum rising to the top of society and are less baneful when they come to the surface than when secretly poisoning the whole mass.

In the struggle to get audiences the theatres and other places of amusement in New York have descended very low. Here is what the theatre going play-approving *Tribune* says of them. "Without undertaking to discuss the comparative cleanliness of old and new plays, it may be safely asserted that while our grandparents listened with composure to coarse language which would not now be tolerated even at the Theatre, we have acquired on our part a relish for disguised nastiness of thought and undisguised display of limbs and backs which would have made the audiences of the last century stare with horror. In place of public amusement, presumed to be reputable, and as such licensed by the authorities, some speculative showman gives what he bombastically calls a "Great International Congress of Beauty and Culture." One hundred and thirty-five women were induced to take the places of the monkeys and other wild beasts, and to subject themselves to the gaze of a coarse and half-drunken crowd. The result was a saturnalia perfectly unreportable in any decent newspaper. The girls who were tempted either by their necessities or their wanton recklessness to exhibit themselves were guyed and jeered at, and subjected to a hundred indignities of speech and gesture, until they fled in dismay from the platform and the boxes, followed by the shouts of the ill-mannered mob. No manager is licensed to turn his theatre or garden into a howling Bedlam of profanity and obscenity." If theatre managers so outrage public decency, it will react upon themselves in a way in which all good people will rejoice. The amusement question is practically a far more difficult one to solve wisely than any question of revealed religion. What people call "amusements" eat the spirituality out of many churches in New York and the neighborhood. Their counter charms dissipate the seriousness induced by Sabbath and prayer-meetings, and deliver over thousands of professed Christians to a style of religion which, while it keeps up the form, lacks the power of Christianity. Among the more wealthy and fashionable people of so called "liberal tendencies," (i. e. those who "hate hell" and love cards, wine halls and theatres) there is an evident tendency to the Roman church. Where a "last unction" at death, and a few purgatory prayers afterward can quiet a bad man's conscience and assure him of heaven, he will naturally prefer that religion. The half masted U. S. flag at the Pope's death was an indication not only of the feeling of Romanists, but of many Romanizing Protestants who follow Mr. Beecher in his admiration of what are called the good things and good men of Popery. R. B. H.

East Orange.

x balls

The Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly for March sparkles with unusual brilliancy, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the Galaxy has fallen into it. With six sonnets, and a strangely prophetic poem entitled "The White Czar," by Longfellow; an apotheosis of that gallant soldier, "William Francis Bartlett," by Whittier, who denominates him the "more than Sidney of our day;" "Good Times," by George Parsons Lathrop, and "Winter," by C. L. Cleveland,—timely and pleasing poems,—the department of poetry shows what the French would call *embarras de richesse*. Making love by telegraph is an old story. Mark Twain, in his story of "The Loves of Alonzo Fitz Clarence and Rosannah Ethelton," keeps pace with the progress of the age, by introducing the telephone with surprising but happy effects. And very apropos to the present rage for pottery, Edward H. Knight's profusely illustrated article on the Drinking Vessels, Pots and Pans of Uncivilized Nations. The political article is by that veteran of the Galaxy, Hon. Gideon Welles, who gives in a characteristic way an account of "The Opposition to Lincoln, in 1864." The Contributors' Club is bright and lively, and the writers discuss the "Indian Question;" "Hell;" "The Lord-Hicks Marriage;" "Phonography;" "Tiles;" "The Boundary Line between Poetry and Prose;" several late novels, and other matters. In recent literature are critical notices of Johnson's "Oriental Religions;" Caton's "Deer of America;" George Sand's "Dernieres Pages," and other late publications. Terms, \$4 per year. Houghton, Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

Harper's Magazine for March offers even stronger attractions in the reading matter than in its many beautiful illustrations. In the field of fiction this periodical stands easily first with serial stories from two such novelists as William Black and Thomas Hardy. Miss Constance F. Woolson contributes a very humorous short story entitled "Morganatic Matches." The scene is laid in Ohio at the time of Morgan's raid, and two situations in the story are the motives of remarkably fine illustrations by Reinhart. Another short story, "Squire Paine's Conversion," is one of Rose Terry Cooke's sharpest delineations of New England life. The number opens with an attractive illustrated paper by Martha Lamb, which, under the title of "State and Society in Washington," gives a great deal of novel information about the State department, and furnishes a picturesque view of social life in the National Capital. It would be difficult to say which is the more interesting—the curiosities among the national archives or the piquant details of Washington life and manners. Among the illustrations is an excellent portrait of George Bancroft, the historian; also, there is a portrait of the oldest office-holder in Washington. In addition it is scarcely necessary that we should add any further notice of the contents of this famous repository of the first class literature of the day. Send for it, and see for yourself. Terms \$4 per year. Harper & Co., publishers, New York.

The National Repository can scarce help growing in public favor so long as its publishers exercise their present care in printing and editing it. It is well illustrated and filled with reading matter pure, chaste and refining, while the mechanical execution of the publication could well be used as a pattern by more prominent publishers. The soldiers of the late war treated to a finely illustrated and well written article on the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, while religion, biography, travel, criticism and art are also represented. Terms, \$3 per year. Hitchcock & Walden, publishers, Cincinnati.

We have received from the publisher, John Phin, box 4875, New York, the first number of a new magazine entitled "The Young Scientist." It comes at the very low price of fifty cents a year, or in clubs of ten at thirty-five cents a year. It is just the thing for boys who have any taste for tools, or for practical science. For instance, there is an article showing how to make and mount a cheap microscope, which is worth a great deal to any bright boy. Mr. Phin has done a good work in this direction before, and his new magazine deserves success.

Ballou's Magazine for March, following in its well beaten track, presents its usual fine display of illustrated articles and stories, humorous sketches, romances, illustrated poems, love sketches, adventures by sea and by land, young people's stories, curious and humorous notes and comic illustrations all find place monthly in its well filled pages. Send ten cents for specimen number, to Thomes & Talbot, Boston.

It was a novel idea of the publishers of "Golden Hours" to so design a cover for the months of 1878 that every number brings the old familiar look, and yet gives a new picture to its readers. Thus far we have had representations from the animal kingdom. What is to follow we are not told. Send the publishers fifteen cents for the March number. Address Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is reported that Theodore Tilton and Ann Eliza Young were introduced to each other in the Sioux City depot recently.

Obituary.

Died on the 23rd of February. Mrs. Ann Jane, the wife of Dr. J. M. Beach of this city, in the 64th year of her age. Mrs. Beach was born in Pittsburg, Penn., in October 1814, and came to Princeton with her husband in 1863. This lamented lady in early life, united with the Presbyterian church in Pittsburg, and in all her long life exhibited the milder virtues and attractive graces of the Christian character. She was blessed with an amiable and cheerful disposition, and an affectionate heart, and was loved and respected by all with whom she associated. Although for many long years a great sufferer from a painful disease, she never uttered a complaint, and never exhibited any impatience. She died the death of a Christian, and surrounded by endeared relatives and friends, she calmly resigned her soul into the hands of her Maker.

Mrs. Celia Smith, wife of Hon. A. A. Smith, M. D. of Colorado, died in Wyand, Ill., at the residence of her father, Mr. Albert Thomas, on Feb. 10th, 1878, aged 39 years, 3 months, and 26 days. Mrs. S. came here on a visit in the late autumn of 1876, expecting to soon return to her home among the silver mountains of Colorado; but after her arrival, a disease which had been making stealthy progress for months took on graver symptoms and she was induced to remain among her friends in the hope that by tender care and specific medical treatment she might recover her health. The dreadful malady, however, marched steadily on to the fatal end. Neither physician's skill, nor sister's nursing, nor a mother's prayer, availed to stay the destroyer. Her natural love of life, strengthened by the charm of a happy home, led her to hope for recovery through many weary months of sickness and pain; but as the end drew near, with a Christian's faith she addressed herself to the summons, resigned her stricken husband and children to the keeping of God, and fell asleep in Jesus.

To the large circle of her mourning kindred and friends the memory of her many virtues is precious, but the sweetest solace in this hour of sorrow is the thought of her Christian faith through her trial, and her victory over death at the last. Her ashes were followed to the tomb by a great multitude with hushed voice and reverent tread, and rest in the rural cemetery at Wyand, in hope of the first resurrection. Her footsteps will be heard no more on the silver hill of her western home, but she walks forever amid the golden glories of the city of God.

John Vaughan, Sr., aged 86 years, 8 months, and 18 days, died at his residence in Princeton, on Sunday, Feb. 24th, at 11 o'clock. Mr. Vaughan was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 6th of June, 1791; and came to Bureau county Nov. 15th, 1837—the first seven years of his residence keeping public house on Main street, not far from the Republican office. The deceased united with the Baptist church in 1814, and was a consistent member for over 60 years. He was well known as one of our early settlers, and leaves a family and large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

less provide employment for such as have industry enough to acquire the necessary skill.

Among the distinguished visitors was our venerable Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian, so widely known as the foremost scientist of this country, and the peer of any in other lands. He gave an address, rich in thought, and lucid and sublimely simple in style in which he noted the progress in philanthropic endeavor, as marked by comparing the past dark and neglected condition of mutes with the kindly, elevating and cheering life to which, through Christian benevolence, they are now lifted. Pres. Gilman, of the new Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, favored us with a brief address. Both of these gentlemen spoke of the examination papers of the graduating class as *worthy of the graduates of any college*. Hon. Secretary Chandler, of the Interior, under whose province this institution now falls, made brief remarks in his peculiarly earnest, happy manner. Prof. Fay, one of the faculty, is a graduate of Michigan University. Prayer by Chaplain Townsend, of the House of Representatives, was rendered into the sign language by the President, Edward M. Gallaudet. This is a name endeared to every smitten household in the nation. His father, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, of Hartford, Conn., instituted the first school for the instruction of mutes in America. His widow, a deaf mute survives him, and was present on this occasion, and though nearly ninety years of age, is still in possession of a surprising degree of vigor and elasticity. Her eight children all became highly useful, one of them being the rector of St. Ann's Deaf Mute Church in New York City. Pres. Gallaudet came to this incipient college before he was twenty years old, with his mother, whose tact, experience, and capacity did much to promote its early efficiency and progress. Of many highly interesting incidents in the history of the college and of its endowment I must tell you at some future time.

It is safe to predict that an art so convenient as the sign language will not long be confined to the few whose connections with mutes render its use a necessity. As yet it has been mostly regarded as curious and interesting. The other evening, at a reception of an Art Club, Gen. Garfield being called on to recite, gave a passage from Byron, and Pres. Gallaudet rendered the same in sign language, to the delight of the company. E. B. T.

FROM NEW YORK.

May Anniversaries.—Dr. Bacon.—Mr. Beecher.—An Essay.—Dr. Fessenden, the Grandfather of the late Senator.—The Methodist Quadrennial Conference.—Personal.—May Communion.

While the number of the May Anniversaries held here diminishes every year, and even the Bible Society is partially peripatetic, your readers will like to see the list as set down for 1876:

May 7, American Home Missionary Society at the Broadway Tabernacle, Thirty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, at 7:30 p. m. American Bible Society will meet at Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, at 7:30 p. m., to hear an address. The Sixth Annual Convention of the American Labor Reform League will be held at Science Hall, at No. 141 Eighth street, at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. The sessions will continue on Monday, May 8, at 10:30 a. m., 2:30, and 7:30 p. m.

May 8. The National Temperance Society will meet at Steinway Hall at 7:30 p. m. The Union Theological Seminary Almmni meeting will be held at 2 p. m.

May 9. The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions will meet at the Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, at 2 p. m.

May 10. The American Home Missionary Society will meet at the Bible House, at 4 p. m. The annual meeting of the American Tract Society will be held at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church at 10 a. m. The National Woman's Suffrage Association will meet at Masonic Temple at 10:30 a. m., 2 and 8 p. m.

May 11. The American Bible Society will hold its annual meeting at the Bible House at 4 p. m.

May 14. The American Tract Society's anniversary will take place at the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Madison avenue and Forty-second street, at 7:30 p. m.

We suppose the fact that Rev. Dr. Bacon is busy on his Home Missionary sermon may account for the absence of his weekly installment of current history and Baconian philosophy in the *ADVANCE*. Mr. Beecher has again resumed his old custom of popular lecturing. His congregation have been very content to have him at home during the winter, as he proposed in the autumn to be. His lecture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music was a great popular triumph, whether one thinks of the size and brilliancy of the audience, the eloquence of the speaker, or the contribution for the needy veterans of the war, amounting to \$12,500, on the spot.

Rev. S. C. Fessenden, of Stamford, Ct., has been appointed to read an essay before the New York Ministers' Meeting on "The Duties of the Protestant Clergy to the

Political Future of the Country." A most timely and important topic, suggested, doubtless, by Dr. Edward Beecher's able *resume* of "The Relation of the Congregational Clergy of New England to the Revolution." Rev. Dr. Breed discoursed from his pulpit, last Sabbath, upon the same subject, substituting "Presbyterian" clergy. He generously admitted all that Dr. Beecher claimed for the Congregationalists and placed Presbyterians next them in patriotic influence. Neither of these men knew what the other had written.

The examinations of the Union Theological Seminary have closed, and the graduating exercises took place Monday, May 8th. I suppose "Union" in the title originally meant some denomination united with the Presbyterians in that Seminary. In fact, many of the alumni are in Congregational pulpits, and no Bowdoin College graduate can think of Profs. H. B. Smith and R. D. Hitchcock as anything but Congregational in their roots!

Rev. S. C. Fessenden has passed around among the ministers for examination several closely written sermons of his grandfather, preached in Fryeburg, Maine, from 1770 to 1780. They are elaborate discourses, written in so fine a hand as to be read only by holding them near the eye, and demonstrate that the author was a fit progenitor of such patriots as his son Samuel, and grandson William Pitt Fessenden, and others distinguished in the pulpit or on the forum.

As to the Centennial, I hope every religious or ecclesiastical body that assembles this summer will follow the good example of the great quadrennial Methodist Conference, and protest solemnly and effectively against Sabbath desecration and liquor selling. Whatever course the Commissioners take, let the religious people of the country go upon the record, upon not only a Centennial but a Presidential Campaign principle. Candidates for office and great political parties must be made to respect the moral convictions of the people as much, at least, as they do the clamor of the intemperate and atheistic. The sneer "*political*" that begins to be heard when religious men utter their moral convictions on these subjects, or upon the treatment of Indians, or the justice of a postal law, should not deter press or pulpit or assembly of any kind from manfully avowing its principle. The silence and inactivity of good men has brought us where we are to-day, as a nation, blushing at the corruption of public men.

Governor Tilden made a singular speech at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce. He replied to one equally singular by Atty. Gen. Pierrepont. The latter defended the President from any implied charge of corruption. The former seemed to eulogize himself for saving money and reducing taxation in New York. Both things are true. But the good taste of the utterances by these gentlemen is questionable. Your church news columns will show how blessed the ingathering in all this region at the May communion. "But," said a venerable pastor to me this morning, "it is so much easier to get people into the church than to keep them good after they are there!" R. B. H.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Personal Explanations.—Senator Anthony on Scandal.—The President's Message.—The District Tax Bill.—Howard University.—The Japanese Indemnity Bill.—Excellent Speech of Senator Booth of California.

Mr. Blaine and Senator Morton have each taken an opportunity to "rise and explain." The Ex-Speaker in his Monday's speech, cleared himself of the \$64,000 corruption charge. Even his enemies now admit that he knows how to put down the slander they have so industriously heaped upon him. The War Governor made a very direct and concise statement of his disposition of the \$250,000 advanced to him by the general government, for the purpose of carrying on military operations in the State of Indiana, when it was threatened with civil strife. He showed conclusively, that \$133,302.91 was expended in the service of the State, and the remaining \$116,697.09 was returned to the Treasury of the United States. At the end of his speech, Senator Anthony, of R. I., after some complimentary remarks about Senator Morton, took occasion to say, "We live in a time of public scandal, and no man who holds any public position, scarcely any man who interests himself in public affairs, escapes the general vituperation. Men whose lives have been purest in the reputable and even in the illustrious service of their country are held up to the execration of the people whose good-will they enjoy, and whose gratitude some of them have earned. The testimony has been worthy of the occasion. Discharged employees, broken-down contractors, illicit distillers, disappointed office-seekers, men compared to whom Titus Oates was a creditable witness, have been permitted to drag the reputation of honorable men before tribunals which in their methods of jurisprudence remind us of the Star Chamber, and whose interpretation of the laws of evidence and of the

rights of the accused were borrowed from the Spanish Inquisition."

The President's message to the House is a severe censure upon their high-handed proceedings, and says, substantially, "Study to be quiet and to mind your own business." He declines to give any specific or detailed answer to the request of the House for information as to the "executive offices, acts and duties performed at a distance from the seat of government," and fails to find any authority in the Constitution that requires the Executive to give an account of the discharge of his appropriate and peculiar duties to a single branch of Congress.

Speaker Kerr has again asked a brief leave of absence from his duties, on account of failing health; He left Mr. Cox in the Chair, and very feelingly thanked the House for their courtesy during his short term of office.

The District Tax Bill and the "Neal substitute" which reduces the percentage on real estate, but leaves a tax on personal property, provokes much comment, and decided opposition in the city. The people of the District are entirely at the mercy of Congress; the greater number are in government employ, and their tenure of office depends wholly upon the will of the powers that be, while the value of real estate fluctuates with legislation; up, when an extravagant Governor spends immense sums of money in much needed improvements, and down, when a niggardly House delays to pay interest on the bonds of the District. It is now proposed to abolish the Board of Health, a somewhat costly affair, it must be admitted; but its members have done their work so thoroughly that it is doubtful if either of the several plans proposed, would, in the end, be more economical or as successful as the present arrangement. A clause tacked on to the bill favored by the Democratic party, puts all the hospitals of the city under the control of the Surgeon-General of the Army. If passed, this will entirely overturn their present system of working, and dismiss their experienced and able corps of physicians and attendants. Both the secular and religious press have spread the news that Howard University is a party to the Freedmen's Bank swindle. The facts in the case are these: Howard University did have money of the Freedmen's Bank, and gave ample security; half of the indebtedness, and all the interest have been paid, and the security remains as at first, covering property that is quadruple in value to the original loan.

The University has met with a loss in the withdrawal of the interest of the Miner fund, about \$3,000 per annum.

Before the war, property now amounting to \$40,000 was bequeathed by a lady to an institution that should be founded for the education of colored children. Since its establishment, the University has received the interest of this fund, towards the support of the Normal Department, and has hoped in time to secure the principal. The late acting President, who is also one of the Board of Managers of the fund, threatened this withdrawal in case of his non-election, and now it has come. Otherwise, the University is in a prosperous condition; a strong religious interest prevails; through the influence of Mrs. E. P. Smith, in London, two missionary societies there have each offered to assume the support of a student, who shall pledge himself to teach those of his own race. May this be but the beginning of international education for the colored people. England is interested and has the money; America, the students and the training school; and in Africa, lies the field of labor. Cheering news comes from Baltimore of Mr. Hammond's labors; the union meetings in this city are still well sustained; large accessions to the different churches have been made. The Author's Carnival cleared about \$17,000, a result highly gratifying to the financial committee of the Woman's Christian Association.

The Senate has been discussing the Japanese Indemnity bill, in other words, our national debt of honor. In the course of the debate, Senator Booth of California, made his first speech, brief, finished, and candid. He said: "Behind all questions of the preponderance of fact or precise construction of law, there seems to be a presentiment, not morbid, but of an instinctive sense of right, that this money is not ours, under which the public conscience is uneasy." "The opening of Japan to trade and intercourse is a part of the romance of history. To us only an incident, to the future historian a curious chapter, to the Japanese a revolution. I trust that the change may redound to their advantage and happiness, that they may become a great factor in civilization. But I am unwilling that the opening chapter of their new history should commemorate the payment to this nation, which professed to stand god-father at their baptism, of that tribute which only the weak will yield, and only the powerful exact." S.

—A man's action is only a picture-book of his creed. He does after what he believes.

—Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Christian Life.

A PRAYER.

BY PHOCION.

My Father, guide thy timid, shrinking child;
I dare not climb alone the steep of life;
Oh! times the way seems dark and rough and wild;
Oh, guide thy child, my Father, guide thy child,
And shield me from the world's incessant strife.

Pity my weakness, Father, make me strong;
Enfold me with thine arms of love and might;
Renew within my heart a happy song,
Oh, make me strong, my Father, make me strong,
And gird me with thine armor for the fight.

Oh, magnify my faith and give me trust;
Among the shadows may I see thy hand
Outstretched to me, unworthy, sinful dust.
Oh, give me trust, my Father, give me trust,
And 'neath the cross, oh, give me strength to stand.

When mortal sight grows dim, Oh, be thou near,
And whisper, softly whisper, words of peace;
If thou art with me I will never fear,
Oh, be thou near, my Father, be thou near,
When Zion's brightness gleams, and life doth cease.

My toilsome journey o'er, Oh, take me home
To dwell forever in the realm of light,
To praise thee with the angels round the throne;
Oh, take me home, my Father, take me home,
To wear a crown, and walk in spotless white.

THE ROSE-LEAF CROSS.

I was standing one morning last term, before the bureau with a beautiful, half-blown monthly rose in my hand, intending to place it in my hair before going to school.

One of the pupils had given it to me the evening before, saying, "This is the first blossom from my rose-bush. Will you wear it to-morrow?"

The little gift made me very happy. I put it carefully into a small vase and in the morning it seemed as sweet and fresh as could be; and, as I held it, I thought even more fragrant than in the evening. I was about to raise it to my hair, when the petals fell in a shower upon the white cover of the bureau. I was greatly disappointed; but as I looked a perfect crimson cross lay before me. I did not gather up the leaves and throw them away as I meant to do. I could not bear to disturb their silent beauty. It seemed like a voluntary offering on the part of the flower to the dear Savior. The tears fell from my eyes as I stood over the transformed flower and prayed that I might as willingly give up every earthly pleasure and take crosses instead, if my Father so appointed me. I asked that I might be helped to stand quietly by and see the blossoms become crosses in my hands, if by that means I could be more surely led upward toward the heights upon which it is every Christian's privilege to stand.

I have thanked God many times for the lesson learned that morning from my beautiful flower. The memory of its fragrant offering has already loosened my clinging hands from more than one coveted pleasure, or self-gratification, and helped me, at least, to turn quietly to the cross and wait until the gladness and joy that never fail to come, when the cross is carried aright, should pour into my heart like a living fountain.

L. E. E.

THE SINCERE MILK OF THE WORD.

There are two senses in which a young convert may be considered as a "new-born babe." That condition represents well the state of mind into which one must come who enters upon the Christian life. The unchanging word of Jesus is: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The simplicity, tenderness, and trustfulness of a little child are just the qualities and feelings which every soul must exercise that comes to Christ for salvation. A little child believes in testimony, accepts mystery, confides in promises, and submits to be led and guided by a stronger and wiser hand. And then, it is also true that this just-begun spiritual life is new and weak. It has not the consolidated strength of manhood, or the elastic vigor of youth. It wavers and totters like the first steps of a little child that has not yet learned to go alone.

Now, we are to understand at once, in connection with this new life, that it is not to dwindle, or to remain stationary. It is to grow. Growth is a sign of life. And this growth is to be expected and provided for. The babe is not to linger in the weakness and frailty of infancy. It is to shoot up into the stature and strength of manhood. The little leaven is to leaven the "whole lump." The small seed is to become a tree, in whose branches the birds of the air shall lodge. The just-opened fountain is to issue forth as a rill, to leap down the valleys like a brook with white, flashing feet, and then to roll along into the depth and majesty of a great river.

And a question of the greatest importance is: How is this growth to be secured? And here comes in this Apostolic word: "As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." It is under the nurturing ministry of the Word of God that this infantile life is to take on stalwart proportions and become muscular and mature.

So that I counsel you, my young friends, if you would grow in wisdom, and stature, and goodness, to be diligent students of the Word of God. There will be no advance for you in Christian knowledge, experience, and usefulness, except as you bring into contact with your heart and life this written testimony of the heart of Jesus.

Here are the promises in their richness and fullness, setting forth the privileges of the people of God, the largeness of their inheritance while they linger here on earth, and the plenitude of those provisions which God has ordained and proffers for their deliverance from sin and their growing likeness unto himself.

You do well to pray much. You do well to watch unto prayer with unceasing vigilance. But there must be no neglect of the Word of God. Read it daily. Read it prayerfully. Read it with self-application. Read it as under the searching eye of God. It will be a comfort to you in all hours of depression, a light in all perplexity, a rest in all weariness, a defense under the power of temptation, and a banquet of refreshment when the pulses of hope and joy are low.—*Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., in Pacific.*

THE OBJECT OF SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

There exists in many minds a wrong theory as to the object of spiritual culture. It is thought necessary by many to make some provision for the life of the soul but that ought not to interfere with the interests of temporal life. It is supposed to be wise economy to make just enough provision for the future life, either now or before the great transit, to make it sure. And there is danger that many new converts will eventually rest upon the delusion that religion is a necessary thing to have against the exigencies of future life. But it is not the object of spiritual culture simply to save the soul or to avoid penalty. It is the true object of spiritual culture to build up character along the line of the highest faculties of human nature, to build up sainthood.

It should be the aim of the new convert placing himself amid the ordinances and worship of the church, not simply to seek a place of safety and quiet enjoyment, but, by earnest endeavor, to build up spiritual character. The work has just begun. The simple act of matriculation does not impart all the knowledge of the collegiate course. The new convert is a disciple in Christ's school. There are many doctrines which he does not understand, and many phases of Christian experience to which he is a stranger, and if he has no humility to begin with the alphabet, he can never attain unto the stature of Christ.

There is a surpassing beauty of Christian character, of which many professors of religion know nothing. They know nothing of that sweetness of disposition which can only be attained by long discipline and after many failures. They know nothing of religion, as Jonathan Edwards defines it, namely "a love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellence." Who can portray the graces of sainthood! They shine in the face of our King, but we see the beauty afar off. The train of virtues passes by and we catch the sweet sound of their going and see a glimpse of the brightness, but how few of us join their company. The Apostle Paul, after having given the dark catalogue of the works of the flesh, says, "but the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

That is the object of the Christian race. Religion dwells mainly with the dispositions; it aims to build up "beauty and sweetness." That is a life-work, and cannot be accomplished by the passivity of one who simply feels comfortable, and hopes to escape the fire and gain the reward.

The young convert by this life-long culture comes into heaven with faculties suited to that sphere of being. Heaven is not merely an asylum for beings who have failed upon the earth; it is the home of souls brought by training into a state of "beauty and sweetness." In dying we go to our own company and to our own place.—*Rev. A. H. Halloway, in S. S. Times.*

HALF-BAKED CHRISTIANS.

"Ephraim is a cake not turned."—Hosea vii: 8.

The cake here referred to is a cake baked on the coals. Compare 1 Kings xix: 6. It is not turned, and therefore baked on one side and raw on the other. This is a striking type of the religion of thousands of professing Christians of the present day, who need turning over and baking on both sides. This figure applies, first, to persons whose conscience is like a cake not turned. On some points they are very scrupulous, while on others they are very unscrupulous. The evil is generally aggravated when their conscientiousness runs on matters comparatively small, and leaves out of sight the weightier matters of the law; or when it relates mainly to the sins of other people, and very little to their own personal sins. We have known men too conscientious to commune with the church to which they belonged, because of the alleged misconduct of this or that member in it; but who in such main matters as the government of their tongues, the sanctification of the Sabbath, kindness to the poor, forgiveness of enemies, communion with God in secret prayer, and earnest effort for the salvation of men, are quite insensible. Surely such inconsistent consciences need turning over to be baked on the other side.

And second, the figure applies to those persons whose zeal is a cake not turned. To-day they are burning with much smoke and noise, like thorns under a pot; to-morrow they are extinct—fire, smoke, and ashes all gone; like a blazing comet that comes dashing in from the depths of space, passing the unassuming stars, and displaying a prodigious length of tail, as though he would put them all to shame by his superior brilliancy. So these Christians now and then blaze forth with a transcendent glow of zeal, and are ready at such times to rebuke their brethren of more even piety, for their tardiness and languor. But very soon they are off again to the regions of coldness and death. The religion of such people is a half-baked affair. They need turning over

and having a good baking on the other side; this would make them always zealously affected in spiritual things and ever ready for every good word and work.

Third, the figure applies to those who carry their religion only to certain places. They take it to the preaching service, to the prayer meeting, to the class meeting, and to the communion table, but they are not careful to maintain a godly example before the world, before their families, in the store, in the field, in their business transactions with men, or whatever God has appointed their daily station. Such persons are baked only on one side, and are very raw on the other. They need turning over until they are well baked on the other side—to stay on the hot coals of gospel truth till they are baked clear through and through, to make them honest, consistent Christians everywhere. Those who are well baked on both sides, are right in heart and in life, consistent in profession and practice, bringing a glory to God, and good will to men.—*S. Cates, in Golden Censer.*

The Children.

BERTHA'S THOUGHT.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

It was bed time for sweet Bertha, only six years old, And, robed in her snowy night-dress, with her drooping curls of gold.

She lingered still in the arm-chair, her blue eyes large and bright, Weaving her quaint, wise fancies, before she said "Good night."

Then a stillness fell upon her for a little, earnest space, And the dainty rose-flush wavered upon her childish face, And her red lips parted slowly, as if the words she sought Were somewhat long in growing to the level of her thought.

It was only a week since the pastor had gone to his heavenly rest, And the hands that had clasped the children's were folded still on his breast;

A man of God, with the people he had walked without fear or stain, Till the Master he served so truly had taken his own again.

"Mamma, how old was the pastor," said Bertha, "when he died?" "Sixty years old, darling," the mother's voice replied.

"Did he die on his very birthday?" And when she answered "No," "I think, mamma—on one's birthday—'twere a sorrowful thing to go."

In pitiful, tender accents the little voice went on, "But if it should be on Christmas," her words took a cheerier tone, "On Christmas day it were better and gladder to go than stay, For Oh, what a beautiful present, you know, for the Lord's birthday!"

Appleton, Wis.

ROOM FOR ALL.

A few days ago I saw three children playing on the floor before a good-sized baby-house. It was built of wood, like a regular house, three stories, with a kitchen basement, and a mansard roof on top. Every floor was furnished as prettily as the hearts of children could desire; and they seemed to be very happy and contented until a little brother, the youngest brother, came along. Then arose quite an outcry.

"We don't want you here," said the eldest child, a little girl of about eleven years of age. "The dolls are having a birthday party, and boys are not admitted."

"Please let me come," said the baby boy, dropping down on the floor in the midst of them. "I won't hurt the dollies; I promise I won't hurt the dollies."

"But there isn't room," spoke up the second sister. "Three's all that can see it; if there's four it crowds; besides, you're a boy."

"Yes, yes, there isn't room. Can't you see for yourself? I'd be ashamed to crowd in where I wasn't wanted." And so the poor little fellow was driven out of the room, crying, and complaining bitterly.

Now I hope such things don't occur often. It seems hard that a child is turned off, away from play or company, just because there isn't room; and I thought perhaps it would do the older sisters and brothers good if they were told of a little incident that occurred last summer in Massachusetts, in a small country place where I was staying. Will you listen while I tell it to you, my little friends?

A gentleman with whom I am acquainted had in his wood-shed a half-barrel, or rather keg, nearly full of hay, in which a speckled hen of his took a fancy one day to deposit an egg. The egg pleased her so much that she determined to lay another, and so she went on until she had seven nice white eggs there. Then she sat down upon them, and made up her mind that if eggs were nice, chickens were better, and she would have some. Before this, however, the old tabby cat spied the comfortable keg filled with nice hay, and not objecting in the least to the seven white eggs, she slipped into the barrel, and the first thing the hen knew, there sat Mrs. Puss with three snips of kittens by her side.

The hen peeped over her nest, clucked, fluttered her wings, and undoubtedly said, "Get out!" Possibly, like the children, she may have remarked, "That's my barrel! There isn't room for you!"

The cat in return arched her back, distended her tail, sissed, and coolly demanded, "What are you going to do about it?" After a minute's parley, during which they undoubtedly matured their plans, the hen walked contentedly away, leaving the cat sole possessor. Tab spread herself over the eggs and kittens, and when she became tired, or wanted her food, in hopped the hen and covered the kittens and the eggs. When night came, and it was time for respectable people to be in bed, the cat and the hen cuddled down together, and were as happy as possible. There was plenty of room, you see, in that house for two families!

Presently one little downy chick burst its shell, then another, and lo! there were soon seven chickens peeping and cheeping, and looking about to see what a strange world it was, to be sure. And there was a great animal with green eyes, and a purr that sounded like the biggest

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MIRROR,—One has only to make the personal acquaintance of the young men connected with the press of the large cities as reporters, in order to feel sympathy with Col. Fred Grant, son of the president, who is under arrest in Chicago for kicking one. It is getting to be a serious question how a public man shall be able to conduct his most private and personal affairs or discharge his personal duties to the public without being annoyed by these newspaper pests. They are the vermin of the body politic.

The American Missionary is now printed at Norfolk, Va., by colored students of Hampton University. Rapid transit,—as in the case of the Advance which is still printed in Chicago,—makes this possible and practicable.

Rev. J. H. Ecob of Augusta, Me., is to be the poet of the next alumni gathering at Hamilton College commencement, Clinton, N. Y. He supplied Plymouth Church very satisfactorily one Sabbath, during Mr. Beecher's vacation.

Church-going seems to be more in vogue this winter than for years. In this region the Thanksgiving services were wonderfully well attended. Camp stools are always in requisition at both services at the Broadway Tabernacle. Mr. Beecher has undiminished crowds, of course. It was thought by most that the 5,000 audience room of Dr. Talmage in Brooklyn would not be filled, after the centennial rush was over, but no diminution in that largest audience of the two cities has been noticed. "With all his eccentricities," said Rev. Dr. —, a leading Congregational clergyman, to me the other day, "he seems to be the means of converting more souls than all the other Brooklyn minister put together." It is certainly strange that 1,200 persons should join that church in a year, even if Moody's morning prayer-meeting was held there. Mr. Beecher's Thanksgiving sermon touched a chord, patriotic and religious, that awakened all the grand old associations of times before and during the war. It was patriotism baptized with religion, and uttered more eloquently than is in the power of almost any other living orator. We were all interested in the glowing accounts of Mr. B.'s reception during his late pleasant visit to Maine.

Drafts and plans for an uptown bridge to Brooklyn, via. Blackwell's Island, are under consideration. When you come to New York by the sound steamers these bridges will be the most conspicuous landmarks.

The Loan Exhibition of pictures at the Academy of Design has been succeeded by the princely collection of John Taylor Johnston, one of our most tasteful and public spirited citizens. He was obliged to part with them, it is said, on account of the failure of the New Jersey Central Railroad of which he was long the popular president. His business misfortunes meet with universal sympathy. There is some talk of purchasing the entire collection of paintings and presenting them to Mr. Johnston.

Dea. R. P. Buck, the warm friend and liberal benefactor of Bangor Seminary, took a prominent part in the thirtieth year reception of his pastor, Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D. He was largely instrumental in securing Dr. Storrs as the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims thirty years ago.

"His eye is not dim nor his natural force abated," apparently. He is president of the Seaman's Friend Society. His wealth came from ships and he never forgets to be kind and charitable to poor Jack.

The Lord does not permit Americans to feel proud of their political situation this centennial year. The torches, drums, and flags are hardly more obscure and silent than the men who carry them. Enthusiasm dies out under uncertainties. Some certainties both of fact and falsehood are simply shameful. Whoever is elected by the processes both of the campaign and the count in the three contested states, will halt into office. Most people of sense who don't want office are willing to take either Hayes or Tilden, and roll on the next president the heavy responsibility of his own election and administration, and if politically opposed to the successful candidate, employ the next four years in securing a change. What could better emphasize the necessity of the work of the American Missionary Association in giving schools and teachers and intelligent preachers to the negroes, than such election scenes as are depicted in the daily telegrams. The South must be reconstructed as New England was originally constructed, with intelligence and Christian morality as the corner stones of its society. To lay these firmly and to erect a substantial superstructure, where the very foundations have given way, will require time and patience. It must be done or the Republic will never see its second Centennial.

Our Church Building Society which perplexes plain people with its long and indefinite name, "Congregational Union," is in want. You have their well put appeal. Dr. I. N. Tarbox, the indefatigable Secretary of the College and Education Society, also sounds a note of alarm lest there be no money for the poor students when January comes.

The hard times are slowly but surely passing away. I never saw New York so crowded with drays and merchandise as during the last ten days. But I was not here during the flush times of 1863-70.

"Fifty new houses in Newark started within a fortnight!" said a New Jersey carpenter to me with pardonable exhilaration the other day. If only the government could be settled, business would greatly revive. It is in a measure "settled," much to the comfort of business men, in the hands of Gen. Grant till March fourth. Everybody seems to turn with confidence to the sometimes blundering, much criticised, but still honest, silent, persistent, unalarmed soldier in the White House.

RBH.
Xtian Mirror
Dec. 16/76

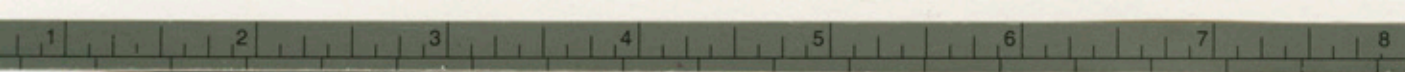
Gen. Howard—A Brief History of his Services

Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, who speaks at the Congregational Church in Princeton next Monday evening, is well known as a brave soldier and a friend of the Freedmen. He was born in the town of Leeds, Maine, Nov. 1830. He graduated at Bowdoin College, where he was distinguished for his proficiency in mathematics, in 1850. He was appointed that same year cadet at West Point, by his mother's brother, Hon. John Otis, M. C. He graduated third in the large class of 1854. He entered the Ordnance Corps, and was stationed at various arsenals for the first two years. He then joined Gen. Harney in Florida, who was prosecuting the war against the Seminoles. While in Florida he became deeply interested in the subject of religion, was converted and joined the M. E. Church on probation, and was immediately licensed as an exhorter. From that time it has been his constant habit to address congregations of citizens, or soldiers, or Sabbath schools, on religious topics, his remarks always glowing with his own fervid piety. Soon after his conversion he was ordered to West Point Academy, as an instructor in mathematics. Not content with the discharge of his regular duties, he instituted the first prayer meeting among the cadets; held meetings with the soldiers and their families, and often assisted the neighboring ministers in their meetings. He there commenced the study of Theology and Hebrew, with a view of devoting himself to the work of the ministry. The guns at Fort Sumpter broke rudely in upon his peaceful purposes. He resigned his Lieutenantcy in the regular army, and offered himself to Gov. Washburn of Maine, for any position in which he could defend his country. He was assigned to the command of the first regiment that left Maine for three years. It was numbered the 3rd. His progress to Washington was a complete ovation. The patriotism, eloquence and piety of the young Colonel, joined to his gallant bearing and military taste and training made him respected and beloved by his men, and by thousands who met them and cheered them on their way. He commanded a brigade at Bull Run, and was soon promoted to Brig. Gen. of Volunteers.

In McClellan's peninsula campaign Gen. Howard commanded a division. At the battle of Fair Oaks he received a bullet wound in the wrist, while leading a charge. He wrapped a white handkerchief around the wound, which was soon discolored with blood, but he kept on waving his sword to encourage the advance. Just then another ball struck and shattered his arm above the elbow, and he was compelled to retire. His brother and aid, now Gen. C. H. Howard, of Chicago, was wounded by a minnie ball through the calf of his leg, almost at the same time. Gen. Howard's arm was amputated at the field hospital. He immediately returned to Maine and after only ten days rest, proceeded to address his fellow citizens on the topics of the hour. Immense crowds and unbounded enthusiasm accompanied him. Political prejudices were removed, men were convinced of the necessity and righteousness of the war, and thousands volunteered to defend their country. His pale face, his empty sleeve, his evident sincerity and religious fervor, carried everybody with him. There was no office in the gift of the people of Maine, but they would gladly have bestowed upon their favorite soldier, but he chose a place in the field. In a few weeks he returned to the army, commanded a division at the second Bull

Run, where Gen. Pope had his headquarters in the saddle." He commanded the advance at Fredericksburg; the 11th corps at Chancellorsville, and the whole field at Gettysburg, after Reynold's death till Meade arrived. He stood up by the tomb stones of Cemetery Hill, and watched the rebel advance on the second day, while his men lay behind a stone wall in front of him. He maintained his position and received the thanks of President and for valor and generalship.

He was sent west with the 11th corps, and joined Gen. Sherman in his march to the sea, participating in all the battles of that campaign. After the death of Gen. McPherson he was assigned to the command of the left wing of the army. He continued with Sherman until his army reached North Carolina. He was summoned thence to Washington by President Lincoln to take charge of the newly constituted Freedmen's Bureau. Except when called away on political campaigns, lecturing tours, or inspections at the South, he has since resided in that city. How he has administered the offices of the Bureau, which had almost the whole south turned over to its control at the close of the war, a recent investigation, set on foot by personal and political enemies, sufficiently demonstrates. Gen. Howard has long been a personal friend of Gen. Grant, and shares in his views of public policy. He is the President of Howard University, Brig. Gen. in the regular army, and President of the Y. M. C. A. of Washington. The cause of universal education in our country is now receiving his earnest attention. His address in Princeton will be upon topics connected with his military, educational and religious experience.



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A NEW JERSEY LETTER.

BY REV. R. B. HOWARD.

MR. EDITOR:—I venture to send a few words of greeting to old acquaintances and associates in Maine, and to express my great satisfaction in the weekly perusal of the MIRROR, which never interested me so much as during the past year. The discussions it has provoked have been instructive and stimulating to thought and faith. Editors and ministers alike must have the right of private opinion and the public expression of that opinion, if they are to do their best work. I rejoice personally in that liberty, and want to see it proclaimed throughout the land.

Maine Congregationalists have learned chiefly of this region and its people through Dr. George E. Adams, who came here and spent the closing years of his useful life. His successor at Trinity Church, a mile west of us, is Rev. Richard G. Greene, an excellent preacher and pastor, formerly of Springfield, Mass. He has been best known of late, as a friend and advisor of Mr. Beecher in calling the Advisory Council. A mile further west is the large church in Orange Valley, gathered and nurtured for fifteen years by the lamented Dr. George B. Bacon, son of Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven. Rev. Mr. Ely is its young and successful pastor.

A mile further west, over Orange Mountain in the Second valley, is a small Congregational church, with an excellent young pastor, Mr. Oliphant. A recent council advised its dissolution, as soon as a Presbyterian church, now incubating, becomes fully organized in that neighborhood. Rev. William Adams D.D. lives in that vicinity, and the Presbyterian interest is stronger than our own at present, and it seems like Christian comity to yield the ground. Some doubt the expediency of doing so. Less than two miles east of us, in Newark, there are two large Congregational churches, of which Rev. Messrs. William B. Brown and George M. Boynton are the pastors. Dr. Brown has been pastor of his church twenty-one years.

At Montclair, a new town three miles north of us, peopled largely from Brooklyn, is a strong church, of which Rev. A. H. Bradford, now considering a call to Dr. Means' church in Roxbury, Mass., has been for six years pastor. The mass of religious people here, even those of New England extraction, are Presbyterians, and good, vitalized, working Christians they are too! They have the numbers and wealth. Congregationalists are as Benjamin among the New Jersey tribes. The son of Missionary Judson and Fanny Forster Judson has a flourishing Baptist church in Orange.

Union meetings, held during the week of prayer, closed with an interesting and tender union communion season, in which nearly all churches except the Baptists and Episcopalians participated. A Maine Congregationalist, like myself, knew little of Presbyterianism in his youth by observation; Maine being distinguished by the entire absence of churches of that denomination. I enjoyed attending the sessions of the Presbytery which condemned Rev. Isaac M. See for the heresy of allowing women to preach in his pulpit. These discussions were thorough, high-toned and courteous, and I saw no evidence that those reverend and learned ministers were the "pack of fools" that Mr. Beecher hastily called them in his Friday evening lecture. All Congregationalists that I know, however, in this region, will fellowship Mr. See, if he is compelled to retire from the Presbyterian fold, as some of their leading ministers would like to have him, for the sake of relief. As to Grove Street church, of which I am pastor and which received one of Mr. See's elders to its membership at the last communion, it is a kind of general receptacle of those who get tired of other organizations. We accept all evangelical Christians and have a church made up of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Reformed and a few Simon-pure Congregationalists, the leading article of whose creed seems to be, "Union for the sake of Christian work" in a neighborhood providentially left for us to occupy for Christ. We have a flourishing Sabbath-school and the most fully attended, lively and spiritualized prayer-meeting that my own pastorates have ever been blessed with. We contribute steadily to the Congregational societies and are trying to live and labor together for Christ, in spite of our doctrinal and ecclesiastical differences. I think we succeed fairly so far. Fifty-four have united with us since January 1876, and others will soon follow. The revival interest which pervaded this region last winter has abated, but is by no means extinct. The influence of the Moody meetings in New York is a constant source of blessing to all of our churches. God grant it may be so in Boston and New England!

We observe this week the day of prayer for colleges. The names of your Maine President of the Senate, Speaker of the House, and Adjutant General, carry me back to old College days at Bowdoin. ~~Olney, Neally, and Hyde~~ were not far apart in their college course. If the young men now in college become Christians, twenty years hence public life will be the purer and better for it. All eyes are turning thankfully from Chicago and hopefully to Boston. I hope the Maine churches will suggest to their pastors and help them to attend the Moody meetings, not to see but to share in their blessing. I hope to repeat about February 1st, some of the delightful hours spent at the Hippodrome in New York last winter.

In the mean time it can do no harm to frequently remind each other that the great source of spiritual power is nearer to each of us than Moody or Boston. Our best preparation in order to profit by a visit to the Boston Tabernacle is revived prayer in our own hearts and revived labor for souls around us.

E. Orange, N. J.

Feb 1/77

A correspondent asks, "Why do we not hear of the Y. M. C. A. workers in our state, through the MIRROR?" We can only answer, Why not? In our news columns is a brief notice of their operations in a few places, which makes us only desire to know more of them. We beg to assure pastors and churches that in no way can they do more to promote a general religious interest through the state than in furnishing for publication the details of such revival work as may occur under their labors or observation.

We take the liberty to remind ministers and churches of the excellent suggestion of the venerable ex-secretary of the M. M. S. that a special collection could be taken *next Sabbath*, February 4, in aid of the depleted treasury of that society. We wish that we could add a word to second this suggestion. Surely the fact that these are "hard times" is the very reason why our duties to this institution—in many respects the sheet anchor of our churches in Maine—are specially pressing. It is comparatively little merit to be liberal when money is plenty and all things are prosperous; he is the faithful steward who dispenses in time of need.

WORK, FOR GOD WORKETH.

The divine agency in man's salvation is always presented in the Scriptures not as discouragement to human effort but as incentive to it. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you to will and to do his good pleasure." The task to emancipate a sinful soul from the bondage to sin is confessedly a hard one. Were it left to the individual alone to effect it, he might well despair. But it is not. God is his helper. More profoundly than he can know God is in sympathy with the endeavor. He ardently desires it. He works with him and in him to do it; therefore let him work. The fact that a favorable breeze has sprung up upon a becalmed ship is the very reason why she should at that moment hoist every sail, and avail herself of the help.

Such a season is now enjoyed throughout New England. The manifestations of the special presence of the Holy Spirit are seen on every hand. Few are the churches in which some tokens of that fact are not apparent. As in some sultry days of summer the whole atmosphere is surcharged with electricity, so now the entire spiritual atmosphere seems to be full of the presence of that Divine Power which works in the hearts of men for their salvation. A ready wave of expectancy has gone from Boston, which is spreading, like a ripple upon a lake, into every part of the country.

If this be so, it is a time of special encouragement to all Christian laborers. It is the gracious voice of the Spirit himself calling to them "Work, for now I work." Warm, earnest, pointed words from the pulpit will not fall unheeded. The hardened soil is softened and receptive. Faithful appeals of Christians in the prayer meeting, in social intercourse, by correspondence, and otherwise, will be responded to, often with an unexpected cordiality and thankfulness.

For the same reason also, it is a favorable time for those still out of Christ to seek their own salvation. There is no time indeed when this may not and should not be done, but all times are not equally propitious for it. It is the very golden hour of hope and help when God is visibly doing his own gracious work all around. All the winds of grace are then blowing towards the desired port. Hasten, then, while this good hour continues. Hear his call, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling, for God now worketh in you!"

HOW THE HOLY SPIRIT WORKS.

The Scripture just cited suggests an important principle pertaining to the *mode* in which the Holy Spirit works in the hearts of men, viz.: *in and through the natural action of their own moral powers.* He "works in us to will and to do." Not that he wills and does in our stead. Not that he wills or does for us. But he works in us, to cause us to will and do. It is just the same *our* willing and doing as if he had no agency in the matter.

The Spirit's action therefore is exactly *the line* of our own action. And this shows us that if we would secure his influences we should strive to place ourselves precisely in the attitude and under the conditions in which the Spirit would reach us. For example, if a pastor would gain for his people an awakening of the Spirit, he should use the means whose natural tendency is to awaken them. Suppose the subject were temperance or politics, no one would be at a loss how to go to work to get up a special interest in these. Meetings, addresses, the circulation of publications, music, and the like, could be restored to spontaneously. So in religion. Rousing preaching, multi-tudinous meetings, fervent singing and prayer, the kindling enthusiasm of numbers, the sober and judicious means for promoting rational excitement on themes of solemn import are appropriately used, just as if the result was dependent upon these alone; for it is through the channels of natural feeling thus opened that the Spirit gives his influence, and imparts the crowning blessing.

So it is with individuals. It used to be a question for discussion in theological circles whether a man could be converted *in his sleep*. The answer commonly depended upon the disputant's views of another question, viz., whether a man is active or passive in regeneration. Now we need not settle that question, in order to decide with confidence that the Spirit of God never renews a soul which is not at the time in the attitude of a conscious moral being, and discharging the legitimate functions of a moral being. He must not be thoughtless, or lazy; much

MOTIVES.

A minister who receives \$1,500 from one church declines a call to another offering him \$3,000. The papers say, "There is such a thing as a call from God you perceive." Another minister proposes a reduction of \$500 in his salary. The papers cry out, "Generous! Self-denying!" Now this may be true, and probably is of these brethren. But is there not a "call of God", without occasion for doubt, sneer, or innuendo, when a devout and humble-minded minister accepts a call of a church that promises to pay him more than he is receiving? Are ministers so worldly minded that none but mercenary motives actuate them when they take on harder work and accept higher pay?

Again, if a minister reluctantly accepts a reduction of his meager salary and stays and labors on in spite of the fear that less money means less love and confidence on the part of his people, may not his motive be as unselfish as that of one who himself anticipates the inevitable reduction with a proposition to accept it? God only knows motives. He knows that some ministers serve him faithfully with whatever money his people intrust them with, whether the amount be large or small. He knows that motives other than mercenary actuate a pastor when he gives up things of more value to his heart, and accepts a call to a new field with larger remuneration in money. He knows the grace required and obtained on their knees by scores of his faithful ministers when the church committee comes to the study with notice to take less or go away.

Ministers must share the hard times with their people, and be willing to live on less than ever, and to deny themselves the privilege of giving to others until God makes their people richer, or more generous, or both. But their motives ought not to be impugned, nor ought suspicion to be thrown upon them by contrasting the course their brethren see fit to pursue with their own. The circumstances, wants, trials, necessities, opportunities of every man are unlike those of every other

man. Less jealousy, less envy, less covetousness, less boasting of humility, and larger charity, sweeter fellowship, a real compassion, a diviner love! How these would help our hearts and our work!

A PASTOR.

Robt. H. Allen 22 1877

...the dominion of the law which is en-
forcing upon it penalty; do you? There
is no tendency in that penalty toward re-
medial effect; none at all; and you know

Therefore, under the organic laws,
there is such a thing as its being too late
to mend. * * If then there is such a thing
as its being forever too late to mend un-
der the organic and the physical natural
law, probably, and more than probably,
there is such a thing under the moral nat-
ural law.

Yes; but you say the will is free, and,
therefore, that it cannot be supposed that
man will fall into final dissimilarity of
being with God, or can so lose the desire
to be holy, that he will not choose the
right when greater light comes. You af-
firm that the self-propagating power of
sin may place necessity upon the disor-
dered nature. You say that the denial
of all moral penalty is remedial requires
to deny that the will of lost souls con-
tinues free. I beg your pardon again,
and that in the name of science. Gentle-
men, there may be certainty where there
is no necessity. The self-propagating
power of sin may produce a state of soul
in which evil is chosen as good, and in
which it is forever too late to mend, and
yet not destroy free will.

3. *Under irreversible natural law char-
acter tends to a final permanence, good or
evil.*
4. *In the nature of the case, a final
permanence is attained but once.*

If asked whether final permanence of
character is a natural law, what should
I say if we were to speak without ref-
erence to conclusions in religious science?
Now have men in all ages expressed
themselves in literature and philosophy
on this theme? Is it not perfectly cer-
tain that all the great writers of the world
affirm the proposition that character tends
to a final permanence, good or bad?

Gentlemen, this universe up to the edge
of the tomb is not a joke. There are in
this life serious differences between the
right hand and the left. Nevertheless, in
the present career a man has but one
chance. Even if you come weighted into

NEW JERSEY.

July 13-1877
Letter from Rev. R. B. Howard,
at East Orange.

Visit from a Western Friend—New
Yorkers in New Jersey—Churches—
Crops—Schools—Personal.

The weekly advent of the REPUBLICAN, and in addition, a welcome call from an excellent young lawyer and old friend from Princeton, remind me of my purpose to send you an occasional letter. "Logan" leaves little news unwritten from New York, and this part of Jersey is about all in New York during the day-time.

Mayor Ely has a summer residence over here. Dr. William Adams, whose venerable aunt, Mrs. Allen, has been long known and honored in your neighborhood, lives just west of us, on Orange Mountain. He is President of Union Theological Seminary, New York, and one of the most distinguished delegates to the Edinboro Presbyterian Council. Gen. George McLellan, chief engineer of docks in New York, lives near Dr. Adams. A few families have just united to form a little Presbyterian church in that neighborhood; and Mr. Brown, Dr. Adams' son-in-law, of Brown Bros., bankers, has built a neat brick edifice on the western slope of the mountain for their accommodation—it cost \$12,000. There is a Congregational church in the same sparsely settled neighborhood. Most building enterprises wait for better times; debtors find it harder and harder to pay, mechanics are out of work, capital lies idle, and almost everybody is waiting for "something to turn up." Still a stranger would notice little diminution of travel on the railroads, and not much less of crowding on the piers and lower streets of New York.

The crops never looked better. Last season's drouth has been followed by just rain enough, falling in frequent showers, and showing its power in the growing crops. Our corn does not grow like yours in the fields, but the gardens are equally early and promising. We had strawberries for six weeks, a part of the time as low as eight cents per quart; the raspberries seem even more plentiful. The pear and peach orchards are loaded. Food of some kinds must continue cheap. Potatoes, which utterly failed last year, promise abundantly in all the Middle States. Flour seems likely to continue high. There are no wheat fields about here.

The closing of our excellent public schools corresponded in time with yours. We have no high school, but depend on private schools for the more advanced studies. I was glad to notice the vigorous protest of Messrs. Milligan, Bryant and Eckels against the South Union school house. In my time, that would mean new buildings, in a year, at most.

By your frequent mention of new buildings and public improvements, I judge that Princeton has greatly improved in the two years since I came away. It is pleasant to read of a new fence around the old Congregational church lot, and I trust it is not denominational in character.

Our little stone church here is being brightened up inside, this week, with fresh paint and a new carpet of 260 yards. Next Sabbath we will have a "dedication" in the morning and a praise meeting in the evening.

R. B. H.

and they do not question his legal qualifications, and we are inclined to ask the friends of Mr. Eckels to transfer their support to him."

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Special cablegrams from both armies in Europe indicate that the Russians are carrying everything before them in Bulgaria. The Turks are now displaying great activity. Troops and munitions are being dispatched in all haste. Unhappily the fortifications at Adrianople are very imperfect, not even armed. One hundred cannon, which have been announced for this destination, have not been delivered. Some of them have been dispatched in all haste, but are still on the railway. Complaints are heard about want of everything—soldiers, munitions, and especially money.

The Russian left wing is marching from the Dobrudscha, one division against Sillisla, and another against Bazardjik. The Russian army of Rustchuk has advanced the vanguard of the Twelfth Corps to Radikoy, south of Rustchuk, and the Thirteenth to Ardinktz, south of Rasgord. The Eleventh Corps starts from Sistova for Tirnova. The Turks have only 50,000 to 60,000 men between Rustchuk and Shumla. The Ninth Army Corps has started from Nikopolis to besiege Widin.

A special from Constantinople says it is publicly stated that the Sultan thinks of abdicating in favor of Yousef Izzeddin, son of the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, with whom he frequently in conference.

Republican Committee Meeting.

Agreeable to the call of the Chairman, W. Templeton, a meeting of the County Republican Central Committee was held at the office of the Bureau County REPUBLICAN, at 1 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday of this week. Owing to the absence of Mr. Templeton, Mr. A. G. Scott was called to the chair. Notice of the resignation of Mr. Templeton, and the non-resignance of Mr. Clark Gray was then given, and Mr. J. W. Bailey chosen to fill the place of the former, and Mr. S. G. Paddock that of the latter. Mr. Bailey was elected chairman of the committee; after which Mr. Scott presented the following resolution, and upon motion of Mr. McManis, it was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks is due Mr. J. W. Templeton, late Chairman of the Bureau County Republican Central Committee, for valuable and efficient services rendered to the committee as chairman; also, for his untiring energy in promoting the principles of the Republican Party.

It was voted to make the basis of representation one delegate for every fifteen Republican votes, and one delegate for each fraction of eight votes or more, cast for President in 1876. It was also voted to fix upon Tuesday, October 2nd as the time, and Opera Hall, Princeton, as the place for holding the Republican County Convention. The meeting then adjourned. The call appears elsewhere in to-day's REPUBLICAN.

TILDEN IS HOPEFUL.

Assurance is given that Mr. Tilden looks for justification in 1880, and it therefore betrays Mr. Hendricks and other ambitious statesmen who are attempting to crowd the "feeble" head of the late Democratic ticket out of the way, to read this observation which Sammy made to the editor of the New York Express, just before he sailed for Europe: "I reiterate my former statement that the people will ultimately settle this affair, and also the question of who was who was not elected President, in their own way, and that way will be in the inter-

EDUCATIONAL CO-OPERATION.

Nov. 16 1878 - Xmas

"The catalogue of Bangor Theological Seminary shows a total of forty-eight students. Of these, fifteen, or nearly one-third, are from the British Provinces bordering on Maine, and two are from England. Twelve only are graduates from any American college, and but three are from Bowdoin College. The Seminary enjoys a good degree of pecuniary prosperity. The rooms in the dormitory have recently been refitted and furnished by a number of Maine churches. Profs. Pond, Talcott, Paine, Sewall, Rich and Hamlin constitute a strong corps of instructors. It is pleasant to find Prof. John S. Sewall active and efficient in the institution which succeeded the "Maine Charity School," which his noble grandfather, Jotham Sewall, Sen., did so much to found and foster."

The above summary of facts, which we find in the *Advance*, suggests the question why no more graduates of Bowdoin College are found in our seminary. We think there is substantial truth in Prof. Paine's assertion that "somehow our colleges do not send that proportion of talented men into the ministry which they used to; on the other hand, many of the young men who are pushing into the ministry by other modes of preparation are peculiarly earnest and able and promising."

At the same time, with the acknowledged and present necessity of a thoroughly trained ministry we believe the colleges are at fault. The proportion of professed Christians in Congregational colleges does not decrease; the number devoted to the ministry does. We do not believe this can be accounted for by the small salaries of ministers. If converted students in the fresh enthusiasm of boyhood, with the added fervor of piety, are so mercenary as to avoid the sacred calling on account of its pecuniary prospects, mankind must be sordid indeed. Young men who are chiefly drawn to the ministry by large salaries or kept out of it by the want of them are not needed in the pulpits of America. It seems to us that the spiritual tone of a college, the students of which, during their college course, lose a relish for the self-denying duties of pastors and missionaries, must be unsatisfactory.

The quicker and brighter the mind, the stronger in purpose, the more aspiring the man, the more the Lord has need of him in the ministry. His college course should add not only to his mental furnishing and skill, but to his consecration to Christian usefulness. But we took our pen to say that we believe that better results could be attained in Maine if there were a freer and more cordial co-operation among the friends, patrons, and instructors in our three educational institutions. The Classical School at Hallowell was founded as a feeder to Bowdoin College. For that single

purpose it is better situated, planned, and manned than any other school can be under the circumstances. The Bowdoin Alumni and Faculty owe it a hearty moral support. It should have scores of pupils yearly by their advice and influence. On the other hand, the preparatory teachers of college students should feel that their interest in their former pupils is one of the things which both they and their college teachers gladly welcome and encourage. No professor at Oxford or Cambridge was more honored by the students and faculties of those universities than the dear old master of Rugby, Thomas Arnold.

Our seminary is the natural outgrowth of our system. It seems there is only a small minority of its students who are college graduates, and but three from Bowdoin. It is compelled to receive some who ought to be at the Classical School, and to do work that would have been better done elsewhere. It will be strange if on this account both its standard of admission and its scheme of education are not ultimately lowered.

This has not yet taken place. The seminary seeks only those "peculiarly earnest and promising" young men who have an equivalent to college training. But the tendency is naturally as we have indicated. As one remedy, we suggest that the seminary and college be more intimately associated; that the influence of the former, both through its Bowdoin graduates and other excellent instructors, be brought to bear on the college to the benefit of both institutions. We cannot point out ways and means, but we have a strong conviction that a closer connection and a warmer intellectual and spiritual sympathy would be of incalculable benefit to each of our three training schools.

H.

place where the meeting-house is situated, and who retain their hold upon the pews for the sake of the income derived from their rental. The question, accordingly, is not unfrequently asked, Can anything be done by the parish to obtain possession of these pews in order to make them free, or to secure their rental to the church?

The Revised Statutes, chapter 12, relating to meeting-houses, furnish an answer. If an organized parish wishes to become owner, and so to have control, of the pews in the meeting-house which it uses as a regular place of worship, a meeting of the owners and occupants of said pews may be called by the assessors, at the request of five members of the parish, and "a majority of such pew-owners and occupants may vote to convey the pews, by them owned or occupied, to such parish." Should, however, any owner or occupant of a pew in such meeting-house be dissatisfied with this action, and in writing express to the parish clerk his dissent within one month from such meeting, he shall have his pew appraised by persons appointed by the parish, and "the appraised value shall be tendered to him, and he shall then deliver a deed to the parish. If such dissent is not expressed, said pew shall be forfeited to the parish."

It is sometimes asked, also, what is to be done in case it is thought desirable to repair, or remodel a meeting-house, and some of the pew-holders object, or refuse to bear their share of the expense? Here, also, the Revised Statutes are very clear. A majority of the pew-owners or proprietors, present at a legal meeting called for the purpose, may undertake such a work. The meeting to be legal must be at the request, of three or more of the pew-owners, to a justice of the peace, "who shall issue his warrent to one of them, stating the time, place, and purpose of the meeting, and directing him to notify said owners by posting up a certified copy of it fourteen days on the principal outer door of such building, and in one or more other public places in the same town." Before such alteration of the house is made there must be an appraisal of the relative value of the pews by three persons, under oath, to be elected by ballot at a legal meeting of said owners or proprietors. Should, then, any owner or proprietor dissent from the action of the majority, and decline to take any interest in the house altered, he may demand and receive of such majority the appraised value of his interest, after deducting his proportion of debts against the property. In this way no injustice is done to the minority, while to the majority power is given to carry out such plans as they may deem necessary for the good of the parish.

We make these statements because the question is often asked what course it is necessary to pursue in such cases.—*Zion's Advocate*.

slothful one, and the woes pronounced on Chorazin, and Bethsaida, and Capernaum, more intolerable than that which had fallen on Tyre, and Sidon, and Sodom, and Gomorrah, add a fearful emphasis to those first and last teachings.

Then let him take up in like manner, one after another, the second, third, and fourth gospels, and find there the same solemn and awful lessons illustrated and enforced by the same terrific images, together with others that are even more vivid, more explicit, and, if possible, more terrible, such as that sad refrain annexed in Mark to the gehenna of fire, "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched;" the parable of the rich man and Lazarus in Luke, so explicit in its lesson of immitigable and unescapable "torment," and those parallelisms between the righteous and the wicked in all the gospels so characteristic of our Lord's teachings: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be *judged*," and of course condemned; and, "All that are in their graves shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of condemnation." He may read them in the original Greek, or in the English version, the Douai version, the French, or German version, in any version in whatever language, or he may make his own translation, provided only it be a real translation.

Bureau County Republican

NEW YORK. 21/11

The Elections—The Season's Early Cold—Dean Stanley—The Church—Moody on Fairs and Choirs—A new Book.

LETTER FROM REV. R. B. HOWARD.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1878.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—The recent silence of your former live New York correspondent lead me to think that a few words from another may not be unacceptable to your readers. The overthrow of Tammany and John Kelly is a matter of general congratulation. John Kelly seems to be personally an able and, so far as city finances are concerned, an honest and economical administrator. But a Plutocracy hate a Dictator, as much as a Democracy or an Aristocracy, and the rich men combined with others to overthrow the one man power. Our new Mayor is a life-long Democrat, treasurer of the National Democratic Committee, and a friend of Mr. Tilden when that gentleman had any friends. The Republicans have secured some minor offices, but the party on the whole is no gainer by its alliance with the Democrats who threw nearly 36,000 majority in this city on the vote for State officers. The Republicans owe their triumph in the State to the conciliation of Senator Conkling, by which they gained both the support of "the machine" and the popular good will. In New Jersey the Republicans carried the State, not by entangling alliances nor had they any particular divisions to heal. The Democratic party of New Jersey, we may suppose in the times of Clay and Jackson divided the honest and excellent of all classes with their opponents. The Anti Slavery question drove off some of their best men. The war made another cleavage. The temperance question has driven off others, and now the honest money issue and the cypher dispatches have divided them again; leaving behind few besides the artful leaders and the led, who are chiefly Catholics. This made the recent victory in that State a comparatively easy and quiet one. It was won almost exclusively at the polls, with very little effort on the stump. Goy. McLellan will have a Republican Legislature, as President Hayes will have a Democratic Congress, to co-operate with.

Dean Stanley's personal worth as well as the high position he occupies in England insured a hearty reception among us. He bore his honors gracefully, independently and graciously, and went away with the increased respect of all denominations of Christians.

The Prophetic Conference enlisted men prominent for learning and piety as no other gathering of Second Adventists has been able to do. It would have done the somewhat retired and little known brethren of that faith in Illinois good to have heard the scholarly and eloquent advocacy of their favorite doctrines by ministers prominent in nearly all the communions.

Our winter commences earlier and severer than for several years. The ware houses are crowded with western products waiting shipment. The early close of navigation seems likely. Pork is but \$7.60 per barrel for 200 lbs. Bad news for western farmers and shippers. The cold weather quickens trade in several branches that have suffered from the warmth of the two previous seasons. With the exception of potatoes which sell for one dollar a bushel at retail, the crops at the east were good and have been housed in good order. The market for western farm products will depend on the foreign demand. Merchants are busy making arrangements, by correspondence and visits to Europe, to enlarge the business of selling cheese, butter and fresh meats in all the principal cities of England and the Continent.

In religious circles Dean Stanley's visit and the prophetic Conference are the only conspicuous movements. Pastors complain of their audiences and frequent pastoral changes. The popular demand for exciting preaching has fed itself full and both ministers and people are now in the transition state to something different and, I trust, better.

The new Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue has become an immense gambling establishment by means of the great fair in progress there. Mr. Moody also spends the winter in Baltimore, and vicinity, makes this vigorous and characteristic protest: "And there are your grab-bags—your grab bags! I tell you there is too much of this. Your fairs and your bazaars won't do, and your voting, your casting of ballots for the most popular man or the most popular woman, just helping along their vanity. I tell you it grieves the spirit, it offends God. They've got so far now that for twenty-five cents young men can come in and kiss the handsomest woman in the room. Think of this! Look at the church lotteries going on in New York. Before God I would rather preach in any barn, or the most miserable hovel on earth, than within the walls of a church paid for in such a way. What is the use of going to a gambling den when you can have a game of grab with a lady for a partner?"

His views of church choirs are well known and he does not strike as one beating the air. Hear him: "I tell you it's about time you stopped hiring ungodly men and ungodly women to sing in your church choirs, just because they happen to have good voices. You smile. I tell you it's no smiling matter. You ought to blush with shame; that's what you ought to do. And there is such a thing as having an organist who gets drunk, and who can't play but he must go back every now and then and take a drink to refresh him." The churches are getting tired of some of Moody's followers and imitators, but they will appreciate and feel their need of his own outspoken faithfulness.

An interesting revival is in progress in Morris county, N. J., among Cornish miners, the class of men on whom John Wesley's sermons used to manifest their effects by the white lines on their faces which showed where the tears washed off the soot. Some seventy have professed conversion. The audiences overflow any building in the neighborhood and have often been accommodated in a large barn.

This is a time of great activity among the book sellers and publishers till after Christmas. Lee and Shepard of Boston, publish a new book written by Gen. O. O. Howard at some period of his busy life. It is entitled, "Donald's School Days," and is a picture of boy's life in New England thirty years ago. It is pleasant to see the Witness once more, and we hope it will not be compelled to appear as a beggar again.

R. B. H.

Tri-Rose Bouquet, a delicate and lasting perfume, for 25 cents a bottle—something new and good—for sale only at Winter & Gushing's, manufacturers agents.

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over fifty about twenty prize Bull

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Public Sale of Hotel Furniture.

The undersigned will offer at public sale, at the City Hotel, Princeton, Illinois, on

Saturday November 23rd, 1878.

Commencing at 1 o'clock p. m., the following property: Bedstead, bed springs, bedding, wash stands, tables, chairs, cooking range, stoves, carpets, dishes in great variety, looking glasses, also a variety of other articles usually kept in a hotel.

TERMS:

All sums of \$10 and under, cash; over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given on notes with approved security, without interest if paid at maturity. Notes not paid when due will draw 10 per cent interest from date. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.
H. S. DAYTON & SON.
P. H. ZEIGLER, auctioneer.—47a.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa and Fee Bill to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Bureau county in the State of Illinois, in favor of Tracy Reeve and against Harriet Walton and Emily Walton, I have levied upon the following described property, to-wit: The south-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section number seventeen (17) in township number sixteen (16) north, range number (10) ten, east of the fourth (4th) principal meridian, except four (4) acres in a square form in the north-east corner of the same; and also twenty-one (21) acres of land off of the north side of the north east quarter of the south east quarter of said section number seventeen (17) in the township and range aforesaid; containing in all fifty-seven (57) acres more or less, all in the county of Bureau and State of Illinois as the property of said Harriet Walton and Emily Walton. Therefore I shall offer at public sale, all the right, title and interest of the said Harriet Walton and Emily Walton in and to the above described property, at the East front door of the Court House in Princeton, Bureau County, in said State, on the 14th day of December 1878, between the hours of 9 o'clock, a. m., and sunset of said day, commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m. of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.
ALEXANDER BRANDON, Sheriff Bureau Co., Ill.
Dated, Princeton, Ill., November 19th, 1878—47c.

ALL FARMERS WHO OWN



SPAGNA
Nicely bound.
Horses, Cattle,
Sheep, Swine,
and the Dairy.

It is universally acknowledged to be without a rival in its department of Journalism. Each number contains 44 to 48 large pages, three columns to the page, with a handsome cover, and is beautifully illustrated with elegant double-plate engravings. It is devoted especially to **LIVE STOCK** and the **DAIRY**, and no **FARMER** or **STOCK BREEDER** can afford to do without it. It discusses the science of breeding, the merits of the various breeds, the most approved methods of feeding and handling, and everything pertaining to the successful management of live stock on the farm. It has ably conducted Veterinary Department, in which will be found articles upon the laws of health and disease, as applied to domestic animals, which cannot fail to be of great value to all who are interested in any kind of live stock. Questions relating to diseases of all kinds of live stock, and the remedies for them, are answered in the Journal each month for the benefit of subscribers. It contains separate departments, devoted to **HORSES**, **CATTLE**, **SHEEP**, **SWINE**, and the **DAIRY**, and its corps of editors are recognized throughout the entire country as the most thorough, able, and practical writers in their separate departments, that can be found in America. No expense is spared on the part of its publishers, to make it a high-toned, reliable, practical, and instructive Journal, such as every intelligent farmer and stock breeder will find worth many times its cost each year.

THE NATIONAL LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL is the largest as well as the best Stock Journal published.

Subscription price \$2.15 per annum, postage prepaid. Posters, handsomely illustrated with fine engravings of live stock, mailed free on application to those who will make up clubs, and a liberal commission allowed. Address all letters, registering those containing money, unless in shape of Postal Order or Draft, to **STOCK JOURNAL COMPANY, Publishers,** Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.
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SELLING

THE ENTIRE STOCK

Boston Dry Goods

At Cost and Below

Having concluded to leave offer from this day all our Goods at low cost prices. We prefer to sacrifice then to incur the extra expense to re-ship the goods. We

Regard no Sacrifice in

In addition to our stock on now on the road to arrive, an assortment of goods suitable for the coming Holidays; all of sell at cost, in order to facilitate sure sale.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!

We have 150 cloaks on which, with the Cloaks on hand 200 to select from. Prices \$3.50 upwards, assuring you from \$2.50 to 8.00 on every Corner the Place. Boston Dry

Princeton, Illinois, Nov. 20th, 1878—47.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

The seventy-seventh annual meeting at Salem Street Church, (Rev. Dr. Lampson) Worcester, took place June 17-19. Over 200 delegates were present, and many ladies. Hon. Jas. White, of the Central Church, Boston, became moderator, and Rev. M. M. Cutter, of West Medway, secretary. Rev. A. McKenzie, of Cambridge, preached the opening sermon. Text: Heb. xiii: 8. *Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and forever.* The sermon was worthy of the text. The Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. Drs. Spaulding and Hooker. Massachusetts still continues the practice of assigning the first half hour of each day's session to services of a devotional character. It is the least desirable of any for that purpose, if it is desirable to have a large attendance and uninterrupted devotion. But such meetings seldom fail to be sweet and inspiring. Those at Worcester were no exception.

THE ASSIGNED TOPICS.

Rev. R. H. Seelye, D.D., of Haverhill, read a paper on Religion and Literature, which was animated throughout with both a literary and religious spirit. It pointed to the doors now open for him to enter who can ably wield the pen. An abstract would do the paper injustice. It was superlatively excellent in the judgment of all whom I heard speak of it. Dr. Holland, of *Scribner's*, requested it for publication. President Seelye, who by the way is only distantly related to the Haverhill minister—followed in a brief but elaborate address on the religious element in Shakespeare. The highest and best literature is inevitably religious in its tone, and especially its undertone.

Mr. L. Dickinson, Esq., a successful lawyer and member of Shawmut Church, Boston, read a paper of over an hour's length on "Religion and the Ballot." Nothing but the brisk, unclerical manner of the reader, the clearness and sparkle of his style, and the humorous and taking character of his applications to a well-known Massachusetts demagogue, would have interested an audience in so protracted an essay. The ballot is the scepter in the hand of each of the sovereigns of a republic. It must not be neglected on account of apathy, or wielded by ignorance or fraud. Mr. Dickinson defended bolting when bad men are nominated, and eloquently urged good men to attend the caucus. His comments on the recent disgraceful judicial election in Illinois were severe and just. There was no opportunity for general discussion.

Rev. J. L. Jenkins, pastor of one of the largest churches in the State, that of Pittsfield, so long ministered to by Rev. Dr. John Todd, read an essay—or, rather, forcibly preached a discourse on "The modern uses of Plymouth Rock." Why he should speak of himself as rurally secluded, as if

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
and why he should speak of the national admiration of Pres. Hopkins as if peculiar to "Berkshire," I could understand only as gentle irony. Mr. Jenkins was at Amherst and is at Pittsfield eminent for comprehensive views and wise utterances. His enthusiasm insures attention, even if his logic does not always compel assent. His idea of the fundamental doctrine of Plymouth Rock seemed to be honor to the individual—man as man. A man to be sought, trained, developed and saved, was the end proposed, and liberty to do this in the best way was a prime article of the creed adopted by the Pilgrims. Mr. Jenkins concluded with a summons to comprehensive charity. Churches should be families, and not sects in Christ's kingdom. He was afraid of the popular tendency among Congregationalists to seek to become a denomination like others, compacted, drilled, enumerated and aggressive. He thought we were "called, not to build folds, but to catch sheep." As Secretary Brown was not allowed the five minutes which he requested to plead for "building folds," it occurred to me that sheep and lambs unfolded in this cold world, full of wild beasts, may about as well not be born or collected. Christ is the builder of the fold as well as Shepherd of the sheep. Organizations for protection and defense, if not for fighting, seem indispensable. Plymouth Rock threw around its descendants not only the shelter of the church, but the panoply of a churchly state. If its emphasis was primarily upon individual independence and culture, its second and equally indispensable idea was a fellowship which expressed itself in organization. (I may as well confess that I am not a "Reporter.") The ringing eloquent words of the essayist found echoes and response in the subsequent discussion.

THE LOSS OF \$80,000.

The chief interest turned upon the action of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society in view of the heavy defalcation of Charles Demond, Treasurer. The re-election of its officers from year to year has hitherto been hardly more than a formality. Mr. Demond seems to have been fully trusted by the Executive Committee, and to have blinded the Auditor by apparently honest accounts, and not even to have awakened the suspicions of the vigilant Secretary Barrows.

There were not wanting those who blamed not only the defaulting Treasurer, but his Constitutional guardians and advisors, in spite of whom such a terrible loss has been inflicted on the Society, and such a blow struck at the confidence of benevolent donors. The annual meeting took place on Wednesday afternoon. A full report of the apparent losses had been printed and distributed. President Julius H. Seelye occupied the chair. Rev. John R. Thurston, of Whitonsville, called for a statement of facts from the Finance Committee, to which Hon. William Hyde of Ware responded. Rev. D. O. Mears, D.D., of Worcester, opposed the proposed change of the number of the Executive Committee from thirteen to seven, and was sustained. It was voted that the Secretary and Treasurer should not hereafter be members of that Committee. It was also voted that all surplus funds should be paid over to the American Home Missionary Society unless otherwise ordered in wills. Secretary Barrows, who has filled that office for seven years, on being questioned as to why the churches had been appealed to on two occasions to pay off the \$40,000 debt of the A. H. M. S. to its missionaries, when the Massachusetts Society had on hand \$80,000 invested funds, replied that the second appeal was made

after the defalcation, and the first when it was thought not good policy to withdraw the investments. It was alleged that the Massachusetts Society was bound by its contract as an Auxiliary to pay over all the surplus funds to the A. H. M. S. But evidently the time at which such a payment should be made was regarded by the Massachusetts Society as optional. It is said that the latter Society has really paid out but \$50,000 of the \$80,000 lost or in jeopardy—the balance of \$36,000 being made up in part by the difference between the purchased value of the securities and their face value, and by certain accrued and uncollected interest.

On the other hand, the Treasurer was accused of still withholding certain account books. It was also said by responsible parties that certain church collections known to have been sent are entirely unaccounted for. The latter assertion opens up new questions as to the integrity of the late Treasurer and also as to the amount of money actually lost. The whole matter is still in a muddle. The new Treasurer, Rev. C. Cushing, D.D., made a clear and explicit statement of the present condition of the Treasury. He simply gives account of cash receipts and disbursements. The assets can only be determined by the lapse of time and at the end of certain probable suits of law. But of the \$86,000 lost, probably a very small amount will ever return to the Treasury.

The election of officers occurred in the evening and resulted in the defeat of Secretary Barrows and the election of Rev. J. B. Clarke, pastor at Jamaica Plain and (as I was told) son of a former Secretary. The following is the new board of officers as elected:

For President—The Rev. Julius H. Seelye, D.D.
For Vice Presidents—Rev. Drs. Hopkins, Hooker, Seelye and Webb.
For Secretary—Rev. J. B. Clarke of Boston.
For Auditor—Deacon Nathan P. Lamson of Boston.
For Treasurer—Rev. Christopher Cushing, D.D.
For Executive Committee—Wm. Hyde of Ware, Hon. James White of Boston, Dr. James H. Hoyt of Cambridge, Rev. Chas. B. Rice of Danvers, Hon. Robert R. Bishop of Newton, Hon. Jonathan White of Brockton, Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D., of Boston, Rev. S. J. Spaulding, D.D., of Newburyport, George R. Chapman of Boston, G. Henry Whitcomb of Worcester, Rev. J. Harding of Longmeadow, Hon. Samuel Fay of Lowell, and Hon. Wellington Smith of Lee.

Dr. Webb declined the vice-Presidency. The general feeling was one of hopefulness and courage. Full expression was allowed to adverse criticism. Substantially a new board of officers was elected, and all felt a certain degree of satisfaction at the vigorous slam which the younger men gave the door, even if the horse were already stolen. The debate was generally participated in, and was thorough without being acrimonious. People are always more careful after a great fire, and it will be strange if Treasurers are not more closely watched and more severely "audited" henceforth in Massachusetts. It is certainly to his credit that the late Treasurer shows no sign of having a cent of the lost money, but lives in poverty and dependence,—a pitiful wreck.

WORK OF THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Daniel P. Noyes, who has compiled the statistics of church work and presented facts and plans for home evangelization for years, in such a way as to contribute very materially to general intelligence on the whole subject, reported the State of Religion. A condensation, not to exceed five pages, in place of the twenty-five last year, is to be published in the Minutes, which are to be curtailed in other respects in the interest of economy. The Sabbath question was assigned to a committee to report upon next year. The subject of Intemperance is to be in charge of a general committee of five, with local committees in each Conference, whose business it is to stir up the churches to labor effectually to promote temperance.

The meetings were fully attended and were less protracted than in some of the States. Massachusetts, either from modesty or some other cause, seems to exhibit less admiration for herself, either present or past, than some of her Western children manifest for her. There was more enthusiasm for Plymouth Rock at Grinnell, Iowa, than here at Worcester, the heart of the old Commonwealth. The hospitality was ample and generous. The next meeting is to be with the South Church, Salem, Rev. E. S. Atwood, pastor.

I can account for the absence from and silence of the representatives of our great benevolent societies in this meeting in no way satisfactorily except that as the Secretaries mostly reside in this vicinity, they are oftener heard in the local bodies and by individual congregations. Indeed, it seemed to me that the superior influence and confessed moral force of Massachusetts was to be found more adequately expressed in the local than in the general meeting. Congregationalists in the old Bay State are so numerous, so wealthy, so benevolent, and so good generally that they can perhaps afford to be more independent than their scattered and lonely and dependent brethren of the West.

R. B. H.

Literature.

—"The Pre-millennial Essays" of the "Prophetic Conference," held in New York, last year, have been gathered into an ample volume of over five hundred pages, and altogether present perhaps the best case for what may be termed the Judaic interpretation of prophecy, which has been given. The volume is edited by Dr. Nathaniel West, of Cincinnati, and issued by the enterprising publisher and bookseller, F. H. Revell. As samples of Biblical criticisms and exegetical reasoning the essays are of small worth; still, one must be glad that they have been published. Their radical unsatisfactoriness will be the sooner made manifest. Several things are remarkable about them. 1. The way in which these writers ignore the grand antithetic distinction between the Old Testament and the New, the former Covenant and the New Covenant, the Mosaic or Judaic Dispensation and the Christian Dispensation—as so clearly and expressly explained in the Epistles to the Hebrews, to the Galatians, and elsewhere. 2. The careless, not to say reckless, way in which the most explicit and non-figurative declarations of Christ himself—declarations which ought to be taken as fundamental and decisive in this discussion—are slurred over, or else subjected to the most manifestly forced interpretation. That multitude of declarations of our Lord respecting the Kingdom of Heaven, his coming and his Presence, in power and glory, and in judgment, the great Transition from the former age to that age or dispensation of which his incarnation and ministry and atonement, resurrection and ascension, were the foundation, as, then, "at hand"—all these it is idle to slur over, or to treat as of only secondary account. As Prof. Lummis naively remarks, "Another class of texts has occasioned trouble in the minds of some. John the Baptist and Jesus declared: 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' 'How,' it is asked with some force certainly, 'could the kingdom be said to be at hand then, if 1800 years have gone, and it is still not here?' If the word rendered 'is at hand' had been rendered 'draweth near,' as it is in Luke xxi: 8, and some dozen other passages, it would have relieved the apparent difficulty somewhat." Perhaps so, to the mere English reader who did not know the meaning of the word in the original. And, if Christ had said some things which he *didn't* say, and had not said so many things which he *did* say, Prof. Lummis's apparent difficulties might have been measurably lessened. The evasion of the real difficulties by taking refuge in "celestial arithmetic," etc., only shows the straits to which a mistaken theory will sometimes push the best of men. 4. Still another remarkable thing in all these essays, is the strange lack of due apprehension of what may be termed the dialect of symbol imagery, which was so natural to the Oriental mind, which so early begins to appear in the progressive volume of the Divine Revelation, and which, appearing and re-appearing, with consistency and a divinely-intended self-consistency, runs all through the Scriptures, culminating as it does in the Apocalypse of John. The endeavor to literalize all this is monstrously out of place; the results of such attempts are absurd and self-contradictory; while the hap-hazard way of jumping, inconsistently, back and forth, as the necessities of a theory seem to demand, from one mode of interpretation to another, does not, indeed, obscure all truth on this transcendently important subject, but it does hide from view certain glorious truths of God's revelation of his Thought and Purpose to his church, which, as instrumental truths in the Christian life and service, the churches of our day inexpressibly need to see and take to heart in their simplicity, fullness and power. (Chicago: F. H. Revell. pp. 528. \$2.00.)

—Those who enjoy the Poems of Places as much as we have done, as each choice little volume has been added, will share our regret that there are not more worlds to conquer, into this poetic realm. In the latest, on America, we have some fine poems on British America, Danish America, Mexico, Central America, South America and the West Indies. "Oceanica" furnishes a wealth of inspiration altogether surprising to one who has been too much accustomed to think of these islands and island-continents as mere dots or patches on the map, rather than as full of the infinite variety and beauty of nature and teeming with thousands of human beings with all the sympathies, hopes and aspirations common to the race. (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.)

—"Crystal Songs," by J. W. Bischoff and Otis F. Presbrey, contains an excellent selection of hymns and music adapted to Sunday schools, normal classes, institutes, anniversaries and gospel meetings. (Toledo, Ohio: W. W. Whitney.)—Wm. A. Poole & Co., New York, send us The Wreath of Gems, by V. T. Barnwell, which contains

perance; and a Boy's Rehearsal, all by H. Elliot McBride. We have also received the Fourteenth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society, from the same house.

—"Victoria Britannia; or Celebrate the Reign," by Hollis True, is a little book in which the writer urges a plan for celebrating the reign of Queen Victoria by the inauguration of political changes in the British Constitution. The author claims that his book is "entirely original in thought," and entirely logical in its reasoning, and is the first plan ever offered for colonial representation in the British Parliament. An Inter-Britanic Parliament, with a uniform nationality for all the people of the British Empire, is his solution of the "Home Rule" question. "The Americans absorb into their Republic all nationalities; and if England would keep pace with the United States they [it] must adopt the same principle of absorption. And while the United States are [is] Americanizing their States with a European population, we should be Britonizing our colonies with a view to strengthening our empire, and some no distant day to consolidate the detached parts with the Mother Country, in a somewhat more cohesive form than that of the present time." (Published for the author by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.)

—A. D. F. Randolph issues, in a style of equal simplicity and elegance, a number of popular sermons as tracts, by Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York, relating to such topics as "The Law of Sowing and Reaping;" "Not Discerning the Lord's Body;" "Why should I Join the Church;" "Christ at the Door," etc. The same, with one or two others added, are also printed together in a handsome volume, "Stranger and Guest." Dr. Vincent's manner in treating such subjects, especially in the personal application, is clear, fresh, sensible, kindly, earnest, and peculiarly winning. (Chicago: W. G. Holmes.)

—"Hearing and how to keep it," by Charles H. Burnett, M.D., is the first of the series of American Health Primers, edited by W. W. Keen, M.D., and published by Lindsay and Blackiston, 25 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia. It is an eminently practical little treatise, giving first the anatomy and physiology of the ear; then enumerating its principal diseases; and, lastly, two chapters are devoted to the care of the ear in health and disease. It is a book that ought to be in every family.

—Rev. Henry M. Morey, a Presbyterian pastor in South Bend, Ind., in a pithy pamphlet of about sixty pages, makes "A Reply to Col. Ingersoll's 'Mistakes of Moses,'" in which he answers well the astonishingly unfair, ignorant, and feeble objections of the brilliant rhetorician. (Chicago: Western Sunday School Publishing Company. John Fairbanks, Manager. 15 cts.)

—Two valuable little manuals for ladies' fancy work are the "Lady's Crochet-Book," containing over three dozen easy patterns; and the Lady's Knitting-Book," both by E. M. C., and both containing minute directions for doing the various kinds of this fascinating work. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph. Chicago: W. G. Holmes.)

—"Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1879; an Unconventional Handbook" in about three hundred pages; fine print, contains a surprising amount of reliable information. A day spent in studying this account of the chief city of our globe would be a day specially well spent. Price only 35 cts. (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.)

—Rev. E. Davis, of Reading, Mass., publishes a small book pointing out the "Contrast between Infidelity and Christianity as seen in Death-bed Testimonies;"—a subject which demands particularly judicious treatment. (Chicago: Hitchcock & Walden; 50 cts.)

—"Ruskin on Painting," with a biographical sketch, is one of Appleton's Handy-Volume Series, printed in elegant type; 210 pages, and only 30 cts. (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.)

—Weber, Magie & Co., Springfield, Ill., print the Eleventh Annual Insurance Report of the Auditor of Public Accounts, for 1879, a document of 391 pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- (All books received will be acknowledged in this column, and will, as soon as practicable, receive such reviews as their character may seem to warrant and our space allow. Publishers are requested, for their own benefit and the convenience of our readers, to state the price of each volume.)
- FOUR LECTURES ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY. By Charles Merrivale, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. 12mo. pp. 212. \$1.50.
- "IN THE VOLUME OF THE BOOK." By Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost. Boston: Eben Shute. 12mo. pp. 103. 75 cts.
- LONG LIFE AND HOW TO REACH IT. By J. G. Richardson, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. Chicago: Western News Co. 16mo. pp. 160. 50 cts.
- A STUDY OF NAHUM. By Prof. T. H. Rich. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. pp. 24. 40 cts.
- THE COLONEL'S OPERA CLOAK. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 16mo. pp. 228. \$1.00.
- IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. By George Elliot. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 244. \$1.25.
- ENTERTAINMENTS. By Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. pp. 339. \$1.00.
- HALF-HOUR SERMONS. Three volumes; each 25 cents: Lord Bacon, by Lord Macaulay; Swift, Congreve, Addison and Steele, by W. M. Thackeray; Prior, Gay, Pope, H. Garth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne and Goldsmith, by W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.
- LINES IN THE SAND. By Richard E. Day. Syracuse, N. Y.: John T. Roberts. 12mo. pp. 110. \$1.25.
- THE TRUTH: A COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. By Charles J. Guiteau. Chicago: Donnelly, Gassette & Loyd. 12mo. pp. 98. \$1.00.
- THE LESSON SYSTEM. By Rev. Simeon Gilbert. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 16mo. pp. 96. 60 cts.
- CÆSAR. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo. pp. 550. \$2.50.
- RUDDER GRANGE. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo. pp. 270. \$1.25.
- OLD CREOLE DAYS. By Geo. W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo. pp. 229. \$1.00.
- MRS. BURNETT'S EARLIER STORIES. Theo. Miss Crispigny. 30 cts each. 16mo. paper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Vol. III. By John Richard Green. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 8vo. pp. 451. \$2.50.
- THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE. By A. H. Weston. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 16mo. pp. 178. \$1.00.
- HOW TO GET STRONG. By William Blackie. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 16mo. pp. 296. \$1.00.
- JUST ONE DAY. New York: Geo. R. Lockwood. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 172. \$1.
- THOUGHTS FOR THE FIRE-SIDE AND THE SCHOOL. By Rev. J. B. Gross. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 161. \$1.25.
- WILLIAM M. THACKERAY. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 206. 75 cts.
- MAN'S MORAL NATURE. By Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. 12mo. pp. 200. \$1.50.
- PALMS OF ELIM. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. 12mo. pp. 307. \$1.50.

Bureau County Republican

EUROPE.

Letter From Rey. R. B. Howard—the Way to Travel in Foreign Lands.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—We left New York June 21, and expect to return September 15. If so, our absence will be less than three months, or to be exact, 86 days. As we will seem to have accomplished more in the way of seeing Europe than many do by a longer tour, I will give your readers the benefit of our methods. We place a certain sum of money in the hands of Prof. L. C. Loomis, of Washington, D. C., an experienced European traveler, a cultivated gentleman, and a most excellent friend and counsellor. For this he agrees to pay all legitimate travelling expenses. For personal expenses we place a small sum additional in his hands, for which he gives us each a printed certificate, with coupons attached, payable in the coin of the country where we wish to use the money. He takes entire charge of our baggage and indeed of our persons, as a father would his family. He uses no travelling coupons as a rule, but pays cash at hotels and for other expenses. He has done this for five years, and is therefore sure of a welcome everywhere. I never have known him to have cause to dispute a bill. He never quarrels with any one. He does not treat us like a party out of which his purpose is to make money. He consults our tastes and pleasures, plans excursions, drives, sails, rows, *et cetera*, and cheerfully pays the bills. For instance he gave us five days of carriage riding amid the grand scenery and along the noble mountain roads of Switzerland. One day we went over the Brunig Pass, from Interlaken to Lucerne. Two days we were climbing up and descending from the Saint Gothard Pass, under which the new railway tunnel of 8 miles, to be completed 1880, is building. Then we rode 70 miles to Chamonix, at the foot of Mount Blanc and back to Geneva. We were treated with a Gondola excursion and music at Venice, a row on lake Amrency in Savoy, and a row on lake Lucerne. There were drives through the most interesting portions of London, Brussels, Frankfort, and Heidelberg, (Germany,) Florence, Pisa, Turin, Milan, Rome and Naples in Italy. We had steamer excursions across the North sea to Antwerp, across the British channel and up the Thames from Boulogne to London, and on five of the Swiss and one of the Italian lakes. Lunches were provided when we were hungry. Rooms were ordered by letter or telegraph at hotels, and we were usually met by the proprietors or some one representing them on our arrival at the stations. Some of the hotels were the very best in Europe or the world. Others were more ordinary. All were good enough. Questions of convenience to the station or to the points of interest often determine the choice of a hotel. In some places there is no choice. But usually in Europe hotels abound.

After three weeks in July and August in Italy, and one whole week at Rome, our entire party of twenty-five are perfectly well. We do not as a rule, travel nights, nor do we walk in the middle of the day. We protect ourselves from chilliness with wraps and by the constant use of umbrellas from the sun. Picture galleries, old castles, palaces, and everything a traveler wishes to see are opened without trouble or expense to us. In England we have spent a week amid the sights of London, visited the House of Lords and the House of Commons, heard Henry Varley, Spurgeon and Dean Stanley preach on Sundays, have made excursions to Kensington, Sydenham, Oxford, Windsor Castle, Stratford on Avon, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and Chester. Only one of these was outside the prescribed "Itinerary," and caused extra expense—that to Kenilworth—and that was a twelve mile drive, on a most lovely afternoon, amid the most delightful scenes in England at an expense of one dollar each!

I hope many of my old friends in Princeton and vicinity will some time come to Europe. For young people whose parents cannot accompany them, and for ladies without escort such a personally conducted party as this is indispensable. For any one it is delightful. Prof. Loomis adds St. Petersburg and Northern Europe in 1880 to the route I have described, at a small additional expense. He may always be communicated with at Washington, D. C. He is a retired principal of a young ladies Seminary, and has special gifts for instructing and caring for young ladies. His conversation on art and artists, the results of years of study, taken in connection with a European trip are invaluable.

I write from Liverpool. After a week in Scotland I expect to return to New York, resuming my work on the *Advance* which indeed I have kept up the entire tour.

What a good meeting we had in Princeton, in May! I am very sorry to hear of subsequent afflictions among those who so bountifully and hospitably entertained us.

R. B. H.

Editorial Paragraphs.

ago Jockey Club races this week.
 Michigan State Fair at Detroit this week.
 "resort" business is about done for season.
 State Bar Association met at Springfield, 10th.
 Francisco is preparing to give Gen. a grand reception.
 e is \$46,000,000 of silver in the National Treasury at Washington.
 Gould has sent another \$5,000 to the fever sufferers at Memphis.
 ago papers publish lottery advertisement in plain violation of the law.
 in county is funding her bondedness at six per cent interest.
 ka fair, last week, was a grand success was also the Wisconsin fair.
 in the South is "solid"—this time by virtue of the Chisholm murderers.
 o last Saturday Chicago hog packers led since March 1st, 1,481,000 hogs.
 as yesterday celebrated the 25th anniversary of her settlement by Free-State.
 sixty-two public schools of Chicago an enrollment, this year, of 49,609.
 yellow fever at Memphis is said to be abating, with the approach of cooler weather.
 ident Gregory, of the Illinois State University at Champaign, and his bride are in the city.
 rnor Fremont is credited with doing much toward forwarding the prosperity of the Territory.
 Georgia legislature is about to impeach their Confederate State Treasurer for crookedness.
 Wisconsin State Deaf and Dumb school at Delevan, was burned to the ground last Tuesday.
 convict, Jas. Paddock, from Rock County, escaped from the Joliet Prison last Thursday night.
 London Times Berlin special, of Sept. 17, says that many persons were drowned in the inundation at St. Petersburg.
 Robinson, the Chairman of the State Central Committee, predicts that he will go 40,000 Republican.
 o bank clearings last week \$26,700,000. A good deal of money to be cleared one week for trading purposes.
 he exception of the old and defaced silver, all the silver hitherto held back has gone into circulation in Germany.
 John A. Logan, who spent two weeks in the Ohio campaign, is this week visiting his Republican brethren in Iowa.
 Massachusetts Republican State Convention Tuesday, nominated Lieutenant Governor John D. Long for Governor, by a large majority.
 codus fever among the colored people in the South, is deeper rooted than anywhere where they are preparing to fight.
 le has gas, waterworks, telegraph, telephones, and only needs railroad connection (which she will soon have) to be happy.
 t. Harris, late rector of the St. Paul church of Chicago, was consecrated Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, yesterday.
 life of ex-Governor Johnson, of Illinois, committed suicide in St. Louis while temporarily deranged from the death of an infant.
 James K. Edsall, of Dixon, Attorney at Law of Illinois, has become a member of the Chicago bar—having opened a law office in that city on Monday last.
 e November election, the Empire State in the language of an illustrious poet, will be "redeemed, regenerated and saved." Confederatism has dug its grave.
 Allen, a few years ago a law student, was elected judge of the court of San Francisco by the blatherskites, at the late election. He has a salary of \$10,000 a year.
 h vessel left Havre, on Saturday, for America, with \$4,000,000 in gold, and large balances of trade. It is estimated that over \$60,000,000 in gold will be sent to this year to pay balances.
 ague with her three children, and the ex-Governor; and, it is being steps to secure a divorce—petitioned the Superior Court for appointment of a trustee of her estate.
 ugust 12, 135 immigrants arrived at New York, making 76,809, an increase of 22,654 over last year. The increase this year comes mostly from Ireland, Norway and Sweden.
 ck is fully determined to push forward the project for a World's Fair in 1883, and the National Board seems to be ready to co-operate with the New York committee recently ap-

General Sherman's
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Chicago

Chicago elevators contain 1,344,107 bushels of corn, 732 bushels of wheat, 165,554 bushels of barley, making 1,841,393 bushels, against 1,700,000 last year.

The foreign products is increased. Last week wheat, 5,232,578 bushels; oats, 7,000 bushels; pork, 4,000 pounds; bacon, 1,000 pounds.

In Chicago N. O. day was quoted at 34¢. Corn 34¢. Oats 23½¢ cash were in large supply, prices were \$3.15@3.50 for heavy shipping and bulk.

Circuit

The following by circuit court since Sept. 1st.

The People vs J. J. murder. Sentence and costs.

The People &c vs assault with intent to kill. Sentence and costs.

The People &c vs larceny. Sentence and costs.

The People &c vs Judgment for People.

The People &c vs assault with deadly weapon.

The People &c vs selling liquor. Two cases.

The People &c vs selling liquor two cases.

The People &c vs selling liquors. Fine \$50.

Joseph McDonald missed as per agreement.

John Bowen vs L. for plaintiff \$255 and H. H. Ferris, admnistrat for plaintiff \$8.

Nat. Simons vs L. complainant.

Sophia E. Pollock by complainant.

Li

Remaining uncalled Bureau Co., Ill., for Day Fanny.

Duncan Richard Donahue James.

Lingren Charles Lindstrom Augusta.

Miss Annie Delano.

To obtain these advertised letters, not called for in for the Dead Letter office.

A few

Everybody is buying the best at the lowest price to the public that in the market. Our goods are not for sale at any other place in town.
BAMBERG & SONS

Singer

If I. R. Snow that article denominated these columns, or

JANUARY 7, 1882.

"Who can it be?" Phil asked, glancing through the window, his handsome blue eyes full of genuine admiration. "It is a mistake, unless you have some rich relations, Doc."

And then Bessie's cheek suddenly paled, then flushed, as she looked at the card handed to her; for the name was "Osyth Laurent Fane." She looked at her husband as she read the name.

"I will see her. It is a—is is somebody I know."

And she went into the big old-fashioned parlor, to see the splendid, elegant lady come eagerly toward her and grasp her hands and kiss them in reverent tenderness.

"You surely remember me? It is I—the forlorn little outcast—the miserable, starving desperate girl whom you saved that winter night! I heard you were to be married to-day, and I knew I could bring you no purer joy than to tell you what you did for me. It was a turning point in my life, I tried, God helped me, I found employment and two years ago a rich old lady, childless and a widow for whom I had sewed, legally adopted me. A year later she died; and I am her heiress—to \$100,000—all through you."

Miss Fane's words had rolled out so impetuous and fast that Bessie could only listen.

"I am so glad," she said at last, the happy tears standing in her eyes. "Let me introduce my husband and family to you, Miss Fane."

Osyth interrupted her.

"Please, 'Osyth!' it broke my hard heart the time you said it at first. I have been waiting for years to hear you speak it again."

Bessie looked at the pure, lovely face—so proud and spirited, yet grand and noble. "'Osyth,'" she whispered tenderly, "Come—will you?"

And when the next beautiful spring days came, one bright May noontide brought two blessed events; and Mrs. Raymond, pale and peaceful on her pillows, with her little Mayflower—her baby Osyth—on her arm, heard the joy-bells ring their merry clangor at the wedding of her brother Phil and Miss Fane, the beauty and heiress.

And, a little later, with arm around his bride, Phil made her tell him over again for the hundredth time, the story of that fateful winter night when sweet Bessie did her Christian duty.—*Palmer Journal*.

THE MAGIC SICKLE.

Once upon a time there was a king, good and just, and beloved by his subjects. But he had not been long seated on the throne before his health began to fail. He cared not to go forth from his palace, and all its beautiful adornments gave him no pleasure. The feast spread before him he scarcely tasted, for all his appetite was gone. The king grew thin, his form wasted, he had no spirit either for work or amusement. At last, the courtiers whispered among themselves: "Alas! alas! our king is gradually wasting away! He will not long remain in this world!"

Many doctors were sent for. Various were the opinions which they gave as to the cause of the king's illness, the nature of his disease. Some persons even hinted at poison. Much medicine was given to the king, but still he grew no better. He seemed

THE SINGERS BY THE SEA.

BY REV. R. B. HOWARD

The following from the Editorial Correspondence of the Advance will interest Rockport people. The venerable man, John Parsons, Senior, alluded to, has since died. Indeed, his visit to the parsonage was among his last visits.

The moon was but twenty-four hours past her full. We had just had one of those December days that shines amid traditional environment of fogs and frosts like a jewel in a dark setting. The sea and the sky put on their garments of blue; the former fringed with the grey of the rocks and the white of the gently-breaking waves; the latter spangled by the sparkling stars, thinly draped with a few fleeting fleecy clouds.

Our dusky guests of Jubilee name and decennial fame, honored our seaside cottage with a little visit, and gave the pastor's wife some happy cares and a chance to welcome certain cheerfully helpful hands.

An abolitionist eighty years of age, who, with his boys, fought long ago freedom's battle of words and bullets came in to see the fruits of his prayer and labors. Eleven dark hands, one after the other, clasped his palm, tremulous with age and grateful emotion.

A single white voice could not be restrained from slightly marring by its enthusiastic dissonance the sweet harmony and melting melody of two slave songs. The old man's eyes dimmed with something that was not of age as he said,

"I cannot tell you how glad and thankful I am."

Their faces and their singing were new to many on this extreme eastern shore, whose journeys are apt to be seaward, and whose ears are more familiar with the hoarse voices of the waves than with those soft, sweet tones of the South-land. But no more appreciative audience in its way has greeted these much traveled and greatly flattered singers.

To be sure, nobody said so with much emphasis of tongue, hands or feet. But this is our way on Cape Ann (there are no "summer visitors"). Rockport, at the sea end, is quite like Hamilton at the land end. "Gail"—the author, who has put the title of her native town in the place of those surnames which she has undoubtedly rejected, numerous—says of her Hamilton people, in relation to one of her most distinguished townsmen: "They admired and loved him. They said little. It was not their way. He delivered an elaborate and wonderful lecture. Hamilton went and enjoyed it. But not a man, woman or child told him so." Well, so it is in the less modernized communities of New England. Among those who in small localities, as in some English counties, retain the grain of sturdy provincial character, there is little demonstrativeness. One who loves you well enough to die for you may never tell you that he loves at all. But the heat of anthracite finally comes to these slowly ignited hearts. Impressions were burned into us by our dusky-faced and sweet-voiced visitors, as ineffaceable as inscriptions on our granite rocks.

The novelty of those songs has disappeared with use, but the substance of pathetic melody remains. The Singers themselves have become historic. Like the Hutchinsons, they are singing themselves into our social life, so that some of their strains touch us as do our mother's lullaby, or the snatches of song on the lips of one even dearer when love was young.

I would like a concert where the Hutchinson family should voice again the cruelty and the aspiration of slavery, and the Jubilee Singers should respond with the pean of victory—

"I've been redeemed."

To show the change of sentiment wrought in a quarter of a century, one of our older citizens said that when several abolition orators of color came to Cape Ann and were allowed to occupy one of the churches, a citizen who had drank enough not to be diffident or insincere, on seeing them in the pulpit, exclaimed in the presence of the audience: "A little while ago I came here to see this house dedicated to Almighty God, and now there's that pulpit full of niggers."

Well, my pulpit was "full of niggers" last Tuesday evening. The most devout felt not only that there was no sacrilege, but that there never had been more forceful preaching to the heart from that sacred desk.

ROCKPORT, Dec. 22, 1883.

Messrs. Editors: The very favorable report of the Coast Survey Department on a harbor of refuge for the northeast Atlantic, to be located at Rockport, at the extreme point of Cape Ann, is especially pleasant to our aged citizens who have all their lives talked over this subject. To what better purpose could the present surplus revenue of the country be applied? Not only as a refuge for coasters, fishermen and merchantmen, but as a most convenient and important Naval station for our new navy, will this harbor prove. The maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward and Newfoundland belong to our great rival on the sea. Never was their commerce with Boston and through Boston with the United States so large as now. It needs protection from the dangers of the sea.

If Great Britain ever becomes hostile, it is just here that our country is most vulnerable and ought to have a harbor of rendezvous for those steel-clad cruisers that must replace the coast forts of our fathers.

Major Raymond recommends only \$400,000 to commence with. The whole country is interested in the proposed harbor, but may we not depend on Essex County men especially to back up Congressmen Stone, Lovering and Long, in securing the appropriation.

R. B. H.

ent, during the war. Mr. Matthews was a
ry faithful man in all his trusts, and was held
high esteem by all of his employers. He was
years of age, and had been suffering from
mental depression for some time.

— The Aldermen finished their recount of the
otes cast in Ward 1 for Aldermen and Council-
men at twenty minutes of one o'clock on Tues-
day morning. The recount does not change the
result as to the candidates elected by the ward
officers' return, but increases the number of
their votes quite largely. Mr. D. A. Varney
gains 46 votes, Mr. George G. Russell 44 votes,
Mr. Bettis 12 votes, and Mr. Brown 6 votes. Mr.
Faxon loses 11 votes, Mr. Ide gains 28, Mr.
G. W. Varney gains 12, and Mr. Way 12.
The total gain by the recount exceeds 250
votes. The same Councilmen are elected by
the recount as by the ward returns, but make
large gains. There were 28 persons voted for,
and the total gain by the recount is some 160
votes.

HENFIELD DIVISION.

Preparations are now going forward for com-
memorating the fortieth anniversary of Henfield
Division No. 2, Sons of Temperance of this city,
on the 23d of February next. The exercises will
consist of an historical address, literary and
musical features and short speeches by promi-
nent men in the temperance cause. Henfield
Division is the oldest secret temperance organiza-
tion in Massachusetts, and the sixth oldest in the
country. The divisions taking precedence by
only a few weeks, being located at Danbury, Ct.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., New York city, Philadelphia,
Pa., and Baltimore, Md.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

Both branches of the City Council held meet-

After the Fire. What? Ourselves and Our Forefathers.

Part of a discourse preached at Rockport, Sunday, Dec. 16, 1883.

BY REV. ROWLAND B. HOWARD.

Text:—I. Kings XIX: 12.—*After the fire, a still, small voice.*—The Old Testament picture is familiar to all Bible readers. Elijah had slain the prophets of Baal, the God of Jezebel, the heathen queen of Israel. She pursued in order to kill him. He fled, first to the wilderness in despair, and then by God's command, went a long journey to Horeb, the sacred mountain. Having lodged a night in one of the caves, he is called to the entrance. Standing there, a kind of cyclone strikes the spot with such force as to blow the very rocks asunder, like a blast of powder. Following this irruption from the skies above there rises a mighty tumult from the volcanic center of the mountain beneath. The surface crawls and trembles and opens in seams, and the solid earth quakes as if with fear. Then follows a glittering, flashing, fiery storm which illuminated the heavens and scorched and burned the earth. But neither in wind, earthquake or fire, does the bewildered prophet hear the voice of God. As sulphurous flames die out, a solemn stillness falls upon the scene, broken only by a sweet, low sound, indistinct and at first inarticulate. Then as the approach of music enables one to detect the varying notes, so the voice that spoke to Adam in the Garden of Eden, honors the Hebrew tongue by speaking to Elijah. Only an ear sensitively attuned can detect the words and comprehend their meaning. Like God's voice, in still summer days and moonlight nights in winter, like the voice of God in all commonest and yet mightiest things, the sound is "still and small." The words of God, however, have to every hearer a different sense and a personal significance which none of his works, however marvelous, can convey.

We have seen the fire. What was it? What did it mean?

The village of Rockport is compact. There is no great room between the rocks and sea for fields or gardens. Hence one-half our population as a town is within a short distance of the harbor. Tired of the uncertainties and frequent disappointment incident to fishing, the people built a stone edifice in 1847 and furnished it with costly machinery for manufactures. They added as much more in 1864. They built solidly of our granite. Reverses in business compelled them to part with this property, which was even more disappointing to many than the fishing industry. The factory passed into other hands. It underwent many improvements. It is said that new machinery costing \$150,000 was placed in it. By shrewd and close management, the profits paid for most of these investments, and the present company with a capital stock of \$150,000, were able to pay running expenses and disbursed for wages \$5,600 per month, pay interest on their not burdensome debt, and divide 3 per cent. semi-annually to the stockholders, of whom a few still live among us. The 235 persons directly employed in the mill were paid fair wages for their labor. They had regular and unflinching employment, which is a far greater blessing to the poor than high wages followed by enforced idleness. Many of these persons were old residents of Rockport. Families were represented by one or two members and through them derived means of support. Some rented rooms or tenements and from these, widows and orphans received small incomes. Other families, a part of whom found employment in the mill, have more recently made their homes among us, and increased the not large business for our grocers and other tradesmen.

Last Sabbath morning, before the usual time of divine service and in the short space of three hours, the factory was a mass of ruins.

The costly machinery, consisting among other things of 262 looms, some of them new, peculiarly adapted to their work, and 17,776 spindles, together with the large steam engine and many goods in process of manufacture, became a mass of worthless, useless matter. It is said that property which could not be replaced for \$300,000 was thus swept out of existence.

Probably one-third of our people had some business connection with the mill. It constituted one-twentieth of tax paying valuation of our entire town. The calamity has come at the opening of winter. Some families have been left destitute. They must move away or become dependent on charity. Such a blow in great cities like Lawrence, Lowell or Boston is scarcely noticed by the general public. Its place is soon supplied. But in a small, compact village, with no great variety of occupations it is far more disastrous. Thus have we tried to look our trouble squarely in the face. Such was the fire. Such are its consequences.

When we came together last Sabbath we were not in a mood to listen. It would be strange if any could remember much that was then said. It was with us as with Elijah at his cave. The elements were at war around us, and we were somewhat fearful and distracted on account of their violence. To us there was a fire, but the Lord was not perceived in it, though doubtless he walked there, as really as the form of the Son of Man did in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

To-day only the barren walls and tottering towers remain. The ruins have ceased to smoke. The excitement has subsided. Even the great and strong wind of yesterday that agitated the sea, and lashed our rocky shores, and swept with icy breath across our faces, has settled away. The still, cold air brings a settled calm to nature and sends us to our saved firesides and our spared houses of worship.

"After the fire, a still, small voice." Let us pause a few moments and listen. It is the voice of the Lord. As to the ancient prophet, its first utterance was little more than a gentle sound. It hardly seemed vocal. It was not articulate. But now a thoughtful, prayerful ear can not

fail to hear some audible words. The despondent need them. All can profit by them. Do they not say, *Be thankful for remaining blessings.* Your husbands and sons were not maimed or slain by falling stones or walls, as were some in Lowell but yesterday. See the outer rim of God's apparent wrath in the crumbling granite walls that mark the limits of the flames. I say his apparent wrath, for we are taught by our Saviour not to judge those who suffer, as more guilty than others. They may be. God knows. We do not. The great mystery is, not that the wicked and others suffer in this world, but that good and true men, Christians in heart and life, are not exempt.

But the untouched homes of all our people, and ourselves, should make us grateful. The comfortable circumstances in which winter's cold and this disaster finds most of us also demands our gratitude.

Something has been harvested from the sea, something from the land. Industry, economy, frugality and thrift have filled many a barrel, and stored many a cellar. Many are comfortably clothed. Some can count on employment and consequent income. Others have saved a little for just this kind of a "rainy day."

Will it not add to our gratitude to contrast our condition to-day with that of our Pilgrim fathers in 1620, that is, 263 years ago? Next Thursday is to be celebrated as Forefather's Day. Let us remember what a winter that was. The icy shore on which they landed was about 40 miles from this spot. Neither the pen of the historian, nor that of the poet has overdrawn the misery that stared them in the face. No sister towns in the interior to send them help; no stores in barn or cellar; no western field to harvest; no droves of cattle or swine transported hither by railroad; no gathered crops; unbroken forests; unfriendly savages; raging seas just escaped. Their one small vessel was about to sail away in Spring.

Two visits to Plymouth throw light on the situation of the Pilgrims that winter. The first was when in the summer of 1865 with 1000 of my brethren, I gave assent to the Pilgrims' Creed, standing above their graves. But the second visit when I quietly sat down upon Burial hill.

The hill whose icy brow
Recoiled when he came in the morning's flame
In the morning's flame burns now.

or, at evening, watched

The moon's cold light as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea.

and tried to go back to that harsh winter's day, Dec. 21, 1621,

"When the sea around was black with storm
And white the shore with snow"—

The rocks, the islands, the cliffs, the hill is the same, but all else is changed the little city of Plymouth already old, the shores naked now where the trees grew densely then.

In two or three months one half their number perished by disease, the funerals were very frequent, the mourner's tear was scarcely ever dry. During the prevalence of sickness only six or seven persons remained well at a time. "But these," says Governor Bradford's history written at the time, "spared no pains day or night, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, dressed and undressed them; in a word, did all the homely and necessary offices which dainty and quiescent stomachs endure to have named; and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing therein their true love to their friends, and brethren. Two of the seven nurses were William Brewster, their reverend Elder, and Miles Standish, their Captain and Military Commander, unto whom myself and many others were much beholden in our low and sick condition."

Are we, their children, if despondent, in our smaller trials, worthy of such a patient and heroic ancestry? Beside immeasurably richer temporal blessings, we enjoy also the same sure ground of our fathers confidence, viz., the immovable and unconquerable kingdom of our God. The word for us in 1883 as for them in 1620, the voice of God, is found in the Epistle to Hebrews, Chapter XII: 28, "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably and with godly fear."

Everybody asks, will the company rebuild? I do not know. I hope they will. Some say we have nothing left in Rockport. Is that true? Not a brain has been crazed, not a hand palsied, not one home destroyed by the fire. Nothing left? Why, counting our temporal blessings, this is not true. But when we turn to spiritual regions, our resources are absolutely unharmed.

Our great source of comfort, aye of rejoicing is in a kingdom that cannot be moved? The Kingdom of God is spiritual. Its seat is the souls of men and angels. It cannot be moved, cannot be burnt, cannot be destroyed. Its voices may be inaudible to us. The Kingdom of God is invisible like its King. Eye hath not seen it. It is among us; planted on these shores by the Pilgrims. It has come to stay, to grow, to swallow up all other kingdoms. It is not meat or drink, fishes or factories. It is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The Kingdom of God is eternal. Heavens and earth will pass away. God's words, God's kingdom never pass away.

For not like kingdoms of this world

The holy church of God!

Though earthquake shocks are rocking her

And tempests are abroad;

Unshaken are the eternal hills

Immovable she stands—

A mountain that shall fill the earth

A house not made with hands.

Is this Heavenly Kingdom ours? Are we a part of it? Then will not we fear. Then we can bear the loss of all temporal things and yet cry with Habakuk. "I will rejoice in the Lord! "I will joy in the God of my salvation."

. The shortest day in the year has been passed and now we shall get more daylight.

Christmas Concerts.

The Christmas Concert at the Independent Christian Church last Sunday evening was largely attended. The church was handsomely decorated, streamers of evergreen hanging in graceful curves from the centre of the ceiling to the walls, and sides of balcony. A large star of evergreen was suspended over the organ loft and handsome bouquets graced the pulpit. A new feature of the concert was the filling in of the school, by classes, from the vestry, after the audience had assembled. The singing by the school, under the direction of Mr. Barnard, with Mr. Steele as accompanist on the organ, was excellent. The songs and recitations of the little ones under the management of Mr. Dolliver, the superintendent, Mrs. Rider and Miss Priestly, were greatly enjoyed. Miss Amanda Davis acted as accompanist on the piano. Rev. Mr. Rider gave a very interesting address to the little ones. Master Herman Babson gave a recitation, showing the Sunday School to be in a flourishing condition; but adding that the library needed extra books to supply the demands of the growing school, and that a little money was needed. A collection was then taken up, which was generously responded to, and the sum of \$20 was realized. On the whole, it was one of the most successful concerts ever held at this church.

The entertainment at this church on Christmas Eve was a very enjoyable one for the little folks, Santa Claus distributing generous bags of candy to every member of the school.

The concert given by the school at the Baptist Church Sunday evening, under the management of their popular and efficient superintendent, Mr. Freeman Putney, was a complete success throughout, and reflects great credit upon all concerned. The exercises were of a high order, and very interesting, and impressive. Miss Mary Lovett's reading and the responsive exercise by Blanche and Grace Pew were remarkably good, also the recitations by Lulu Dennett and Emma Lantz, and reading by Millie Andrews. Miss Annie Graham sang very acceptably, and the singing by a large class of girls and also by the school was unusually good. The choir sang the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and a Christmas Anthem by J. Barnby, and at the morning service, "Behold I bring you Glad Tidings of Great Joy," J. Barnby. The church was very tastefully decorated.

The Congregational Sunday School gave a very interesting Christmas vesper service last Sunday evening. The vestry was handsomely trimmed with evergreen and mottoes, and the singing of Christmas anthems and carols by the choir and children was very fine. Mr. Reuben Brooks gave an excellent address on "What Christmas signifies to us." The pastor, Rev. Mr. Clark made the closing address.

The Coal Trade of Gloucester.

It is estimated that from thirty to forty thousand tons of coal are annually consumed in the city of Gloucester, by houses, stores, offices, vessels, steamers, tugs, foundry, etc. This would be about sixty cargoes per annum. The four thousand families would take about one-half the amount annually received. The first cargo of coal probably ever landed at this port, was nearly fifty years ago, from sch. Caledonia and was owned by Mr. William Parsons of Gloucester, now a retired merchant of Boston, nearly eighty years of age. The coal was Lehigh and in very large lumps. It lay unused for a long time at the head of Parson's wharf, now owned by Mr. George Steele. Old people gazed upon this great pile with astonishment, and they were told "that it would burn," but none of them believed it. They took pieces of it home, and put them in their fire-places, but the wood fires of those days made no impression whatever on those solid lumps of Lehigh, for they were almost like stones when taken from the fire. All who made the experiment told the same story, and as they gazed upon the heap of coal as they passed by, they said to one another "what is Parsons ever going to do with that black stuff?" After a long time the pile gradually disappeared. As the first anthracite coal was mined in 1821, and then only 2,500 tons, it will readily be seen that coal here was a rare sight. Now 25,000,000 tons are annually mined in this country.

Accident.

As Mr. George Steele and wife were sleigh riding on Christmas Day, the sleigh was upset in turning the corner of Middle and Pleasant streets and the occupants thrown out. Mr. Steele kept hold of the reins and was dragged some distance but fortunately the horse was stopped by officers Barrett and Ropper, before serious damage was done.

Large Stock.

Sch. Lizzie J. Greenleaf, Capt. John Cameron, arrived on Monday from a Bank trip of twenty-three days, with one of the largest fresh halibut stocks of the season. The entire trip was sold to the New England Fish Co. and weighed off 41630 lbs. to-day, which sold for 10 cents per pound right through. The vessel stocked \$48,375.

Religious.

Services at the Prospect St. M. E. church, Rev. S. B. Sweetser, pastor, at 10.30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Subject at morning, "Prayer," afternoon, "Gray Hairs."

A Christmas sermon on "The Advent Angels" will be preached in the First Parish church next Sunday morning by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thompson.

A Mass Temperance Meeting

To which all persons are invited who believe at the time when the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage should be prohibited in this state by a provision in the Constitution of the Commonwealth, will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, to-morrow, at 10.30 o'clock.

Import.

In Barque Danebod, 58 days from Trapani, 600 tons salt to John Pew & Son.

Personal.

Major John H. Calef and wife of Fort-tress Monroe are passing the Christmas holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John C. Calef of this city.

A complimentary dinner will soon be given to W. W. French, Esq., now of Brockton, by sixty or more of his friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Putney will spend the Christmas holidays at Bow, N. H.

Mr. William G. Procter is the western agent for J. O. Procter, Jr., and will make his residence at Chicago.

Mr. A. C. Andrews has been appointed a justice of the peace.

General Banks has been re-appointed United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts.

Deacon Jacob Bacon is spending a season in Ayer, Mass.

Mr. George H. Norman, the well-known contractor, has sent to his two sisters, two nephews and two nieces, at Newport, R. I., five thousand dollars each for Christmas presents.

Capt. Chas. H. Pew 2d is spending the holidays in this city.

Mr. A. B. Morgan, formerly of Wetherell's drug store is now well established in his new drug store in Malden, having the best locality in town.

Mr. Herman Tappan of New York, enjoyed Christmas at his home in this city.

Mrs. Josephene Ellery Davis is teaching elocution in Marblehead.

We are indebted to M. I. Wetherell, Esq., for a copy of the Nashville American, containing an account of Emma Abbott's recent appearance there in "Rigoletto."

Mr. W. N. LePage is among the number who are enjoying the Raymond excursion to California.

Mr. Charles Saville of the New England Fish Co., has returned from an enjoyable visit to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles D. Gardner of Marblehead, was in town on Christmas.

Furniture.

The next time you visit Boston, do not fail to spend a few hours at Paine's Ware-rooms and Manufactory, on Canal Street, opposite the Boston and Maine Depot. They do an immense business in all kinds of furniture, draperies, curtains and lambrequins. Doing a strict cash business, they take no risk, and sell their goods at prices much under the market. They own the largest building for furniture manufactory in the city, and employ first-class men in all the departments. The salerooms are 150 x 50 feet; lighted by electricity all day, and connected by steam elevators. The manufacturing department is in the same building, so that customers can see just how they make and finish their work. Numerous visitors are coming and going all the time.

Church Improvements.

The Murray Club has made arrangements with the Gloucester Gas Light Co. for the re-piping and re-lighting of the Independent Christian church, all the expense to be borne by the club. Larger pipes will be put in, taking the place of those now in use. A brass and porcelain reflector of fifty lights will be suspended from the centre of the ceiling, giving a very brilliant illumination. Bracket side lights of brass will be placed under and above the balcony. When completed, the facilities for the more perfect lighting of the church will be greatly increased. The gas will be lighted by electricity, after the manner at City Hall.

A Pilgrim Festival

Was celebrated by the New England Society of San Francisco in 1850, and one who was there has shown us a very interesting programme of the exercises of the day, including an original ode entitled "Forefather's Day." The early settlers of California by their own hardships and privations could the better understand the situation of that earlier band of pilgrims on the New England coast.

Fell off the Wharf.

On Saturday night last, Mr. Freeman Monroe fell off Fort Wharf into the water between the wharf and schooner Edward Trevo lying there. Capt. Fred. Hiller on board the schooner got him on board the vessel's deck, after which he was taken home by some of the crew assisted by the police. It was a cold night for a bath.

A Farmer's Institute

Will be held by the Essex Agricultural Society at Town Hall, Peabody, to-morrow at 9.30 A. M. In the forenoon, papers on Fertilizers will be read by J. J. H. Gregory, and in the afternoon, Field Culture of Roots and Vegetables by Benj. P. Ware. Free return tickets are expected.

Reunion.

The thirty-second Regiment Association held their annual reunion and dinner at the Quincy House, Boston, on Thursday of last week. Gen. James A. Cunningham presided and was re-elected president, with Sergt. Charles H. Parsons as vice president.

G. T. U.

An open meeting of the Gloucester Temperance Union will be held in Scientific Hall this evening. Rev. Mr. Sweetser will be the principal speaker, and there will be readings by Miss Addie M. Knight, together with other attractions.

Polo.

A game of polo was played at the Salem Rink, Salem, last Friday evening, between the Gloucesters and Salems. The Salems won three out of five goals in 47 minutes. A return game will probably be played.

Insane.

Mrs. Matilda Beaton having shown signs of insanity, it was thought advisable to place her under treatment and she was accordingly carried to the Danvers Asylum last Thursday.

Re-Opened.

Mr. T. Harry Davis has re-opened the Beach street bakery and dining saloon.

After the Fire. What? Ourselves and Our Forefathers.

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But the untouched homes of all our people, and ourselves, should make us grateful. The comfortable circumstances in which winter's cold and this disaster finds most of us also demands our gratitude.

Something has been harvested from the sea, something from the land. Industry, economy, frugality and thrift have filled many a barrel, and stored many a cellar. Many are comfortably clothed. Some can count on employment and consequent income. Others have saved a little for just this kind of a "rainy day."

Will it not add to our gratitude to contrast our condition to-day with that of our Pilgrim fathers in 1620, that is, 263 years ago? Next Thursday is to be celebrated as Forefather's Day. Let us remember what a winter that was. The icy shore on which they landed was about 40 miles from this spot. Neither the pen of the historian, nor that of the poet has overdrawn the misery that stared them in the face. No sister towns in the interior to send them help; no stores in barn or cellar; no western field to harvest; no droves of cattle or swine transported hither by railroad; no gathered crops; unbroken forests; unfriendly savages; raging seas just escaped. Their one small vessel was about to sail away in Spring.

Two visits to Plymouth throw light on the situation of the Pilgrims that winter. The first was when in the summer of 1865 with 1000 of my brethren, I gave assent to the Pilgrims' Creed, standing above their graves. But the second visit when I quietly sat down upon Burial hill.

The hill whose icy brow
Recoiled when he came in the morning's flame
In the morning's flame burns now.

or, at evening, watched

The moon's cold light as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea.

and tried to go back to that harsh winter's day, Dec. 21, 1621,

"When the sea around was black with storm
And white the shore with snow"—

The rocks, the islands, the cliffs, the hill is the same, but all else is changed the little city of Plymouth already old, the shores naked now where the trees grew densely then.

In two or three months one half their number perished by disease, the funerals were very frequent, the mourner's tear was scarcely ever dry. During the prevalence of sickness only six or seven persons remained well at a time. "But these," says Governor Bradford's history written at the time, "spared no pains day or night, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, dressed and undressed them; in a word, did all the homely and necessary offices which dainty and quiescent stomachs endure to have named; and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing therein their true love to their friends, and brethren. Two of the seven nurses were William Brewster, their reverend Elder, and Miles Standish, their Captain and Military Commander, unto whom myself and many others were much beholden in our low and sick condition."

Are we, their children, if despondent, in our smaller trials, worthy of such a patient and heroic ancestry? Beside immeasurably richer temporal blessings, we enjoy also the same sure ground of our fathers confidence, viz., the immovable and unconquerable kingdom of our God. The word for us in 1883 as for them in 1620, the voice of God, is found in the Epistle to Hebrews, Chapter XII: 28, "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably and with godly fear."

Everybody asks, will the company rebuild? I do not know. I hope they will. Some say we have nothing left in Rockport. Is that true? Not a brain has been crazed, not a hand palsied, not one home destroyed by the fire. Nothing left? Why, counting our temporal blessings, this is not true. But when we turn to spiritual regions, our resources are absolutely unharmed.

Our great source of comfort, aye of rejoicing is in a kingdom that cannot be moved? The Kingdom of God is spiritual. Its seat is the souls of men and angels. It cannot be moved, cannot be burnt, cannot be destroyed. Its voices may be inaudible to us. The Kingdom of God is invisible like its King. Eye hath not seen it. It is among us; planted on these shores by the Pilgrims. It has come to stay, to grow, to swallow up all other kingdoms. It is not meat or drink, fishes or factories. It is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The Kingdom of God is eternal. Heavens and earth will pass away. God's words, God's kingdom never pass away.

For not like kingdoms of this world
The holy church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her
And tempests are abroad;
Unshaken as the eternal hills
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth
A house not made with hands.

Is this Heavenly Kingdom ours? Are we a part of it? Then will not we fear. Then we can bear the loss of all temporal things and yet cry with Habakkuk. "I will rejoice in the Lord! "I will joy in the God of my salvation."

*** The shortest day in the year has been passed and now we shall get more daylight.

Christmas Concerts.

The Christmas Concert at the Independent Christian Church last Sunday evening was largely attended. The church was handsomely decorated, streamers of evergreen hanging in graceful curves from the centre of the ceiling to the walls, and sides of balcony. A large star of evergreen was suspended over the organ loft and handsome bouquets graced the pulpit. A new feature of the concert was the filling in of the school, by classes, from the vestry, after the audience had assembled. The singing by the school, under the direction of Mr. Barnard, with Mr. Steele as accompanist on the organ, was excellent. The songs and recitations of the little ones under the management of Mr. Dolliver, the superintendent, Mrs. Rider and Miss Priestly, were greatly enjoyed. Miss Amanda Davis acted as accompanist on the piano. Rev. Mr. Rider gave a very interesting address to the little ones. Master Herman Babson gave a recitation, showing the Sunday School to be in a flourishing condition; but adding that the library needed extra books to supply the demands of the growing school, and that a little money was needed. A collection was then taken up, which was generously responded to, and the sum of \$20 was realized. On the whole, it was one of the most successful concerts ever held at this church.

The entertainment at this church on Christmas Eve was a very enjoyable one for the little folks, Santa Claus distributing generous bags of candy to every member of the school.

The concert given by the school at the Baptist Church Sunday evening, under the management of their popular and efficient superintendent, Mr. Freeman Putney, was a complete success throughout, and reflects great credit upon all concerned. The exercises were of a high order, and very interesting, and impressive. Miss Mary Lovett's reading and the responsive exercise by Blanche and Grace Pew were remarkably good, also the recitations by Lulu Dennett and Emma Lantz, and reading by Millie Andrews. Miss Annie Graham sang very acceptably, and the singing by a large class of girls and also by the school was unusually good. The choir sang the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and a Christmas Anthem by J. Barnby, and at the morning service, "Behold I bring you Glad Tidings of Great Joy," J. Barnby. The church was very tastefully decorated.

The Congregational Sunday School gave a very interesting Christmas vesper service last Sunday evening. The vestry was handsomely trimmed with evergreen and mottoes, and the singing of Christmas anthems and carols by the choir and children was very fine. Mr. Reuben Brooks gave an excellent address on "What Christmas signifies to us." The pastor, Rev. Mr. Clark made the closing address.

The Coal Trade of Gloucester.

It is estimated that from thirty to forty thousand tons of coal are annually consumed in the city of Gloucester, by houses, stores, offices, vessels, steamers, tugs, foundry, etc. This would be about sixty cargoes per annum. The four thousand families would take about one-half the amount annually received. The first cargo of coal probably ever landed at this port, was nearly fifty years ago, from the schooner Calcedonia and was owned by Mr. William Parsons of Gloucester, now a retired merchant of Boston, nearly eighty years of age. The coal was Lehigh and in very large lumps. It lay unused for a long time at the head of Parson's wharf, now owned by Mr. George Steele. Old people gazed upon this great pile with astonishment, and they were told "that it would burn," but none of them believed it. They took pieces of it home, and put them in their fire-places, but the wood fires of those days made no impression whatever on those solid lumps of Lehigh, for they were almost like stones when taken from the fire. All who made the experiment told the same story, and as they gazed upon the heap of coal as they passed by, they said to one another "what is Parsons ever going to do with that black stuff?" After a long time the pile gradually disappeared. As the first anthracite coal was mined in 1821, and then only 2,500 tons, it will readily be seen that coal here was a rare sight. Now 25,000,000 tons are annually mined in this country.

Accident.

As Mr. George Steele and wife were sleigh riding on Christmas Day, the sleigh was upset in turning the corner of Middle and Pleasant streets and the occupants thrown out. Mr. Steele kept hold of the reins and was dragged some distance but fortunately the horse was stopped by officers Barrett and Ropper, before serious damage was done.

Large Stock.

Sch. Lizzie J. Greenleaf, Capt. John Cameron, arrived on Monday from a Bank trip of twenty-three days, with one of the largest fresh halibut stocks of the season. The entire trip was sold to the New England Fish Co. and weighed off 41630 lbs. to-day, which sold for 10 cents per pound right through. The vessel stocked \$48,375.

Religious.

Services at the Prospect St. M. E. church, Rev. S. B. Sweetser, pastor, at 10.30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Subject at morning, "Prayer," afternoon, "Gray Hairs."

A Christmas sermon on "The Advent Angels" will be preached in the First Parish church next Sunday morning by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thompson.

A Mass Temperance Meeting

To which all persons are invited who believe that the time when the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage should be prohibited in this state by a provision in the Constitution of the Commonwealth, will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, to-morrow, at 10.30 o'clock.

Import.

In Barque Danebod, 58 days from Trapani, 600 tons salt to John Pew & Son.

Personal.

Major John H. Calef and wife of Fort-tress Monroe are passing the Christmas holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John C. Calef of this city.

A complimentary dinner will soon be given to W. W. French, Esq., now of Brockton, by sixty or more of his friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Putney will spend the Christmas holidays at Bow, N. H.

Mr. William G. Procter is the western agent for J. O. Procter, Jr., and will make his residence at Chicago.

Mr. A. C. Andrews has been appointed a justice of the peace.

General Banks has been re-appointed United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts.

Deacon Jacob Bacon is spending a season in Ayer, Mass.

Mr. George H. Norman, the well-known contractor, has sent to his two sisters, two nephews and two nieces, at Newport, R. I., five thousand dollars each for Christmas presents.

Capt. Chas. H. Pew 2d is spending the holidays in this city.

Mr. A. B. Morgan, formerly of Wetherell's drug store is now well established in his new drug store in Malden, having the best locality in town.

Mr. Herman Tappan of New York, enjoyed Christmas at his home in this city.

Mrs. Josephene Ellery Davis is teaching elocution in Marblehead.

We are indebted to M. L. Wetherell, Esq., for a copy of the Nashville *American*, containing an account of Emma Abbott's recent appearance there in "Rigoletto."

Mr. W. N. LePage is among the number who are enjoying the Raymond excursion to California.

Mr. Charles Saville of the New England Fish Co., has returned from an enjoyable visit to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles D. Gardner of Marblehead, was in town on Christmas.

Furniture.

The next time you visit Boston, do not fail to spend a few hours at Paine's Ware-rooms and Manufactory, on Canal Street, opposite the Boston and Maine Depot. They do an immense business in all kinds of furniture, draperies, curtains and lambrequins. Doing a strict cash business, they take no risk, and sell their goods at prices much under the market. They own the largest building for furniture manufactory in the city, and employ first-class men in all the departments. The salerooms are 150 x 50 feet; lighted by electricity all day, and connected by steam elevators. The manufacturing department is in the same building, so that customers can see just how they make and finish their work. Numerous visitors are coming and going all the time.

Church Improvements.

The Murray Club has made arrangements with the Gloucester Gas Light Co. for the re-piping and re-lighting of the Independent Christian church, all the expense to be borne by the club. Larger pipes will be put in, taking the place of those now in use. A brass and porcelain reflector of fifty lights will be suspended from the centre of the ceiling, giving a very brilliant illumination. Bracket side lights of brass will be placed under and above the balcony. When completed, the facilities for the more perfect lighting of the church will be greatly increased. The gas will be lighted by electricity, after the manner at City Hall.

A Pilgrim Festival

Was celebrated by the New England Society of San Francisco in 1850, and one who was there has shown us a very interesting programme of the exercises of the day, including an original ode entitled "Forefather's Day." The early settlers of California by their own hardships and privations could the better understand the situation of that earlier band of pilgrims on the New England coast.

Fell off the Wharf.

On Saturday night last, Mr. Freeman Monroe fell off Fort Wharf into the water between the wharf and schooner Edward Trevooy lying there. Capt. Fred. Hiller on board the schooner got him on board the vessel's deck, after which he was taken home by some of the crew assisted by the police. It was a cold night for a bath.

A Farmer's Institute

Will be held by the Essex Agricultural Society at Town Hall, Peabody, to-morrow at 9.30 A. M. In the forenoon, papers on Fertilizers will be read by J. J. H. Gregory, and in the afternoon, Field Culture of Roots and Vegetables by Benj. P. Ware. Free return tickets are expected.

Reunion.

The thirty-second Regiment Association held their annual reunion and dinner at the Quincy House, Boston, on Thursday of last week. Gen. James A. Cunningham presided and was re-elected president, with Sergt. Charles H. Parsons as vice president.

G. T. U.

An open meeting of the Gloucester Temperance Union will be held in Scientific Hall this evening. Rev. Mr. Sweetser will be the principal speaker, and there will be readings by Miss Addie M. Knight, together with other attractions.

Polo.

A game of polo was played at the Salem Rink, Salem, last Friday evening, between the Gloucesters and Salems. The Salems won three out of five goals in 47 minutes. A return game will probably be played.

Insane.

Mrs. Matilda Beaton having shown signs of insanity, it was thought advisable to place her under treatment, and she was accordingly carried to the Danvers Asylum last Thursday.

Re-Opened.

Mr. T. Harry Davis has re-opened the Beach street bakery and dining saloon.

Cape Ann Bulletin

[Entered at the Post Office at Gloucester, Mass.
as second-class mail matter.]

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 23, 1884.

For the Bulletin.

The North Eastern Atlantic Harbor.

The new harbor of refuge at the extreme point of Cape Ann should never be advocated by any intelligent friend of the enterprise as a local, or in any sense, a "Rockport" affair. Nor do we wish to depreciate the beautiful natural harbor lying less than four miles away by railroad, and fourteen by sea, known to our fathers as the "upper harbor." That will stand forever and be increasingly to the fishing interests of the world, what Chicago is in grain and meat and Minneapolis in flour.

The fishing and quarrying village of Rockport happens to lie along the shores of a broad and beautiful bay encircled by the granite arms of Straitsmouth on one side and Pigeon Hill on the other. Of course Rockport people in common with all their former townsmen of Gloucester, would like to see this magnificent bay protected from the waves of the Atlantic. Many of us would gladly share in the work of disposing of the superfluous rocks which Major Raymond has justly said, seem providentially so placed, that they need only to be moved ~~but~~ a short distance, to construct one of the finest and best harbors in the world. The more Southern Atlantic fleets are well served by the Delaware Breakwater at Lewes, the only really great harbor of refuge built by the Government. The north-eastern fleets need a similar refuge. The great fish firms of Gloucester will find the new harbor a second entrance—or sort of back door—to Gloucester. Here the vessels will run when arrested by sudden storms. There will be no necessity of contending with head winds that blow eastward across the Massachusetts bay. The entire eastern coasting interest will be served; vessels bound to Boston from foreign ports can easily make this point in stress of weather.

There is not a marine insurance company in the United States but could afford a liberal contribution for such an object. The Boards of Trade of all the shore cities from Eastport to Baltimore favor the enterprise. The Legislatures of New England will be asked to send memorials to Congress, favoring the appropriation now before that body. All merely local applications for Government aid are dependent on the interests represented in the locality. This great enterprise depends on the patriotism, and the humanity of the people of the United States, as well as the immense value of the maritime interests involved.

In its greatness the Atlantic Harbor of Refuge to be located at Cape Ann ranks with the Hennepin canal which is to unite the Mississippi with the lakes, and the Mississippi improvements which protect the vast region along that river from inundation and keep open and safe its navigation.

I am surprised that some young man does not arise fired with the ambition of linking his name to the enduring granite of this great structure, which will rank with Cherbourg France, and Plymouth England, breakwaters, and the Brooklyn bridge, the Mt. Cenis and Hoosac tunnels as engineering triumphs.

We confidently expect from our intelligent and generous spirited neighbors of Gloucester and Essex County, broad, philanthropic and statesman-like views and warm support of this enterprise, and hope that we who happen to live at the sea end of Cape Ann, may not be moved by any merely local or selfish prejudice in its favor.

Come and look at the beautiful bay and the massive shores with which Providence has partially walled it in, and then sit on some headland and watch and count the unending procession of sails going by, and it will appear at once that here is the place to provide a sort of inn by the wayside of the sea, where its storm tossed travelers may safely rest.

R. B. HOWARD

Rockport, 1884.

13, 1884.

**CITY HALL,
MONDAY, Jan. 28**

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

MOULTON & JOHNSON, Managers.

An Evening of Supreme Fun.

THE FREAKS OF MOMUS OUTDONE
THE BRILLIANT ARRAY OF ARTIST
CONSTITUTING

TONY DENIER

Imcomparably Great Consolidated

2 CLOWN

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Pantomime and Specialty Combination.

Operatic Orchestra! Military Band

Presenting to the Public

RAVEL AND MELVILL

2 Clowns with a History. Acknowledged w
out Rivals. 33 Absolute Artists. Tony Den
Sole Proprietor; Geo. S. Sydney, Manager.

Popular Prices. Seats now on sale at Sa
ders Drug Store.

Crاند Bal

—FOR THE—

**Benefit of the Widows and
Fatherless Children**

—OF THE—

LOST FISHERMEN

—ON—

Friday Even'g, Jan. 25th

CONSTANTINE LODGE, K. OF F

Announce that they will hold a Ball at CIT
HALL, the entire net proceeds of which will
devoted to the above object, and distributed u
der the supervision of a competent committee.

THE GLOUCESTER CORNET BAND

have kindly volunteered their services for
Grand Promenade Concert from 8 to 9.

Music by Revitt & Ingalls' Orchestra, 9 piec
Tickets \$1.00, and may be obtained at the st
of PROCTER BROTHERS.

—Tickets admit to all parts of the hall.
BALCONY TICKETS sold.

It is hoped that there will be a large sale
tickets, as the object is a most commendable o
3—t

CALEDONIAN RINK

EAST GLOUCESTER.

WEEKLY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A ONE MILE RACE ON SKATES, for t
Championship of Cape Ann and a Silver Med
will take place on **THURSDAY EVENING**.

ON **FRIDAY EVENING**, a **POLO MAT**
GAME will be played by the Actives and C
donians.

"SOL DOWNS," on **SATURDAY EVENING**
with comic songs and dances. "Nuf ced!"

MONDAY EVENING a **Masquerade Carniv**
Come to them all and you'll not regret it.
A. VOSS, Propr

**Prompt Settlement
OF LOSS.**

**THE BOSTON MARINE INSU
ANCE COMPANY**, through GEOR
STEELE, their agent in Gloucester, insured
the tenth day of November, 1883, \$9000 on
schooner John McDonough and outfits, and
the tenth day of January, 1884, sixty days fr
the time the risk was taken, they have paid
the full amount of insurance on said vessel
outfits,—an example of promptness that deser
especial commendation.

SHUTE & MERCHANT

Gloucester, Jan. 10, 1884.

KEROSENE OIL AT AUCTION

WILL be sold at Public Auction for the ber
of whom it may concern.

80 BBL'S. Kerosene Oil 160° test; 75 B
Kerosene Oil 120° test; 5 Half Bbl
Kerosene Oil picked up at sea by Sch. Mascot
TUESDAY, Jan. 29th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., or
wharf of J. S. McQuin & Co., East Main St.
Gloucester, Mass.

N. D. CUNNINGHAM, Wreck Master

CYRUS STORY, Auctioneer,

Gloucester, Jan. 22d, 1884.

It

POLO!

Webster Rink

Christian Union in Practice.

BY R. B. HOWARD.

One of our Illinois pastors make suggestions below whose timeliness is manifest:

If Christian Union means church disorganization, ninety-nine christians out of a hundred will oppose it. While the evils of sectarianism are patent, such a remedy as the above would be like dissolving the Union either to preserve or abolish slavery. As society is constituted, it would be an attempt to oppose organized evil with disintegrated forces, to contend with a regular army, by an unorganized mob. Such a course would be simply suicidal.

All Protestants believe that Luther did a good work when by sturdy blows he knocked the one great Church in pieces. The evils of sects are less than those of Romanism.

If Christian Union means fellowship in Christ and for Christ's sake, then every Christian may increase it, not only by conquering his own prejudices and cultivating a warm and charitable sentiment towards others in his own church, but also by promoting public services that will outwardly confess and so intensify that fellowship with Christians of other names. For instance, if one service on a Sabbath is needed for the training and instruction of individual churches and congregations, and church Sunday schools and prayer meetings and social gatherings are necessary for the same object, why not have a united service by the four or five churches nearest each other on Sabbath evenings? One house is ample to accommodate the worshipers. The lights, fuel and attendance may be thus saved in three out of four churches. An audience that leaves no "aching void" between the preacher and the people may be assured. Three of the four pastors may enjoy both rest and worship in hearing the gospel. Another suggestion: Why not have union Sunday school teachers' meetings at least once a month, and union Sunday school concerts once a quarter?

Another useful meeting would be a union missionary service. Foreign missions have almost universally been conducted on unsectarian principles. The oneness of the missionaries in all essentials of doctrine and character, and the oneness of the heathen degradation, have prevented religious bickerings among those sent to preach the gospel in pagan countries. Let these causes react upon the home churches; when a heathen is saved who cares by what door he comes to Christ, or in what "mansion" he sits down. Let us meet and rejoice together then over what Christ has enabled his universal church to accomplish by missions. Still another service has been enjoyed, I mean a union communion service. At some convenient time other than the stated season for each "family apart" let God's ministers and people sit down at the same table. Let everything be free. Let an invitation be given to all who love Jesus and have confessed him by joining any Christian church. Christ has always seemed very near on such occasions. I might speak of revival meetings, which since 1857, have by general consent often assumed the union form as now under Mr. Moody in Great Britain.

Almost every community has experienced the blessed effects of such coming together for the avowed purpose of saving souls. But enough for the present. If we cannot walk in these footsteps towards each other, is any other method of approach likely to succeed? What we want is not communism, but society; nor regiments and companies of soldiers so much as great families of believers set together for mutual helpfulness. As the best citizen is likely to be the best father or son, so the best Christian "unionist" will be the man who is truest to his own convictions, and most faithful to his own church and pastor.

Thunder and lightning Tuesday night
Revs. Elser and Gloss exchanged pulp
on Sunday evening last.

A Pullman palace car was switched of
the depot with a broken axle, and we s
pose the passengers did the requisite amo
of grumbling at the change.

Instead of hearing the merry jingle
sleigh bells, we now hear the rumbling
wheels. Notwithstanding the cold the
pot people made fine use of the snow.

Last Sunday evening there was a ch
ren's meeting at the depot Methodist chu
Rev. Jordan preached a suitable sermon
the occasion. These meetings are gett
to be very popular in our town, and
productive of much good.

The magic lantern exhibition which w
to have been given at the Lutheran chur
on Tuesday evening of this week, was po
poned until Friday evening, February 26
Rev. J. W. Elser will give an account
each scene as it is presented.

Some of our live storekeepers have d
covered the way to stir out the many loa
ers and get a chance to warm themselves
and that is to get some one to start a de
fight in the street, and the way the biped
start for the door is a caution even to cats

We understand that parties at the depo
are trying to organize a company for the
purpose of boring for coal near the Eppe
son run, west of town. We think this has
been tried once before without success, but
there is very little doubt but what there ar
coal beds somewhere in the vicinity of thi
run.

Mrs. Jacob Eberly, living some five mile
north of the depot, died on Monday morn
ing, and the funeral services were held at
the Methodist (depot) church at 1:30 p. m.
Tuesday. Mrs. E. was one of the early set
tlers of the county, and a large family of
children, relatives and friends mourn her
loss. Her age was 48.

A drunken row occurred at this end of
town last Monday evening. An old pedler
attempted to drive at an unlawful rate,
when officer Thompson attempted to stop
him; he refused, and quite a scuffle ensued,
both men falling down in the mud. Mr.
Thompson being the better man, soon had
the drunken chap in jail.

The other day we saw quite a jaunty af
fair. A "jumping buck" they called it when
we were young. It consisted of two run
ners, with a log of wood supported with
several pins. To this were hitched two
horses "tandem" fashion. On the log were
three or four young men, and behind two
or more with hand sleds. It reminded us
of younger days. Go it boys and enjoy
yourselves while you can; ere long life's
sterner duties will rob those youthful sports
of their pleasure.

Miller's Hall contained a very fair audi
ence on Thursday night last, to witness
Baker's popular drama, "Among the Break
ers." Among the actors we noticed Messrs.
E. D. Fisher, C. H. Gibbs, Geo. A. Carter,
Joseph Swayne, George Miles and Harvey
Pritchard. Among the Misses, Ella Ament,
Alla Kaull, Jennie M. Holcomb and Ella
R. Swayne. The music was furnished by
the depot band, and as far as we could learn
the people were highly entertained, both
with the play and the music.

One after another of Bureau county's old
ettlers are passing away; and, although
bound by all the endearments of friendship
and love to their earthly homes, yet the re
lentless hand of death pauses not in its
course, nor seeks to favor those of either
high or low degree. The subject of this
paragaph, Mr. Mark Edick, died on Friday
last, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs.
Vaughan, at the depot, aged nearly ninety
years. He was born in the State of Penn
sylvania in 1785, and came to this place in
1844, where he has resided ever since. The
funeral services were held at the Presbyte
rian church on Sunday—Revs. H. H. Milli
officiating; and there was
attendance a large number of old settlers.
Peace to his ashes.

JUNUS.

2 3
THE LEXINGTON CENTENNIAL.

Sermon by Rev. Mr. Howard on Sunday Evening last.

The one hundredth anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord was celebrated on Monday, April 19th, and appropriate sermons were preached, last Sabbath, by distinguished clergymen. The President of the United States was present at the celebration in Lexington; besides many other distinguished gentlemen from various parts of the country.

Rev. R. B. Howard, in his Sabbath evening discourse on "numbering our days," alluded to this anniversary in nearly the following terms:

"Every out-of-the-way nook has been searched and every incident been gathered up and recorded, that can throw light on the events of that memorable day, April 19, 1775. When the first guns of the patriot militia were answered by those of the English troops on that eventful morning, a few men seemed to realize the consequences. It was as in 1860, when Sumter was fired upon. War, suffering, liberty was in the sound.

A few military supplies had been collected at Lexington by the patriots. The provincial Congress was in session at Concord; Boston being in the hands of the King's troops. The British General Gage wished to get possession of two leaders, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock. As they were hurried away to a place of safety, and while on the march, the sound of the first guns broke the stillness of the air. "*What an ever glorious morning is this!*" exclaimed Samuel Adams. He heard in those guns the march of armies, the establishment of freedom, the birth throes of a mighty nation. Gen. Gage used every precaution to conceal his movements, but Doctor Warren, of Boston sent messengers in every direction. Some were arrested, others escaped and carried the news in all directions. The minute men assembled. The King's troops were fired upon from behind fences, trees and stone heaps.

Having destroyed the stores that had been gathered and finding the increasing fire of a concealed enemy unendurable, the English began to retire towards Boston.— They were followed, annoyed and finally hastily driven by the ever increasing force of their enemy. Blood was shed. The patriotic heart of America was fired. The English officers were filled with indignation at their forced retreat. War was henceforth inevitable.

The day has been commemorated by the eloquence of Webster and Everett. The latter in his oration, April 19, 1875, says, 'It is one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs when the people rise and act for themselves. Such a spectacle is the height of the morally sublime. God was their ally.

Longfellow has sung how one of Warren's messengers, Paul Revere, leaving Boston at 10 o'clock, April 18, was rowed across the Charles river and gave the alarm on the road and at Lexington and Concord, near midnight.

Hawthorne's imagination has clothed that landscape and recounted those events in the language of romance. Every historian from Botta to Bancroft has depicted the scenes of that day.

It is an epoch worth study. Its significance has not been over estimated. The fruits of that little battle are not all ripe.— That day marked an era in American history.

As Daniel Webster represents John Adams to have prophesied with regard to Independence day, so might he have spoken of this anniversary. "When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, bon-fires and illuminations. On its return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation of joy and gratitude." It was well that the day should be introduced by solemn and grateful Sabbath services. The nation owes all that is excellent in its past to God. Its future is uncertain and foreboding only because we are in danger of grieving Him. It seems a pity that Massachusetts should celebrate this Centennial by legalizing the reopening of her grog-shops, and that the present President of the United States should mark his visit by attending on Friday night a theatre, very like unto that where ten years ago this month President Lincoln was murdered. The nation ought "to number its days so as to apply its heart unto wisdom." It should enter upon its second century sobered and purified. Profoundly grateful for God's mercy, penitent for its sins, it ought now to begin a new and better life.

For Sale.

A No. 1 span of MULES, well matched, weight 11 pounds. Also, a good span of INDIAN PONIES. Enquire of John S. Sweet, at Princeton Billiard Hall. March 30, 1875,—13w6*

For Sale.

I offer for sale cheap, my town property, containing $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land.

Address, J. H. SIMPSON.
Tiskilwa, Ills., March 17th, 1875—11w6

For Sale or Trade.

One new top carriage, and three good work horses.

C. W. BRADLEY.
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To Exchange.

Valuable Chicago property for improved farms in Bureau County, Ill., or for sale on easy terms.

DR. J. F. THOMAS, Agent.
Princeton, Ill., Feb. 4, 1875—5m3

TO RENT

A Blue Grass Pasture OF One Hundred Acres.

E. P. LOVEJOY
Princeton, Ill., April 5, 1875—14tf

Miscellaneous Advertis'ts

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June 12, 1873—24y1

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Inducements Extraordinary

at the

Gen. Grant accepted the offerings which a grateful country made him at the close of the war. So did Sherman, Sheridan and others, with the approbation of Charles Sumner and the applause of the American people. Grant had not studied precedents. He was not in training as Greeley seems to have been for the Presidency. He acted like a pure-minded man, who would not unnecessarily give offense by rejecting what seemed to be well-meant expressions of grateful regard. Among the thousands appointed to office, he yielded so far as to give places to thirteen of his relatives; and in his reply to Sumner, Gen. Logan says a portion of these were appointed at his own personal solicitation, knowing them to be well qualified. With Sumner's knowledge of precedents, to say nothing of his delicate instincts, he would neither have taken gifts nor appointed relatives to office. God has answered his prayer, "lead us not into temptation," by permitting his domestic relations to be extremely infelicitous, by giving him hereditary wealth, and by giving to the people an indisposition to make him presents! One can apologize for Grant, who could hardly do this for Sumner. We are never so exposed as on those occasions to which we have no temptation.

Mr. Sumner fails to prove that a gift weighed a feather with Gen. Grant in selecting his cabinet. Grant had a theory that men who had amassed wealth, and administered wisely and honestly large estates, were better fitted to execute important government trusts than politicians, whatever their service to the party; hence his action in selecting his counsellors. Grant also allowed his sympathy with the men who had suffered with him in the war, helping to suppress the rebellion, to decide, when other qualifications were equal, as to who should constitute his personal staff, and who should hold the many influential offices. The American people agreed with him. Military service is a better qualification for office than the wire-pulling and infinite gabble of small politicians. With the examples of Washington, Jackson, Harrison and Taylor before them, the people will be slow to believe that military service unfits a man for civil office—even the highest. The sharp contrasts between Harrison's policy and Tyler's; between Taylor's policy and Fillmore's are not discreditable to the military men.

Ought the providential fact that a man has been President of the republic for four years to forever disqualify him from again serving the people in that office? Grant found the Republican party united on old issues, to be sure, but not entirely without corrupt men and leaders. Is he to blame for this latter fact! It has been the only stain on his administration that these men continued in the places in which he found them. But had he tried to degrade them, would he not justly laid himself open to the charge of autocracy, far more than when he consented to demand of the principal Republicans in the United States Senate the displacement of Sumner from an honorable position on its committee? Herein he has not done what some hoped he would to purify the party in its leading men. Is it not possible that too much of this kind of work may have been expected of a President?

That he has removed such men as Murphy from office affords good men hope that he will yet be able to escape the demoralizing influence of others whom he found among the Republican leaders. At any rate, the alternate, which seems to be Greeley and Copperheadism, the old rotten Indian rings of Pierce and Buchanan, the old slave masters of the south, and Tammany ring politicians of New York, does not promise anything better for the purpose of

The Gettysburg lecture by Rev. R. B. Howard given in the Cong. Church on Thursday eve. was one of the most interesting character. A critic might say it was not of such studied eloquence as would thrill and charm an audience—plain, earnest talk rather. Nevertheless Mr. H's hearers were enchained by his minutie, enspirited now and then by a vein of humor, and always interested in his clear and graphic description. Much of the charm depended on his large chart of that famous battle ground. At his close a vote of thanks was given the speaker for his able and very interesting lecture, when the audience joined the choir in "America."—*Amboy Journal*.

—The echoes of the lecture on the battle of Gettysburg by the Rev. Mr. Howard of Princeton, still lingers in our ears and lead us to ask the question why we feel so so much dependence on the east for lecturers. Certainly no eastern man could have handled *that* subject to more acceptance than Mr. Howard did. We cordially recommend that Lecture to Committee's for lyceum courses. We know they will get a get a good thing and have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not necessary to send to the east every time a good lecture is wanted.

will pasture cattle and



EXPLANATION.

From the Bureau County Tribune.

Letter from Rev. R. B. Howard.

MR. EDITOR.—In an editorial on the character of Rev. A. Ethridge in the last issue of the *TRIBUNE*, with which in the main, I fully agree, I was surprised to read that "a political Grant harangue had been delivered by Rev. Mr. Howard, from the pulpit of the Congregational church, on the Lord's day." I think you must have been misinformed, as I do not recollect preaching any discourse which such language would justly characterize. As the statement might mislead and unnecessarily prejudice such of your readers as do not hear me preach, by making the impression that my pulpit and my sacred office are subordinated to party ends, and used for "stumping" and ranting in the "campaign" style, will you be so kind as to insert this correction?

Early in June I preached on "The temptations of a political campaign;" a sermon which I would gladly repeat or publish, if by so doing I could arrest the tide of misrepresentation which political excitement sets in motion. The three principal points were, (1) Ministers are tempted to a timid and unfaithful silence, when they ought to apply conscience and the bible to political measures and men; (2) Congregations are tempted to sensitiveness and censoriousness if their pastor applies the truth to politics; (3) Political speakers and writers are constantly tempted to exaggerated and one-sided statements. Of this, I referred to Hon. Chas Sumner as an unexpected but conspicuous example, he having said, as it seemed to me, the worst things possible in the very strongest language against the president, and having kept back what might truthfully have been said in his favor, so giving a false impression, and by his example leading lesser men in a bad way. I added, referring to a "Grant harangue," which I had heard, that men might vote for Greeley without being justly censurable as "friends of Jeff. Davis," and for Grant, quoting from Gov. Palmer's speech in the Court House yard, the previous day, without being compelled by the "crack of the office-holder's whip," or the "halter of party discipline." Allow me to add, if I could vote for Mr. Greeley, (as I cannot,) I know not why I have not a right to advocate that course on moral and religious grounds in the pulpit or out of it, if my action is so based. I think Mr. Ethridge may claim the same right.

R. B. HOWARD.

radle
ing D
he aw
er?

We
he s
Mary
mile
y, a

"What's
urning upon his face.

"Sure, an' it's the baby, ma'am!"

"The baby!" shrieked Dot. "What—
what—"

The words died on her lips. She was
uite past speech. But she seized Mary
y the shoulder, and her eyes were wild
nd fierce in their demand.

"You said first you'd take him, ma'am,
nd when I went up-stairs and found he
vasn't asleep on the sofa as ye said, I
hought you'd tuk him. Howly mother,
t's lost he is!"

One awful, fixed, uncomprehending
stare, and then, as the truth came home to
her, Dot fell forward in a dead faint into
my arms.

"Oh, how my heart ached! and yet I
dared not stop to grieve. We carried
Dot up stairs. I sent the cook down to
Harry's office, and Mary to the nearest
olice station. In half an hour the par-
or was full of neighbors and friends,
whom the news of our sudden trouble
ad brought to us. In among them all
ame Harry, pale and wretched, and took
Dot in his arms.

"God won't be so cruel to us, my dar-
ing," he said.

Her dry, hot eyes seemed to cling to
nd devour him.

"I don't know," she sobbed. "Dread-
ul things happen in the world every day,
nd He lets them."

What a night that was to live through
—what a night to remember! A dear
riend came to us and consulted with
arry. They agreed upon measures of
earch. Sleep was not thought of. We
alked the floor; we went listlessly from
oom to room.

"Oh, if Dot could only cry!" said
arry, with streaming eyes. I looked at
her. Would her heart break?

It was a dreadful risk, but worth the
hance. I went into Dot's bed-room, and
unting about there found a little worn
velvet cap, with its shred of gold lace
nd its dilapidated tassel. We had fan-
ied that the baby looked particularly
ovely in it, and had been loth to throw it
side.

"Dot, darling, you know you threw
own his coat and his new cap on the bed
hen you decided not to take him. He
must have put them on himself

histories and biographies. His style had an attraction for all wonder-loving minds. His imagination gave the soberest facts the liveliest colors. His hearty admiration for a noble deed was expressed in unstinted, some would say extravagant, language. Once in love with his hero, as with Napoleon II, like a boy, he could bear to hear or speak no ill of him. His histories were too full of eulogy to be critically excellent.

He was never guilty of unkind detraction. His faults were never those of insincerity. He actually saw things as he painted them. To him, kings and queens were "gorgeous;" scenery was "magnificent;" facts wore as bright a color as fancies; his friends were "lovely;" his critics were only "mistaken." His pen peculiarly enriched the Harpers; it was busy, fervid, enthusiastic and popular to the last. It must be confessed that his historical works bore marks of haste, and are open to criticism as one-sided, inconclusive, inexact, and in some details untrustworthy. But we trace their defects to the constitution and peculiarities of the author's mind and the haste in which he was compelled to write, rather than to a lack of industry or conscience.

His faith in God and goodness was simple and strong; his religious doctrines evangelical; his preaching without being severely logical, was earnest, ornate, pungent, eloquent; aiming at and securing immediate effects. Audiences were moved to tears, and the young won to Christ by his tender and affectionate appeals. With him praise never degenerated into flattery; he does not seem to have suspected himself of extravagance.

Born in the State of Maine, and spending nearly his whole life in this and other New England States, among a people little calculated to evoke enthusiasm, and who, at an earlier day, brought up their children to repress rather than express feeling, his heart was essentially southern, his mind oriental.

He was a platform speaker of marvelous attractiveness, a preacher of tenderness and pathos, a thoughtful and unselfish pastor, a writer with popular gifts, a delightful companion, a faithful friend, a sweet and lovely Christian.

Those who knew him only by his published writings, as much as they admired, will never fully appreciate the genuineness and loveliness of the man.

Unusually happy in all his family relations, cheered and comforted by a Christian's lively hope, after a painless though prostrating illness of a year, he at last fell gently asleep at his home in Fair Haven, Conn., June 16, at the age of 72.

"*Morituri Salutamus.*" So sung Long fellow of his Bowdoin Class of 1825. "About to die"—this fact deeply impressed us as we looked at the venerable forms of those distinguished men on the Commencement platform of 1875.

The death of Mr. Abbott emphasizes the theme of his classmate's undying poem.

A little while and all of them will have "gone over to the majority." May each of them, sustained and soothed, like their departed classmate, by an unflinching trust, approach his grave

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

ON THE SHORE

REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

BY REV. R. B. HOWARD.

Mr. Abbott lived at Brunswick while he was a student in Bowdoin College, and was the beloved pastor of the little church which looks out on Casco Bay at South Freeport. His somewhat venerable but always respectable-looking carriage,—the latter often filled with a party of laughing girls,—was as familiar in Freeport and Brunswick as the pines. He was then busy in his *Life of Napoleon*, and was drawn to that locality by old college associations and by the fact that Brunswick was the early home of his father. He burst upon us first in the wittiest speech made at that marvelous Commencement dinner in the tent, just after Pierce's nomination for President in 1851. He was present. It might have been because they were only Sub-Freshmen eyes and ears that saw and heard, but somehow, no speeches on similar occasions since ever seemed to us to equal those. The majority of the students were not democrats, but the idea of "a President from old Bowdoin" fired the under-graduate heart. How gracefully President Woods presided! How happily he introduced each speaker! How beautifully he blushed at allusions to his bachelor condition,—always so mercifully talked about on these occasions! Nobody who was there will forget Mr. Abbott's felicitous application to the prospective family of the President of *Hoc opus hic labor est*.

In 1858 a vacancy occurred in the pastorate of the church in Farmington by the retirement of Rev. Isaac Rogers, for thirty-two years its beloved pastor. In the soreness of heart that almost inevitably follows the dissolution of a pastorate so long and endearing, it was a kind providence that directed Mr. Abbott thither to minister unto that people for more than a twelvemonth. It was his early home and the last residence and final resting place of his parents, venerated in that community as almost no other early family was. His genial manners, earnest piety, and genuine eloquence at once attracted all parties to the house of God. A religious interest, following the Methodist State Conference held in Farmington that year, developed under Mr. Abbott's ministry, added quite a number to the church. Feuds were healed, sensitiveness allayed, the church was edified and dear old "Father Rogers" comforted; so that when the writer entered in 1860 upon his ten years' pastorate, he found the path of usefulness opened and prepared by the wise and divinely directed course of

Although it was a time of most devoted literary labor prosecuted under weighty family cares, Mr. Abbott found a surprising amount of time to visit his somewhat scattered people. Hon. Robert Goodenow, his most intimate friend, never tired of speaking of his pastor's drives with him over the hills of that picturesque region, as they sought out the homes of his congregation with words of comfort and cheer. Other hands have written fully of Mr. Abbott's subsequent pastorates in Connecticut, in each of which he was signally blessed. If this article is not already too long, I will add a few words of a more general character.

Any one who knew Mr. Abbott as a personal friend, as was my privilege, will find it difficult to write of him or his literary work in a merely critical spirit.

A kind of youthful enthusiasm was as natural to him at threescore and ten as in earlier years. He was an admirer and worshiper, whether the object of his contemplation were an event, an era, a scene, or a hero. His sermons abounded in glowing periods, even more fascinating to the young than were his romantic

that the mail which
letter, will carry like-
our table, CHRISTIAN
years of 1827, 1828. In
the MIRROR of January 26, 1827, you
will see what was thought of "Lotteries"
and "entire abstinence" in those days. In
the number dated April 25, 1828, you
will find first "Annual Report of Amer-
ican Temperance Society;" and you will
note that the "the proposed remedy" then
was not in all respects like to that in
vogue now; also, Dr. Cumming's views
on the "Women (speaking in meeting)
Question." In the number of July 6,
1827, you will note meeting of General
Conference and the Maine Missionary
Society in Hallowell, memorable by the
attendance of Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., of
Boston, and Rev. Wm. Allen, D. D.,
President of Bowdoin College, and Rev.
Nathan Lord, delegate from the General
Association of New Hampshire. It is
believed that not one of the persons
named in the account given of this meet-
ing is now living.

You will find also several advertise-
ments of men and firms, well known "to
the churches" in those days, which would
attract attention and awaken reminiscences,
if you should speak of them. Alas! for the
"Marine List" of Portland! It was, and many eyes weekly
fervently read it; but it has dwindled to
nothing now almost. Will it ever return
in its former glory?

The workmen on the mansion of one
"of the late oldest inhabitants in this
town"—Rufus Gates, Esq., in making
the necessary repairs—penetrated into
the dark tenement, or what was once the
tenement of Mr. and Mrs. Rat, and from
thence took CHRISTIAN MIRRORS, and
one or two treatise on theological themes.
Their selection could not have been bet-
ter, had they known that these papers
would furnish some of just such facts as
would be interesting to us fifty years
after date of occurrence.

I had almost forgotten to note that you
will see that there was a Cumberland
County Foreign Missionary Society in
those days; and since the 4th of July has
just passed, you will note how it was
kept in Portland fifty years ago.

FROM BANGOR.

BY REV. C. H. WHEELER.

BANGOR, JULY 17.

DEAR EDITOR:—Your report of my
remarks at Calais, by omitting quotation
marks with "the minutes which nobody
cares to read," gave a meaning exactly
opposite to mine, as would have been
apparent had you added, as I did, that
"it is a pity, if the Congregationalists of
Maine do have so little esprit de corps as
not to care for their minutes."

While not caring to take sides on the
"minutes" question, I should be sorry to
believe that all are as careless about
them as some are said to be.

I hope at least that that part of the
forthcoming minutes which you gave us
in the two sermons preached at Calais,
will be read by all who see the MIRROR.
Would that those two discourses might
be read aloud and commented upon in
every pulpit in the State and land. If
those two ideas, of stewardship of God's
grace and the duty of all to do duty as
stewards in the spirit of New Testament
evangelism, had possession of all Chris-
tian minds, or even of all the ministry,

other denomination. Often the
property is thus secured and owned by
the society. A very large portion of the
labor of the management is devoted to
the securing of this legal hold upon the
church's real estate, and in recovery or
sale in case of extinction or transfer.
An example is at hand at this moment.
liberal contributions were collected some
years ago for several churches in the
South. A large amount was given for a
church in New Orleans, whose organiza-
tion is now disbanded. The deed of
the property had been made over to the
Congregational Union, simply because
the gifts were made to pass through this
society. The Union has just sold the
property for six thousand dollars, which
will furnish appropriations to a dozen or
fifteen churches building edifices, every
cent of which would have been lost but
for the Union. Including this case at
New Orleans, the Union has thus re-
covered the large sum of more than \$36,-
000, which would otherwise have been
entirely lost to Congregationalism and
most of it to religion, as but very few
churches are transferred to other bodies.
This labor is the same in case of
"specials" as of other collections; and
the labor of examining into the condition
of the church applying and of corres-
pondence hardly varies. It is utterly
unreasonable to deduct them from the
total of receipts."

Lastly, retaining the figures \$32,893.-
91 (the trustees call it \$32,969.09, by ad-
ding a slight balance remaining in the
treasury from last year) as properly rep-
resenting the receipts of the year, the
trustees acknowledge that the ratio of
expenses is "much too great." They at-
tribute it to a falling off of receipts in
these hard times, and say that they "have
in serious consideration by what means
reductions can be made in our expenses."
They close by adding:

"Meanwhile, they beg the churches to
consider whether the blame for this state
of things does not rest chiefly upon them,
or upon the three-fourths of them which
have failed to give anything whatever to
this most worthy cause. The Union is a
society which gives its effort chiefly to
administration. The collections it de-
velopes mainly upon the churches; and,
while the officers of the Union will try
and do their duty faithfully, they must
ask the churches not to neglect theirs."

Wm. Henry Smith, James Elwell, A.
S. Barnes, James H. Storrs, Thos. W.
Whittemore, Austin Abbott, William
Hayes Ward, Committee of the Board of
Trustees.

REMINISCENCES.

BY E. P. WESTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:—

A communication in your last issue, giv-
ing the names of a Bible class in Port-
land in the last days of Payson and the
earlier ministry of Jenkins, most of them
like those of their pastors marked by the
inevitable (*) may have but little general
interest to your readers. But others,
whose memory runs back thirty or forty
years, rejoice in the backward look and
are happy in such reminiscences.
trivial they may seem.

The name of Jenkins recalls the they?
that he preached his last sermon in your
father's pulpit, at Cumberland who not
mere boy at the time, I ent periods and

Impressive Scene at Lincoln's Monument.

The city railway of Springfield politely tendered the use of their cars, on Saturday, May 25th to the State Congregational Association in session in that city. It was a beautiful day and one thousand persons availed themselves of the invitation and visited the Lincoln monument. The Jubilee Singers, ex-slaves from Nashville, Tenn., nine in number, chanted the Lords prayer, and, after prayer by Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Springfield, sang Mrs. Howes "Battle Hymn," "Let my people go," and other hymns of freedom, in their inimitable and affecting style. Rev. R. B. Howard, of Princeton, and Rev. Dr. Clapp, of New York., delivered addresses. We are indebted to Mr. Howard for the following synopsis of his remarks, which were received with feelings too deep to be expressed, except by silence and tears. He spoke in substance as follows:

"Every person, and every Nation needs some beloved grave. At no other place are associations so sacred and tender. As I stand upon this Massachusetts granite, that protects and beautifully symbolizes what remains to the world of the quiet sleeper below, my heart is stirred with thoughts too deep for utterance. In 1865, I stood with some of you, gathered in the National Council of our churches, beside the monument at Bunker's Hill, that noble shaft which commemorates Warren and his compatriots of the Revolution. Then we passed down to Plymouth and on Burial

Our Millinery Department is thronged day and night. Can't do the work as fast as ordered. Why? because we sell cheaper than anybody.

Spring shawls in all the late styles, bought quite recently.— We are selling some goods lower than we paid for them early.

Hosiery, gloves, corsets, embroideries, parasols, trimmings, and fancy goods in full stock. Linen towels, crashes, table cloths, handkerchiefs and napkins, at prices that cannot fail to show the difference between the cash and credit system. Try us and see for yourselves.

RAWSON & NASH.

June 1, 1872.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Princeton Loan and Trust Company, will be held at its office in Princeton, Ill's, on Monday the 8th day of July, A. D. 1872, for the purpose of deciding upon a change of name or

COUNTY REPUBLICA

Hill, standing over the bones of our pilgrim fathers, repeated that divine human prayer which we have just expressed through the lips of these sweet singers of freedom.

There are times when only God seems great. There are times when He no longer hides himself, but like an underground river, he rises to the surface of things and we are gladly, solemnly conscious of Him. The second night, when the noise of the battle at Gettysburg was hushed, I wound my way slowly up the ridge to see if my two brothers, who had fought two days on the top, were yet alive. How silent were the twinkling stars and the pale moon, as they looked down on the bloody garments and pale faces of the dead! God, by them, cooled the fever and calmed the agitations of the day. The last day of the bloody field, while the din and terror of battle were most fearful, a cloud came up out of the west and the thunder easily drowned the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. God was greater than man.

As I have, for the first time, walked around the street of Springfield, and been filled with recollections of that homely, humorous, thoughtful, sadfaced, patient man, whose sepulchre is with us to-day; as I have sat in his old house and gazed in the faces of his old friends, I have remembered that, while he was unlike us all in many elements of greatness, he was very like us all in human weaknesses and imperfections. And now, standing over his grave and feeling how much greater were his deeds than are my words, or even my thoughts, and how little of him can ever die; no one passage of his life comes back to me with greater force than that when he wearily and somewhat fearfully wended his way to the train that was to bear him away from you, never to return again except in the casket that lies below. He consciously needed God, and asked you to pray for him. He was God's instrument. Brethren of the pilgrim churches of Illinois! It is at this hour and in this presence, as it was at Bunker's Hill and Plymouth Rock and Gettysburg, and as it was with Abraham Lincoln in some of the darkest hours of the Republic; *God is in this place and we know it.* Thank Him that he raised heroes and especially this one on Western soil, and that He has erected this shrine in the center of our united land, so that New England pilgrims of whom I was lately one, must turn their feet from the ocean and the mountains and set their faces towards the prairies and the setting sun if they would drop a tear on this grave.

It ministers to our mutual love and our substantial unity as a people, that at our center is one great rallying point of patriotic affections. What shall I say more? The presence and inspiring songs of these freed slaves remind us that God chose Abraham Lincoln for no higher office than that which made four millions free, and that his one title which in history will be more conspicuous and honorable than all the rest is, *Emancipator*. I am told that the colored soldiers who shed their blood for this union, contributed more money than any other class of persons to raise this beautiful mausoleum to the memory of their benefactor. It were best so. And now, representing this Illinois association of christian churches, and in some measure the white race for whom, in common with you, Christ died, I give to this your representative, (Barnabas Root the son of an African chief converted and educated in this country and about to return to Africa as a missionary) the right hand of fellowship.

In the name of our mutual friend, whose dust sleeps beneath our feet, I promise that we will protect, educate, defend, and love you. We here and now reconsecrate ourselves to the work of your uplifting, which Abraham Lincoln sealed with his blood. In politics, in schools, and in churches, we promise never to forget that your country is our country, and your God our God.

COUNTY REPUBLICAN
N: THURSDAY, JUNE

DRY GOODS.

New York Bazar.

Wm. Miller & Co.

Dealers in

Dry Goods,

Carpets,

Boots,

Shoes,

Groceries,

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First-class Bakery

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Wm. Miller & Co. respectfully invite the ladies of
Princeton and vicinity to examine their stock of

New Dress Goods,

AT THE DEPOT,

And Compare Prices.

Have just returned from a three week's canvass of the
markets of New York and Chicago, where they have
endeavored to select the

Best Variety of Goods,

In the

Best and Most Desirable Lines.

Miscellaneous—Rev. R. B. Howard of Princeton, Ill., delivered a lecture at Neponset, Ill., a short time since, on the Battle of Gettysburg. A writer in the Bureau County Reporter thus speaks of it: "The speaker was upon the ground during the three days of conflict, July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863, and he gave many incidents which came under his own observation. A large map of the battle field, 14 by 9 feet, hung behind him, and showed in a very plain manner the position of troops, roads and noted places. A large audience were held spell bound for more than an hour and a half, by a most interesting description, enlivened by narratives both grave and ludicrous, which the facts of the battle brought to mind. In no amount of news reading can so clear an idea of military operations, and of the causes of the rebel's defeat, be possibly obtained as by the description of a spectator, accompanied by a clear and beautiful chart, to see which is alone worth the small price of admission."

Story Teller.

AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY.

WORK VERSUS HERB TEA.

Mrs. Whitaker was much troubled about Susan. All summer she had been in a pale, languid, half-alive condition, with no strength, no appetite, no interest in anything.

Mrs. Whitaker, having a never sufficiently gratified passion for doctoring, first rather enjoyed this oppor-

While I was occupying the Fulton-street pulpit in New York, the governor of the City Tombs prison said he would like to have me go down and talk to the prisoners. After the prisoners were all brought in I found there was no chapel in connection with that prison, and I had to talk to them in their cells. I talked from a little iron running right across the narrow passage way, to some three or four hundred prisoners, and could not see a man. I had never had that experience before. After I had done, I thought I would like to see who I had been talking to, and how they had received the interpretation of the Gospel. I went to the first door and looked in the little window of a cell where the inmates could have best heard me. There were some men playing at cards. No doubt they had been playing all the while I had been preaching. They did not want to hear. Some men come here to-night out of curiosity; they do not want to hear the glad tidings, and they do not believe the Gospel's good news. Well, these men had been playing cards all the while I was preaching. I said, "My friends, what is your trouble?" "Well, stranger, false witnesses appeared against us. We are innocent." I said to myself, "Christ cannot save anybody here; there is nobody guilty." I went to the occupiers of the next cell and asked why they were there. They said, "We got into bad company, and the man who done the deed got clear, and we got caught." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and asked how it was with them. They said, "False witnesses went into court and swore falsely." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and said, "How is it with you?" The reply was, "The fact is the man who done the deed is very much like me. I am perfectly innocent." I never found so many innocent men in a prison in my life. It seemed that the magistrates who sent them there were the only guilty ones.

THE PENITENT PRISONER.

I began to get discouraged, but when I had got almost through I found one man with his elbows on his knees and two streams of tears running down his cheeks. I looked in at the little window, and I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He looked up with despair and remorse on his face, and said, "My sins are more than I can bear." I said, "Thank God for that." "Aint you the man that has been talking to us?" I thought you said you was a friend; and you say you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "Yes." "I don't understand your friendship if you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "I will explain it to you. If your sins are more than you can bear you will cast them on one that will bear them for you." "Who is that?" "It is the Lord Jesus;" and I stood there at that prison door and preached Christ, and held up Christ for that poor wounded man, who was believed to be the worst man in the whole prison of the city of New York. After telling him of Christ I got down and prayed. After I prayed I said, "Now you pray." He said he could not pray; it would be blasphemy. But the man put his head on the pavement and, like the publican, without even lifting his eyes upwards heaven, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." After prayer, when he got up, I took his hand and he gave me good warm grasp of the hand; a hot tear fell on my hand, which burned down into my soul. I got so interested in the man that before I started for the hotel I said, "I will pray for you to-night, and I would have you join me in prayer at the same time." That night while I was praying in my hotel, as I told him I should pray for him at a certain hour, it seemed as if I knew that God was answering my prayer. I could not leave New York and go back to Chicago until I had seen that man. No sooner did I fix my eye on the man's countenance, than I saw that a great change had taken place. Remorse and gloom had fled away, and the face of the man was streaming with celestial light. He seized my hand, and tears of joy trickled over his cheeks. I said, "Tell me all about it;" and he said, "Last night when in my cell praying—I do not know the exact time, because when I came to prison, they took away my watch, but I think it was about midnight—the Lord Jesus took away the burden, and set me entirely free, and since then I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York." And I believe he was, for he told me of the love, joy, and peace that none but one that had received the Lord Jesus knew anything about. After I had talked and prayed with him some time, I bade him good bye.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LOST.

Now, my friends, can you tell me how it was the Lord Jesus came into that prison, and passing one cell after another, went to that one cell and set the captive free? It was because He believed he was lost, that he had sinned and come short of the glory of God. He called to God for mercy, and God dealt him mercies. If there is a man or woman in this audience to-night who believes they are lost, I have good news to tell them—Christ will come after you. He came to save you, He came to bless you. Now, do not let this night pass, my friends, without just accepting salvation as the gift of mercy from a loving God. He wants to deal out mercy and grace for every soul here. The Son of Man is come—what for? To seek and to save. And do you think he is not able to save? And is He not willing to save? There is not a man in this audience but knows deep down in his heart that Christ is able and willing to save. My friends, let Him save you to-night while you are on praying ground; while God is talking to you, and offering you salvation without money and without price. The gift of God is eternal life. That is the gift to-night. Who will have it? Who will take the gift? Who will accept the gift of God?

have read to you, there is that woman who had lost the piece of money. It was not that piece of money seeking its way back into the woman's pocket; but it was the woman lighting a candle and taking a broom, and sweeping diligently until she found it. I can just imagine that some one had paid that woman a bill that day, and had given her ten pieces of silver. When she retired at night, she took the money out of her pocket to count it, and seeing the bulk looked small, she said to herself, "Well, this don't look like ten pieces; I must have lost one piece; where have I lost it?" She begins to think where she has been that day. "I have not been out of the house; it must be somewhere in the house," she says. Then she goes and lights a candle, and gets a broom and sweeps the floor, and raises a great dust. And so it is when the Holy Spirit begins to seek after a soul; there is some commotion. So she begins to search and grope around; she moves the chairs, the sofa, the table, and all the rest of the furniture, and looks in every corner until she finds the piece. Who was it that rejoiced—the piece of silver or the woman? the sheep that was lost or the shepherd that found it? It was the woman that rejoiced over the lost piece; it was the shepherd that rejoiced over the lost sheep he had found. And so we find it is here. Christ takes the place of the seeker. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." What Adam lost in Eden, I find in the second Adam. When God put Adam in Eden, He bound him strong to the throne of God with a golden chain. When Satan walked in, he broke the chain; but the second Adam came to seek and to save that which was lost. What the first Adam lost for me I get in the second Adam. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

THE CONVERSION OF ZACCHÆUS.

As he is passing down the street a man meets him and turns round and says, "Bar-meus, is that you?" "Yes, it's me." "Well, I thought it was, and yet I thought my eyes must deceive me. How did you get your sight?" "I just met Jesus of Nazareth outside the walls of the city, and asked Him to have mercy upon me, and He gave me my sight." "Jesus of Nazareth! is He in this part of the country?" "He is already on His way to Jerusalem. He is now going down to the eastern gate." "I should like to see Him," says the man, and away he runs down the street; but he cannot get a glimpse of Him, being little of stature, on account of the great throng round Him. He runs to a sycamore tree, and says to himself, "If I get up there and hide, without any one seeing me, He cannot get by without my getting a good look at Him." A great many rich men do not like to be seen coming to Jesus. Well, here he is in the sycamore tree, on a branch hanging right over the highway, and he says to himself, "He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him." All at once the crowd burst out. He looks at John—"That's not him;" he looks at Peter—"That's not him." Then he saw one who was fairer than the sons of men. "That's Him." And Zacchæus, just peeping out from among the branches, looked down upon that wonderful, yes, that mighty God-Man, in amazement. At last the crowd comes to the tree, and it looks as if Christ was going by; but He stops right under the tree, and all at once He looks up and sees Zacchæus, and He says to him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down." I can just imagine Zacchæus says to himself, "I wonder who told Him my name? I was never introduced to Him." But Christ knew all about him. Sinner, Christ knows all about you; He knows your name and your house. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide from Him bear in mind you cannot hide from Him. He knows where each one of you is; He knows all about your sins. Well, He said to Zacchæus, "Make haste and come down." He may have added, "This is the last time I shall pass this way, Zacchæus." That is the way He speaks to sinners: "This may be the last time I shall pass this way; this may be your last chance of eternity." He may be passing away from some soul to-night. Oh, sinner, make haste and come down and receive Him. There are some people in this nineteenth century who do not believe in sudden conversions. I should like them to tell me where Zacchæus was converted. He certainly was not converted when he went up into the tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted somewhere between the branches and the ground. The Lord converted him right there. People say they do not believe in sudden conversions, and that if a man is converted suddenly he won't hold out, he can't be genuine. I wish we had a few men converted like Zacchæus, in London; that would make no small stir. When a man begins to make restitution, it is a pretty good sign of conversion. Let men give back money dishonestly obtained in London, and see how quick people will believe in conversion. Zacchæus gave half his goods to the poor. What would be said if some of the rich men of London did that; Zacchæus gave half his goods all at once; and he says: "If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I restore him four-fold." I think that is the other half. But to get Christ is worth more than all his wealth. I imagine the next morning one of the servants of Zacchæus going with a check for £100, and saying, "My master a few years ago took from you wrongfully about £25, and this is restitution money." That would give confidence in Zacchæus's conversion. I wish a few cases like that would happen in London, and then people would not go on talking against sudden conversions.

THE COMPLAINTS OF MODERN PHARISEES.

Now Christ becomes the guest of Zacchæus, and while He is in his house the Pharisees begin to murmur and complain.

A Sea-side Parish.

[Correspondence of the Advance.]

A Rocky Coast and Stormy Cape.—Summer Strolls in Winter.—An Unfortunate Old Town.—A Lost Church.—Promise of Recovery.—The Angel of the Land and Sea.

The dawn of light and the whistling ocean wind awoke me this morning to the blinding snow-storm that has all day unceasingly howled around these headlands. The night has now fallen and the cold moderated, but the fitful wind does not forget its fury and the angry sea still roars and dashes against the rocks beneath my window. At regular intervals the fog-horn sounds its alarm across the darkness which even the two brilliant "lights" on Thatcher's Island cannot pierce, nor the wisest sailor "comprehend." God help the mariner who is driven to-night by this easterly gale toward the relentless rocks!

I have greatly enjoyed some of these unseasonably beautiful winter days, when the burden of the Sabbath shifted with Monday from the soul to the body. I have twice strolled northward for miles along the shore where the summer cottages were shut and silent, and only the evergreen trees had leaves; and have sat down in the mild air and morning sunshine on

Seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

This is my first winter by the sea, and therefore the picturesque though empty cottages do not so sadly remind me of what has been, as they cheerfully prophesy what is to be. All things are in harmony. The gardens, grounds, and flowers are sleeping awhile, as are the houses of the summer visitors and the nests of the summer birds.

The window of which I spoke has been an immense advantage to me. When weary with work, oppressed with the feeling that human wickedness was shutting down around me like prison walls; or, with brain throbbing with unsolved, and to me unsolvable, problems of existence; or, when tired of my constant and monotonous companion, myself,—I have risen from my study chair and looked eastward and oceanward, in a few minutes the currents of the mind would change; the brain-hoops burst; the eyes cease their aching; the heart seem to dwell in a larger place, and God becomes more real.

There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before
To mingle with the Universe, and feel,
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Is it "Nature," or God,—the Universe, or its Creator,—that chiefly rests the soul that gazes at and leans upon him in his creations? To the modern Christian as to the ancient Israelite there can be but one answer to this question. Even Pope's pantheistic lines,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,

are philosophically and spiritually preferable to that soulless Nature of late scientifically defined and ethically worshipped.

This coast is the training-ground for sailors. The fisherman's life, from boyhood in his "dory," and upward to his "smack," is the best possible school for seamen. Gloucester, the leading fishing port in America, is four miles westward; Manchester by-the-sea—whose environs have been made classic by Tenney's story of "Coronation," is a few miles beyond Gloucester. This extremity of Cape Ann is one of those localities which the westward-flowing tide of commerce and emigration and the rivalry of inland railroad towns have left standing still. To add to the natural decadence consequent on changes in the fishing trade, the "hard

times" crippled the growing manufactories of isinglass, oiled clothing, fish-glue and cotton silesia. Then came the suspension of the Rockport Savings Bank, with its hundreds of depositors, the failure of some of the principal business men involving others, and, in consequence, the loss of the principal church edifice by the foreclosure of a mortgage debt of \$18,000. For one hundred and twenty-two years the parish had been organized. A succession of godly ministers had been blessed with frequent revivals and ingatherings. In its depletion and poverty the church still numbers 260 members, but nearly one hundred are past the active and productive years of life. Fifty are over seventy years of age, and thirty are widows. Many husbands of the latter will appear when the sea gives up its dead. The people became disheartened. They were compelled to leave their "holy and beautiful house," after repeated brave and generous attempts to overcome their pecuniary difficulties. They lost their excellent seven years pastor, Rev. C. C. McIntire, and worshipped with diminished numbers and heavy hearts in a small chapel belonging to the Y. M. C. A. The rich-toned organ was silent. The big, deep-voiced bell no longer called to Sabbath worship, and, what I have heard asserted so often by Secretary Brown, of the Church Building Society, seemed likely to be demonstrated, viz: that no church can exist but for a brief period without a house of worship. There was, however, a band of elderly ladies, all widows but one—led by one who had been a missionary's wife,—which continued to meet on Saturday afternoons for prayer. A few faithful workers rallied around the Sabbath school, diminished in a few years from four hundred to less than one hundred members. Such was this seaside parish when Providence led me hither. During the weeks represented by nine Sabbaths the congregation has rallied and returned hopefully to its sanctuary. Attendance at prayer-meetings and the Sabbath-school has increased, and a series of union meetings held twice daily, for some weeks, and then less frequently, has been evidently made solemn and tender by the influence of the Holy Spirit. A cash subscription amounting to \$7,000 has been made toward purchasing the church which the owners offer for sale at \$10,000. The outlook now is such as not only to appeal to the sympathies of all who ever loved and honored an old-fashioned New England Congregational church home, but also to quicken the faith and zeal of all who pray for salvation to come out of Zion. The tides of business are slowly shifting back again. There are still as good, and I believe as many, fish in the sea as have ever been caught. The brave hardihood of sailor-fathers has not forsaken the sons of Cape Ann. The great sea devours, but it also enriches. Its summer shores have increased attractions to inland residents every season. Its cool breezes woo the invalid. Its broad expanse delights by enlarging one's soul a little more even than does a boundless prairie.

The storm is dark and imprisoning to-night. But "*the morning cometh.*" As surely as to-morrow's sunlight will glance upon and gild the ledges and glitter among the waves, broken by the rocks, so surely the Lord will lift upon us the light of his countenance, and the hardest and coldest of his creatures can but joy in his presence.

Landward are men, multiplied, mercenary, selfish, narrow, cruel. Seaward is God, infinite in greatness, goodness, grace.

He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

One looks landward for work, and seaward for rest and strength. The angel, one of whose feet rests upon each quarter, seems not far from any one of us.

Rockport, Mass.

R. B. H.

Read to Grandma Smith (Ellis Maynard Smith) of
Manion Smith while she was at R. B. Ireland's Nursing
Home, 1964.

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