1868

The Ladies Christian Monitor Volume 7, Number 9, September, 1868

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LADIES' CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

"To do good, to communicate, forget not!"

Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1868. No. 9.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

"Habit," says Webster, "is an internal principle, which leads us to do easily, naturally; and with growing certainty, what we do often; custom is external, being the frequent repetition of the same act. The two operate reciprocally on each other. The custom of giving produces the habit of liberality; habits of devotion promote the custom of going to church. Custom supposes an act of the will, selecting given modes of procedure; habit is a law of our being, a kind of second nature, which grows up within us."

Admitting the correctness of these definitions, we readily perceive the importance of adopting correct customs in early life, that our habits, moulded thereby, may be correct. If the customs we adopt in youth are evil, our habits will be evil, and being confirmed therein, they become easy and natural, or, as Webster expresses it, they become "second nature."

I have no doubt that much that has been charged upon the hereditary depravity of humanity, is the result of this second nature, which has been superinduced by custom. The Apostle intimates (1 Cor. xi: 14) that nature teaches that it is a shame for a man to have long hair. Now the voice of nature, in its primary sense, would be in favor of men's wearing long hair, for it is natural for the hair to grow; but second nature, that is, the habit of cutting off the hair, taught in Paul's day, that it was a shame for a man not to keep his hair trimmed to the customary length.

Practice is another word similar in signification to the word.
custom. It means: "A doing repeatedly, hence, customary use."—Web. By doing the same thing repeatedly, we become accustomed to it, until it culminates in a confirmed habit—a part of our nature. We may call it second nature, but it holds the same power over our actions as if it were a part of our original constitution.

To illustrate: No person was ever born a profane swearer, and yet, it is almost as natural for some men to swear as to breathe. I have heard men, when reproved for swearing, say that they swear without knowing it; that they were alarmed at their own voice when they first uttered a profane oath, but that now, they have become so confirmed in a habit of swearing, that they are frequently unconscious of the act. This illustrates thousands of cases of open violation of the law of God and the proprieties of civilized, social life, all of which are performed under the promptings of this second nature, while the blame is often thrown upon poor mother Eve! Men become slaves to habit; it holds them in abject bondage. An apostle represents such, as yielding all the members of their body as instruments of unrighteousness, and of iniquity unto iniquity. Habit has obtained supreme control of eyes, ears, tongue, hands and feet; this tyrant rules them as with a rod of iron, and oh! how hard it is to break the chain that binds them.

But it is gratifying to know that habits formed by the custom of well doing are equally strong. The stingy, close-fisted miser wonders how some men can find it in their heart to contribute so liberally to benevolent purposes. The fact is, they have so accustomed themselves to these acts of benevolence that they love the work; it is a happiness to give. They realize the truth of the Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Mr. A. C., who had never addicted himself to giving, became a member of the church. He was honest, and fully resolved to do his whole duty. Soon, a call was made for some benevolent object. With hesitancy, and regrets, he put in fifty cents. This donation troubled him, but he studied the Word of God, resolved to follow its teachings rather than his own feelings. Accordingly, he continued the practice of giving, until he affirmed that he could not feel happy if opportunities of con-
tributing to benevolent and philanthropic purposes were not afforded. The habit of doing good had gained the mastery, and he rejoiced in his subjection to the practice of well doing.

From what we have now said, it is not difficult to discover why it is so hard to raise money for benevolent purposes in some communities. The people have not been accustomed to giving; the habit of sustaining the cause of Christ with their money has not been formed, and hence it is a great burden to them to give. They may approve the object for which the call is made, but when it comes to putting their hands into the pocket, the custom of holding fast what they have, overpowers the claims of the gospel; and if they give at all, it is the smallest piece they can get their fingers upon. I say this is the case with some, not with all. There are many honorable exceptions to this statement; but the number thus controlled by this evil “second nature” is sufficient to retard all our benevolent enterprises, and limit our efforts to evangelize the world to very diminutive proportions. That it will ever be possible to emancipate these money-lovers from the tyranny of this evil habit, is very improbable. They must have line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a great deal, and all enforced by the example of those who know the will of God in this matter.

After all, I am firmly convinced that the much needed reformation, on this subject, must begin with the young; yes, even with the children of the present generation. I am glad to know that in many communities the work has already been commenced. Children in the Sunday school are being taught to give; thus they are forming a benevolent second nature, that will strengthen with their strength, until we shall have a people accustomed to benevolence and ready for every good work.

Here I would suggest one improvement. I believe it is the practice for parents to give to their children small sums of money for the Sunday school contribution. This accustoms them to contributing, but they feel that they are simply giving money that has been earned by their parents. Now cannot a plan be adopted by which they can have the happiness of knowing that what they give has been produced by their own skill and industry? It seems to me that something like the following would have the desired effect:
Let farmers give their boys, each, a pig, or lamb, and tell them to take care of these, feeding and attending them with their own hands, understanding that what they can get for them in the market shall be their own money, a portion of which they are to contribute to benevolent purposes. Let the little daughters be hired by the mother to do some portion of the housework, which is not their usual task, with the understanding that they are earning money for the Lord. Oh, how soon would such labor be a joyful thank-offering!

Those living in towns and cities, where things always find ready sale, might adopt a similar plan, but with different means. Let the boys have a small corner of the garden; the girls a flower bed, to cultivate, and if they can do no more, let them sell their flowers, or the products of their respective little gardens, and thus obtain money for benevolent purposes by their own industry. If any have not these means, let them teach the children some little handicraft—embroidery, knitting, or something by which they can earn a small amount to give to the cause of Christ.

These suggestions are not intended to be specific, they are only general. Parents may improve upon them according to their own circumstances, so as to give their children the opportunity to contribute their own money to the Sunday school treasury, and other good objects. By this means, habits of industry and economy may be formed, that will make their future life prosperous; and the custom of repeated giving will produce the habit of beneficence, which will become their second nature, making them a blessing to society, pillars in the church, benefactors of the poor, and supporters of every good work. Thousands will rise up and call them blessed; the heavens will smile upon their labors of love; and by thus imitating the example of the Master, who went about doing good, they will finally receive the welcome plaudit, “Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joys of thy Lord.”

E. Goodwin.

A person of a truly liberal mind, is equally pleased with the discovery of truth in another as in himself, and this shows the uniting effect of that precious principle.
THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale,
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

You may boast of the sweetness of day’s early dawn,
Of the sky’s softening graces when day is just gone;
But there’s no other season or time can compare,
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

You may value the friendship of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage,
But the friends that most cheer me on life’s rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health,
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,
Take away every other and give me but this.

Ever hail, blessed temple! abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

A CONNUBIAL SERMON.

A connubial little sermon from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a contemporary print:

"Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband’s and your children’s demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but perhaps, sometimes heedless and exacting husband of yours, or to scold and fret at these sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, "What a fool I was to marry and leave my father’s house, where I lived at ease, and in quiet? Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body, which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and unmindful for, their comforts and their joys?"

O wife and mother! what if a stroke should smite your husband, and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms, and from your bosom? What if there
were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft, little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you, or receive your love? How would it be with you then?

Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse, if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all, for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And oh! what would you do, if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for believe it, thou wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own."

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HELEN CONWAY.

Once I found myself in a large boarding-school. Around me were gathered more than a hundred young girls, many of them of my own age, some of them, dear friends whom I love to this day—though many years have elapsed since I parted from them, and some of the best and dearest of them are separated from me by pathless seas. I was very young when placed in their midst, and was hundreds of miles from the home of my childhood; it was not strange, then, that I was lonely and sick-hearted, for tasks were set me which frightened and discouraged me. I thought that in all that assembly no "kindly-beaming eye" fell on the little stranger to cheer her, and inspire her with a hope of happiness in the future. All around me were busily intent on arrangements for themselves for the opening term, or greetings were being exchanged between old scholars, separated during the long vacations, and merry voices gave utterance to merry hearts—the very teachers seemed to speak to others more winningly than to me.
At length my tasks were apportioned me, and I was permitted to withdraw. The upper piazza of the seminary overlooked a lively little stream, which gleamed before us a moment in the sunshine, and then went singing its sweet song through the shady woods which skirted the village. Its beauty arrested my gaze, but not my thoughts; they were too sad to be won by an appeal to the eye only, and soon the tears came trickling down my cheek, and a sob told my wretchedness. At this moment, a gentle step aroused me, and an arm was passed over my shoulder, while a soft voice said to me, "Little friend, why do you weep? There is an old Arabic proverb which says, 'Running waters make the heart glad,' and can you look upon that merry brooklet, and give way to sadness?" and then drawing me towards her, while she passed her band over my forehead, she continued:

"What grief should thy years know?
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them."

A beautiful face, as well as a sweet voice had the fair speaker. Oh! how I afterward loved that face, with its bright complexion, white forehead, dim with the shadow of rich brown tresses, with its full ruby lips, and more than all, the large, dark, earnest eyes, from which "I drank in soul." Helen Conway was then just seventeen; she was above the usual height—some called her too tall—but her head was so superbly moulded, her bearing so queenly, every movement so graceful, and this dignity was tempered with so rare a spirit of most delicate mirth, that few save the envious, found her height at all detracting from her perfection.

She was the only daughter of an English gentleman of great reputed wealth, and she had one brother, every way worthy of Helen. They had been motherless for many years, but their father had added the tenderness of the lost parent to the pride they were so well calculated to inspire in his bosom, and certainly they were a singularly happy family.

The summer term passed quickly away, and we were busy in our preparations for the annual examination, when Helen was summoned to attend the death-bed of her father. We heard from her through her letters to one of the teachers. Her father's illness had been partly the result of anxiety, on learn-
ing the loss of all his landed property; and, on his decease, his whole estate was ascertained to be insolvent. Helen was therefore unable to return to school. She was resolved henceforth to sustain herself, and for that purpose must go out among strangers.

When another term brought us together again, I learned that Helen Conway, though much against her brother's wishes, had entered a Lowell factory as an operative, to supply herself with the means of finishing her education. To her brother's expostulations she had replied, "It is no disgraceful thing which I would do Philip, but one most honorable. I would not make such employment a matter of choice, nor would I perhaps seek such companions as may surround me, but at the worst, the employment will not degrade me, nor the associations contaminate, and I shall the soonest gain what I require, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not fettered you, my dear Philip, in the course you have adopted; for impeded you would be by the maintenance of an indolent, helpless girl."

With what astonishment was this intelligence received by Helen's former schoolmates. Her mild dignity had gained for her the respect of all—her rare intellectual acquirements had commanded it, and her amiable disposition had won even the most thoughtless; but when all these failed, the aristocratic name she bore, and the knowledge of her father's wealth, had been sufficient to gain an acknowledgement of her superiority.

What was she now? A factory girl—one of the Lowell crowd—a class always placed by the would-be little aristocrats of our number far below the daughter of the retail grocer, or humble artisan. In spite of the circumstances which had given me my station in the "upper circle" of our miniature world, this state of things had made me most indignant. I did combat bravely for nature's true aristocracy, and I uphold it still more warmly now, since a knowledge of the real world has taught me that fine apparel may clothe the most unmitigated vulgarity, and a full purse only aid its supercilious importance and ridiculous pretensions. The right to be aristocratic, and I hold there is such a right, is one which gold cannot purchase, but which comes as a free gift of nature, and this distinction I reverence next to the rare genius with which she sometimes endows her children. Vulgarity in a palace, displaying itself
in affectations of taste and refinement, so shallow that any clear eye may discern their absurdity, showing itself also in haughty insolence to inferiors in station or worldly advantages, and servility towards those elevated above themselves by the world’s acclaim or by still greater wealth, is utterly more despicable and revolting than the unrestrained vulgarity of the lower classes. Very few who have the power of gaining great wealth know how to use it; their energies are too often directed only in one channel, and when they have tightly drawn their purse-strings over the last acquired dollar, they have resolutely drawn closer the heart-strings. Stifling all noble impulses, their heads too grow heavy with their boards, and the highest aspirations of the soul are checked, and perish in the tainted atmosphere. Disraeli defines "good breeding" which is necessary to aristocracy, as "a genial regard for the feelings of others, which springs from an absence of selfishness," and how can those whose hearts are hard as their treasures, hope to acquire it?

But I meant not to digress thus, and will hasten to tell you how my friend fared. The whole year was spent in toil, and its effects was ennobling, for she was stimulated and incited by the highest motives which can influence our conduct; and may not the most menial labor be rendered a proud, yea, a holy service, when we toil for the comfort and happiness of those we love, for their or our own advancement in the beautiful lore the soul craves?

Helen’s leisure hours were well improved; the boarding house piano was ever her choice recreation, for she had a fine voice and a well cultivated taste for music. A large library, for the use of the operatives in the mills, supplied her with the books her own little store lacked; and besides this she learned many, and to her most strange, lessons of human nature, among her associates, until both heart and soul expanded most liberally during her year at Lowell.

At the end of the year she returned to school, more beautiful far than she had ever been, for she had learned to be fully conscious of her own peculiar dignity as a woman capable of self-control, and of self-support. She was more lovable than ever, also, for her heart had a warmer welcome for those whose affection was tried and faithful.
"The sun of my father's love has set," said she, referring to her sorrow, "but the beautiful stars have begun to come out, and lo! they are all sans, too, giving light and joy to other planets. He was nearer to me, so I lived in his beams; but now his light, though not his influence, has been removed and merged in the glory of God."

All, however, were not able or prepared to appreciate her conduct; and even in her presence some would speak contemptuously of the factory girl's life—of the boarding-house pianos—of their libraries, and literary associations. A slight towards her alone only gained from her a smile; but when she heard these whom she had learned to respect spoken of in this manner, she would draw up her queenly figure, and defend them with heart-warm eloquence, until the contemners quailed under her just sarcasms. Nor was this all she could do for them. She wrote in their behalf, and her pen did ample justice to the subjects which inspired it, and her own free spirit.

"I am determined to put Helen Conway down!" said Eleanor Sibley, whose home was in one of those proud mansions that overlook the noble square which is the pride of the New England metropolis. "One would imagine her a very princess, or, I suppose I must say, 'President's daughter,' she advances her otiose opinions about those Lowell factory girls with such an air of supreme authority, as if she said, 'You dare not dispute me: I know I am right!'"

"If I am not a President's daughter, I may become a President's wife—who can tell to the contrary, Nelly Sibley?" and Helen laughingly advanced from behind the column which had concealed her from our sight.

So they all found out they could not put her down, and then they dubbed her "Defender of Operatives' Rights," the "Eben-ezer Elliot of New England," "Our Yankee Howitt," etc.

"Noble titles!" she would say, with perfect good humor. "Don't you think, young ladies, that I could plead well for you when August comes?" And, truly, when the day came for the distribution of honors, Helen received from the school, by unanimous award, the highest they could bestow; an address to be read before the friends of the school in behalf of an Education Society which they had established among them, and Eleanor Sibley was deputied to inform her of their choice.
TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING HOME.

When the young dove, with feeble wing,
Flies from the parent nest,
She never finds as dear a spot,
Where she may safely rest.

Thus dove-like ones, as thou art now,
May never hope to find,
A place on earth so dear to them
As that they leave behind.

But Mary, thine's a happy lot;
For mid'st all life's alarms,
Thou ne'er wilt seek a rest in vain,
In thy fond mother's arms.

Go forth, then, like the deluge dove;
And should life's storm rise dark,
Bend backward, then, thy weary wing,
And seek thy home—thy ark.

William Baxter.

THE POOR.

Jesus loves the poor. He sees every trial to which they are subjected. And as he once dwelt upon the earth, clothed in humanity, and was subjected to all the trials to which we are subjected, he is able, and does sympathise with us in our poverty. If we would please him in all things, we must bear up with a stout heart under all the trials of adversity which this life may bring, remembering that Jesus has a special regard for the poor.

The wealthy of this world may turn us away from their massive halls, but Jesus never turns any away who come to him in his appointed ways. In his service we have the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come. The mansions which he has prepared for those who love and obey him, are far superior to any ever possessed by kings or princes in this world.

Rejoice, Christian, even though you are poor in this world's goods. "Joy cometh with the morning"—that glorious morning when Christ shall come to make up his jewels.

John. T. Poe.
A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY.

MONG my school-mates were some of the most beautiful, gifted and amiable girls I have ever known, but no one who was held in such general estimation as Susan West. If we had been called upon to award an honor to one of our number for real merit of character, we should have been unanimous in giving it to her. She was so amiable and affectionate, so diligent and conscientious in the performance of her duties, that she was our model of goodness. We measured ourselves by her as a standard; her example or opinion in questionable matters was authority. Even now, when two of us chance to meet, and turn back to school days, she is spoken of as "the good one" among us.

She was as much a favorite with the teachers as with the scholars. I well remember how one of them used to say we could all make ourselves beautiful and graceful if we would; and that not by trick and dressing, but by being beautiful and lovely in heart; and on one occasion he added, "I know a young lady who, though she has no Grecian outline, nor roseate bloom, nor ball-room air, you will all agree with me is both beautiful and graceful—such a lovely spirit beams in her face and guides her motions." We all knew that he meant Susan West, and we did agree with him so entirely, that I do not believe the slightest envy or jealousy was ever felt towards her.

Yet, lovely and excellent as she was, and such a pattern, Susan West is now confined in a lunatic asylum on account of her intemperance. She is a drunkard, and has sunk so low in her depravity that she seems beyond all the influences of honor, pride, affection, or conscience. She cannot be restrained from drink except by confinement. When I was informed of this, it was so unexpected, so strange and improbable, that I could not at first believe it. Still, it is true.

But how came it? Soon after leaving school, Susan was married, and went to reside in a Western city. Her husband was a widower, whose years doubted her own; but he was possessed of great wealth, and lived in style and luxury. Though a man of elegant appearance and courtly manners, he was stern and unyielding in his opinions and habits; one who,
though he might win a woman's love, would never foster and cherish it, but leave it to die with neglect and coldness. The abilities of Susan were overtaxed to fulfill her husband's expectations. Style and luxury will not long make up for tenderness and consideration, and she was soon disappointed and wearied in her married life. Wine gave relief from exhaustion and depression, and it was resorted to as a medicine.

This was her time of danger. Here her foot slipped. When she needed rest and change of scene—when she needed strength, hope, and cheering from God—she turned to the fatal stimulus which proved her ruin, though she little dreamed it then.

I have often recalled a visit I made her at this time, in connection with her sad fate. I was passing through the city of her residence, and having a few hours of leisure, was very glad of an opportunity to see my old companion. We had but just exchanged greetings, when she perceived that I was somewhat wearied with travel, and offered me wine, which I declined. She urged it. "It will do you so much good. It is so refreshing. Don't you drink wine?"

"No."

"Do you never?"

"No; never."

"Why? Don't you like it? You don't think it's wrong to drink it, do you?"

"I like the taste of wine, and the excitement of it is quite agreeable to me," I answered, "but I do not think it right for me to take it."

"Why, you are not afraid it will hurt you?"

"It might, if I indulged in it. I am not conceited enough to think I could resist its power, when so many stronger than I have yielded and gone to ruin."

"Yes; but not ladies. There's no danger for us. We have no temptations. They won't let us sit long at table, or go to club-rooms. I never knew an intemperate woman."

"Don't you know Mrs. S., of New York? Though she is never seen drunk, they say she is almost continually under the influence of liquor, and that is why she is so silly, and why her husband is never seen with her. Rumor says, too, and say it pretty confidently, that Mrs. F. died of delirium tremens.
Intemperance in a lady is so revolting that it is concealed if possible. Yet there are instances where it comes to light."

"It is horrid for a lady to drink," said Susan, "but that does not make me afraid to take a glass of wine. And I think it really is of benefit to me when I feel languid and dispirited."

"The main reason why I never taste wine, is on account of the influence I may have over others. You know we all may have some influence, especially with those who love us—husbands, brothers or friends. I could not encourage my brothers, whom I love so well, in the least indulgence in wine. But I ought not to be preaching to you, who used to be such a conscience to us all."

"Oh, I never was so puritanic as you have grown to be!" replied Susan, with a laugh.

After this Susan had frequent seasons of ill-health, and lingering convalescence, when wine was thought indispensable, and its use became a daily habit. Like all false remedies, it increased instead of mitigating the evil sought to be cured; and, when its stimulus failed, through over-use, stronger waters were demanded. The effects of wine and strong drink are the same on youth and delicate womanhood as on age and rugged manhood, only more sad and deplorable; and Susan became a drunkard beyond all moral restraint. Though her husband banished all liquor from his house, she bribed her servants to obtain it for her, and even purloined it from the sideboards of her friends.

A drunken lady! The words seem incompatible, contradictory. But Susan was a lady, though now a miserable, worn-out, half-demented thing. It is hard enough for woman to see the ignorant, the unfortunate, the wretched and debased of her sex turned into the beasts of drunkenness; but when the fortunate, the educated and accomplished—those who should bring peace, purity and holiness to earth—become the lowest slaves of sin and death themselves, hide from me the sight, or my faith in humanity might grow too weak. It was enough for me to see Susan, as she now is, in sober mood—such a forlorn and hopeless wreck, confined among the insane and idiotic, for her love of drink.

I had been told of her confinement, but did not know the place of it, when, on a short tour westward with some friends,
I visited the large establishment for the insane, at U——. As I looked through the building, the thought of Susan did not enter my mind; but on going through the grounds, I noticed in a retired corner, seated in a garden chair, with her face half averted from me, a woman, the bend of whose neck and whose profile were strikingly familiar. I approached her. She turned, and it was Susan. Oh! how changed! so haggard and gray at her age! She sprang towards me as if involuntarily, while a smile lighted her face, then paused and dropped her eyes with a shamefacedness which was pitiful.

I addressed her pleasantly, "Mrs.——, Susan West that used to be, is it not?"

"Ah, yes! How do you do, P.?" she said, in her old tone, as she regained her self-possession. "Won't you sit down with me? Have you time?"

I sat down with her. "I hear you are in bad health, Susan," I said.

"My health is bad; but how did you hear it? It is now long years since we have met."

"Yes, long years; and time has done a great deal of work in them," I answered, also mentioning who had told me of her.

"Ah! then you know all! Yet you met me kindly. How you recall the beautiful old days of school, when we were so happy! But I am so changed now!"

"I hardly knew what to say that would not be painful to her, and answered, "We have all changed."

"But none so much as I have. Who could have changed so and who would believe it possible?". Here the tears flowed down her wan cheeks.

I now had no answer to make. I said, "You have children, Susan; how many?"

"Two little girls and a boy——beautiful children——but oh! that I had died at the birth of the last! To live to be their shame! That they should be ashamed of their mother! And they will be, they must be!"

"You may yet live to be honored and loved by them; why not?"

"How little you know, P., of sin——of such sin as mine! I cannot give it up. The will is all gone. I am bound hand and foot. I am in a charm, and I cannot break it. The spell was
woven, thread by thread, till I am wrapped in it completely. There is nothing before me but shame and death, and both I dread. How can my proud husband endure my presence after this confinement, even could I reform? And I know there is not enough strength left in me to resist the temptations beyond these walls!"

"God gives strength to all who ask it."

"Yes, He is good; but I have no right to hope in him. The blackness of darkness is mine?"

She wept bitterly; and how could I restrain my tears? I left her. Alas, poor Susan!

Who may tamper with wine anharmed? Who may sip the poison, and defy its hurt? Who has strength or art to resist its spell? It has a snare for beautiful and refined womanhood, as well as for hilarious youth and worn and weary manhood; and that snare is spread, not only at the banquet board, but wherever "it is red," wherever "it giveth color in the cup, and moveth itself aright." "Look not on it," then.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?" I have never seen more touching woe, or more hopeless sorrow, than in the poor victim of wine, my once schoolmate, Susan West.

This is not a sketch of the imagination. Would God it were! And, as I say it, there comes back the echo, deep and heavy-toned with agony, from many bleeding and broken hearts which cannot be healed, "Would God that it were!"

C. Leicester.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

"Lord save me, and I will serve thee!" cried the professor.

"If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take his cross and follow me," said the Lord.

"I will profess religion, and join the church, and be baptised, and partake the sacrament, and attend meeting, and if need be pray and exhort," replied the professor. And he did so.

"Sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," saith the Lord

"Not so," replies the professor, "I must have something against a rainy day, and against old age,"
"Go visit with relief the needy widow and fatherless," saith the Lord.

"No, Lord, I must provide for my own against the time they may want, as the Scriptures say, 'He that provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel.'"

"Visit the sick and imprisoned, and take the poor that are outcasts to thine house."

"Not so, Lord," replies the professor. "It would be to the neglect of my business, the spending of my money, the sacrifice of my ease and comfort, and to my cost and inconvenience."

"Rebuke thy neighbor, and suffer not his sin upon him," saith the Lord.

"No Lord, it would offend him," replies the professor. "I should lose his good opinion of me, and his patronage of my business. Let me be excused in those things, Lord, and I will be strict in the ordinance of thy house, zealous for the doctrines and honor of the church. I will give something of my property for supporting the ministry, and for public charities, trusting thou wilt make up more to me, by prospering my affairs, than I give for thy cause. All I can do, Lord, in thy cause and for the good of mankind, without injuring my reputation or interest, and that will not put me to hardship, or deprive me of ease or of any of the good things of the world, I am ready to do for thy sake."

"Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. He that heareth my sayings, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat upon that house, and it fell—and great was the fall of it."

There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes; none will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.

Some sins are productive of temporary profit, or pleasure but profaneness is productive of nothing, unless it be shame on earth and damnation in hell.
GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning,
'Tis only while some heart lies dead,
On which our own was leaning.
We hear in maddening music roll,
That last "good night" along the soul.

Good night! in tones that never die;
It peals along the quickening ear,
And tender gate - of memory
Forever waft it near,
When stillled the voice—oh, crush of pain—
That ne'er shall breathe "good night" again.

Good night! it mocks us from the grave,
It overleaps the strange world's bound,
From whence there flows no backward wave;
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, beneath, above,
Good night, good night to life and love.

Good night! Oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that "Good night" no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Or, rather say, dull brain, once more
Good night! thy time of toil is o'er.

Good night! now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like gentle rain.
Good night! Oh, holy, blest and deep
The rest that follows pain!
How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no "Good night!"

Take your place modestly at life's banquet, and ask for nothing not in the bill of fare.

The great centre of happiness is something to hope for, and something to love.

Politicians resemble dogs, that gnaw large bones for the sake of very little meat.
ANGELS.

BRAHAM assured his servant that God would send his angel before him to prosper him in his journey. Many of the Old Testament saints concluded that in all their actions they were sustained by the angels of God.

There is nothing clearer than that the Bible teaches that angels are employed by our Heavenly Father in the management of the world, and in the direction of human affairs. All the inspired writers speak of them as sent on agencies of mercy, judgment, and ministering to the saints in all their troubles on the earth. Jesus told his enemies, in the agonies, of death, that did he ask it, swiftly would his Father send him armies of angels, to rescue him from their horrible and malignant designs. While Jehovah, in all his awful majesty, is seated upon the throne of glory, millions of angels serve him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him. His celestial army are angels who excel in strength, arranged in ranks of principalities, powers, thrones and dominions.

An angel spoke to Hagar, and delivered a prophecy concerning Ishmael, which is being fulfilled at the present time, and his posterity serve as an everlasting monument of the truth of the Bible. An angel delivered the divine truth to Abraham, and accepted the offering of his son.

Angels have assumed bodies of human form, have talked, walked, and eaten. Sometimes they took upon themselves forms of light, and operated both upon animate and inanimate nature. By their means God overrules the actions of wicked men, and directs the labors of the good. We have hearts of gratitude for that Being who commands such numberless legions for the service of the heirs of salvation. None can fear who have such innumerable hosts on their side. He who saved Hagar from the wilderness, and Lot from Sodom, will never allow his faithful children to lack any good thing.

When we reflect upon all that is ascribed to these celestial agents, that they minister to us here, and are ready when we leave the earth to guide our spirits up the unknown path to Heaven, we are overwhelmed with the benevolence and power
of Him who commands them to go forth swiftly to do his pleasure.

No earthly monarch is attended by such a retinue as wait upon the followers of Jesus. May we be prepared by their ministry, in connection with all other means, for an eternal association with the bright and glorious company, where Jesus will lead us to fountains of living waters, and the Father will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

William Brothers.

FORMOSA.

The inhabitants of this island recognize two deities, one a male, God of the men: one a female, Goddess of the women.—The bulk of their inferior deities are the souls of upright men, who are constantly doing good, and the souls of wicked men, who are constantly doing evil.

The people of Formosa believe there is a kind of hell, but it is to punish those who, at certain seasons, have dressed in calico and not in silk, who have undertaken any business without consulting the song of birds, or who have presumed to look for oysters; while drunkenness and debauchery are not regarded as crimes. They even believe the debaucheries of their children are agreeable to their gods.

PRAYER.—All the duties of religion are eminently solemn and venerable in the eyes of children. But none so strongly proves the sincerity of the parent; none so powerfully awakens the reverence of the child; none so happily recommends the instruction he receives, as family devotions, particularly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place.

What we wish to do, we believe we can do; but when we do not wish to do a thing, we view it as an impossibility.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort to me is, that he keeps his at the same time.
I forgot to tell you, last month, that the land which Mr. Mason gave the little girls for their flowers was in the lower part of the garden, where the bright southern sun fell longest. It was a long strip of land, with a beet bed on one side, and carrots on the other; and when Addie saw the spot, she exclaimed, "But, Papa, this is the early peas bed!" and she looked ruefully at the rows of yellow, discolored vines.

"Yes, but don't you see they are done bearing, and all you have to do, is to pull them up, and then use your hoes freely;
and as the ground is already mellow, it will not be very hard work."

So they went to work and pulled up the vines, and then their father showed them how to make the dirt loose and fine; and when they had got well to work, he turned toward the house and they thought he had gone to his study—but he had not. He saw how much in earnest the children were, and so determined to give them a surprise.

He hurried down to the hardware store, and bought the nicest little garden rake, and a spade that looked as though it were made for a fairy; then he picked out the smallest watering-pot and a sieve, then two little trowels and a pair of garden shears, two garden vases and a couple of wire baskets, and bidding the merchant send them immediately, he started across the street to the florist’s. Here he found a pot of scarlet geranium, and a crimson fuchsia, also two small pots, one containing a tropeolum, the other mignonette, and all of these were in blossom. Desirous that the children’s interest in gardening should not flag, and judging, rightly, that a few plants in bloom would add greatly to their interest in the work, he purchased these, and placing them in a basket soon reached home.

Just as he opened the gate, he saw the boy from the hardware store coming across the street. So he waited until he came up, and held the gate while he trundled the wheel-barrow into the yard; then calling the children, he made them happy by showing them his purchases.

They decided that the two vases should stand in the front yard, one on each side of the walk, and the baskets must be hung in the porch.

Their father fixed the vases as they desired, gave them absolute control over the new garden implements and the flowers, and went up stairs to his study, determined to teach them to rely upon their own judgment in arranging their floral treasures.

Addie looked a little dismayed as her father left them; but turning to Lina, she saw that tears were in her eyes as well, so putting on a brave face, she said, cheerfully, “Never mind, Lina, I’m sure we can fix things real nice. I guess I know how, for I’ve watched Kate Young so many times.”
Taking up the spade, they went in search of an old pail, which was soon found and filled with dirt.

"The catalogue says the dirt should be finely pulverized for flowers," said Lina, who had been looking for help to her 'friend in green.' "I expect that means sifted, don't it, Addie?" and Addie concluded it did; so they took the garden sieve, and marching into the front yard, they soon filled the little garden vases with light, pulverized earth. Then came another difficulty—if they took their flowers out of the pots, the dirt would fall from the roots, and as they were in blossom, they would be very apt to die. In this dilemma, they concluded to resort to their father for advice.

"Take your watering-pot and fill it with water, and I will come and show you," he said, and away they ran to do his bidding.

Carefully wetting the earth in the vases, and likewise that in the pots containing the geranium and fuchsia, he ran a knife around to loosen the earth from the pot, and then, by tipping them sideways, he soon had the ball of dirt in his hand. The little girls made some holes with their trowels, and planted the fuchsia in one vase, and the geranium in the other, and then sprinkled more water upon them and the work was done. They next turned their attention to the baskets, for which their father was already preparing by driving up some nails.

Presently Lina came up close beside him, and said, "Please, papa, the dirt falls through?"

"Well, yes," laughed Mr. Mason, "but just run up to my room and get a piece of green oil-cloth you will find lying on the table, and ask the governess for a needle and thread."

Sitting down on the grass, Mr. Mason cut the oil-cloth to fit the baskets, and took a few stitches where the seams were. Then the children filled them with sifted dirt, and the transplanting was performed in the same way that the others had been, and so they soon had the tropaeolum and mignonette nicely fixed in the baskets; and when they were hung in the porch they made a beautiful show.

After they had admired their treasures to their heart's content, they went back to the bed in the garden, and soon had the land in good order; but then, there was nothing to plant in it, except Lina's fagra.
"O Addie! we'll set the bulb in the middle of the bed, and then it 'll be half yours," said Lina, as she saw her sister watching her preparation to transplant the flower which she prized so much.

Addie joyfully assented to this proposition, and then they put away all their garden tools, and went into the house and began to study the catalogue once more, and there we will leave them for the present.

As I could not get a picture of Lina's whole basket for my little MONITOR friends, I did the next best thing, that is, I got a picture of one of the flowers, a brilliant crimson tropaolum, looking like a costly tropical plant, yet so easy of culture that all my little readers can have it in their moss baskets if they wish.

Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin

THE RESURRECTION.

"A seed, found in the hand of a mummy two thousand years old, when planted, bloomed into a beautiful flower.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Savior came to earth,
That man had lived, and loved, and died;
And even in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went;
The dead hand kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell!

The shriveled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth,
When lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower bursts forth!

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand years ago.
And will He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Savior in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For "In my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

What can I give to Jesus
Who gave himself for me?
How can I show my love to him
Who died on Calvary?
I'll give my wealth to Jesus,
'Tis little I possess;
But all I am, and all I have,
Dear Lord accept and bless.

If humility be necessary to the reception of truth, the crosses which humble us must be blessings in disguise.

The whole preparation for a coming eternity is, believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.

For every one life has some blessing, some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fount of pure water, and all men taste its sweetness.
PLEASANT PICTURES.

The May number of the Monitor contained an article by Bro. Rowe about "pictures," which reminded me of the following passage in Isaiah, ii: 12-16:—"For the day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low; and upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan, and upon all the high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up; and upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, and upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures."

I wish Bro. Rowe to take this for a text when he writes for the Monitor.

W. Pinkerton.

SUGGESTIONS.

We wish to keep the Monitor free from controversy, especially controversy on old theological questions which have distracted and divided the Christian world, but which no man ever yet understood. Still, we publish the foregoing letter from Bro. Pinkerton, feeling sure that no unpleasant discussion will follow.

We simply suggest that the whole prophecy to which Bro. Pinkerton refers, had reference to Judah and Jerusalem: "The word that Isaiah, the son of Amos, saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem." The time when these judgments should be executed upon that land and people is called the "last days." This phrase, which so often occurs in the prophetic writings, generally applies to the close of the Mosaic dispensation and the introduction of the Gospel age. This is certainly true in this case: "It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will
teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." This was literally fulfilled at the opening up of the Gospel dispensation, and of course, the threatened judgments followed soon after.

We further suggest that the language of the prophecy is highly figurative. "The cedars of Lebanon, and oaks of Bashan, that are high and lifted up," signify the princes and rulers of the people; the high mountains, the kingdoms; the ships of Tarshish, the commerce of Judah with other nations; the "pleasant pictures," the works of art used in ornamenting these ships, may represent the wealth obtained by this commerce, upon which these princes, (cedars of Lebanon,) and (high towers,) men occupying high positions, set their hearts, and in which they trusted.

Now the Lord threatened to bring down these haughty looks of men, to destroy their country and wealth until they should seek a hiding-place "in the clefts of the rocks," etc., "for fear of the Lord and the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." All this was fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jewish nation.

If Bro. P. makes the "pleasant pictures" literal, he must also make the cedars and oaks literal. If the passage thus explained proves it wrong to hang the pictures of our friends upon our parlor walls, it also proves it wrong to adorn our yards with cedar and oak shade trees. The curse is as heavy against the cedars of Lebanon and the oaks of Bashan as against the pleasant pictures.

We presume our good brother wrote the foregoing letter, simply to call attention to this prophetic declaration, not himself supposing that it indicates God's displeasure to our having cedar, oak, and other ornamental trees, in our yards, well-filled photograph albums on our centre tables, or the pictures of friends, cities, and historic scenes, on our parlor walls.

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They who seek wisdom will surely find her.

Rare as true love is, true friendship is still rarer.

If you would kill a slander, let it alone.

Threatening a bad habit does not kill it.
ENCOURAGEMENT.

The following extracts, from the letter of a good brother in Kansas, speak for themselves. May we not hope that many others will hear and follow in the same path, and thereby promote Christianity in the places where they labor.

"I find it but little trouble to get subscribers for the Monitor; I have only to show the paper, or select and read some good article, (and they are all good.) Sometimes the money is manifestly lacking, in which cases we are compelled to pass on. I think I shall at least be able to get you thirty new names for the Monitor this year.

"This is a beautiful valley, and many good brethren live here. Many have not hitherto seen the necessity of introducing sound, healthy, spiritual food, upon which to feed and grow sturdy. I shall labor to sow the good seed of the kingdom in this region, and cultivate as I am able by word and doctrine. In my labors the present year, I have concluded to make it no small item of duty to induce the brethren and sisters to subscribe for, and read, our religious papers and periodicals, believing that much good may be done in that way. Books and papers tell upon the character as much as the company we keep.

"The Neosho valley is an inviting field of labor. Will not many of our good preaching brethren push out Westward a little, and cultivate this vast and fertile field? Be careful, brethren, about seeking ease with large pay. Better be about the Master's business, seeking glory, honor, immortality and eternal life.

"Yours truly,

C. C. Deweese."

AGENTS WANTED.

We propose to offer very fine premiums in cash to agents who will secure subscribers for the Ladies' Christian Monitor, The American Housewife and The Mother's Monitor.

Ladies who are willing to become agents for all, or either, of the above named papers, will please send in their names at once, and obtain special instructions in regard to obtaining subscribers, prices of the papers, and amount of premium given for each subscriber. Address

Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin,
Editor Ladies' Christian Monitor, Indianapolis, Ind.

We have received from Geo. P. Rowell & Co., their complete list of newspapers. The price of the whole set is three dollars. Separate lists, 25 cents each. Persons wishing to keep corrected lists, should subscribe to the Advertisers Gazette, in which all newspaper changes are noted monthly. Price $2 per year in advance. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 40 Park Row, New York.
EXCHANGES.

"The Cretan" is the name of a little paper, published in the interests of the Christians of the Island of Crete. They call for money to keep the wives and families of the Cretan patriots from suffering, and thereby encourage the standard-bearers of the cross to maintain their struggle against the zealots of the Crescent.

"Benham's Musical Review," for July, contains the usual amount of good things in the way of music and musical items. We offer the Review as a premium for obtaining subscribers. Those desiring musical instruments cannot do better than to purchase of "Benham Brothers," Bro. Walker, our missionary, is their agent.

"The Health Reformer," is a monthly published at the Health Reform Institute, Battle Creek, Mich. The price is one dollar per year, and the paper one of the best of its class. It should print for its motto on the title page, "No meat, no medicine, no murder."

"The Church Union" comes to us much enlarged, and filled with interesting and instructive reading. It is now the largest religious paper in the United States. The principal editors belong to different denominations, and the union of all Christians is its leading theme.

A new paper, called "The Illustrated Christian," has been started in this city. Price, $2.00 per annum. Address box 840.

"Harper's Monthly" contains a fine article upon the scenes among the Andes.

BOOK NOTICES.

An Exposition and Defence of the Scheme of Redemption as it is revealed and taught in the Holy Scriptures. By R. Milligan, President of the College of The Bible in Kentucky University.—Such is the reading of the title page of a new book, now in press, and soon to be issued by R. W. Carroll & Co., 117, W. 4th St., Cin., O. Having received an advance sheet of the first form of this book, containing the index and preface, and from the well-known ability of the author, as well as from the table of contents, we can confidently recommend the work to the public; and especially to those who delight in the riches of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, our Lord. We shall look with considerable anxiety for the appearance of the book, and hope that it will receive a ready sale and wide circulation. Every Bible student should possess a copy. Price $2.50.

"The Character of Jesus Portrayed." By W. H. Furness, D. D. This is a readable book. We are not prepared to call this, in the language of
the Christian Register, one of the most important works of the age. Yet it is a work of considerable ability and some importance. The translation is well done by one whose sympathies are strongly with the sentiments he translates. Price $4.50. Sent prepaid by mail on receipt of price.

Published by LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.

"The Red Bridge," a Sunday-school temperance story. We have met with few temperance stories containing so many evidences of decided ability, and high literary excellence, as this one. Price 90 cents.

"Rachel Noble's Experience."—This is a story of thrilling interest, ably and eloquently told. It is just the book for the home circle, and can not be read without benefiting the reader and advancing the cause of temperance. Price 90 cents.

"The Hard Master." This interesting narrative of the temptations, trials, hardships, and fortunes of a poor orphan boy, illustrates in a most striking manner the value of "right principles," especially of honesty, truthfulness and temperance. Price 85 cents.

"Echo Bank." This is a well-written and deeply interesting narrative, in which is clearly shown the suffering and sorrow that too often follow, and the dangers that attend, boys and young men at school and at college, who suppose they can easily take a glass or two occasionally, without fear of ever being aught more than a moderate drinker.

These four books have been put up in a neat box, making an interesting and attractive set of new temperance tales, adapted for family reading, as well as Sunday-school libraries. Price $3.50 for the set.

TODD, CARMICHAEL & WILLIAMS, Glenn's Block.

We should be lost without Webster's NEW ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY. There is no work that can at all compare with it, and the student who fails to get a Webster can have no idea of the loss he inflicts upon himself. Here, knowledge in its most accessible form, lies within the reach of all, and we hope the time will soon come when every family will obtain this work. With its numerous pictures and explanations it is like a fairy tale for the children.—[Ed.


PRESENTED! MISSIONARY!

Selina Bakewell, and Mrs. Payton H. Smith, and Mary L. Bryant present the Monitor to friends.

ITEMS.

Bro. R. Faurot, whose present address is St. Louis, Mich., says: "Here we are, among the pines," on the borders of civilization, within a few miles of the Indians, who pass and repass our door every few days.

"We commenced worshiping in a hall some three months ago. We now number sixty three; we have full and joyful meetings, and a stirring Sunday-school. We also have up, and partially enclosed, a fine academy, containing a chapel, three school-rooms, and a two story portico, which we hope to occupy in a few months. A large and fertile field is opening before us in the very centre of Mich."

A Sewing Machine was needed possessing simplicity and durability, and adapted to a great range of work; one easily understood and comprehended by all. To produce such a Machine has been the study of Elias Howe, Jr., who gave to the world the First Sewing Machine, more than twenty years ago; and now we offer his last production—a Machine embracing all essential qualities, and pronounced the best machine in the world.

One of our agents writes: "All the premium I want is Monitoras, to supply poor widowed sisters." Are there not some among our one thousand single subscribers who will now commence to act as agents for the same purpose? Every church has widows who would take the Monitor if they could, and every church has rich members, who could take it if they would.

We have received from The Little Corporal a copy of Paul Revere's picture of "Boston Harbor a Hundred Years Ago." It is valuable as a curiosity, and is offered to all who renew their subscriptions to the "Little Corporal, Chicago, Ill."

The post-office address of Bro. R. R. Sloan, the Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio Christian Missionary Society, has been changed to East Cleveland. His correspondents will please note the change.

Good! The Christian Sunday School at Manchester, Ill., are offering the Monitor as a premium to scholars for reciting verses from the New Testament.

We think of offering the Golden Queen Strawberry, as a premium to agents, if arrangements can be affected with Mr. Cline, whose advertisement all have doubtless read.

The sister who sent the club from Jarvis, Ind., is entitled to two photographs.
THE PRIZE ESSAY.

"Editor's Ladies' Christian Monitor."—The undersigned, acting as a Committee, at your request, to consider the merits of certain religious "stories" and "essays," for which you have offered a prize, having care fully considered all the MSS. placed in our hands, submit the following decision. Of the stories, there were but few written; and it is the unanimous opinion of the Committee that none of them are of sufficient merit to receive a prize.

"Of the essays, more were written, and all were of a high order. Your Committee award to the one entitled "Christian Cheerfulness" the first prize, and to the one entitled "The New Commandment," the second prize

A. R. Benton,
O. A. Burgess, 
Committee.

The above, as will be seen, is the report of the Committee appointed to adjudge the manuscripts sent in for the prize. We shall commence the publication of the prize essay in the October number.

As there were no acceptable stories, we shall still offer the money in our hands for a premium upon the best story. For various reasons we will change the offer, making the prize fifteen dollars for the best story presenting the claims of Christianity in an attractive manner. All competing manuscripts to belong to us, and to be used or rejected at discretion.

We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscript unless postage is sent for that purpose, and all manuscript requires one cent per sheet, according to the new post office law.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

We have received the following photographs from Bro. John W. Williams, of Shelbyville, Ky., and have added them to our premium list, from which agents are at liberty to select.


The following persons are entitled to photographs, for subscribers sent whenever they send stamps for postage, and make selection: Mrs. George Hora, Florus B. Young, Porter Gleason.

LITHOGRAPHIES SENT.—Margaret McFadden.
WANTED immediately, one good agent in every county to canvas for the most popular work published entitled "The History of the Religious Denominations of the World," by Vincent L. Milnor. It is embellished with fine steel portraits, and bound in a beautiful, attractive style. Agents will but need to present the work to effect a sale in most cases.

For circulars and particulars address or call on ASHER, ADAMS & HIGGINS, 76 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

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