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SERMONS FOR OUR READERS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The relation of parent and child is, in our estimation, the most sacred and responsible in human life. What love is stronger than that of the parent for the child? None, dear reader. Under the influence of this mighty affection, the poverty-stricken parent has been known to perish by consuming hunger, that his child might have the morsel of bread which was not enough to sustain two lives. Under this influence, the stern and anxious brow, wrinkled and clouded with thought and weighty cares, is relaxed, and clothed in serenity and sunshine. Under the power of this influence, the parental heart is sometimes made to weep tears of blood, and again to ebullate with pride, with joy and happiness. This affection is an instinct or principle implanted in our hearts, ingrained in our very natures; and is stronger than the love of property, or the love of life.

As an illustration of this assertion, we will mention one incident out of many which history has given us: "A father went to the agents of a tyrant to redeem his two sons, who, with other captives of war, were appointed to die. He offered as a ransom to give his own life and a large sum of money. The soldiers who had it in charge to put them to death, informed him that this equivalent would be accepted for one of his sons only: he might, therefore, choose which he would redeem. Anxious to save even one of them, at the expense of his treasure and his own life, he was yet wholly unable to determine his choice, or to decide which should die by choosing the other: the heart-strings of the father entwined around both of his boys; and he remained in the agony of this dilemma so long that both were slain, and he died with a broken heart." Ah, yes! the parent's love clings with an unyielding tenacity to those dear objects of affection, which no circumstances can break off. Poverty and suffering cannot break it; misfortunes and persecutions only tighten its cords: it holds on to the ugly, to the deformed, with an embrace as strong as that with which it enfolds the symmetrical and beautiful: even vice and disgrace cannot tear it loose: it holds on even in the prison, upon the scaffold, and lies down with the dear object in the silent grave. And, dear reader, this relation is as responsible as it is strong and sacred. It is responsible because of the powerful influence which is exerted by the parent over his offspring. As God has implanted an instinctive affection, an unyielding principle of love for the child in the parent's bosom, so he has invested this relation with an almost omnipotent influence over the actions and future destiny of the children. His voice is the first music they hear, his image is substituted for the Divine image; and so absolute is the law which impels them to imitate his every tone, action, and gesture, that his every movement drops a seed into the virgin soil of their hearts, there to germinate and grow for time and eternity. It is instinctive with the child to look on the declaration of the parent as the ultimate law, from which there is no appeal.

Who has not heard the confident expression, "I know it, for father said so!" "It is not so, for mother said it was not!"

Who among us, my readers, has not felt the power of this mysterious influence in our own hearts and judgments—an instinctive disposition, a natural proneness to believe those things which our parents believed, to love those objects which our parents loved, and respect and honor those persons whom our parents respected and honored? And who has not seen the power of this influence manifested in the established opinions of men, in morals, politics, and religion? Many persons are Whigs or Democrats because their parents were: many are Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Baptists, because their parents were such. And, in fact, where a difference of opinion in these matters does exist, it is generally produced by either a supposed or an actual and manifest error in the judgment of the parents—a conscientious conviction that they were wrong. And if this is true, O how responsible is the parent's position! How important that they "train up their children in the way that they should go!" Now, I suppose that the wise man Soloman lays down this as a general principle. There may be some exceptions, as there are to all general rules; but that it is true in the main is demonstrated by facts and by experience. It is an old and true adage, that "as the twig is inclined, so the tree will grow."

The boy who is trained up in sin and dissipation will remain a wicked profligate through life, without the interposition of Divine grace; and the man or woman who has been morally and religiously trained will be most apt to yield to the influence of heavenly love, receive the gifts of God, and adorn society with a godly walk and conversation. Who does not know that early impressions are most lasting, and that it is next to impossible to throw off old and established habits? And who has not felt the power of early training in after-life, inclining and almost impelling us to pursue the paths either of vice or virtue according to that training? Hence we venture the assertion, that two-thirds of all the estimable and respectable members of the Christian profession are such as have been piously trained either under parental or Sabbath-school influences. And nearly all of those who live and die impenitent and wicked are those who have been viciously instructed by precept or example; thus establishing the truth of this inspired declaration, "That after they are old, they will not depart from it."

Then, in view of the truth of this proposition, and the awful responsibility which rests upon us as parents, let us inquire the way in which a child should be trained. Now, we suppose that this text has particular reference to moral and religious training; and we will present the subject, in the first place, negatively; secondly, affirmatively. We remark, then, that a child should not be raised up in idleness. It was a law among the Athenians that those who had been brought up by their parents to no employment should not be provided for in their old age, as was the case with all other legitimate children. And so uncommon and so much out of fashion is idleness in China, that it is recorded of one of the emperors that seeing a man unemployed, he expressed his regret and his fears that, on account of that man's idleness, some one of his subjects would that day be without food. No disposition so totally unfits a man for all the social offices and enjoyments of life as indolence. An idle man is a blank in the creation, and lives to no purpose. He is his own tormenter—always full of wants and complaints; while his inactivity often proves fatal both to his body and his mind. The worst importunities, the most embarrassing perplexities of business, are softness and luxury compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness.

Then, dear reader, if you wish your children to be prosperous and happy, do not train them up in idleness. It leads to wantonness, to dissipation, to the grave, and to eternal death.

Again, they should not be trained up to love any of those habits or practices the tendencies of which are immoral, and which are in Scripture so significantly denominated the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." Among these may be enumerated pride, worldly ambition, a love of show, novel-reading, attending theatres, dancing-parties, etc.

We shall only notice two of these practices at the present time, and show that they are of evil tendency. And we select these two out of others particularly because many professors of religion seem to regard them as innocent and admissible. We have sometimes heard members of the Church say that there was no harm in attending theatres, that it was an innocent amusement; and we have thought that such persons could have known very little about the moral tendency of such places, or else were very deficient in their perceptions of moral evil. For who that knows any thing about the antecedents and history of this institution, from its origin among drunken revellers down to the present time, does not also know that it has ever been and is yet opposed to truth and virtue?

The fact is that the character and influence of the theatre have never been a matter of dispute among men. There is not a name of any moral weight, from the time of Solon down to the present day, which can be cited in its favor. Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Xenophon, Seneca, Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus, among the heathen philosophers and moralists; the early Christian fathers, synods, and councils; such men as Walter Scott, Johnson, Burke, and Addison; religious teachers of every sect, and the religious press generally, have united in deprecating the influence of theatres. Even Rousseau, the French infidel, himself a dramatic author, calls the theatre "a school of vice."

The first members of the American Congress, soon after the Declaration of Independence, passed the following resolution: "That whereas true religion and good morals are the only foundations of public liberty and happiness, Resolved, that it be, and hereby is, earnestly recommended to the several States to take the most effectual means for the encouragement thereof, and for the suppression of theatrical amusements, horse-racing, gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and a general depravity of principles and manners." Now, what bigots these signers of the Declaration of American Independence must have been! What a pity they had not been as liberal as some of our modern professors and members of Church!

But all irony aside. We know, dear reader, that the tendency of the theatre is evil, and only evil continually. We know that for thousands of years it has impeded social progress, and arrayed itself in more or less open hostility to virtue. We know that there is scarcely a sin which it has not fostered, or a vice which has not found shelter under its dark ægis of protection. It has cultivated false views of life; it has vitiated the taste of society; it has prejudiced popular education; it has wasted money; it has squandered time; it has exposed virtue and encouraged vice.

And these are only a few of the charges which an impartial history brings against the theatre, and which its most skilful apologists are challenged to palliate or deny. Who, dear reader, ever saw a theatre without a dram-shop attached? Who ever saw a theatre without billiard and card-tables adjacent, and with all the paraphernalia of vice and depravity?

Then, Christian parents, if you would "train up your child in the way he should go," keep him away from this sink of iniquity, guard him against the fascinations of this gorgeous deceiver, this tinselled panderer to the depraved tastes and appetites of his fallen nature.

Another practice, the tendency of which is evil, but which nevertheless some professors of religion and members of the Church regard as not only innocent, but even as a necessary accomplishment, is that of dancing. But perhaps some of our readers are ready to say, Surely you will not condemn dancing also, for we have read in the Bible that even holy men and women danced. This is true; but their dancings were performed as acts of religious worship and praise to God for mercies and blessings received. And if the dancing of the present day is for the same purpose, we will not object to it. Now, we have examined every passage in the Bible in which dancing is mentioned, and have arrived at this conclusion: that it was practiced only on joyous occasions, and as an act of religious worship; that no instances of dancing are found on record in the Bible in which the two sexes united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement; that men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to pur-

poses of amusement, were deemed infamous; that there are no instances in the Bible of social dancing for amusement except three, namely: that of the "vain fellows void of shame," alluded to by Michal, the daughter of Saul; secondly, the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety, and ended in destruction; and, thirdly, the dancing of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of the King, and the death of John the Baptist. And one may as well argue in favor of intemperance and drunkenness, from the Bible fact that Paul exhorted Timothy to "take a little wine for his stomach's sake," as to argue in favor of the dancing of the present day from that mentioned in the Bible. The vain, exciting, and soul-intoxicating amusement now practiced at balls and dancing-schools is as different from the holy dances performed as acts of worship to Almighty God, as is the poisonous compound now called wine from the pure and nutritious juice of the grape which the apostle commended to his fellow-laborer.

But that the tendency of public dancing-parties and balls is evil and injurious, must be apparent, we think, to every impartial observer. They have the tendency to increase the natural vanity and love of show common to young minds. The young man or woman who attends such places becomes vain of his or her personal appearance, and must spend hours in adorning in order to make a suitable show. This leads to extravagance. The young lady must involve her father in debt to obtain ribbons, flowers, and jewelry; and the young man will spend his last dime for pumps and white kid gloves. They inspire an undue excitement, an exuberance of feeling, which is almost sure to lead to other extravagances and other dissipations. Very few young men are in the habit of attending such places who do not also contract the habits of drinking and playing cards, and the young ladies those of indolence and novel-reading.

But above all, such amusements have the dangerous tendency not only to extinguish any religious feeling or impression which may have been made, but of excluding every pious thought, and shutting the heart against every holy and heavenly disposition. And yet professors of religion even send their children to dancing-schools, to train them up for these unholy, vitiating, demoralizing, and soul-destroying amusements and dissipations. Like those mentioned in the twenty-first chapter of Job, "They send out their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They shout with the tabret and harp, and rejoice to the sound of the pipe. In prosperity they spend their days, and in a moment go down to the under world. And they say unto God, Depart from us; for we desire not a knowledge of thy ways."

We have seen children sent to dancing-schools who became so fascinated and taken up with that amusement that they thought of little else from one dancing day to another, and could scarcely walk across the parlor-floor without cutting a step or running through a figure. They had no time for their studies, and talked of nothing but dancing. And is this the way in which the Divine injunction would have us to train them up, that when they are old they may not depart from it? Ah, no! Christian reader. This is training them up in the vanities of life, in the lusts of the flesh: this is binding upon them the shackles of unholy desires, of wanton and dissipated habits: this is training them up to intoxicating pleasures, to restless dissatisfaction with life, and at last for a dark and hopeless grave.

"I was once called," said a venerable minister of Jesus, "to stand by the bedside of a beautiful young mother, whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish, deep, hopeless anguish was riveted on her countenance. Death was knocking for admission: her time had come. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was: 'I have no objection; but prayers will be of no avail now: it is too late, too late—I must die! I am lost, lost for ever!' I prayed earnestly for her; but her hard heart was untouched. There was in it no fountain of love to its Maker: it was too late. And what was the cause of her cold and careless indifference? Listen, fathers! listen, mothers! and from her who being dead yet speaketh, learn a lesson. This lovely young mother was at a very early period of her life deeply and seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and the arrows of conviction were fastened in

her heart. 'My mother,' said she, 'sent me to a dancing-school, and I danced all my convictions away.' As she lived, so she died—without Christ and without hope." Christian brother and sister, shall this be the consequence of the training of our children? O, no! let us train them up in the way they should go—in that way in which they will be useful and happy, in life, in death, and in eternity. Instead of training them in idleness, train them to habits of usefulness and industry. Instead of the depraving novels and sickly romances of the present day, let us place in their hands those books from which they may derive useful knowledge, and soul-inspiring and soul-ennobling thoughts. Let us teach them to study the Heaven-inspired volume: to learn its sacred truths, to obey its holy precepts, and to adorn their lives with its hallowing virtues and its transcendent beauties. Instead of the obscene and vitiating influences theatres throw around their young hearts, the celestial influences, the heart-consecrating glories of the religion of Christ—nowhere more impressive than in the family circle of prayer. Let them carry with them into the busy scenes of the world a vivid remembrance of a father's and a mother's prayers, of the domestic altar, and the "old family Bible that lay on the stand." We do not fully appreciate the value and power of such early impressions made upon the youthful mind. It is said of Amelia Geddie, a Scotch lady eminent for piety, that she had an early attachment to prayer, and such an extraordinary gift in it, that at the age of four years she prayed in the society of experienced Christians to whom her mother introduced her. And being questioned on one occasion by a good man, she answered: "When I was a very small child, my mother taught me to pray, but now the Lord teaches me." And when asked how she knew the teachings of the Lord from those of her mother, she replied: "The Lord makes me both to rejoice and to weep: he makes my heart glad, and gives me new words."

We once had a very affecting proof of the power of early impressions in our own family. The only son of the writer was in his infancy dedicated to the service of God. We gave him to Christ. And from the time he could lisp the name of Jesus, we taught him to repeat a little prayer every night before going to bed. When he was about six years of age, he was violently sick, and lay for several days deranged and expected to die. He recognized no one, not even his dear mother or ourself. But whenever we placed our head over his, in the position in which he was accustomed to say his prayer, he would begin and whisper it all through. Such is the influence of early training.

Sentiments of virtue and piety cannot be impressed too early on the young heart. They are the origin of respectability in society, give relish to the innocent amusements of this life, and happily prepare for the fruition of felicity in the life to come.

Instead of sending our children to the dancing-school, to imbibe vanity, worldly-mindedness, and all "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life," let us, dear Christian parents, send them to the Sabbath-school, where they may learn immortal truths, heavenly and sanctifying sentiments, elevating and eternal principles—where the bright and beautiful imagery of heaven may be impressed upon their tender hearts, to adorn, to beautify, to sanctify, and make them happy in time and eternity.

Train them up in the house of God: let them sit under the droppings of the sanctuary: accustom them to the holy precincts of Divine worship: let them learn the songs of Zion, let them listen to the strains of heavenly love: tell them of the babe of Bethlehem, point them to the struggles of Gethsemane, the agonies of Calvary, the dying Lamb, the gushing blood, the pallid cheek, the trembling limbs. O, help them to catch the healing stream, and live for ever! B.

DUELLING.

President Dwight, with all his masterly force and clearness, never made any thing plainer than the baseness of the motives involved in duelling. The duellist is a character who, in the sight of God, bears the two-fold crime of being a *suicide* and a *murderer*. For he who deliberately meets his rival in mortal combat, wilfully exposes himself to be

killed—where at least there is an even chance of his being killed—in which case the man is a suicide. He makes up his mind that he is to die. This is indicated by the fact that the persons who have any property to leave, or families to provide for, when preparing for a duel, have generally been particular in making their wills, as other men do in the near and certain approach of death. All that is characteristic and essential in the motives of the suicide, does implicitly belong to the motives, however mixed and complicated, which actuate the duellist.

On the other hand, the duellist is in heart a murderer. He wilfully intends to kill: he judges that there is at least an even chance for killing his adversary, and he takes every advantage to improve his opportunity. If the man does not meet the fate of the duellist, nor imbrue his hands in the blood of his foe, by the final act, yet in point of *motive*, and in the sight of God, he is guilty of both of these crimes. He does all that he can to perpetrate the one or the other, and possibly both, at the same time. He does this, too, not from mere impulse, but from forethought and wilful deliberation. He knowingly provides himself with deadly weapons to take the life of a fellow-man, for causes which, however aggravating, he has no jurisdiction over as to inflicting the penalty of death. If he gains his purpose in destroying his adversary, he does not vindicate himself from the charge of the wrong, real or groundless, by which he was instigated to the combat.

If the duellist falls a victim, he does not lose the guilt, in point of motive, of aiming at the destruction of another's life; while he violates the laws of God and man. And whether he falls himself, or causes another to fall, he inflicts irreparable injury upon others whom he had no right to injure. If he has parents, he violates the laws of filial duty and affection. If he has children, he sacrifices his sacred duties for the support and protection which he owes to them; and if he leaves them helpless and friendless, he also transmits to them the heirloom of a conscience and of a hereditary reputation stained with blood. If he has a wife, he perjures himself of the vows of the marriage covenant, and abandons every principle of manly justice and honor which he owes to the dependent being whom he has sworn to comfort and provide for.

The pleas set up in defence of duelling will not bear the light for a moment. As to being a proof of courage, we are justified in saying that the veriest cowards are often goaded on to fight even against their will. Facts within our knowledge, relating to several parties who have acted as duellists, are enough to satisfy us that fighting men are often nearly as destitute of physical courage as they are of moral fortitude. We once knew an affair when both parties, after firing without effect, were removed from the field almost in a fainting condition, and one of them, we believe, actually swooned from fright. And this explains the fact why men accustomed to fire at targets with a pistol do not hit each other in one instance out of ten when they fire at each other. Any one having much insight of human nature, or who has seen the bluster and recklessness of a certain class of fancy-men, will not have his respect greatly increased for duellists as men of courage. It requires immeasurably more of manliness, magnanimity, and moral heroism, sometimes to decline a duel; and there are many noble instances which confirm this statement. For a long time past, the men who lead society in this country and in England have not lent their example to the duelling code.

A few years ago, a notable example occurred in England which did more to consign the duelling code to ridicule and desuetude than the literary genius of another Cervantes could have done in a new version of Don Quixote. An English admiral, of long service and tried courage, declined to fight in vindication of the honor and fair fame which it was said the common law could not protect with penalty and retribution against dishonor. In the alleged default of law for guarding reputation and honor, it was said that no other redress could offer but the "field of honor." The admiral, above all suspicion of a want of nerve, known as he was to be a man of dauntless and almost reckless courage, determined to honor the laws of his country by trying how far they would reach in protecting innocence and honor from assaults not always indictable. He took the ground that dishonor was the heaviest calamity; that a loss of re-

putation was more grievous to a man than a loss of property, or even of life; that one who invaded another's domestic peace, or stained his honor, was actionable for a far higher measure of punishment than any mere trespass on person or property. He therefore litigated the case, placing the damages in an enormous sum, which he gained, and which were intended to come upon the offender as a punishment, rather than upon the aggrieved party as an indemnity; and as we remember the case, the sequel proved that the officer was not actuated by mercenary motives. It is a noteworthy fact that for many years past we have seldom heard of an affair of duelling in England; and among the well-ordered and elevated classes, scarcely at all.

The alleged support of an honorable and elevated tone of public manners and feelings, by the censorship of the duelling code, is the veriest figment. No man degrades the laws and the society under which he lives so strikingly as the duellist. He sets at defiance the common statutes, with all their penalties, and ventures to walk forth a flagrant lawbreaker; while others for trivial offences are immured in jails. But more than this: a man who fights to do what he says the laws cannot do for him, or when public opinion will not sustain him, charges his government with inefficiency, its laws with crudeness and barbarism, and the mass of society with a semi-savageism. The implied condition of the society which cannot protect its constituents and citizens without such bloody tests as duelling, is one, when closely scrutinized, of acknowledged moral and social degradation.

The men who are so tremblingly alive to their reputation as to think of vindicating it by a code so beset with false motives and issues, imply that they have too much reason to fear the consequences of exposing their own real inward character, and their personal and actual history. It is the worst kind of cowardice that cannot trust to one's reserved sources for character and reputation.

It is the law of expediency, the force of fashion, the abject fear of men, that haunt the imagination of the duellist. Why will a man resent the charge of being called a liar, or a libeller, or a deceiver, and would rather die than incur the charge of cowardice, by his fellow-men, of his own level of views, when his own conscience tells him that he has broken his most sacred word to God, which he pledged at some period when his conscience was awakened, or at some time of trouble and deep affliction? And why will many a one act the part of respect and deference before those of his fellow-men, even, whom he will ridicule in their absence, and thrust a stab at their reputation, while he would not dare to utter a disrespectful word in their presence? The case is clear. Such men have masked their characters from themselves by their own deceivings; while they are generally read, and read aright, by the better judges of men and the valuable portion of society.

This miserable bondage and time-serving to the so-called code of honor has been vainly seeking to regain its place in high circles and in political relations in several parts of our country lately. We trust, however, that this relic of barbarism will not be revoked from its merited disgrace and oblivion.

We cannot conceive that any Christian man will pretend to vindicate duelling by the sanctions of religion. We doubt, also, if there is any persuasion of orthodox Christians who could tolerate the continuance of Church communion in a member who engages in duelling. If any would wish to see the duelling code laid bare in all its barbarous and loathsome features, we can refer them to the articles on this subject in the writings of Jeremy Taylor and President Dwight.—*Southern Baptist.*

NEWS FROM CHINA.

I HAVE just made an arrangement to procure the current news of the country as it arrives in the city, (Canton,) with a Chinese gentleman connected with the mandarin offices; and he will also furnish me with copies of The Peking Gazette: from whom I have just received the following item of information. A letter received at the Governor's office, March 11, brings the following information: "The soldiers and people of Hunan province (immediately north of Kwangtung) had united and chased the rebels from Cham-chau city back to the borders of Young-

shau in Kwang-tung province, where they had located themselves; but were routed by the villagers, with the loss of several hundred, on the 15th of February, ult. On the 16th, the rebels routed the soldiers, and took possession of their encampment, of whom they killed and wounded more than eighty, after a fight of four hours. On the 22d, the soldiers from the two adjoining districts in Hunan and Kwang-tung united and killed more than 2000 rebels, and took 500 prisoners." The last clause is most likely an exaggeration.

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

The merchants at Hong-Kong, where I arrived on the 25th Feb, ult., feel much perplexed at the annoyances and prohibitions thrown in the way of the Chinese emigrating to California by the Legislature of that State. One of the American merchants there said that those prohibitions were impeding and hindering a fine and flourishing trade: that not only the Chinese were hindered, without a sufficient cause, from going themselves, but that the mercantile intercourse was impeded, and hence the interest of both nations injured. "Perhaps twenty vessels," said he, "would have gone this year from China to California but for those impediments, not only freighting passengers but goods also." "You ought," said he, "to make known this matter in your communications." And one of the missionaries there informed me that some of his former pupils, who had been to California, came back much disheartened; and, said he, "it will be difficult to renew the confidence of the Chinese and the intercourse as formerly." And to me it seems very unfortunate that those prohibitions and ill-feeling towards the Chinese in California should occur just at this crisis. As the treaty is to be renewed with the Chinese Government (should it continue in existence so long) next July, it will be well if the kind of treatment the Chinese have received in California should not have a deleterious effect in forming those amicable relations desirable.

REVOLUTION.

The Chinese revolution is still going on in the interior. When speaking to the Bishop of Victoria on the subject of the revolution the other day, "We made," said I, "too much of the revolution at first, and now feel disappointed that it has not succeeded as soon as we expected." "Yes," said he; "and now are in danger of making too little of it." Not an unusual course, to run from one extreme to the opposite. And it is manifest by the accounts given by the Imperialists themselves in The Peking Gazette that the revolution is making progress. In the Gazette of the 18th of January last, it is acknowledged that the insurgents have taken the cities of Suy-chow and Lin-keang, in the province of Keang-se. And it had just been acknowledged in a previous number that they had attacked and burned the city of Teh-gnau on the Poyang Lake. The country has also been invaded on the west, as acknowledged in the Gazette by western barbarians, supposed to be Nepaulese, who had cut off the Chinese officers and soldiers. In fact, there is no good ground yet to despair but what the revolution will be successful. It may cost many lives first and last; but even this may only be the fulfilment of the scripture which says: "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish"—Isa. lx. 12—and the introductory preparation for the realization of that more glorious promise that the remnant shall return and come "from the land of Sinim." Isaiah xlix. 12.

OUR COMMISSIONER.

The United States plenipotentiary, Hon. Peter Parker, arrived at Canton this afternoon, (March 8,) and was greeted most cordially by his old friends, who met him at the American Consulate, where he gave them a short address, which I believe in its spirit and tone was very satisfactory to the members of the community present. In alluding to the policy of the Government, he said it was to retain whatever advantages have been acquired, and make advances in the enlargement of intercourse with China as fast as circumstances would permit; and that the course of policy marked out by his own Government was cordially corroborated by the other two great Powers—England and France—which have treaties with China, and would be sustained by the navy, if need be. He alluded to the revolution that has been going on these

five or six years in the country, the headquarters of which are located at Nanking, and said he knew not what would be the result, but that his official intercourse would be with the old Imperial Government. He said that the time for trifling had passed—that a new, earnest, and conscientious course of policy, which he believed would be for the good of China as well as the governments having intercourse with China, would be mildly but firmly pursued! At this declaration, there was a general clapping of hands indicative of approbation. We drank his health—some with water, others with wine or something stronger—and took our departure.

I. J. R.

Canton, March, 1856.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

BY W. S. H.

I.

To thee, my God, to thee
A suppliant eye I raise!
Though health forsake
And cares o'ertake,
I'll still thy goodness praise.

II.

From thee, my God, from thee
An alien I've become!
A wanderer here,
In doubt and fear,
I kneel before thy throne.

III.

In thee, my God, in thee
Alone my trust I'll place!
My sins forgiven,
My soul in heaven
Will magnify thy grace.

IV.

With thee, my God, with thee,
O, let my spirit rest:
Where grief and cares,
And doubts and fears,
No more can thrill my breast!

V.

For thee, my God, for thee,
If cherished by thy love,
Through endless time,
By grace divine,
My gratitude I'll prove!

Nashville, Tenn.

THE CHILD-CHRIST.

Suggested by a beautiful picture by G. C. Thompson, of Boston.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

From off thy forehead, child divine,
The rich locks fall in sun-bright flow;
And on thy lips the light of life
Is rosy with its morning glow.

But godlike power already rests
Upon that brow, serene and fair;
And gazing in thine eyes, we see
A mighty purpose deepening there.

The grandeur of a perfect soul
Informs that slight frame's wondrous grace,
And glorious lights are breaking through
The childish beauty of thy face.

By that small hand to heaven upraised,
We know thee to thy birthplace true:
It says to all the claims of earth,
"I have my Father's work to do!"

And yet thy solemn eyes do seem
To look through all thy coming life—
Thy ministry of power and pain,
The joy, the triumph, and the strife.

Thou hearest man's imploring cry,
Thou seest thyself in thy young years,
Resigned to toil for his great needs,
To prayer, to watching, and to tears!

Love wounded by the hard world's hate,
And heavy-laden with its woes,
The heartless treachery of friends,
The cruel mockery of foes:

The Garden of Gethsemane,
Its night of agony and prayer,
The cross-crowned Mount of Calvary,
The awful consummation there.

Though, like some dread apocalypse,
Such visions to my gaze unroll,
They fright not from its holy calm
Thy faithful and adoring soul.

It standeth still and undismayed,
For that it heareth even now
Earth's countless voices pleading rise,
We're doomed to die! Redeem us thou!

For on thy heart, despairing hangs
A world of sorrow and of crime;
And the great ages call to thee
Adown the long, sad track of time.

unto night showeth knowledge," of the great God. "His way is in the sea, and his path is in the great waters."

> "You read His awful name, emblazoned high,
> In golden letters, on the illumined sky;
> You see reflected in the abyss beneath
> The symbols of Almighty power and wealth."

Be it storm or calm—is it the glassy, heaving sea, placid as the hushed, breathing infant; or the sea lashed into billows and foam, like an angry giant—it is alike expressive of the Divine tranquillity, or the Divine power and majesty. Always is it a broad mirror, reflecting to human eye the being and omnipresence of the Almighty.

Landsmen know how pleasing it is to stand alone, and listen with subdued, silent joy, to the dash of ocean on his winding shore, when agitated by a storm. The loud thunder of pursuing surge upon surge, as they curl and fall upon a lengthened beach, or make the tall, beetling crags to tremble with their shock, is a deep-toned music one loves to hear. It awakens "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul," and begets emotions we try in vain to utter, yet cannot wholly conceal. While it elevates, it soothes the spirit; and even in bad men it has a strange power to calm the surges of the angry mind.

If we view the ocean, again, not as a work of the Almighty, or as a scene of sublimity, but in its bare utilitarian purposes, as a vast treasury of waters, to cleanse the air, to supply the clouds, to invigorate the thirsty land, how perfect its adaptation to those great ends! Always in motion, containing within itself inexhaustible vital springs, it never mantles, or loses its salubrious purity, though it washes the filth of a world, and is both the womb and grave of countless forms of organic and animal life. Like its affluent Creator, giving doth not impoverish, withholding doth not enrich it. It meets all demands: it fills always its place. Though all the rivers run into the sea, it overflows not, but to the place whence the waters come, thither in the ceaseless circle they return again.

Geographers tell us it covers three quarters of the earth's surface; and La Place estimated its average depth at over two miles. If we suppose its medium depth to be only two miles, and its water to be poured over all the surface of the earth now dry, it would inundate all the dry land to the depth of six miles.

If we view it once more as the great highway of nations, how ample its dimensions, where all the world's ships and navies may ride abreast, and on whose broad surface you may sail for months without meeting another, and deem yourself all alone in the wide, wide main! A way so broad, that two ships may start together like coursers on the race-ground from the same point, to make one port, and yet never cross each other, or heave in sight till the voyage be up. A broad belt of water encompassing the earth with a convexity of eight inches to a mile, and uniting widely-remote regions, on which you may go in a circle east or west, and from hemisphere to hemisphere, till your head is downward and your feet upward to the place you left, and so onward dry-shod to the point of departure. In your course, you may prove all the winds of heaven, and be drifted by a thousand counter-currents, and yet, by the skill of the mariner, they shall all be made, in different degrees, to promote your progress.

Thus rolling its billows from continent to continent, the great thoroughfare of white-winged commerce, equalizing temperatures, never absolutely at rest, but with steady change ebbing and flowing, and feeling through every particle of its mighty mass the strong constraint of sun and moon; vexed and heaved into fluid mountains by storms, and thundering against its granite ramparts with a force that often rends and overflows those rock-ribbed barriers—who can contemplate it—still more, who can go down upon it, without amazement and awe?

Many men from the mountains and forests can perhaps remember the first time they beheld this august and glorious spectacle, and the very thoughts and emotions to which the sight gave birth. I recall now, as if it were but yesterday, its first deep impression on my wondering mind, when, an inland schoolboy, used only to the rivers, rocks, and woods of Maine, I was taken by my mother one morning, as we were on a journey, to a high hill, and there burst upon me, dazzling in the morning sun, a limitless expanse, that seemed to my youthful mind just like eternity. And

is not this, that was my first boy's lesson and use from the sea, its best one, to give me an image of ETERNITY and GOD—God's eternity! and to generate awe, adoration, and love of him! And is not this the way that the liquid acres of the deep, tossing themselves evermore to the winds, and rolling their mighty anthems round the world, may be the most valuable and *productive acres* God has made? "Great emotions and devout affections" "are better fruits than corn, more precious luxuries than wine or oil. And God has built the world with a visible aim to exercise his creatures with whatever is lofty in conception, holy in feeling, and filial in purpose, towards himself. All the trials and storms of the land have this same object. To make the soul great, he gives us great dangers to meet, great obstacles to conquer: deserts, famines, pestilences, walking in darkness, regions of cold and wintry snow, hail and tempest—none of these are, in his view, elements of waste and destruction, because they fructify the moral man. The sea is a productive element of the same class."

We close our meditation, then, as we began it, with God:

"Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till 't is pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again:
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date."

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"TOM! Here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in tones of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions.

"Do you hear, Sir?" spoke the father, more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step, the boy left his play, and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's-pace?" said the latter, angrily: "Come quickly—I want you! When I speak, I look to be obeyed instantly. Here, take this note to Mr. Smith; and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go."

The boy took the note. There was a cloud upon his brow. He moved away, but at a slow pace.

"You, Tom! Is that doing as I ordered? Is that going quickly?" called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour, I will punish you."

But words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent. He experienced a sense of injustice—a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrences. "My words make scarcely any impression on him."

"Kind words are often most powerful," said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and refreshing dews; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. The first develop and strengthen good affections; while the other sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try him with kind words: they will prove a hundredfold more powerful."

The father seemed hurt by this reproof; but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay, and meditated the infliction of punishment; but the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them. At last the lad came slowly in, with a cloudy countenance, and reported the result of his errand. Having stayed far beyond his time, he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it in a spirit of angry defiance. To his surprise, after delivering the message he had brought, his father, instead of an angry reproof and punishment, said kindly: "Very well, my son. You can go to your play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh

words had not clouded his mind nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions, he went and sat down by himself, grieving over his act of disobedience. As he sat thus, he heard his name called. He listened!

"Thomas, my son," said his father, kindly. The boy sprang to his feet, and was almost instantly beside his parent.

"Did you call, father?"

"I did, my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Long for me?"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner. He looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it, he bounded away with a light step.

"There *is* a power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing, after the lad's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back, and with a cheerful, happy face, said: "Can I do any thing else for you, father?"

Yes, there is power in kindness. The tempest of passion can only subdue, constrain, and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew, and the sunshine.

THE IMAGINATION IN CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

The imagination in childhood is exceedingly active, and every judicious parent will strive to give it a healthy tone, and to cultivate it in a proper direction. Illustrations of the sad and disastrous effects of the improper cultivation of the imagination in early life are to be met with everywhere. At a social gathering, recently, the conversation turned upon this subject, and several adults related their own unhappy experience of the ill effects of a disordered imagination, induced by the injudicious treatment of parents, and by reading works which should always be prohibited to childhood.

"I well remember," said one, "how sad the effect which a certain kind of fictitious reading, the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, for instance, had upon my young mind. I was rendered morbidly sensitive and excessively timid by their perusal."

"And so was I," added another, who was a minister of the gospel: "I was afraid to go anywhere in the dark, especially if alone, lest I should behold some spectre, or meet with banditti, of whose lawless deeds and unholy life I had been reading. The novels I pored over in secret, but their effects were visible."

I listened to the conversation, which soon became general, with deep interest, for I felt that my own experience coincided with their opinion, that the imagination in childhood is exceedingly active, and, if ill-fed, will be morbidly excited. I well remembered how, to myself, the very idea of going out in the dark was appalling, simply because the influence of the pernicious works which I stealthily or openly read, led me to tremble at unknown noises, and flee from darkness, lest I might suddenly view some startling sight. I know from personal experience that the imagination of childhood is active, for many a time, in the stillness of a summer-eve, or the hush of midnight, have I listened in my lonely bed, hoping to hear the sighing of the evening breeze, or the moaning of the night-wind, fearing if I did not, that an earthquake was nigh at hand; for I had read that previous to those terrible events the air is hushed to portentous repose. If the storm-wind howled, or the autumnal blast wailed round my dwelling, I felt at ease, for then I dreaded not the result which my morbid imagination, fed by improper books, or by the reading of books which I did not understand, and about which I had no one to ask, led me to fear.

This fear of earthquakes when there was no breeze, was first implanted by the injudicious remark of a timid aunt, who, if she had rightly weighed the import of her words on the sensitive imagination of childhood, would never have spoken them.

The influence of the books read in childhood is far-reaching, even when in later years the strong man-wisdom casts out the follies of earlier life. For, once, when passing through the long hall of a theological seminary with my husband, at midnight, as we were about to visit a dying student, the moonlight streaming through the large uncurtained windows, reminded me of similar scenes in the romances

I read years ago, when persons seeking to unfold some hidden mystery were silently passing through some moonlit corridor.

The imagination is a God-given faculty, and as such should be highly prized. But, like all our other faculties, it is liable to abuse. With all my heart, I say to you, dear reader, cultivate your own imagination till you can enjoy the beautiful in all the works, but especially in the word, of God. Cultivate it, till you can call up vividly to your mind the image of a Divine Saviour, "holy, harmless, and undefiled;" and the more you can thus realize the excellences of the Redeemer, the more nearly will you be likely to imitate them. I repeat the idea, though in a different form, of Mrs. Mary G. Chandler, in her "Elements of Character." "Religion does not become a personal matter to us until it takes the form of hope. While it is simply a thing of thought, it is cold, barren faith, and we care nothing for it; but when imagination touches it, faith is changed to hope, and we begin to perceive that religion is a thing to be desired in our own persons."

The imagination in childhood, then, should be cultivated, and is also liable to abuse. Mother, whose eye rests on these pages, a word to you! When the dear child that you cherish so tenderly clings to you from terror, whether it be imaginary or the cause is known, chide him not. Treat him not harshly, but gently as the compassionate Saviour would do: soothe his fears, calm his perturbed spirit, and, as far as possible, remove the cause of his terror, whether it be in himself or around him. When the winds howl and the windows rattle, filling his young imagination with fears, sit by his bedside, with his little hand in yours, and tell him in soothing tones of the good Lord that "holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hands," and he will, by-and-by, learn to trust in his mother's God, and fear no evil. You may have to do this often, but infancy is good ground in which to sow the good seed, and God has promised an abundant harvest.

And when he is old enough to read, know thou, Christian mother, what food is nurturing or morbidly exciting thy child's imagination. Be at hand to explain to him, and endeavor to preöccupy his mind with great and good and loving thoughts, so that in his trustful spirit there shall be no room for fears. Where the earth is filled with wheat, how can there be room for the tares?

Perhaps, as in mine own case, God's Holy Spirit may purge the affections and control the imagination in after-life; yet wait not for that, but spare the soul of thy child much sorrow and much evil before the days when his heart shall be wholly the Lord's. Cultivate aright the imagination of his childhood, that the imagination of his later years may have freer scope and holier enlargement. And thine shall be a rich reward when the Voice shall utter in the ears of both mother and child, "Come up hither!"

I REMEMBER.

BY HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light—
The lilacs, where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers, then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high:
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky!
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY CAROLINE ELLEN.

'Tis the silver thread that draws me nearer heaven! Even now, as it lies quiveringly between my fingers, sparkling with the hues of the glorious sunlight, my thoughts, that have been too long earth-nurtured, are being softly spiritualized, and the other home, with its pearly gates and golden streets, seems like a far-off country drawing near. Bright forms of light are revelling amid the immortal gleamings from the great white throne, and he who last went there from our now deserted fireside seems stretching his paternal arms toward me, as if once more to take me to his bosom.

Ah! these are thoughts ideal, it may be; but the saddening real so often dims my vision, that such phantasies are sweet as lily bells amid rank and poisonous weeds.

The first gray hair! shall I tell you of it? O, it has woven many a gossamer-link for me around the time-worn arches of memory!

It was a sunshiny summer day, and as "the old man sat in his easy-chair," I, with childish industry, was smoothing the raven masses about his noble brow. There is a magic in the gentle tones of a father's voice; and as he tremblingly told me of the household dove who had years since gone to her rest, my spirit blended in blissful unison with his, and together we went forth to meet her.

Alas! it was a mysterious interchange that divine love thus effected, when as I, a stranger in the wide, wide world, first heard a father's tones, she, the fragile and the gifted, the loved and the cherished, crossed the golden threshold, and joined the sweet song of the redeemed. Then there were years of anxiety and weariness: the helpless babe clung to life by the tiniest thread, and the parent's heart grew old with alternate hope and fear. I was spared to him—all he claimed of earth; and as a heavenly light made clear my woman's mission, I began to learn to labor and to love.

He was telling me of this so tenderly, when, parting the glossy wavings about his forehead, the first gray hair, like a withered leaflet upon the rose's stalk, appeared in view. Ye may laugh who may, but has a similar talisman of enduring love and prolonged suffering never drawn the tears from *your* eyes?

Well, it is over now! One by one the silver hairs were woven, until the hoary head became "a crown of glory" to him, because "found in the way of righteousness."

"Nellie," he whispered, as on the last morn of earth his white locks were parted by the rippling breeze, and his dying head leaned heavily upon my bosom—"Nellie, home is near now: weep not, but follow on;" and unfalteringly and alone he passed up into the blossoming garden of our Lord.

Home seems very near to me sometimes, and I can almost catch the music of the spheres, as I hold this first gray hair to my heart and dream of the two loved ones who are now as one: she who so quietly gathered her robes about her, and flitted across the dark valley to the shores of light, and he who years after followed on, and having renewed his strength within him, stepped manfully down the receding shores to return not again.

FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

The hardest trial of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly, at the first sound of calamity, these superficial earthlings are specks on the horizon!

But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us.

Prosperity and adversity are both revealers: the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But, notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we should not expect them, in modest privacy enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst the plaudits of angels. And upon the whole, fairly estimating the glory, the uses, and the actual and possible prevalence of the friendly sentiment, we must cheerily strike lyre and lift voice to the favorite song, confessing, after every complaint is ended, that

> There is a power to make each hour
> As sweet as Heaven designed it:
> Nor need we roam to bring it home,
> Though few there be who find it!
> We seek too high for things close by,
> And lose what nature found us;
> For life hath here no charm so dear
> As home and friends around us.

—*North American Review.*

WYANDOT CAVE, INDIANA.

A CORRESPONDENT of The New York Tribune who has visited the lately-discovered cave in Indiana, called Wyandot Cave, gives the following description of it:

The appellation of "Wyandot" is given in honor of the tribe of Indians bearing the same name. I doubt if the Wyandots ever beheld the cave which is called after them. Their home lay farther north. However this may be, it is certain that some tribe of Indians made this, in days of yore, their place of abode or retreat. There are spots far within the cavern where, evidently, large fires have been kindled at some unknown times. Poles, cut from the white oak tree and the papaw, are found lying in piles here and there. Footprints, also, on the yielding yet enduring clay, are pointed out, which, from their peculiar shape and succession, are supposed to mark the ancient visits of the Red Man. A few Indian implements of war, such as arrow-heads and spear-heads, have also been occasionally found.

The entrance to the cave is situated on the farm of Mr. Henry P. Rothrock, in Crawford county, five miles north-east from Leavenworth, a small town on the Ohio river. It is half a mile distant from Great Blue river, (formerly called Wyandot river,) and about one hundred and twenty feet above its level. The mouth is reached, after ascending a lofty hill, by a steep, winding path. The surrounding scenery is very picturesque, reminding one of some of the wild regions of New England.

The party in whose company the writer visited the Wyandot Cave, in the month of September, consisted of three ladies and four gentlemen. Provided with candles and fireworks, we passed the outer door about one o'clock P. M. A light breeze blew out of the cave, but not sufficiently strong to extinguish our candles. On a very warm day, it is said, this breeze is increased almost to a gale, while in the winter the wind blows into instead of out from the cave.

The contrast between the warm air of the upper world and the cold air of the subterranean affected us at first very strongly. But our systems soon accommodated themselves to the change. The uniform temperature of the cave is 53° Fahrenheit—6° colder than Mammoth Cave. The atmosphere is remarkably pure and exhilarating. Our lights burned clearly and steadily everywhere. Carbonic acid and other noxious gases were entirely absent, even from the very lowest points. This great purity of atmosphere is partly to be accounted for, I think, by the presence of extensive beds of nitre. The nitrogen, which is consumed in the formation of nitrate of lime, must have its proportion of free oxygen disengaged, thus charging the air with a larger supply of this exhilarating principle. It is said that nothing ever decays here. We were shown, indeed, the remains of an opossum which had been here ever since the cave was discovered, and perhaps for a hundred years before.

A part of the cave has been known ever since 1820. This is called the "old" cave. The "new" cave was discovered in 1851. Of

the former I shall say but little: the latter is the one to which I devoted most attention.

Much of the limestone, especially in the old cave, is highly magnesian. From this has been deposited vast quantities of the sulphate of magnesia, (Epsom salt.) Dr. Adams, of Corydon, who was the former owner of the cave, once drove a thriving business here in the manufacture of this salt and saltpetre. Lumps of the sulphate of magnesia are sometimes found, varying from one to ten pounds. The earth yields from four to twenty pounds to the bushel, and the salt is of the best quality. The old cave has many fine halls and passages; but the most remarkable thing is "The Pillar of the Constitution." This is a splendid stalactitic column, fifteen feet in diameter, and twenty-five feet high. It is regularly reeded from top to bottom, and resembles a vast petrified fountain. This beautiful and stately pillar stands in the centre of the "Circle of the Union," as if to support its immense vaulted roof.

The extreme length of the old cave is three miles, and it extends generally in a northward direction. It is not much visited now. Most persons are impatient to behold the greater wonders and richer beauties which lie beyond the second door. Yet, were those still unknown, the scenes of the old cave would amply reward a visit.

There are two modes of entrance to the new cave: one is by the second door, three-fourths of a mile from the main entrance; the other is through an entrance known as "Rothrock's Straits," half a mile beyond. Passing through the second door, we entered "Bates's Lodge," a low, smoke-stained apartment, where, in winter, the bats assemble in vast numbers. Climbing "The Rugged Mount," we reached "Coon's Council Chamber," just beyond which the cave branches into two grand avenues—one leading southward three miles, and terminating in "Hovey's Point," the other northward four miles, and closing with "Butler's Point." Thus the entire length of the cave, from point to point, is precisely seven miles; but, including the various avenues, the discovered portion is equal to twenty miles. These distances, and all the others I shall mention, are the result of actual measurement.

Leaving the southern branch, we proceeded in a north-east direction, over "Hill Difficulty," to the most sublime apartment in all this Temple of Silence, namely, "The Grand Dome and Monument Mountain." This dome has hardly its superior for size and beauty in the world. Standing on the summit of the mountain, which is 175 feet high, we looked upward, but the top was veiled in black darkness: we cast our glance around us, and the same unillumined night lay beyond the dim light of our lamps. It was only after we had ignited our fireworks that we could see, far above us, the bending arch of this majestic temple, rising 245 feet from the base of the mountain; while around us extended a circular wall 1000 feet in circumference. Within this rotunda the ancient Pantheon might be placed, or Saint Paul's of London find ample room. The dome is closed at the top by a smooth, elliptical slab, beautifully fringed by broad, leaf-like, curling stalactites, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental foliage of the acanthus. The summit of the mountain is a gigantic stalagmite 120 feet in circumference, rising in three points, respectively six, five, and three feet high. These, when viewed from the mountain's base, have the appearance of three persons clad in pure white. Hence the name, "Monument Mount."

At the farther end of the Grand Dome is a most delicious spring. Here we left our basket of provisions, designing to take our evening repast beside these pure waters as we should return from our rambles.

It is often repeated that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Thus it was here but a step from the "Dome" to the "Auger-Hole." This last is a narrow, cylindrical passage, but twenty inches in diameter. Woe to the corpulent man who enters therein! Many a visitor has been compelled to make this the end of his journey. Kind nature, however, had been merciful to the members of our party; and we all passed safely through, the difficulties of the way merely furnishing us food for merriment. We presently entered the "White Cloud Room," a beautiful hall, the ceiling of which bears a fanciful resemblance to massive, snowy clouds. "The Bishop's Rostrum" lies a little beyond this, and is in the shape of a pulpit, being formed

of a stalagmite of pure white gypsum. The "Cerulean Vault" is a high, arched room, the walls of which appear tinged with a delicate blue.

Passing many fine halls and avenues, christened with sounding names adapted to the tastes of all classes, we reached the "Crawfish Spring"—so named because in it are found very peculiar, white, *eyeless* crawfish. We were so fortunate as to secure some of its curious inhabitants, which we took with us for further examination.

Re-threading the "Auger-Hole," we reached the beautiful spring and Grand Dome. Here we dispatched our evening meal, seated on broad slabs of stone. Our exercise had given us keen appetites, and we feasted as heartily as though we were above ground, instead of 400 feet beneath its surface.

It was about seven and a half o'clock when we emerged from the cave. The sun had just passed behind the western hills, and the stars were in the quiet skies. It seemed as though the Grecian fable were true, and we had actually been visiting another, a subterranean world. The warm outer air, which at noon we had left with such reluctance, now seemed hot and suffocating. We, as well as the face of nature, appeared to have undergone a change.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

One of the most memorable passages ever uttered by Mr. Webster was in vindication of the authority of conscience and of Providence, on a trial for a dark and mysterious murder: "The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed upon by a torment which it does not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising in his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It *must* be confessed—it *will* be confessed: there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession."

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious boy was to be seen; and it was evident to all that his mind was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town in that State, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is in business in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years of age, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the Supreme Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counsellors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with perfect ability, and honored in his sphere the name of a Christian, he died regretted and loved by State and nation. This man was Roger Sherman. We take particular satisfaction, now and then, in chronicling the career of these self-made men; and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our time to follow. It is the best service a journalist can perform for the good of the rising generation.

FRANK'S DREAM.

"We havn't said our prayers, mother."

"Never mind, dear, I'll hear them in the morning."

"Please to hear me say mine, mamma!"

The earnest, pleading tones in which these words were uttered made the mother hesitate for a minute before she replied: "You know mamma's in a hurry, dear. There is company in the parlor; but she'll hear them in the morning." And with a kiss, and a look of unutterable fondness bestowed upon each of her little boys, the young, beautiful, and loving, but careless, thoughtless mother, descended to the parlor, leaving the door ajar, so that if the little ones should call for any thing, they could be the more distinctly heard. The wind blew in this crevice, making the light of the candle flicker, until at last it was extinguished. There was silence in the room for some ten minutes; then a sweet, silvery voice asked, "Are you asleep, brother?"

"No," was the reply.

"I wish nursie was home to-night."

"Why?"

"Because she would listen to my prayer."

Another silence followed. Then again was heard the same sweet voice, "Let us get up and say our prayers, brother."

"Why, it is all dark, Willie."

"Never mind: we will take hold of each other's hand, and then we won't mind the dark; and you know God can see us in the dark just as plain as if it were light."

"But it's so cold!"

"We won't stay in the cold long; and we will soon get warm again when we get back into bed. Will you come, brother?"

"Mother said it was no matter: she said she would hear them in the morning."

"Maybe God will not take care of us until morning if we do not ask him to, brother. Will you come?"

"Mother knows best, and she said, never mind!"

After another silence, there was a slight rustling in the room.

"Where are you, Willie?"

"By the bedside, brother. I will pray for you too."

Some ten minutes elapsed, when again a slight movement was heard, which that the little fellow was creeping ba bed. "O, how cold you are, Willie!" exclamation as his feet touched his bro

"I do not mind it, brother, I am so I I wish you had prayed too; but I aske to take care of you to-night, and I thi will. Brother, if I should die to-ni would not be afraid: I don't think it's to die."

"I do. I never want to die and lea and ma."

"I would be willing to leave pa and live with God in heaven, and be always h and always good. Wouldn't you?"

"No: I think it is a great deal pleas here. I don't believe that they have kites or tops in heaven."

"But you know nursie says that the angels have crowns of gold upon their h and harps in their hands, and that they such beautiful music on them, and sing pretty hymns. O, I'd like to be in he with them!"

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"He is asleep yet: I spoke to him, but h did not wake."

"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him, and we will let him sleep as long a he will. I do not think that Willie is well Did you notice, dear," continued the mother, turning to her husband, "how heavy his eyes looked yesterday? But when I asked him if he was sick, he answered, in his usual gentle

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"I do not mind it, brother, I am so happy. I wish you had prayed too; but I asked Him to take care of you to-night, and I think He will. Brother, if I should die to-night, I would not be afraid: I don't think it's hard to die."

"I do. I never want to die and leave pa and ma."

"I would be willing to leave pa and ma to live with God in heaven, and be always happy and always good. Wouldn't you?"

"No: I think it is a great deal pleasanter here. I don't believe that they have any kites or tops in heaven."

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"Then she did not get home last night. She said that if her sister was worse she would stay all night with her. But where is Willie?"

"He is asleep yet: I spoke to him, but he did not wake."

"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him, and we will let him sleep as long as he will. I do not think that Willie is well. Did you notice, dear," continued the mother, turning to her husband, "how heavy his eyes looked yesterday? But when I asked him if he was sick, he answered, in his usual gentle

way, "Only a headache, mamma! I will soon be well."

"I did not observe that he looked ill," was the reply; "but if he does not appear well to-day, you had better send for the physician."

"O, I had such a funny dream last night about Willie and I!" exclaimed little Frank.

"What was it, my boy?" asked his father, willing to be amused with the prattle of his child.

"Well, after mamma left us last night the light was blown out; and Willie wanted me to get up in the cold and dark with him to say our prayers, and I wouldn't, because mamma said that we needn't say them till morning, and I thought she knew best. But Willie got up and said his; and when he came to bed again, he was so cold that it made me shiver all over to touch him. But he said he didn't mind it, he was so happy; and he talked a great deal about dying, and about the angels in heaven, until I fell asleep; and it was that which made me dream, I suppose, for I thought Willie and I went to bed just as we had done, and that he said his prayers, and that I wouldn't say mine. But I thought that the window was raised, and that the shutters were wide open, so that I lay on the bed looking up in the sky, and thinking how beautiful the moon and stars looked, when I saw away up in the heavens, farther up than the stars are, two shadows moving, that looked like two white clouds; but they kept floating down until they reached the lowest star, and then I saw that they were angels; but they looked so small at such a distance that I thought them baby-angels; but as they came nearer and nearer, they grew larger, and when they floated through the window into our room, they looked like two very lovely ladies, with crowns on their brows, like Willie told of. But one seemed rather younger than the other, and she appeared to look up to the other angel as if to be guided by her. But O, such beautiful voices as they had! When they spoke, it sounded even sweeter than the church-organ when it is played very soft and low.

"When they came towards our bed, Willie smiled, and stretched out his arms to go to them; but I was frightened, and covered my face with the bed-clothes. I was afraid that they would take me away with them, and I remembered that I had refused to pray, so I did not want to be taken where God was. Then I heard one of those beautiful voices ask, 'Are we to take both?' O, such music as was made when they talked! All around our room it floated sweeter than the soft, low carol of a bird; and I heard the answer, 'No: only the one that prayed. We are to leave the other one a little while longer upon the earth, in hopes that he too may learn to pray, before we carry him before the great Hearer of prayer.' Then they came close to me, and I trembled dreadfully, and my heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe; and they uncovered my face, and looked at me, but I did not dare to open my eyes to look at them. By-and-by, I felt a big tear drop on my cheek. O, mamma, how grieved I was to think that I had made the angels weep; for I now thought that I would so much rather have crowns like they wore, and be as good and as lovely as they, and have God love me, than have all the kites, and tops, and marbles that are in the whole world! But they passed away from me, and they went to the other side of the bed, and then I opened my eyes to watch them, and they both smiled on Willie; and when they smiled, their whole face grew bright, until they shone like the sun: then they stooped down and kissed Willie, and he smiled too, and I saw that his face was shining like theirs; and he stretched out his little arms again, and the taller angel lifted him from the bed and laid him in the bosom of the younger one, who hugged him close to her, as though she loved him so much. Then the other angel twined her arms around both, and they all three floated through the air, until they sailed past all the stars, and became like pale white clouds, that grew smaller and smaller, until they were nothing but little specks, and I saw them no more! For a long time I lay very still, looking up into the sky, hoping to see them come again, and bring Willie back again. But when I found that they came no more, O, I was so lonesome! I cried so hard; and when I looked at Willie's place in bed, and thought he would never lie there again, and that I must always sleep alone, and have no little brother to play with or to talk to, I thought my heart would break!

But when this morning came, and I awoke and found little Willie in bed with me, I was so glad and happy! His eyes were only half closed—that only made me think at first that he was awake—and his lips were parted with the same sweet smile that he wore last night when the angels looked at him, which made him seem so like one of them. That made me feel strangely again, so that I could not speak loud, but whispered softly, 'Willie! Willie!' but it did not awake him: then I laid my hand on him very gently, but he was so cold that it made me start. When I found that he did not get warm all night, I put the bed-clothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

A strange chill crept through the mother's heart as she listened; and rising from the breakfast-table, she hastened to the children's room. She found her Willie lying on the bedside, pale, cold, but very beautiful, in that sleep which knows no waking.—*Protestant Churchman.*

A CONVERTED CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP.

It has been worth all the prayers, struggles, and sufferings which it has cost, to effect what has been accomplished. What Baptist can look back upon the last century, and view the great change wrought in public opinion, and in all the prevailing denominations, without being ready to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Never perhaps, in the history of the Church, has the great truth of a converted Church-membership been so clearly taught as at the present day. It is spreading on every side. Where missions are established by the evangelical denominations abroad, it is planted, and none are admitted as communicants until they give evidence of being personally and savingly interested in the truths of the gospel. In England, this principle has an entire ascendency among the evangelical Dissenters, and in all their missions, while many of the Episcopalians uphold it in all but practice, and, through the circulation of such tracts as those of Legh Richmond and others, spread it among all classes, and indeed all nations. In France and Switzerland, the writings of Merle D'Aubigné, and men of that theological school, open it to the large class of readers. Throughout a large part of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, it is spreading by the labors of such men as Oncken and his associates. While in Prussia, the present King, as head of the National Church, has, within a few months, issued a document of much significance, announcing "determination to place his inherited authority" in the hands of "apostolically-formed churches;" that is, as he goes on to explain, "churches of small apparent size, in each of which the life, the order, and the offices of the Universal Church are brought into activity: in short, independent self-sacrificing creations, by which, as with living stones, the apostles of the Lord commenced building." Doubtless the researches and communications of such men as Neander and Bunsen, no less than those of Oncken, have in part produced these salutary convictions.

It is a pleasant and a glorious thing to see human learning and power coming round at length to concede and to support, in the very same terms, what for centuries our fathers have contended and suffered for all over the world, *i. e.*, that every true Church of God is built up of lively stones a spiritual house. Far be it from us to undervalue the labors and principles of all other evangelical Christians in bringing about a healthy state of religious opinion on this important point. Every sermon preached on regeneration has contributed to this result. But to us it seems clear that if the evangelical religion of other denominations is in favor of the truth in question, the practices of Pedobaptists are essentially opposed to it. In a word, Baptists alone can consistently advocate a Church-membership composed exclusively of those who make a credible profession of personal piety. It is necessary for the sake of their other principles. But all Pedobaptists hold it only by a happy inconsistency with theirs. For if infant baptism does not entitle its recipients to become visible Church-members, what does it effect? Just now all this may be called the popular sentiment of the whole country, but the time might soon come, should the practice of infant baptism remain, when all should retrograde. This the late declension of evangelical sentiment in the Episcopal Church, and the writings of the Mercersburg

School, indicate but too plainly. Dr. Baird, in his "Religion in America," represents many persons in Europe as utterly unable to comprehend the relation which the children of pious parents sustain to the churches in this country. He speaks of it as one practically "invisible" in all evangelical communions, and presses, as the advantage accruing, that the unconverted "occupy their proper place."—*Professor T. F. Curtis.*

THE TRUE WIFE.

An eminent writer, now no more, thus depicts the condition of a friend under the loss of his wife:

"Her reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her home; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom; her sweet humility; her sympathy, which, though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perception, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquillizing influence, mildly to be thought of, and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him left him a wound which time could not heal. Had his strength been continued, so that he could have gone from the house of mourning to the haunts of poverty, he would have escaped for a good part of the day the sense of his bereavement. But a few minutes' walk in the street sent him wearied home. There the hovering eye which had so long brightened at his entrance was to shed its mild beam on him no more. There the voice that daily inquired into his labors, and, like another conscience, had whispered a sweet approval, was still. There the sympathy which had pressed with tender hand his aching head, and, by its nursing care, had postponed the hour of exhaustion and disease, had gone. He was not indeed left alone, for filial love and reverence spared no soothing office; but these, though felt and spoken of as most precious, could not take the place of what had been removed. This great loss produced no burst of grief. It was still, deep sorrow, the feeling of a mighty void, the last burden which the spirit can cast off. His attachment to earth from this moment sensibly declined. In seasons of peculiar sensibility, he wished to be gone. He kept near him the likeness of his departed friend, and spoke to me more than once the solace which he had found in it. He heard her voice from another world, and his anticipation of that world, always very strong, became more vivid and touching."

Here, then, is a model of conjugal affection and felicity. Truly, he who finds of the Lord such a wife, finds a great treasure!

WHEN TO PRAY.

BY B. D. S.

Lovely prattler, free from care,
Sporting all the happy day,
Thou art innocent and fair,
Therefore pray!

Pray thy feet may never rove
Far from virtue's peaceful way,
Learn the wise command to love,
"Ever pray."

Boy, with spirits brave and high,
Restless as the ocean's wave,
Thoughtless of all dangers nigh,
For guidance pray!

For thee troubles, pleasures, snares,
With seductive graces wait;
Only can unceasing prayers
Secure thy feet.

Gentle girl, with laughing eye,
Fairer than a morn in May,
Lift thy guileless heart on high,
Early pray!

Pleasure, folly, fashion, mirth,
Spread for thee a dangerous way:
Prayer's thy only "Rock" on earth—
Fair one, pray!

Man, with all thy strength and pride,
High ambition, wild desires,
Cast not thou this shield aside,
"Thy wall of fire!"

Woman, with thy load of care;
Daughter, sister, mistress, wife;
Mother, fly thee oft to prayer,
Thy staff of life!

which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, as if inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fearful howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we're half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate, as all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold, and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture, the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water where the captain had also sunk from view.

But a few seconds elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after, Lancaster, with the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in, and give me an oar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is prepared for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes, as he came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's legs while his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged, and was seen no more; but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wounds received from Napoleon.

The boat was now pulling towards the brig, and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament his own cruel act which mutilated him for ever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could repair the injury that I have done to that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now fully avenged, and so is he; and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

ADVERSITY makes known to us our friends.

WOMEN IN AFFLICTION.

WHO that has often been a watcher by the bed of the sick, has not observed and admired the kindlier consideration and steadfast attention of woman! Who, blessed with recollections of a mother's care under circumstances of affliction, does not recur to her self-sacrificing devotion to the comfort of the sick! Nor is woman alone a comforter in sickness, but in those sudden vicissitudes to which business men are peculiarly liable, she proves herself worthy of our highest admiration.

"I have very often had occasion to remark," writes Washington Irving, "the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence and alive to every trivial annoyance while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, has been lifted by it in the sunshine, will, when the hardy tree is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity—winding herself in the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I have observed that a married man falling into misfortunes, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all

abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch; whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself alone and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

ON FRETTING.

"Fret not thyself," says the Psalmist. Mankind have a great proneness to fret themselves. Their business does not prosper according to their expectations; customers do not pay promptly; competition is sharp; those in whom they have confided prove treacherous; malice and envy hurl their envenomed shafts; domestic affairs go contrariwise; the wicked seem to prosper, while the righteous are abased. In every lot there is ample material to make a goad of, which may rankle in our souls. Fretting is of the nature of certain diseases, assuming various types. Disease is sometimes acute, coming on suddenly in the midst of health, and with little premonition, raging violently through the system, causing fever and racking pains, soon reaching its crisis, and rapidly running its course either to kill or to be cured. So with fretting. At times it overtakes the constitutionally and habitually patient and gentle. Strong provocation assails them unawares, throws them off their guard, upsets their equanimity, and causes an overflow of spleen that they did not know was in them to that degree. Even the gentle may thus have occasion for taking heed to the injunction, "Fret not." Diseases, however, often assume the chronic type, becoming embedded in the system, deranging its organs, interfering with the performance of the natural and healthful functions, and lingering year after year, like a vampire, to extract vital juices. In like manner, fretting becomes chronic. Peevishness, irritability, censoriousness, complaining, indulged in, assume a habit, gaining thereby strength and power, until the prevailing temper is fretfulness. It argues a sadly diseased condition of the soul when this distemper becomes one of its fixtures.—*Mother's Magazine.*

NOTHING LOST BY KINDNESS.

Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, one forenoon, when a little past Bishopton, a lady in the coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired of the boy what was his object in coming up there. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him a half-crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well.

Twenty years after this, the coach was returning to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road. When near Bishopton, a sea-captain observed an old widow lady on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopton, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and the old lady, who remained in the coach. The lady thanked him for his kindly feeling toward her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. He said he always had sympathy for weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy twenty years ago near this very place, when a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat.

"Well do I remember that incident," said she. "I am that lady, but my lot in life is changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprise, and am returning to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."—*British Workman.*

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun:

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster-transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along th' emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment-day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell:
He hides them deep like the sacred sleep
Of him He loved so well.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

TO THE POINT.

INDIVIDUAL Christians and Churches, all over our country, are feeling, ay, sorely suffering, from the whirlwinds of detraction and abuse which have characterized, undignified, and ruined for purposes of usefulness, the character of many, sent of the Churches to preach the peace of God. Truly, indeed, are the consequences of these evils upon us; and those who have superinduced them seem not to have learned that the fruit of righteousness is not sown in strife and unbrotherly warfare, but in peace. We commend to the consideration of such lovers of discord as unfortunately infest too many Churches, the following extract from The Christian Times:

"Could all the hard and harsh things which have been published these few years

past be gathered together out of our denominational journals, and given to the world in a collected form, there is not a Baptist in this whole country but would feel his face crimsoning with blushes. The consequence is before us. Division, weakness: retrenchment, when enlargement is demanded: perishing harvests, that in vain call for the reapers who have fallen out among themselves: calls for preachers, coming from the Eastward or the Westward, unheeded amid the din of our debates: while God averts his face, the Holy Spirit leaves our solemn assemblies, and the gloom of spiritual desertion fast settles down upon us. Is this picture too highly colored? We appeal to every well-informed reader, if it be at all overdrawn. Of necessity, the differences that effect these organizations, the ill-feeling engendered, act upon the Churches; and so while brethren contend on the platforms of the Societies, their spirit is caught and copied by others, and party names come to distinguish those who should be "all *one* in Christ Jesus"

"Are these things inevitable? While it is true that differences of opinion will occur on subjects of administration and policy, *must* 'anger and clamor and evil-speaking' follow? Cannot the servants of Jesus Christ, while considering and deciding such questions, still 'love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous?' As we look over our denomination and contemplate the present posture of affairs, we are made to regret that ever a word should have been uttered in our columns which was capable of being construed into harshness or unfairness. And most anxious are we to avoid every such thing in the future. We think newspaper writers are too often 'keen' and 'sharp' at the expense of their Christian candor, and 'spicy' to the detriment of the peace and union of the Church. Perhaps, too, platform speakers, on anniversary or other great occasions, sacrifice the feelings of excellent men and the harmony of the brotherhood to the applause of a party. It is not impossible for the despicable clap-trap of political conventicles to find its way into the missionary meeting or the religious assembly.

"We trust that we shall be pardoned for the plainness with which we speak of these things. May we not hope that others, who can speak with a weight in their words that cannot belong to any of ours, will give this subject the full and faithful discussion it claims? That 'new commandment' of the Saviour needs to be urged upon the attention of the brethren. We do not 'love one another.' Instead of 'marking them that cause divisions' among us, we too readily listen to their counsels and follow their example. There is no other way to heal all divisions and move in harmony once more, but to bethink ourselves that 'we are brethren.' Meanwhile, let it be remembered that there are 'six things' which the Lord hateth; 'yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.'"

A CHINESE STREET ARTIST.

A MAN seated on the pavement holds in his hand a white porcelain tile, about a foot square. This he overspreads with a deep blue color, from a sponge dipped in a thin paste of indigo, and asks us to name a flower. I suggest the lotus. He extends his forefinger—most remarkable forefinger, crooked, flexible as an elephant's trunk, and as sharp as if the end had been whittled off—gives three or four quick dashes across the tile, and in ten seconds or less, lo! there is the flower, exquisitely drawn and shaded, its snowy cup hanging in the midst of its long, swaying leaves. Three more strokes, and a white bird, with spread wings, hovers over it: two more, and a dog stands beside it. The rapidity and precision of that forefinger seem almost miraculous. He covers the tile with new layers of color, and flower after flower is dashed out of the blue ground.—*Bayard Taylor's Visit to India, China, and Japan.*

A WARNING.

IN the course of conversation with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a

schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death. We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replid, "*Not one!* I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance, of no apparent importance, has led to investigations which resulted in disgrace and ruin."

A short time after, we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, murder, arson, and perjury, he said, were common crimes with many of those who "made haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and he added, there are not a few men who may be seen on 'Change every day ignorantly striving for their own destruction. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Boston Atlas.*

CONQUER WITH KINDNESS.

I once had a neighbor—a clever man—who came to me one day, and said, "Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away."

"Why," says I, "what are my geese doing?"

"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it."

"What can I do?" said I.

"You must yoke them."

"That I have not time to do now," said I. "I do not see but they must run."

"If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the shoemaker in anger. "What do you say, Esquire White?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay for all damages."

"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news was that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last, I drove them all out, picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time, the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.

"Have you seen any thing of my hogs?" said he.

"Yes, Sir: you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know: they were made to eat it."

"How much mischief have they done?"

"O, not much!" said I. Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"O, no," said I: "it can't be!"

"Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.

"No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a few days I met him on the road, and we fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loth to move, and paused. For a moment, both of us were silent. At last he said: "I have something laboring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am very sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

"O, well," said I, "never mind: I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took any thing from him for it; but when my cattle broke into his fields after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said I to my children, "conquer yourselves, and you can conquer with kindness, where you can conquer no other way."

THE USES OF ASTRONOMY.

Our admiration of the masterly oration, delivered at Albany, on the 28th of August, 1856, by Edward Everett, on occasion of the inauguration of the Dudley Astronomical Observatory, has led us to deem it worthy of preservation in our columns. It is an elaborate and highly-finished performance, abounding in gems of thought and true sentiment, clothed with pure and beautiful language. To our mind, next to his Washington, this is the most finished of Mr. Everett's literary efforts; and when it is taken into consideration that the whole of this lengthy, scientific oration was delivered in presence of a large and enthusiastic audience without the aid of notes, one cannot but be amazed at the power of memory thus displayed by America's most gifted orator. The attention of the reader, we doubt not, will be closely enchained from the beginning to the end of the oration. We can only insert part in our present number, reserving the remainder till next month.

Fellow-Citizens of Albany:—

Assembled as we are, under your auspices in this ancient and hospitable city, for an object indicative of a highly advanced stage of scientific culture, it is natural in the first place to cast an historical glance at the past. It seems almost to surpass belief, though an unquestioned fact, that more than a century should have passed away, after Cabot had discovered the coast of North America for England, before any knowledge was gained of the noble river on which your city stands, and which was destined by Providence to determine in after-times the position of the commercial metropolis of the continent. It is true that Verazzano, a bold and sagacious Florentine navigator in the service of France, had entered the Narrows in 1524, which he describes as a very large river, deep at its mouth, which forced its way through steep hills to the sea. But though he, like all the naval adventurers of that age, was sailing westward in search of a shorter passage to India, he left this part of the coast without any attempt to ascend the river; nor can it be gathered from his narrative that he believed it to penetrate far into the interior.

Near a hundred years elapsed before that great thought acquired substance and form. In the spring of 1609, the heroic but unfortunate Hudson, one of the brightest names in the history of English maritime adventure, but then in the employment of the Dutch East India Company, in a vessel of eighty tons, bearing the very astronomical name of the "Half-moon," having been stopped by the ice in the polar sea in the attempt to reach the East by the way of Nova Zembla, struck over to the coast of America in a high northern latitude. He then stretched down southwardly to the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, (of which he had gained a knowledge from the charts and descriptions of his friend, Captain Smith:) thence returning to the north, entered Delaware Bay: standing out again to sea, arrived on the 2d of September in sight of the "high hills" of Neversink, pronouncing it "a good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see;" and on the following morning, sending his boat before him to sound the way, passed Sandy Hook, and there came to anchor, on the 3d of September, 1609—two hundred and forty-seven years ago, next Wednesday. What an event, my friends, in the history of American population, enterprise, commerce, intelligence, and power—the dropping of that anchor at Sandy Hook!

Here he lingered a week, in friendly intercourse with the natives of New Jersey, while a boat's company explored the waters up to Newark Bay. And now the great question: Shall he turn back like Verazzano, or ascend the stream? Hudson was of a race not prone to turn back, by sea or by land. On the 11th of September he raised the anchor of the "Half-moon," passed through the Narrows, beholding on both sides "as beautiful a land as one can tread on;" and floated cautiously and slowly up the noble stream, the first ship that ever rested on its bosom. He passed the Palisades, nature's dark basaltic Malakoff, forced the iron gateway of the Highlands, anchored, on the 14th, near West Point: swept onward and upward the following day by grassy meadows and tangled slopes, hereafter to be covered with smiling villages: by elevated banks and woody heights, the destined site of towns and cities—of Newburg,

Poughkeepsie, Catskill: on the evening of the 15th, arrived opposite "the mountains which lie from the river-side," where he found "a very loving people and very old men;" and the day following sailed by the spot, hereafter to be honored by his own illustrious name. One more day wafts him up between Schodac and Castleton, and here he landed and passed a day with the natives—greeted with all sorts of barbarous hospitality: the land "the finest for cultivation he ever set foot on," the natives so kind and gentle that, when they found he would not remain with them overnight, and feared that he left them (poor children of nature!) because he was afraid of their weapons—he, whose quarter-deck was heavy with ordnance—they "broke their arrows in pieces, and threw them in the fire." On the following morning, with the early flood-tide, on the 19th of September, 1609, the Half-moon "ran higher up two leagues above the Shoals," and came to anchor in deep water near the site of the present city of Albany. Happy if he could have closed his gallant career on the banks of the stream which so justly bears his name, and thus have escaped the sorrowful and mysterious catastrophe which awaited him the next year!

But the discovery of your great river and of the site of your ancient city is not the only event which renders the year 1609 memorable in the annals of America and the world. It was one of those years in which a sort of sympathetic movement toward great results unconsciously pervades the races and the minds of men. While Hudson discovered this mighty river and this vast region for the Dutch East India Company, Champlain, in the same year, carried the lilies of France to the beautiful lake which bears his name on your northern limits: the languishing establishments of England in Virginia were revived by the second charter granted to that colony: the little church of Robinson removed from Amsterdam to Leyden, from which, in a few years, they went forth to lay the foundations of New England on Plymouth Rock: the seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, after that terrible struggle of forty years, (the commencement of which has just been embalmed in a record worthy of the great event by an American historian,) wrested from Spain the virtual acknowledgment of their independence in the Twelve Years' Truce; and James the First, in the same year, granted to the British East India Company their first permanent charter—cornerstone of an empire destined in two centuries to overshadow the East.

One more incident is wanting to complete the list of the memorable occurrences which signalize the year 1609, and one most worthy to be remembered by us on this occasion. Contemporaneously with the events which I have enumerated—eras of history, dates of empire, the starting-point in some of the greatest political, social, and moral revolutions in our annals—an Italian astronomer, who had heard of the magnifying-glasses which had been made in Holland, by which distant objects could be brought seemingly near, caught at the idea, constructed a telescope, and pointed it to the heavens. Yes, my friends, in the same year in which Hudson discovered your river and the site of your ancient town, in which Robinson made his melancholy Hegira from Amsterdam to Leyden, Galileo Galilei, with a telescope, the work of his own hands, discovered the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter; and now, after the lapse of less than two centuries and a half, on a spot then embosomed in the wilderness, the covert of the least civilized of all the races of men, we are assembled—descendants of the Hollanders, descendants of the Pilgrims—in this ancient and prosperous city, to inaugurate the establishment of a first-class Astronomical Observatory.

One more glance at your early history. Three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Fort Orange was erected, in the centre of what is now the business part of the city of Albany, and a few years later, the little hamlet of Beverswyck began to nestle under its walls. Two centuries ago, my Albanian friends, this very year, and I believe this very month of August, your forefathers assembled, not to inaugurate an observatory, but to lay the foundations of a new church in the place of the rude cabin which had hitherto served them in that capacity. It was built at the intersection of Yonker's and Handelaar's, better known to you as State and

Market streets. Public and private liberality coöperated in the important work. The authorities at the fort gave fifteen hundred guilders: the patroon of that early day, with the liberality coëval with the name and the race, contributed a thousand; while the inhabitants, for whose benefit it was erected, whose numbers were small and their resources smaller, subscribed twenty beavers, "for the purchase of an oaken pulpit in Holland." Whether the largest part of this subscription was bestowed by some liberal benefactress, tradition has not informed us.

Nor is the year 1656 memorable in the annals of Albany alone. In that same year, your imperial metropolis, then numbering about three hundred inhabitants, was first laid out as a city by the name of New Amsterdam.* In eight years more, New Netherland becomes New York: Fort Orange and its dependent hamlet assumes the name of Albany—a century of various fortune succeeds—the scourge of French and Indian war is rarely absent from the land—every shock of European policy vibrates with electric rapidity across the Atlantic, but the year 1756 finds a population of 300,000 in your growing province. Albany, however, may still be regarded almost as a frontier settlement. Of the twelve counties into which the province was divided a hundred years ago, the county of Albany comprehended all that lay north and west of the city; and the city itself contained but about three hundred and fifty houses.

One more century: another act in the great drama of empire; another French and Indian war beneath the banners of England; a successful revolution, of which some of the most momentous events occurred within your limits; a union of States; a constitution of federal government; your population carried to the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and their waters poured into the Hudson; your territory covered with a network of canals and railroads—filled with life, and action, and power—with all the works of peaceful art and prosperous enterprise—with all the institutions which constitute and advance the civilization of the age; its population exceeding that of the Union at the date of the revolution—your own numbers twice as large as those of the largest city of that day, you have met together, my friends, just two hundred years since the erection of the little church of Beverswyck, to dedicate a noble temple of science, and to take a becoming public notice of the establishment of an institution destined, as we trust, to exert a beneficial influence on the progress of useful knowledge at home and abroad, and through that on the general cause of civilization.

You will observe that I am careful to say the progress of science "at home and abroad;" for the study of astronomy in this country has long since, I am happy to add, passed that point where it is content to repeat the observations and verify the results of European research. It has boldly and successfully entered the field of original investigation, discovery, and speculation; and there is not now a single department of the science in which the names of American observers and mathematicians are not cited by our brethren across the water, side by side with the most eminent of their European contemporaries.

This state of things is certainly recent. During the colonial period, and in the first generation after the Revolution, no department of science was, for obvious causes, very extensively cultivated in America—astronomy perhaps as much as the kindred branches. The improvement in the quadrant commonly known as Hadley's had already been made at Philadelphia by Godfrey, in the early part of the last century; and the beautiful invention of the collimating telescope was made at a later period by Rittenhouse, an astronomer of distinguished repute. The transits of Venus of 1761 and 1769 were observed, and orreries were constructed in different parts of the country; and some respectable scientific essays are contained, and valuable observations are recorded, in the early volumes of the transactions of the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston and Cambridge. But in the absence of a numerous class of men of science to encourage and aid each other, without observatories and without valuable instruments, little of importance could

* These historical notices are for the most part abridged from Mr. Brodhead's excellent History of New York.

be expected in the higher walks of astronomical research.

The greater the credit due for the achievement of an enterprise commenced in the early part of the present century, and which would reflect honor on the science of any country and any age; I mean the translation and commentary on Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste*, by Bowditch—a work of whose merit I am myself wholly unable to form an opinion, but which I suppose places the learned translator and commentator on a level with the ablest astronomers and geometers of the day. This work may be considered as opening a new era in the history of American science. The country was still almost wholly deficient in instrumental power; but the want was generally felt by men of science, and the public mind in various parts of the country began to be turned towards the means of supplying it. In 1825, President John Quincy Adams brought the subject of a National Observatory before Congress. Political considerations prevented its being favorably entertained at that time; and it was not till 1842, and as an incident of the exploring expedition, that an appropriation was made for a depôt for the charts and instruments of the navy. On this modest basis has been reared the National Observatory at Washington—an institution which has already taken and fully sustains an honorable position among the scientific establishments of the age.

Besides the institution at Washington, fifteen or twenty observatories have, within the last few years, been established in different parts of the country, some of them on a modest scale for the gratification of the scientific taste and zeal of individuals, others on a broad foundation of expense and usefulness. In these establishments, public and private, the means are provided for the highest order of astronomical observation, research, and instruction. There is already in the country an amount of instrumental power, (to which addition is constantly making,) and of mathematical skill, on the part of our men of science, adequate to a manly competition with their European contemporaries. The fruits are already before the world in the triangulation of several of the States, in the great work of the coast-survey, in the numerous scientific surveys of the interior of the continent, in the astronomical department of the exploring expedition, in the scientific expedition to Chili; in the brilliant hydrographical labors of the observatory at Washington; in the published observations of Washington and Cambridge; in the journal conducted by the Nestor of American science, now in its eighth lustrum; in the Sidereal Messenger, the Astronomical Journal, and the National Ephemeris; in the great chronometrical expeditions to determine the longitude of Cambridge, better ascertained than that of Paris was till within the last year; in the prompt rectification of the errors in the predicted elements of Neptune, in its identification with Lalande's missing star, and in the calculation of its ephemeris; in the discovery of the satellite of Neptune, of the eighth satellite of Saturn, and of the innermost of its rings; in the establishment, both by observation and theory, of the non-solid character of Saturn's rings; in the separation and measurement of many double and triple stars, amenable only to superior instrumental power; in the immense labor already performed in preparing Star Catalogues, and in numerous accurate observations of standard stars; in the diligent and successful observation of the meteoric showers; in an extensive series of magnetic observations; in the discovery of an asteroid and ten or twelve telescopic comets; in the resolution of nebulæ, which had defied every thing in Europe but Lord Rosse's great Reflector; in the application of electricity to the measurement of differences in longitude; in the ascertainment of the velocity of the electro-magnetic fluid, and its truly wonderful uses in recording astronomical observations. These are but a portion of the achievements of American astronomical science within fifteen or twenty years, and fully justify the most sanguine anticipations of its further progress.

How far our astronomers may be able to pursue their researches, will depend upon the resources of our public institutions, and the liberality of wealthy individuals in furnishing the requisite means. With the exception of the observatories at Washington and West Point, little can be done or be expected to be done by the government of the Union or the

States; but in this, as in every other department of liberal art and science, the great dependence, and may I not add the safe dependence, as it ever has been, must continue to be upon the bounty of enlightened, liberal, and public-spirited individuals.

It is by a signal exercise of this bounty, my friends, that we are called together to-day. The munificence of several citizens of this ancient city, among whom the first place is due to the generous lady whose name has with great propriety been given to the institution, has furnished the means for the foundation of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. On a commanding elevation, on the northern edge of the city, liberally given for that purpose by the head of a family in which the patronage of science is hereditary, a building of ample dimensions has been erected, upon a plan which combines all the requisites of solidity, convenience, and taste. A large portion of the expense of the structure has been defrayed by Mrs. Blandina Dudley, to whose generosity, and that of several other public-spirited individuals, the institution is also indebted for the provision which has been made for an adequate supply of first-class instruments, to be executed by the most eminent makers in Europe and America; and which, it is confidently expected, will yield to none of their class in any observatory in the world.

With a liberal supply of instrumental power; established in a community to whose intelligence and generosity its support may be safely confided, and whose educational institutions are rapidly realizing the conception of a university; countenanced by the gentleman who conducts the United States coast-survey with such scientific skill and administrative energy; committed to the immediate supervision of an astronomer to whose distinguished talent has been added the advantage of a thorough scientific education in the most renowned universities of Europe, and who, as the editor of the American Astronomical Journal, has shown himself to be fully qualified for the high trust;—under these favorable circumstances, the Dudley Observatory at Albany now takes its place among the scientific foundations of the country and the world.

It is no affected modesty which leads me to express the regret that this interesting occasion could not have taken place under somewhat different auspices. I feel that the duty of addressing this great and enlightened assembly, comprising so much of the intelligence of the community and of the science of the country, ought to have been elsewhere assigned; that it should have devolved upon some one of the eminent persons, many of whom I see before me, to whom you have been listening the past week, who as observers and geometers could have treated the subject with a master's power: astronomers, whose telescopes have penetrated the depths of the heavens, or mathematicians, whose analysis unthreads the maze of their wondrous mechanism. If, instead of commanding, as you easily could have done, qualifications of this kind, your choice has rather fallen on one making no pretensions to the honorable name of a man of science—but whose delight it has always been to turn aside from the dusty paths of active life, for an interval of recreation in the green fields of sacred nature in all her kingdoms—it is, I presume, because you have desired on an occasion of this kind, necessarily of a popular character, that those views of the subject should be presented which address themselves to the general intelligence of the community, and not to its select scientific circles. There is perhaps no branch of science which, to the same extent as astronomy, exhibits phenomena which, while they task the highest powers of philosophical research, are also well adapted to arrest the attention of minds barely tinctured with scientific culture, and even to touch the sensibilities of the wholly uninstructed observer. The profound investigations of the chemist into the ultimate constitution of material nature, the minute researches of the physiologist into the secrets of animal life, the transcendental logic of the geometer clothed in a notation, the very sight of which terrifies the uninitiated, are lost on the common understanding. But the unspeakable glories of the rising and the setting sun; the serene majesty of the moon, as she walks in full-orbed brightness through the heavens; the soft witchery of the morning and the evening star; the imperial splendors of the firmament on a bright, unclouded night; the comet, whose streaming banner floats over half the sky—these are objects

which charm and astonish alike the philosopher and the peasant: the mathematician who weighs the masses and defines the orbits of the heavenly bodies, and the untutored observer who sees nothing beyond the images painted upon the eye.

An astronomical observatory, in the general acceptation of the word, is a building erected for the reception and appropriate use of astronomical instruments, and the accommodation of the men of science employed in making and reducing observations of the heavenly bodies. These instruments are mainly of three classes, to which I believe all others of a strictly astronomical character may be referred.

1st. The instruments by which the heavens are inspected, with a view to discover the existence of those celestial bodies which are not visible to the naked eye, (beyond all comparison more numerous than those which are,) and the magnitude, shapes, and other sensible qualities, both of those which are and those which are not thus visible to the unaided sight. The instruments of this class are designated by the general name of telescope; and are of two kinds: the refracting telescope, which derives its magnifying power from a system of convex lenses; and the reflecting telescope, which receives the image of the heavenly body upon a concave mirror.

2d. The second class of instruments consists of those which are designed principally to measure the angular distances of the heavenly bodies from each other, and their time of passing the meridian. The transit instrument, the meridian circle, the mural circle, the heliometer, and the sextant, belong to this class. The brilliant discoveries of astronomy are for the most part made with the first class of instruments—its practical results wrought out by the second.

3d. The third class contains the clock, with its subsidiary apparatus for measuring the time and making its subdivisions with the greatest possible accuracy: indispensable auxiliary of all the instruments by which the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies are observed, and measured, and recorded.

The telescope may be likened to a wondrous cyclopean eye, endued with superhuman power, by which the astronomer extends the reach of his vision to the further heavens, and surveys galaxies and universes compared with which the solar system is but an atom floating in the air. The transit may be compared to the measuring rod which he lays from planet to planet and from star to star, to ascertain and mark off the heavenly spaces, and transfer them to his note-book: the clock is that marvellous apparatus by which he equalizes and divides into nicely-measured parts a portion of that unconceived infinity of duration, without beginning and without end, in which all existence floats as on a shoreless and bottomless sea.

In the contrivance and the execution of these instruments, the utmost stretch of inventive skill and mechanical ingenuity has been put forth. To such perfection have they been carried, that a single second of magnitude or space is rendered a distinctly visible and appreciable quantity. "The arc of a circle," says Sir John Herschel, "subtended by one second, is less than the 200,000th part of the radius, so that on a circle of six feet in diameter, it would occupy no greater linear extent than 1-5700th part of an inch, a quantity requiring a powerful microscope to be discerned at all." The largest body in our system, the sun, whose real diameter is 882,000 miles, subtends, at a distance of 95,000,000 miles, but an angle of a little more than 32′; while so admirably are the best instruments constructed, that, both in Europe and America, a satellite of Neptune, an object of comparatively inconsiderable diameter, has been discovered at a distance of 2850 millions of miles.

The object of an observatory, erected and supplied with instruments of this admirable construction and at proportionate expense, is, as I have already intimated, to provide for an accurate and systematic survey of the heavenly bodies, with a view to a more correct and extensive acquaintance with those already known, and, as instrumental power and skill in using it increase, to the discovery of bodies hitherto invisible, and in both classes to the determination of their distances, their relations to each other, and the laws which govern their movements.

Why should we wish to obtain this know-

ledge? What inducement is there to expend large sums of money in the erection of observatories, and in furnishing them with costly instruments, and in the support of the men of science employed in making, discussing, and recording, for successive generations, these minute observations of the heavenly bodies?

In an exclusively scientific treatment of this subject, an inquiry into its utilitarian relations would be superfluous—even wearisome. But on an occasion like the present, you will not, perhaps, think it out of place if I briefly answer the question, What is the use of an observatory, and what benefit may be expected from the operations of such an establishment in a community like ours?

1st. In the first place, then, we derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies, which are made at an observatory, our only adequate measures of time, and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial time-keepers—clocks, watches, and chronometers, however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated—are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them under any circumstances to escape the imperfections of all machinery the work of human hands; and the moment we remove with our time-keeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home-time alone, like the fond traveller who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clock-work of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they and not our main-springs, our expansion-balances and our compensation-pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope:

> 'Tis with our watches as our judgments: none
> Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men—each upon their own meridian—from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight: twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp, twelve amid the flaming glories of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour; twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean; twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

Not only do we resort to the observation of the heavenly bodies for the means of regulating and rectifying our clocks, but the great divisions of day and month and year are derived from the same source. By the constitution of our nature, the elements of our existence are closely connected with the celestial times. Partly by his physical organization, partly by the experience of the race from the dawn of creation, man as he is and the times and seasons of the heavenly bodies are part and parcel of one system. The first great division of time, the day-night, (nychthemerum,) for which we have no precise synonym in our language, with its primal alternation of waking and sleeping, of labor and rest, is a vital condition of the existence of such a creature as man. The revolution of the year, with its various incidents of summer and winter and seed-time and harvest, is not less involved in all our social, material, and moral progress. It is true that at the poles and on the equator, the effects of these revolutions are variously modified or wholly disappear; but, as the necessary consequence, human life is extinguished at the poles, and on the equator attains only a languid or feverish development. Those latitudes only in which the great motions and cardinal positions of the earth exert a mean influence, exhibit man in the harmonious expansion of his powers. The lunar period, which lies at the foundation of the month, is less vitally connected

with human existence and development; but is proved, by the experience of every age and race, to be eminently conducive to the progress of civilization and culture.

But indispensable as are these heavenly measures of time to our life and progress, and obvious as are the phenomena on which they rest, yet, owing to the circumstance that, in the economy of nature, the day, the month, and the year are not exactly commensurable, some of the most difficult questions in practical astronomy are those by which an accurate division of time, applicable to the various uses of life, is derived from the observation of the heavenly bodies. I have no doubt that, to the Supreme Intelligence which created and rules the universe, there is a harmony, hidden to us, in the numerical relation to each other of days, months, and years; but in our ignorance of that harmony, their practical adjustment to each other is a work of difficulty. The great embarrassment which attended the reformation of the calendar, after the error of the Julian period had, in the lapse of centuries, reached ten (or rather twelve) days, sufficiently illustrates this remark. It is most true that scientific difficulties did not form the chief obstacle. Having been proposed under the auspices of the Roman Pontiff, the Protestant world, for a century and more, rejected the new style. It was in various places the subject of controversy, collision, and bloodshed. It was not adopted in England till nearly two centuries after its introduction at Rome; and in the country of Struve and the Pulkova equatorial, they persist at the present day in adding eleven minutes and twelve seconds to the length of the tropical year.

2d. The second great practical use of an astronomical observatory is connected with the science of geography. The first page of the history of our continent declares this truth. Profound meditation on the sphericity of the earth was one of the main reasons which led Columbus to undertake his momentous voyage, and his thorough acquaintance with the astronomical science of that day was, in his own judgment, what enabled him to overcome the almost innumerable obstacles which attended its prosecution. In return, I find that Copernicus, in the very commencement of his immortal work, (De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium, fol. ii.,) appeals to the discovery of America as completing the demonstration of the sphericity of the earth. Much of our knowledge of the figure, size, density, and position of the earth as a member of the solar system is derived from this science, and it furnishes us the means of performing the most important operations of practical geography. Latitude and longitude, which lie at the basis of all descriptive geography, are determined by observation. No map deserves the name on which the position of important points has not been astronomically determined. Some even of our most important political and administrative arrangements depend upon the coöperation of this science. Among these, I may mention the land-system of the United States, and the determination of the boundaries of the country. I believe that till it was done by the Federal Government, a uniform system of mathematical survey had never in any country been applied to an extensive territory. Large grants and sales of public land took place before the Revolution and in the interval between the peace and the adoption of the Constitution; but the limits of these grants and sales were ascertained by sensible objects, by trees, streams, rocks, hills, and by reference to adjacent portions of territory, previously surveyed. The uncertainty of boundaries thus defined was a never-failing source of litigation. Large tracts of land in the Western country, granted by Virginia, under this old system of special and local survey, were covered with conflicting claims; and the controversies to which they gave rise, formed no small part of the business of the Federal Court after its organization. But the adoption of the present land-system brought order out of chaos. The entire public domain is now scientifically surveyed before it is offered for sale: it is laid off into ranges, townships, sections, and smaller divisions, with unerring accuracy, resting on the foundation of base and meridian lines; and I have been informed that under this system scarcely a case of contested location and boundary has ever presented itself in court. The general land-office contains maps and plans, in which every quarter-section of the public land is laid down with mathematical precision. The su-

perfices of half a continent is thus transferred in miniature to the bureaus at Washington, while the local land-offices contain transcripts of these plans, copies of which are furnished to the individual purchaser. When we consider the tide of population annually flowing into the public domain, and the immense importance of its efficient and economical administration, the utility of this application of astronomy will be duly estimated.

I will here venture to repeat an anecdote which I heard lately from a son of the late Hon. Timothy Pickering. Mr. Octavius Pickering, on behalf of his father, had applied to Mr. David Putnam, of Marietta, to act as his legal adviser, with respect to certain land-claims in the Virginia Military district, in the State of Ohio. Mr. Putnam declined the agency. He had had much to do with business of that kind, and found it beset with endless litigation. "I have never," he adds, "succeeded but in a single case, and that was a location and survey made by General Washington before the Revolution; and I am not acquainted with any surveys, except those made by him, but what have been litigated."

At this moment, a most important survey of the coast of the United States is in progress—an operation of the utmost consequence, in reference to the commerce, navigation, and hydrography of the country. The entire work, I need scarcely say, is one of practical astronomy. The scientific establishment which we this day inaugurate is looked to for important coöperation in this great undertaking, and will no doubt contribute efficiently to its prosecution.

Astronomical observation furnishes by far the best means of defining the boundaries of States, especially when the lines are of great length and run through unsettled countries. Natural indications, like rivers and mountains, however distinct in appearance, are in practice subject to unavoidable error. By the treaty of 1783, a boundary was established between the United States and Great Britain, depending chiefly on the course of rivers and highlands dividing the waters which flow into the Atlantic ocean from those which flow into the St. Lawrence. It took twenty years to find out which river was the true St. Croix, that being the starting-point. England then having made the extraordinary discovery that the Bay of Fundy is not a part of the Atlantic Ocean, forty years more were passed in the unsuccessful attempt to re-create the Highlands which this strange theory had annihilated; and just as the two countries were on the verge of a war, the controversy was settled by compromise. Had the boundary been accurately described by lines of latitude and longitude, no dispute could have arisen. No dispute arose as to the boundary between the United States and Spain, and her successor, Mexico, where it runs through untrodden deserts and over pathless mountains, along the 42d degree of latitude. The identity of rivers may be disputed, as in the case of the St. Croix; the course of mountain-chains is too broad for a dividing line; the division of streams, as experience has shown, is uncertain; but a degree of latitude is written on the heavenly sphere; and nothing but an observation is required to read the record.

But scientific elements, like sharp instruments, must be handled with scientific accuracy. A part of our boundary between the British Provinces ran upon the forty-fifth degree of latitude; and about forty years ago, an expensive fortress was commenced by the Government of the United States at Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain, on a spot intended to be just within our limits. When a line came to be more carefully surveyed, the fortress turned out to be on the wrong side of the line: we had been building an expensive fortification for our neighbor. But in the general compromises of the Treaty of Washington by the Webster and Ashburton Treaty in 1842, the fortress was left within our limits.

[To be continued.]

EMINENCE.—The road to eminence and power from obscure condition, ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—*Burke.*

"WOULD I WERE IN HEAVEN!"

BY LIZZIE LEIGHTON.

To cheer a lonely hour and recall pleasant memories, I was glancing over the pages of an album filled with contributions from the ever-to-be-remembered friends of my last school-days. As I recognized the chirography of one and then another, the intervening months sank into oblivion, and memory gathered a band of many light-hearted girls around me. Again our voices mingled in the matin song, and our heads bowed reverently as our beloved teacher prayed for a blessing on our efforts, and committed us to a Heavenly Father's keeping. How we loved her, that devoted teacher! But she is done with earth now, and has gone to her eternal rest—we trust, is now a bright seraph in that Father's house.

But a spotless page, fit emblem of the pure heart whose gushing affection is traced in words on its surface, recalls to mind the broad, white brow and soul-lit eyes of the best-beloved of that remembered band. Sweet Maggie Dudley! An orphan, or at least fatherless, with an invalid mother from her fifth year, she had come among us at the age of fifteen, a shy, timid girl, shrinking from the boisterous friendship offered her, and wandering oftenest in the shaded walks alone. I was a frequent visitor at her uncle's house, where she boarded, and at length and by slow degrees I won her friendship and love. I alone possessed the power to fathom the beauty of her pure heart, and with me alone was she free and unreserved. Others thought her cold and selfish, caring for herself alone, and wondered what I could see to love in Maggie Dudley, and why I would so often leave their gay circle and spend the recreation hour with her in a vacant music-room, or in a quiet corner of our shaded enclosure. They knew nothing of the rich treasures thrown into my grasping reach from her well-stored mind, or the joy that her low, musical voice threw upon my heart, like refreshing dew upon thirsting flowers. I often wondered if she never transferred her poetic thoughts to paper; but I could never find words to frame the question. And her mother, her darling mother, she never tired of talking about her; and the love-light in her blue eyes was so pure and holy when speaking of her, that in me she always found a willing listener. When she received a letter from home, if she did not immediately recognize her mother's characters in the superscription, her cheek would grow pale and her fingers tremble with nervous haste as she broke the seal; and then the warm blood would flow back, and a glad smile irradiate her features, as, in answer to my inquiring look, she would exclaim, "Dear mother is well as usual. O, I am so glad!"

I was taking a moonlight stroll one evening, and thought I would call for Maggie to accompany me. As I neared the door, a strain of gushing melody saluted my ears. Maggie was singing a plaintive air; and there was so much of heart-anguish in the quivering voice that the tears rushed to my eyes. Silently entering the room, I took a seat unobserved in a window-recess. As the last note died away, she rose, and, seeing me, came to my side, and sinking on her knees, buried her face in my lap. "What is it, Maggie?" I asked, as I bent over her, and passed my hand over her hot brow: "what is the matter, darling?" She did not answer, but rose abruptly, threw back her hair, and, with hands clasped across her bosom, gazed forth on the beautiful night. Her face was pale as the moonbeams that fell upon it, and the lips scarcely moved as the murmured words came forth: "O would I were in heaven! Tell me, Lizzie, is it sinful to wish to die when life is a burden?"

I shuddered, but answered calmly: "I hope there is no sin in wishing to be with God and his angels in the beautiful land of the blest. But should we not wait patiently our Father's bidding? Has he not given us a beautiful home here, and much to make life happy?"

"O, yes," she answered: "I read it to-day. Listen: it expresses the yearning feeling here" (and she placed her hand on her heart) "better than words of mine:

"'The earth is very beautiful;
And not to prize, and know,
And love it, seems undutiful,
For God has made it so;
But yet, 'mid all its loveliness,
I would the hour were come
When angel-watchers bend to bless,
And bear my spirit home!'

"When angel-watchers bend to bless, and bear my spirit home," she repeated softly, gazing up at the blue sky and the silver stars, as if she would look beyond them to that blissful home. For a moment I was awed into silence, as I gazed on her rapt countenance; then rising, I put my arms around her waist. "Come, Maggie, tell me what is the matter. Has any thing happened to trouble you?"

"I do not know," she answered; "but there is some crushing sorrow in store for me: it rests like a heavy weight upon my heart, and I cannot throw it off. O, my mother, are you to die? Lizzie, I am worshipping an idol. I know I could not live if my mother——" She could not finish the sentence, as convulsive sobs tore her throat and shook her whole frame.

"Come, my darling, do not distress yourself thus with gloomy forebodings. Why should you think of your mother's death? She was well the last letter you had. Let me persuade you now that you have only had a fit of the 'blues;'" and I tried to smile. But the smile receded from my lips when I looked into her sad face; and kissing her a silent good-night, I left her, without any further attempts to dispel her gloom.

Our session was drawing to a close—our last session; and many bright eyes grew brighter, and many flushed cheeks flushed with a warmer glow, as they thought how soon school-days would be ended; and rosy-hued Hope pictured a future of pleasure and happiness.

I was wending my way slowly to school, after a night half whose hours had been spent on an essay to be devoted to the criticism of the intelligent audience that would be present at our examination. Just as I entered the gate, one of the girls told me that Maggie Dudley had sent to the college for me to come down: she was going home. Immediately I remembered her dread forebodings of the previous evening, and I hastened on and went up to her room. She was kneeling by her half-packed trunk, with her head buried in the cushions of a chair, so still and motionless, that I immediately pronounced her name. She raised her head, and I sprang towards her terrified, so old and haggard was the expression of her face, so sunken and stony were her eyes.

"O God!" she cried, "she is dying—my mother—my darling mother—my idol! O, merciful Father! can I, *must* I, live without her?"

O, never shall I forget that thrilling cry of agony! and as I clasped my arms about her neck, how thankful I felt to see gushing tears softening that stricken look of despair. A few moments after, her kind uncle came, and taking her tenderly in his arms, placed her in the carriage; and Maggie was going home—home to see her mother die.

Weeks passed; and one day, a short time after the close of our school, a letter came from Maggie. The paper was blistered with tears, and contained the sad news that she was indeed an orphan; but the words were calm, as of one resigned to a Father's will. I refolded the letter with a thankful heart, and a hope that she might be spared; and yet when I remembered that it was that fell destroyer, Consumption, that had hurried so many of her family to the tomb, I felt that I need scarcely hope.

The brown leaves were silently robing old earth in her sombre autumnal garb, when, glancing over the Editor's Table in my favorite magazine, I saw the following announcement:

"☞ We regret very much to learn that our gifted contributor, Lilla, will be compelled to spend the winter in the South, on account of the precarious state of her health. With the birds of spring, we hope to welcome back, with renovated health, Lilla, the sweetest song-bird of them all."

Now, I had often wondered who this Lilla, this sweet song-bird, could be; for the measures of her soul-full poetry had often swept over my heart like rich, gushing music from a far-off heavenly land. After reading a piece, I would often close my eyes and try to imagine how she looked; and fancy ever painted the form and features of Maggie Dudley. This time it was not fancy altogether, for the door opened, and Maggie stood before me. She had but a minute to stay, she said: *she was going South to spend the winter.* So I had scarcely a glance at the pure, white face, with the burning flush on the cheek and the wasted form, ere she was gone. And so she had kept one secret from even me; and then

I thought how often I had expressed my admiration of Lilla to her, and in my enthusiasm had told her that I thought the sweet poetess must resemble her; when she would silently smile, or laughingly say that she was honored.

Time passed on, and mid-winter came with its ice and snow, and I had heard from Maggie but once: then she said nothing of her health, but spoke cheerfully of her return in the spring.

"Well, Lizzie," said my matter-of-fact brother one morning, as he sat cutting the leaves of a new magazine—"well, I will not dispute you any longer about the merit of your pet, for here is a perfect gem. Listen."

Sadly, O, so sadly beautiful were the words! and like the last sigh of a weary heart sounded the refrain, "O would I were in heaven."

With a foreboding of the truth, I caught the book from his hand and read the author's name. It was Lilla; and I knew the sad truth ere I noticed these few words above:

"Our sweet song-bird is dead."

POETS LOVE PLAIN WOMEN.

A POET, who writes in The Golden Era of San Francisco, says:

"We like homely women: we have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous or positively ugly; for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one who was not modest, unassuming, and sweet-tempered, and seldom came across one who was not virtuous, and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in a woman, but which are more lasting, and, in the eyes of men of sense, more highly prized than all personal beauty. See them in the street, at home, or in the church, and they are always the same; and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but as the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion, emotions of admiration instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes, and happy husbands; and we never see one but we thank Heaven that it has kindly created women of sense as well as beauty, for it is indeed seldom a female is found possessing both.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
THIS is a mother's grief!

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
THIS is a mother's grief!

To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
THIS is a mother's grief!

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is *there!*"
THIS best can dry the gushing tears,
THIS yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief. —*Selected.*

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

Literary Notices.

The Charleston Medical Journal well deserves to be regarded, as it has been for years, one of the standards of medical literature in this country. We but speak soberly to our medical brethren, when we assure them we know of no journal which we can more heartily commend to their perusal: it is both dignified and scientific; and this is much more than we can say for a great many.

Southern Light.—A copy of this independent religious literary journal has been received, and mislaid. It was probably the eighth number which we received. It is published at Edgefield, South Carolina, at $2 per annum, and is doubtless cheap enough. Address E. L. Whateley.

Through the kindness of a friend, we have before us a letter written from Berne by Theodore S. Fay. The author, for a great many years, has been one of the foreign ministers of our Government. This letter is written to his sister in New York, and is descriptive of the death of his wife, Mrs. Laura Fay. Day after day he reports her condition. He says:

"I remember, on the 10th, I had taken a long walk alone to the Enge, a celebrated eminence overlooking the town and river, and commanding a view of the whole Bernese Alps. I regarded the mountains with a silent wonder which familiarity does not diminish. Their broken peaks rose into the heaven with a snowy splendor too ravishing for reality: they seemed clouds about to float away. The gazer can scarcely believe such a vision of glory a part of the solid earth. In their supernatural beauty, and the incredulous wonder they inspire, they resemble the promises and revelations of the gospel—that unsearchable riches, those glad tidings of great joy, whose grandeur is sometimes too much for human faith; and yet which have thus stood from the beginning, and, however clouds may roll before them, will endure to the end of time, lighting the path of generation after generation. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.'

"As I contemplated this spectacle, it drew my soul nearer to Him whose works are truth and His ways judgment; and a feeling came over me with singular force, that this earth was but a shadow of something far better; that I must hold myself in readiness to leave it, and to see its temporal and fleeting blessings withdrawn; that its peaceful hours were but for momentary repose; and that I must not make it my abiding city nor my idol.

"These reflections, common to every Christian mind, presented themselves to me with unusual strength; and I descended the hill, and entered my perfectly and perhaps too happy home, with a solemn sense of the presence of God, and that I was about to meet some heavy trial. Was I to be called unto the hills whence cometh my help? . . .

"A short time before Laura's illness, as I returned home one afternoon quite tired, she met me at the door with her bonnet and shawl, her face brighter than usual. She said: 'Now, you must take a walk with me.' That was an invitation I never heard from her lips without a sincere, secret pleasure. I replied, the air was changing, and she was not clothed warmly enough. She said she scarcely thought she was, but resisted my solicitations to go back for another shawl. I have an idea that during this walk she took her fatal cold. We wandered to the Enge. There lay the mountains in their divine beauty. We gazed at them together, and remarked on their extreme loveliness, and on the character of the surrounding landscape. Our conversation then took a more serious turn. We spoke of Caroline. No mother was ever more devoted. Caroline was her pride, hope, and joy. From her, our thoughts were led to the Bible, to its marvellous power over man, its wonders, and its inspiration. We agreed in the necessity of making it the daily occupation of our lives and the constant nourishment of our souls; and that the object of education, and of existence itself, was to become acquainted with it, and, by it, with our Saviour.

"We descended together once more that bright hill. I thank thee, Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, that these were the words on our lips and the thoughts in our hearts the last time we ever walked this earth together!

"On the 16th, quite accidentally, a large number of friends and colleagues assembled at our house. It was Thursday. That even-

ing, in Berlin, we had for many years been accustomed to set apart for social intercourse. I had just concluded to make the same arrangement at Berne. But it has been truly said, 'God seems against planning.' A stereoscope miniature of Caroline had just come home, and was admired. The artist had lent us fifty or sixty views, which attracted attention, and our impromptu soirée was unusually gay.

"Sunday, the 19th, we heard Mr. Delhorbe upon the last of the seven exclamations: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' It was striking and eloquent. There was a remark in it respecting the epidemic. He said the tenor of human life was always precarious, but that it had pleased God in the present moment to issue his dread summons to the inhabitants of this city with more than ordinary frequency. Several of his congregation who attended the first of his seven discourses had already been called away, and doubtless there were some present at the moment who would not hear those which he proposed for his next subjects.

"I cannot tell what caused me to look into Laura's face at these words. I found there an indescribable expression never seen before, indicating that they had gone to her heart. Yes, before the young teacher pronounced his next text from that pulpit, her body lay in the earth, and her soul was with God."

After continued attention to the sick for several days, Mr. F. and his daughter were advised to leave the sick-room daily, and drive for an hour. On the 28th, he says:

"I drove to the Enge, our last walk. The landscape, contrasted with the sick-chamber, the face of my beloved, greatly suffering, perhaps dying wife, and the image of the dark grave, broke upon me with a heavenly power at moments insupportable. It had a brightness which pained the senses, as if I had been transported to a more radiant planet. The river flashing between its broken banks, the hills and precipices wearing hues never known before, and the gigantic mountains of snow gleaming over all, which we had but yesterday admired together, and which she might never behold again, filled my heart with anguish and despair, and forced me to cover my eyes with my hands, as if in gazing upon them I committed an act of cruelty and guilt. But I remembered that nature is written by the same hand as the far more precious gospel of Jesus Christ; and I felt that this glory was but the promise of a better, a type and a prelude of that higher world to which she and I and all are hastening. . . .

"I attempted to go to bed this night between ten and eleve . In my exhausted state, I slept a little at intervals; but her moans continually reached me, either in reality or imagination; and when I fell asleep, her dying face, interwoven with so many peaceful and happy hours, would suddenly flash upon me and cause me to start as at the blow of a poignard. Let no rash sufferer neglect the word of God with prayer. What should I have been but for that mighty, real, and all-sufficient source of strength and consolation. 'In all these things, we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.' Let the pilot reject the compass and the chart; let the sick turn from the physician; let the shipwrecked sailor on the raft make no sign to the vessel that heaves in sight; but let not the sorrow-stricken man neglect to draw nigh unto God with prayer in his holy word.

"The idea of her danger began to break upon me with more force, although admitted with difficulty and only at intervals. It was mingled with another and more intolerable anxiety. She had not yet spoken of death, and in her distressing malady, it was almost impossible to hold conversation with her. . . . Once, while sitting by her with her hand in mine, I took advantage of what appeared a proper opening, to speak of 'the Great Physician.' She raised my hand gently and sweetly, but so as to remove me from her. I went with a heavy heart to one who never rejected the sincere suppliant. 'I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill.'

"On the night in question, after a little feverish sleep, broken by thoughts of acute anguish and terror, I arose. It was a strangely bright moonlight. The clock struck half-past three. The Spirit of God led me to her at the right moment. Her two nurses were quiet in their fauteuils. She was awake and perfectly tranquil, but in her way of receiving me I saw a change. After some conversation, she desired a slight alteration in her pillows, and, while complying, I gave vent to my feelings and embraced her. She returned my embrace with indescribable tenderness and affection. I covered her face and head with kisses, and prayed aloud, amid her gentle, broken exclamations of gratitude, comfort and love. I prayed 'that God would send his Holy Spirit to her and to us; that he would not leave us nor forsake us; and that he would, in his own time and in his own way, strengthen, support, comfort, guide, enlighten, and save her, in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"After some time, she said she was very comfortable, and made me leave her till six in the morning. That was my first farewell. We were alone in the presence of night and death; but God—as St. Paul truly calls him, 'the God of peace and consolation,' was also with us. The constant communion and aid

of the Holy Ghost was clearer to me than it had ever been before. And yet there are still people who have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost! The divine words and the plain promise came to me: 'Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him and honor him.'

"Wednesday, the 29th. I went this morning into her room, before six, to relieve her nurses. She was a great deal better. There was fever, but her pains had ceased. When aware of my presence, I was deeply affected by her look and her way of saying, '*Ah, there he is!*' She told me she was much better, had passed the night very well, and was quite comfortable. She added, 'Your coming last night was *salvation*.' . . .

"A febrile anxiety marked the whole day without much pain. She longed with intense desire for the fresh air; for a drive in an open carriage, with the breeze blowing on her head, which she was sure would cure her; and particularly for a cold bath. It is impossible to convey an idea of the look and tone with which she dwelt on the word *water*. I tried to speak of him who had promised 'living water,' but she could not hear me. Let no rash infidel doubt the divine efficacy of prayer. That afternoon and evening my grief and terror reached their highest point. My hopes of communion with her were worse than fruitless. I feared she might pass away without any further reconciliation with our Saviour. There was a moment when I felt completely crushed by this thought, and ready to exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' I was in this state when the servant entered with a letter. The envelope contained only a book-mark of white satin, from Miss Emma Thompson, a young American lady in Berne. Upon it were embroidered the words: '*I am with you alway.*'

"The night was a terrible one. Her nervous excitement had reached its height. The two physicians, the two nurses, Caroline, and myself, stood around her bed. She complained of a fiery serpent coiling and uncoiling himself in her body. She said it was not pain; but it was worse than the most acute pain. She could not converse nor listen. The applications of the physician, however, tranquillized her, and she passed the rest of the night quietly, with every precaution necessary to procure sleep.

"Thursday, the 30th. This day she was very comfortable, and, as we supposed, greatly improved. It was comparatively peaceful to her and all around her. Her pains had ceased. We believed, if she could sleep and retain sufficient nourishment to carry her over a day or two more, she would recover. We took every possible precaution to hush all sounds. The angry or drunken passenger who recklessly shouts as he goes by a house, how little does he know what a brutal crime he sometimes commits! The front door had long been kept open, and a person was placed there to answer calls. The rooms adjoining the bedroom of the beloved one, whose life was hanging in the balance, were closed and locked. We administered nourishment almost every minute, but she could take only half a teaspoon amid the abundant delicacies which kind neighbors and friends had sent. She occasionally slept, and we watched her brief slumber with trembling joy. In the afternoon, very much exhausted, but believing her convalescent, I took a drive, and found myself with surprise at my own door, having spent the hour in an almost continued lethargic sleep. Encouraged and refreshed, I dined with Caroline lightly, with a bounding gayety of heart; and after dinner, Caroline took her turn to drive. I wrote two or three notes expressive of our hope, and despatched them to the kind friends who so sincerely sympathized with us; when the doctor struck a cold chill to my heart by remarking that we must be prepared for every event, as some unfavorable symptoms had manifested themselves. I went into her room. She was asking that a shawl might be laid over her feet. I took her hand: it was cold. She said to me, in a calm and affectionate voice: 'My dear husband, do you think I shall ever recover?' I replied: 'My beloved wife, you have been very, very ill, and are so yet. We are in the hands of God: we must address ourselves to him. I hope you will recover. The doctors have been much encouraged about you to-day.'

"She requested more covering for her feet. Her hand grew moister and colder. I saw and felt that God was about to take her from me. I think she began now to admit this herself, for she suggested another doctor, whom I immediately sent for. I took Dr. Krieger apart in an adjoining room, and requested him to tell me the truth. He said she could not live till morning. She was sinking suddenly and rapidly. She was dying. I inquired what I ought to do with regard to communicating her state to her. He did not feel at liberty to advise me. The awful question weighed me to the earth. My unassisted reason rejected the idea as cruel and absolutely impossible. But I remembered a conversation I had a year previously with Mr. de Rodt, one of the pastors of the French Church at Berne, in whose opinion I have entire confidence. He thought it a Christian duty. It seemed to me also that I was required to do so by a higher authority, from whom the message had so opportunely and mercifully come:

'I am with you alway.' I requested Dr. Krieger to break it to her. He was more calm than I: he would do it better. For the moment, I was overwhelmed by a burden too great for my natural strength. As he entered her room, Caroline and I fell upon our knees at the throne of Him who had promised not to leave us nor forsake us; and we called upon him aloud, in the name of his Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to be with us in our hour of need, and now to fulfil that promise, and all the promises he had made to us, and in which we had put our trust. We prayed that he would grant to the beloved wife and mother about to be called into his presence his Holy Spirit and all his fruits; that she might be enabled to call upon him, and that he would answer her; that he would hold up her goings through this hour, and fill her with faith, hope, strength, light, courage, and love; that she might walk through the dark valley, fearing no evil, knowing who was with her, and whose rod and staff comforted her. We prayed that he would also be with us; and if he might not restore to us the beloved wife and mother, that he would grant us the constant aid of his Holy Spirit, and the power to say, 'Thy will be done.'

"The doctor returned. He had asked whether she still wished another physician, and to her reply, that was 'as he thought proper,' he answered, she 'must address herself to the Great Physician, for she was in the hands of God, who alone could cure her.' She replied: 'I should like to speak with Mr. Fay.' I immediately entered her room and knelt at her bedside, taking the cold, wet hand extended to me. Her first words were uttered with calm sweetness and cheerful composure: 'Well, my dear husband, it seems we must part.' I replied: 'My beloved wife, we are in the presence of God. It is his will that I should tell you the truth. He will call you to himself this night.'

"She did not seem before to know that her death was so certain and so near; and I revealed it with a mixture of Peter's fear and faith when he trusted his feet upon the waves, and heard the life-giving voice: 'O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?' She looked upon me as steadily and peacefully as if I had given her the most ordinary information, and said, after a pause: 'It is very singular: I feel no fear and no agitation, as I should have supposed.'

"Still kneeling at her bedside with Caroline, I made a prayer, in which she fervently joined. I cannot recall the words. I humbly believe it was given me what to say. . . .

"When the third physician, Dr. Bourgeois, arrived, and, after a few moments' interview, had withdrawn, I prayed again, and my wife and daughter joined, with a calm and steady faith, which, without the Holy Spirit's almighty, merciful aid, would have been impossible. How often, during those solemn hours, did my grateful prayer rise to thee, O God! How often does it now, and shall it ever rise! for that thou hast given us thy holy word; for that thou hast opened our eyes to behold the wondrous things out of thy law; for that thou hast sent thy Son to be our guide and our Saviour through the paths of life and in the abyss of death. How I thank thee for every word which has come to us from his lips; for the mighty and mysterious gift of faith; for those divine promises so fully accomplished to all who believe in him, and for showing us, in this our time of tribulation and our hour of need, what it is to put our trust in thee.

"When the angel of God went before the camp of Israel, and the flying hosts passed into the midst of the sea, upon dry ground, and beheld the waters a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left; when the disciples, after long waiting, at length heard the rushing wind and began to speak with other tongues; when the angel struck the chains from Peter's limbs, and said unto him, 'Cast thy garment about thee and follow me,' and, after passing the first and second ward, the iron gate that leadeth into the city opened to them of his own accord—they could scarcely have been more impressed with the discovery that the Lord had sent his angel and delivered them out of the hand of despair and death, than we were upon finding ourselves so suddenly walking, with the sweet and noble companion of so many happy years, through the valley of the shadow of death, without fear, without agitation, the dark abyss illumined by His presence, and the shapes of terror disappearing as we advanced.

"After the first solemn supplication and expression of gratitude for the support of his Holy Spirit, there came a period of calm attention to worldly affairs. She asked, with perfect composure, 'How long have I to live?'

"I told her, 'At the utmost, a few hours; not till morning.'

"'Shall I suffer much?'

"'No, my beloved, the doctor assures me you will not. Do not let your mind be disturbed by fears of physical suffering. There is chloroform. Would you like it applied in case of need?'

"'O, yes!' with an evident feeling of relief. She presently added: 'Where shall I be buried?'

"'Have you any wish upon the subject? Would you like to be transported to New York?'

"'No, certainly not!' she replied, in a tone as natural as if referring to preparations for a voyage thither.

"'Then turn your mind from the thought, as not of sufficient importance to occupy you

a moment. Trust in God that he will enable me to do all you would wish. Your poor perishing body will be buried. The robe which has clothed your spirit will be buried; but your spirit—you yourself, will not be buried. When you fall asleep in death, which by Christ is converted into the greatest blessing, you will awake to the wonders and the glory of another world. Your immortal spirit will mount in light and joy, inconceivable and everlasting. We cannot now know, but you will presently know the meaning of the mighty promises of God to all who put their trust in Christ.'

. . . "'It is very hard for me, my dear husband, to leave you and Caroline and our little house.'

"'My beloved wife, it is but a short separation. I shall soon follow you.'

"'And perhaps,' she added, 'I am taken from the evil to come!'

"'You have nothing to fear, dearest wife, only put your trust in Him. He has promised, 'I will not leave thee nor forsake thee!'

"'I do not know that my past life has been such as to——'

"'If you thought you had any claim, you might fear to be rejected. But for this humility and mistrust of yourself, He will love and receive you the more. We can have no merits of our own. We come to God only in the merits of his Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"'I wish I had your faith.'

"'I have no faith except when I ask it on my knees, with a knowledge of my own sinfulness and worthlessness, and with fervent and continual prayer. My beloved wife, Christ is all mercy, love, and pardon! He came to save sinners. The mother does not wish to save her child half as ardently as he wishes to save you and every one of us. Did he not leave his throne of glory, and live and die, a man of sorrows, to pay the ransom of us wretched sinners? His whole earthly life was one sweet call to us to come to him. All our sins are washed away by his blood, if we call upon his name and put our trust in him. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. If we had to work this change in us, by our own strength alone, we might well despair. But He has done it. We have already received our punishment in Christ upon the cross. All he asks of us is repentance, a deep sense of our sinfulness, and that we accept him as our Mediator and Redeemer, with faith. The whole Bible is but one demand for faith, and one continual promise that if we seek we shall find. If we knock, it shall be opened. Hear his voice: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Go to him, my beloved wife: do not be afraid. That blessed phrase was continually on his lips: 'Be of good cheer, it is I;' 'Be not afraid: only believe:' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Can God break his word? If you ask for an egg, will he give you a scorpion? Only we must not trust in ourselves, not in our filthy rags of self-righteousness, but in him—entirely in him—exclusively in the great and mighty expiation of the blood and cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Are you not willing to leave all and follow him?'

"'Yes! yes! yes!'

"During these remarks, her large, calm eyes, as I knelt by her bedside, looked steadily into mine with a peaceful and sweet satisfaction; and to my last questions she answered several times with emotion as in prayer.

"'Turn your eyes then to him, my beloved. Turn your heart to him. Nothing else is worthy of your thoughts now. We are in His presence. He is with us alway. He will bestow upon you in abundance that mighty faith, and that trust and peace, which he has promised never to refuse to the broken and contrite heart. Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner. Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

"She pronounced these words with me; and she frequently repeated them through the night with the deepest fervor.

"O mysterious and mighty prayer! O holy and marvellous faith!—unfathomable and priceless gifts of God—what a fatal and stupendous error do they commit who seek the perishing things of this life, instead of laying up those heavenly treasures which not only shed consolation upon our mortal pilgrimage, but which fill the heart of the trembling wanderer through the dark vale of death with peace, light, and joy!"

After a visit from Mr. Delhorbe, the French pastor, and prayer, and her bidding adieu, Mr. Fay says:

"She then turned to me, and said in the same tranquil way: 'Bid good-by for me to the Jocteaus, and to the Gordons, and'—she suddenly stopped, as if remembering that her time did not permit her to go through the list, and added—'to all our colleagues and friends in Berne, in America, and in Berlin.' Some more were named, but, strange to say, I cannot recall them with certainty. You, my dear sister, were particularly mentioned, and Mrs. Willard. She sent messages of farewell to other persons; and sometimes added her parting entreaty that they would turn their eyes and their hearts to God through his Holy Word, and prepare to follow her out of this world. She spoke of her dear mother, and of her recent death last summer; of her brother Randolph; and of other departed persons to whom she was about to be united. I

fear I forget expressions and incidents which I could well wish to have remembered. I passed a handkerchief over her forehead, and was again startled by her perfectly natural way of saying: 'You need not wipe my forehead. There's nothing there. It's as dry as yours.' After a pause, she added: 'I really can scarcely believe it: I am perfectly comfortable. My back is warm: I feel as well as ever I did in my life.'

"She remarked to me: 'I have read the Bible much more than you think. You sometimes spoke as if you thought I did not read it enough.'

"At another time, she said in a strangely cheerful and affectionate way, as of one tenderly enjoining care in an important matter, but without any fear: 'Do not suffer me to be buried alive.' 'My beloved wife,' I said, 'trust all to me, under God. By his blessing, I will do all as you wish. Think now only of him.'

"She then embraced me and Caroline, again and again, with solemn tenderness, and with the long and loving kisses of a last parting. She said she had 'always tried to be a good wife to me. She had always loved me, and none but me, and had always tried to do every thing for the best.'

"We three kissed each other tenderly again and again. I repeated to her my deep love and gratitude. Prosperity, honor, and happiness had come with her. I reminded her that twice by her indefatigable nursing, night and day, she had saved my life; and my heart was heavy that, by God's will, I could not save hers. Pardon was mutually asked and granted for every offence or careless word during our long companionship of more than twenty-two years. She spoke again affectionately of Caroline, and afterward said to her: 'Caroline, you ought to go to bed. You ought not to be up all night in this way.' And turning to me, she added: 'She really ought to go to bed: she will ruin her health.'

"'My dearest wife,' I replied, 'not now. She could not sleep, and she ought not to separate herself from us now. She and we are in the hands of God. It is a privilege and a blessing for her to see death for the first time divested of all his terrors.'

"As the night advanced, she began to complain of cold and faintness, and expressed again anxiety at the possibility of physical suffering. Her alarm always seemed to disappear immediately and completely at the name of Christ. 'Look,' I said, 'to the great Shepherd who leads you with such loving and almighty care—the Lord of death and of life, whose voice says, "Be not afraid, it is I," who will presently bear you from all suffering, for ever, to eternal happiness.' I asked her if Mr. Delhorbe might not pray again. She assented, and listened attentively.

"She then spoke of her nurse, as having been very kind and zealous, and requested me to give her a hundred francs and some articles of clothing which she designated. She said to Caroline: 'My dear daughter, be very obedient to your father. Always mind what he says. It is very hard to leave you all.'

"'But are you not willing, at Christ's command, to leave husband and daughter, friends and house—to leave earth and all it contains?'

"'Yes, yes!' . . .

"The cold of death now struck more painfully through her body, and she withdrew her icy and wet hand from mine with the remark: 'It may be injurious to you!' She grew weaker, and said again: 'Cold, cold! How long will it be?' I replied: 'Beloved wife, leave all such thoughts! Christ is here. Touch the hem of his garment. Be not afraid. Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in him. You have nothing to fear. Let no thought of your poor perishing body disturb your peace. Lift your eyes and your whole heart to Christ.'

"She prayed frequently with clasped hands; and her fervor, faith, hope, and courage, were strengthened as the supreme hour drew near. Sometimes anxious thoughts, fear of suffering, or recollections of earth, assailed her; but those clouds—the last enemies from the rulers of the darkness of this world—disappeared before the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. With the exception of the prayers which rose aloud from her or from my lips, all I subsequently said was spoken in detached phrases, as she manifested the desire to listen, and the strength she received from each almighty word of our Redeemer. 'Put your whole faith in Christ. He is your friend, your physician, your Father, your Saviour, your God. You have nothing to fear, my beloved. You are in the hands of one stronger than death. A little patience. The night is almost spent. The bright, eternal morning of heaven is at hand. In a few moments, you will fall asleep.'

"Those large, blue, beautiful eyes again looked sweetly and calmly, sometimes into mine, and sometimes to heaven; and she again, again, and again exclaimed: 'Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner:' 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

"I continued slowly in a low voice: 'Lift your eyes and your heart to our Saviour on the cross. You will presently behold him in his glory. He is all in all. Without him, death was a punishment and a curse; but he has made it peace and joy, a blessing and a victory. Call to him, my beloved wife: Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation!'

"She repeated the words, and fervently and continually prayed with me and after me.

"'He has already answered you from his Holy Word: It is I, be not afraid. I will neither leave thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Christ is the Lord of death as of life. There is nothing to fear in death, if he is with you. He has washed away sin: he has conquered death. You are not alone, beloved wife, in the dark valley. He has been before you. He walks with you this moment. Its deep shadows are all lighted up by the bright and peaceful glory of his presence.'

"She repeated very often: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me!'

"'You remember Mr. Delhorbe's beautiful sermon, the last we heard together?'

"She answered by exclaiming, and by frequently repeating with all her mind and with all her soul: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

"My remarks were not without various interruptions from her, indicating acquiescence and consolation. The expression of her eyes encouraged me to proceed. They seemed to drink in each holy word of the gospel with a kind of peaceful rapture ineffably sweet and touching, and which filled me with trembling joy, gratitude, and wonder.

"I cannot recall what it was which occasioned another allusion to the immediate happiness of a departed spirit. I remember saying to her: 'Do not fear! keep your eyes on Christ! A few moments more, and you will fall asleep; but you are not going to a vague state of oblivion. When your body falls asleep in death, dear wife, your spirit will awake in heaven. You will presently leave this bed of pain: you will mount above this poor sorrowing earth, directly to your Saviour, directly to your God. You will in a few moments behold the perfect felicity and peace which God has prepared for those that love him. You will see your mother and all departed ones. We shall soon join you. Remember our Lord's promise. If ever words were true, those uttered on the cross were true: "To-day—to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

"With broken exclamations of faintness and cold, she repeated again several times, and with fervor unspeakably affecting: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

"The end at last drew near. She complained more piteously of the cold. She said her feet were cold, and that they were chained to the earth. Yet still her large, sweet, dying eyes responded to my parting expressions with faith and peace.

"A few moments more, my beloved!—a few moments' patience. Fix your eyes on Christ. He will break your chain. A few moments more. The morning is at hand. He will bear you from us, as on eagles' wings, to his realm of eternal glory, where all tears will be wiped away. Keep your eyes, my beloved, firmly fixed on him. Lift your thoughts, your heart to our Saviour. Leave all doubts and fears—all thoughts of earth. Christ waits to receive you. Look to him alone! Farewell now, dearest, beloved wife! Farewell earth! Farewell fear, sorrow, doubt, and sin! Farewell sickness and pain!—farewell death! We shall soon meet again!'

"The last lucid words I remember from her lips, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,' were uttered as by one already separated from us, and approaching him. . . .

"At length she laid back as if fatigued and sinking to sleep. Her features became fixed, her breathing more regular, deep, and loud. She no longer heard nor saw the things of our earth. In this state of perfect insensibility, more than an hour in duration, her soul was peacefully, gradually, and without pain, separated from her body."

Such is the description of a death-scene, given, too, by a politician. And though not a Baptist brother, we believe, and others will believe, the author to be a Christian. Such a sense of God's power, presence, and providence; such communion with the Holy Spirit; such living faith; such personal piety; such Christian enjoyment, make us love the brother. And what a contrast do we behold between the writings of this man and those of others sent to foreign courts!

We would like to quote many passages from the letter, that we might commend them to men in politics. Few things in this life are more corrupting to good morals, more eminently calculated to banish religious impressions, and more entirely subversive of Christian usefulness, than the sphere of a politician. All honor, therefore, to one who, amid the gayeties, the fooleries and fashions of a foreign court, is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, but recognizes it as the power of God to salvation, and salvation as of more importance than all things earthly! How vastly better for our national influence, both at home and abroad, if—other things being equal—Christian gentlemen were more frequently made Ministers, ordinary and extraordinary, Envoys, Secretaries of Legation, Plenipotentiaries, etc., etc.! But as things now are, these honorable positions become the rewards not of duty or patriotism, but fidelity to party.

Editor's Drawer.

THE RE-SETTERS.

Six or eight weeks ago, Rev. J. M. Pendleton sent a singular article for publication in The Visitor. The paper was ostensibly in reply to "Mississippi;" and, although very objectionable, would probably have been printed, but for the following note with which it was accompanied:

> Dear Graves:— . . . I enclose a reply to "Mississippi" for The Parlor Visitor. Please hand it over to brother Bayliss; and if it is refused, I authorize you to demand it, and publish it in The Baptist. I give Dr. —— a few thrusts, which he will feel if he has any sensibility. I thought it better to let Bayliss off for the present. If he pitches into the discussion, then I will confront him with his own writings.

It seems that this was a private note from brother Pendleton to brother Graves, and was intended for his eye alone; but being found in connection, and somewhat in fashion with the article referred to, we read it, and the communication was rejected.

This note clearly reveals the animus of brother Pendleton toward brother Bayliss and ourself. It shows most clearly the *private feelings he cherishes* for us. It shows conclusively, however we might expect to the contrary, that he has no kindly regard for either of us. It shows, beyond any kind of doubt, that whatever may be his *professions*, he would not hesitate for a moment to wound our feelings or injure The Visitor, when his gratification, ambition, or interest, dictated the one or the other—at least, so the note indicates to us; and not to us only, for a brother, upon reading it, remarked to us: "It shows that Pendleton's recent pretensions to amity and good feeling for you were not even skin-deep!" We are sorry to have made the discovery. It is mortifying to be deceived—to lose confidence in a friend. We hope our readers will pardon us for this notice of an unpleasant affair. The rejected article, surmounted with an ingeniously-constructed introduction, has been published in The Tennessee Baptist, and we suppose sent to ten thousand readers. If landmark men, re-set, can destroy our influence and our paper, we will expect them to do both. J.

The beautiful engraving in the present number, representative of the death of that remarkable man, Joseph Addison, we think, is worthy the admiration of any one. It will be remembered that Addison, upon his death-bed, desiring to reclaim the Earl of Warwick from a life of licentiousness and dissipation, sent to him requesting an interview. When the Earl had come, Addison said: "I have sent for you, that you may see with what peace a Christian can die."

Those desiring, can yet have back numbers of The Visitor from July. Each number, too, has a beautiful engraving.

The South-western Baptist, published at Tuskeegee, Alabama, and edited by Elders S. Henderson and H. E. Taliaferro, thus notices our publication:

> "The August number of The Parlor Visitor has visited us, neat, tasteful, sound, and healthful as ever. We regret not the just notice we gave this valuable magazine in a former paper. We are tempted to say more; but we had rather the reader would enclose two dollars to Dr. W. P. Jones, Nashville, Tenn., get it, and judge for himself."

Many complimentary notices have been paid The Visitor, by editors and brethren, who speak of it in the most flattering manner. We can only say, by way of acknowledgment of such spontaneous and unbought notices, that our utmost ability shall be exerted to place The Visitor in the foreground amongst the instructive journals of the land.