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GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."—PSALM xxxvii. 23.

THE infidelity of the present age, however potent with the masses, cannot wreck the faith or deprive the good of the comfortable assurances derived from a knowledge of God's providence, as revealed in the volume of inspiration. The poorest saint that walks the earth has his steps "ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." When he resigns himself to the unconscious slumbers of the midnight-hour, even then

> "Well-appointed angels keep
> Their watchful stations round his head."

Such persons are ever under the watch-care and guardianship of God and holy angels. These, at least, are the revelations of the Bible to our mind; and, while we believe it teaches no truth in conflict with the known laws of nature, we are equally confident that its revelations are infinitely beyond and superior to any which man in the finitude and limitation of his faculties is able to disclose.

The present generation is unquestionably largely indebted to predecessors for the various systems of natural philosophy and theology; but surely there is nothing more clearly taught in all the Bible than the *special* providence of God. It is recognized in that watch-care that preserves the sparrow, that feeds the raven, and numbers the hairs of our heads; as well as in the operations of the Spirit upon the individual conscience, and in the conversion, preservation, and ultimate salvation of every one saved by grace.

If there be no special providence, let there be no special prayer. If hitherto there has been no special providence, Joseph, Daniel, Elijah, and all the prophets, have been deluded, and we, through their faith and patience, have been deceived. If there be no special providence, let the afflicted cease to invoke the mercy and compassion of God: let the elders cease to pray for the sick, for the Lord will not raise them up nor forgive sins; for if prayer avails with God, it is to bring down his special favor upon those for whom it is invoked.

If our Heavenly Father be not a God of providence, of special providence, salvation is wholly unconditional, in so far as we can see; and those to whom the righteousness of Christ is imputed by faith are cut off from many exceeding precious promises. The laws of the natural world, as wisely and harmoniously ordered of Heaven, work equally for all men who place themselves in proper relation to those laws; but godliness is said to be more profitable, "having promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." In reference to the natural world, the sun rises on the evil and on the good, and rain is sent on the just and on the unjust, and both classes may often seem alike prosperous, or the wicked may even excel the righteous in worldly prosperity; yet God has ordained that "the little a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked," and hath declared that "the steps of a good man are

ordered by the Lord." Whether, therefore, his steps mark the desert or press a glittering throne, they are none the less ordered by the Lord.

While subjected to unhealthy influences—other things being equal—all men would seem equally liable to disease and death; but these, too, constitute a part of the inheritance of the good: for all things are theirs, whether "the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come—all are theirs, and they are Christ's." And says St. Paul: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Life, affliction, or death, as the wisdom and providence of God shall direct, ought to be the choice of all who love and are promoting God's purposes. While it is said the way of the ungodly shall perish, it is ordained that special messengers, the "angels of the Lord, encamp round about them that fear him, and deliver them." These, to the truly wise, are exceeding precious promises, of infinitely more worth in life and in death than all the folios of reason and materialistic philosophy which have been so boastfully arrayed against truths brought to light in the gospel. Life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel; but the carnal heart shows enmity to God in that it seeks for this light from other sources.

Vain, presumptuous man, egotistical philosopher, "become a fool that you may be wise!" "Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls!"

Will God, who clothes the grass and bedecks with beauty the lilies of a day, be regardless of his children who cry unto him day and night? Or, having in his boundless grace and special providence given his only Son—having laid upon him the iniquity of us all—will he not with him freely give us all things? The sovereignty, foreknowledge, and predestination of God are clearly taught in the Bible; so also is the personal responsibility of the creature for the deeds done in the body. We perceive the truths; but why they are true, or how they harmonize the one with the other, infinite wisdom has not revealed to us. In contemplating any department of the laws or character of God, we soon become lost in immensity, and bow in profound recognition of the divine truth—that here we but "see in part and know in part."

We are kindly permitted to know that if we violate the laws of the animal economy we incur certain penalties; but how or to what extent these penalties are mitigated or intensified by Him who tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb is not given to us to know. We but know that under the direction of God they shall work together for good to them that love him.

It is surely wise to permeate the yet hidden recesses of nature, and diligently investigate the laws investing every department, so far as possible; but we must leave much to the revelations of the eternal world, remembering that "secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things that are revealed belong unto us and our children for ever." J.

ELOQUENCE OF DECAY.

BY MOSES.

When man was ushered into existence from the hand of his Creator, he enjoyed a life of unalloyed happiness, free from the thraldom of sin and its consequences. But, on account of his transgression, he was driven by the fiat of an offended Deity from the primeval garden of delight, bearing on his brow the curse of labor, and in his very nature the element of decay. Possessed of a constitution capable of attaining to a refined intellectuality, he yet is borne down by the yoke of mortality; making his, although an extensive, yet a limited power. Mortal and finite himself, every creation of his hands, or triumph of his intellect, seems to have become infected with this contagion; and although surviving their originator, still tend toward ultimate dissolution.

Our world is scarcely six thousand years old; and yet, with all his boasted ingenuity, man has not been able to erect one monument, or transmit to posterity one relic of his greatness, that could withstand the corroding hand of time. But with stealthy, steady pace, this destroyer has continued his march of desola-

tion and ruin over temples, towers, palaces, and empires; and crowns have crumbled into dust at the touch of his magic wand. Where, we ask, is that proud city, Babylon, with her castellated walls and brazen gates? or Nineveh, with her temple-palaces and arched gateways, and her thousand and one magnificent sculptures, curiously carved in bas-relief upon her palace-walls? The history of twenty-four hundred years affords but faint conceptions of their ancient splendor; and until within the past century, they had for ages been enshrouded in the sombre folds of oblivion. The site of Nineveh had long been lost to the world, when Niebuhr saw it and described its mounds: since which time, a few energetic antiquaries have succeeded in recovering from its mouldering remains many valuable, though mostly fragmentary, specimens of the skill and civilization of a once powerful nation. Persepolis, the ancient residence of the Persian monarchs, formerly abounded in stately temples and gorgeous palaces. But they have all vanished, "as if from the glance of destiny;" and in their stead are now to be seen an assemblage of tall, insulated pillars, moss-grown doorways, and desolated sanctuaries, scattered here and there among the wide-spread ruins. The imagination cannot picture a sight more imposing than those vast, mutilated pillars, which, hewn in an age beyond the reach of tradition, have witnessed the lapse of countless generations, and seen dynasties and empires rise, flourish, and decay, while they still rear their gray heads in solitary grandeur to remind us of mighty deeds done in days of yore.

The hoary, weather-beaten monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, its tombs—have, for many centuries, presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language. The origin of that mighty nation which once peopled its alluvial plains reaches back through a long series of ages into the unknown past; and its attainments in architectural skill are not surpassed in the history of the world. Thebes, as if proudly conscious of her ancient splendor, is still magnificent in extensive ruins; and although many of her temples, decorated with sculpture, forests of columns, and long avenues of colossal statues, may still be seen in a dilapidated state, yet her hundred gates have been crushed beneath the triumphal car of destiny; and her sepulchral monuments "are as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate." Memphis, once the metropolis of Egypt, has, with her turreted temples, and other marble structures of the rarest architecture, long since disappeared.

> "But is the spot marked with no colossal bust,
> Nor column trophied for triumphal show?"

Let the gigantic Sphinx, and the adjacent "wonders of the world" that lave their towering summits in the darkening clouds of heaven, frame the requisite response. Alexandria, the great emporium of the nation, and the royal residence of the Ptolemies, was long renowned as the seat of the arts and sciences; and although her castles and imperial palaces have not been wholly exterminated by the ravages of twenty-one centuries, yet they, like all other human affairs, will have to yield, sooner or later, to the resistless influence of decay. Palmyra, once a paradise in the midst of inhospitable deserts, the pride of Solomon, the capital of Zenobia, and the wonder and admiration of all the East, now lies majestic though in ruins. Her glory withered, her crown broken in pieces, and her sceptre departed from her hand, time has cast over her a sacred grandeur, softened into grace; yet awe springs, as it were, personified from the fragments, and proclaims instructive lessons from the vicissitudes of fortune. History, by its silence, mourns her melancholy destiny; while immense masses and stupendous columns denote the spot where once the splendid city of the desert reared her proud and matchless towers. Ruins are the only legacy the destroyer has left to posterity.

As night conveys to the mind a much grander idea of infinity than all the glare of day, so the night of desolation and ruin which pervades the birthplace of Homer and Demosthenes, the land of sculptors and painters, and the home of the muses, impresses upon the mind a superlatively grander conception of primitive greatness than any we have formed by recurring to the period of her highest prosperity. Athens was the first of the Grecian cities in importance and beauty,

and the cradle of the most eminent orators, philosophers, and artists of antiquity; yet, neither they nor her thirty thousand gods could have saved her from the overwhelming vortex into which she has plunged. The Temple of Minerva, her masterpiece of art, has, even in ruins, been the admiration of the world, and has served as the model of many of the finest structures of modern architecture. But of all her temples, encompassed with fluted columns and Marmorean architraves, that of Theseus is the only one remaining in a state of comparative preservation. And Greece herself, although at one time the centre of learning and refinement, while nearly all other European countries were involved in gross barbarism, has also perished.

"Her fanes, her temples to the surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic dust."

Rome was, for two thousand years, more or less connected with every thing great and memorable enacted in the civilized world. In her days of prosperity, her architectural splendor was unrivalled. Her magnificent Capitol, her Forum, enclosing a number of beautiful temples and statues of the most exquisite workmanship, her Coliseum, her Pantheon, and her numerous aqueducts, have called forth the admiration of subsequent generations. Yet the Pantheon, and a few of her most substantial aqueducts, are the only relics of ancient glory in the queen-city of the Eastern world. An ambitious Cæsar has crossed the Rubicon, and the noble Brutus' dagger has been crimsoned with the tyrant's blood; yet his patriotic arm, the eloquent appeals of a Cicero, and the remonstrances of a venerable senate, were not able to perpetuate the existence of their devoted country. The mighty Rome has fallen, trampled under foot by the rude, barbaric horde.

"A thousand years scarce serves to form a state:
An hour may lay it in the dust, and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate!"

We need not, however, refer to the nations who have, from time to time, peopled the various countries of the East, in order to establish the fact that the wonderful structures of human art, although resisting for a time the wear of ages, are destined to share the common fate of ultimate decay.

Our own great Continent contains the trembling and tottering skeletons of buildings which once would have rivalled in grandeur the finest productions of ancient architecture in the Old World. At the time of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, the Spaniards found many large and populous cities which, from their appearance alone, gave indisputable evidence of a high degree of civilization. The Aztecs, who were then in possession of the country, had a very imperfect tradition concerning the founders of their race. Their temples and palaces generally, and the colossal calendar-stone in their capital, are of sufficient magnitude, and wrought with sufficient skill, to attest mechanical powers in their architects not unworthy to be compared with those of the ancient Egyptians. Cortez, during his conquest, destroyed the city since known as the city of Mexico; and its smouldering palaces and temples were all that remained of the once dread capital of Anahuac. The age of these mysterious monuments is unknown. They may be coëval with the architecture of Egypt. The language of the Aztec, written in enigmatical hieroglyphics, indeed the race itself, is entirely lost to the world.

"Their names remain, but they are fled,
For ever numbered with the dead."

Amid the arid regions of Yucatan, are also to be seen many vast areas covered over with the ruins of cities once inhabited by a civilized people. The sentinel no longer keeps watch on the battlements of Tuloom: the fiat of destruction has gone out against it, and in solitude it rests, the abode of silence and desolation. The Castillo, at the city of Chichen-Itza, "where time seems scarcely to have set his mark on the nicely-chiselled stone," is the grandest and most conspicuous object that towers above the plain. The antiquated ruins of Uxma, standing in lonely majesty, present strong impressions of departed greatness. And now these sequestered spots, overgrown with the foliage of a tropical clime, present to the antiquary and the artist scenery sufficiently picturesque to call forth their greatest curiosity and skill.

The subjugation of the Incas, in the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, brought to light the existence of a people fully equal, if not su-

perior, in point of civilization, to the nations who had formerly inhabited the plains of Mexico and Yucatan. Their origin and early history are also involved in mystery. But their octagonal altars, massive fortresses, palaces, and temples, while they testify to the skill of their architects, present undoubted claims to a great antiquity. The gorgeously-decorated Temple of the Sun, in the city of Cuzco, to which pilgrims were wont to resort from the farthest borders of the empire, was the most magnificent structure in the New World, and not excelled in the costliness of its ornaments by any building in the Old. Their roads, which extended throughout every portion of the empire, were among the most useful and stupendous works ever executed by man, and might justly be ranked among the greatest "wonders of the world." Yet they have fallen to irreparable decay, "beneath the silent stroke of mouldering ages;" and the powerful nation that constructed them, having fulfilled its mission, has long been encircled in the icy arms of death.

Time resolves the noblest works of art into the saddest memorials inherent in their authors. The fall of empires, and often the extinction of whole nations, with which the death of great characters is associated, posses-es a prescriptive title to all our sympathy, forming at once a magnificent yet melancholy spectacle, and awakening in the mind a due appreciation of the grandeur of solitude and the eloquence of decay.

All things on earth have their term of life; and in the most glorious career of their vanity and pomp, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. The world is but a sepulchre, and there is nothing which lives on its surface that shall not be enveloped in its gloomy recesses. Rivers and torrents move onward to their destination, hastening to deposit their pearly waters in the deep bosom of the ocean, whence they never return. The things of time and sense are fleeting, changeable, and ever subject to decay. "The things that know us now will shortly know us no more for ever." Man is like the flower of to-day, which opens with the invigorating influence of the morning, attains the meridian of its splendor by noon, and withers with the setting sun. The cemetery glistens with monumental marble, inscribed to the memory of those who occupied thrones, presided over assemblies, marshalled armies, subdued provinces, and were puffed up with vainglorious pomp and power. But these glories have all passed away, like the morning vapor or the swift-winged cloud of heaven, with no other memorial of their existence than the record on the page of the chronicler.

The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful, who have graced life's drama with their wisdom, achievements, and charms, after having borne the "whip and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," have at last lain their wearied forms beneath the sod, "where lurks no treason," where no rancor swells the enraged breast, where malice ne'er the heart invades, nor storms nor noise can ever come, but all is silence and eternal sleep.

"Death levels all things in his march:
Naught can resist his mighty strength:
The palace proud, triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadow's length.
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find in the unhonored grave;
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave."

THE "MAN OF PLEASURE."

Our readers have undoubtedly become acquainted, through the newspapers, with the details of the recent murder, in New York city, of Dr. Burdell, a well-known dentist there. The history of this man is replete with instruction and warning in this money-making and ungodly age. Starting in life poor, he adopted the unrighteous resolution to make money by every means, honest or dishonest. By a systematic course of fraud, chicanery, and quackery, he succeeded in amassing a large fortune—a fortune which, in his selfishness, he retained with a miserly grasp, suffering even his own brother, in his poverty and helplessness, to become indebted to public charity for assistance. It is not our intention to present our readers with the details of the evidence in this murder, which are sickening to every pure mind; but the moral contained in the life of Burdell is a

highly instructive one. His sudden and terrible end, in the midst of a life of worldliness and pleasure,

> "Cut off in the blossoms of his sin,
> No reckoning made, but sent to his account
> With all his imperfections on his head,"

is truly an awful contemplation to the Christian mind, and forcibly suggests the sacred text, "The wages of sin is death." The following extract from a discourse by Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of New York, on "Christian Manhood," is couched in strong language; but as it portrays a species of crime and sin which does exist, we give place to the trenchant remarks of the reverend gentleman:

"I trust that no young man here will need to be warned against that wretchedly false idea of 'manhood,' which is so rife in certain circles of this million-peopled city: the counterfeit 'manhood' of an oath and a cigar, a bottle of brandy and a pack of cards, a box in the theatre, and a bet on the race-course. Hundreds of young men are constantly aspiring to such badges of social nobility as these! You may see these ambitious youths ordering, with a consequential swagger, their wine suppers at the fashionable 'hells.' You may detect them at the midnight hour pulling the door-bells of the haunts of infamy, and whispering false names through the iron lattice: you may discover an infidel book in their trunks, locked up with an obscene picture, a revolver, a sporting calendar, a directory to brothels, a few French novels, and—no Bible. Young woman, beware of such social serpents as these! They will enter your houses as their 'father' entered Eden, only to seduce and destroy. New York has her full share of these characters: they pass for 'men of gallantry,' 'men of spirit,' 'men of pleasure.'

"Every now and then there is a tremendous explosion in our community, which blows off the covering and lets us all look in upon the rotten heart of a certain style of city life. During the last week, we have all been looking in with loathing and with consternation. We have stood in the chamber whose walls were bespattered with blood, and have seen the bitter end of a career which cast off the sweet restraints of domestic purity for the polluting caress of the 'strange woman.' We have seen a remarkable cluster gathered around that corpse, amid hysterical tears and ill-timed merriment. We have seen the unblushing courtesan testifying against the 'man of pleasure,' who had flung her aside for other spoil; the officers of justice swearing to scenes of broil and bitterness in a house where God's law of marriage had been trampled under foot; and amid such surroundings, we can descry some yet fresh from the family altar of a rural home. Who did that deed of darkness is yet a painful mystery; but it is quite too certain that there had been foul murder done to conscience and to character within those walls, long before the garroter's noose was slipped and the assassin's poniard driven to the heart. Heaven save you, my dear young friend, from the 'manhood' of lawless libertinism! And Heaven save our great metropolis, when its Brussels carpets come to be stained with blood, and the quiet of its stateliest streets is broken by the midnight shriek of murder!"

THE FASCINATION OF EVIL.

An English paper relates the following occurrence:

"One of the most singular instances in connection with material things exists in the case of a young man who, not long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first, it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thick black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at length it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its stroke with a corresponding motion of his head; then his arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in an instant it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was, that he felt an impulse to do it, that he knew he should be disabled, that he saw all the consequences in a misty manner, but that he still felt the power above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand."

Recent events in this city induce us to take this incident at a text. It illustrates an im-

portant feature of human experience. The real answer to the question why men are often guilty of foolish sinful acts and yieldings to temptation, where consequences are as sure and irremediable as those of the crushed hand, is that evil-doing is to the perverse mind and depraved heart of man clothed with a strange fascination. The black deed is wrapped about with attractions foreign to its nature: the mind is made the dupe of its own enchantments. A perverted fancy acts the magician, and changes the shapeless imp of sin into the personification of what is great and noble. The monster is made a deity. Deformity is transformed into the ideal of beauty. Foul, base deeds, like scraps and refuse of broken glass in a kaleidoscope, take on all brilliant and enchanting forms. The highwayman, like "Jack Shepherd," finds in the adventures of robbery the chivalry of romance. The murderer-like Napoleon, hewing his highway over the Alps, sees only the triumph of his bad ambition in cutting his way to success through the heart of his victim. The mastery of difficulties in a hazardously wicked scheme offers laurels after their kind. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret places is pleasant." Forbidden delights are the more alluring because forbidden. Eden may have other fruit in abundance, but none is so fair and tempting as that which is fenced about with a prohibition. The depraved heart, like a spoiled child, is frantic for what it may not have.

The great art of Satan in this world is to clothe evil with the forms of good. The father of lies would not be true to his nature if he did not send his children forth masked as angels of light. Ten thousand hands are busy for him to festoon with flowers the way to hell. The very symbol of his art is the painted harlot. The pure light of truth must be dissolved, or broken up into rainbow fragments, before it will attract a diseased taste. Sin—like Cleopatra's asp, in the basket of fairest fruit—lies coiled under the promise of pleasure. The luxuries of sensual indulgence, like roses on the cheek of death, make corruption itself attractive, and disguise the loathsomeness that should only repel. And there is something, moreover, to the mind of youth, oftentimes, that seems chivalrous in the daring that is audacious enough to sport with what is sacred—that will boldly venture where angels dare not tread. There is a sort of independence in the infernal bravado that can defy the terrors of the Almighty. A beardless youth counts it manly to swear. His oaths are so many testimonies to his proficiency in those arts of desperate hardihood which to his eye are passports to respect. Even the vilest deeds, if spiced with the romance of danger or singularity, are accounted heroic. The "nerve" of a villain is made a gloss for his crimes. There are those who can kindle into admiration, if not enthusiasm, over the brutal encounters of pugilists. War loses its horrors under the mask of gleaming ranks and waving plumes. The pirate counts himself the chevalier of the ocean, and robbers even talk of honor. There are those who rush against the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler under the impulse of the same blind bravado with which the soldier rushes up to the cannon's mouth. There is an envied eminence even on the scroll of infamy. There are men who enjoy as a meritorious persecution the scorn of the good. They can find a luxury in making themselves despicable and ridiculous to draw upon themselves the gaze of the world. Their self-complacence wears the crown of an imaginary martyrdom in that contempt and odium which their assault upon established and even sacred institutions provokes. Sometimes they will link their insignificance to the memory of a wretch like Tom Paine, and, in vainly attempting to float the millstone of their infamy, cheat themselves with the delusion that they are gratifying the instincts of a noble nature in attempting to do justice to a slandered name.

And so it is the world over. The fascination of evil is everywhere. The carnivals of sin can only live by the license of the mask. All iniquity has its gaudy and alluring forms, at least for some eyes. The simple graces of truth are no match, to the perverted heart, for the meretricious ornaments of falsehood. Even down to its bitter dregs, the beastliness of lust intoxicates its victims to larger draughts. Genius can lend itself to grace festivities which are but the opening scenes to a drama of infernal orgies. Anacreontic strains cheer on the steps of the tyro victim

till his delirious rapture insures his doom. The knight-errantry of romance is superseded by the mock-chivalrous or rather impudent advocacy that will win its own laurels by wrapping the graces of injured innocence about the object of deserved infamy selected as its client. The perverted ethics of gamblers and revellers come up to light—as Venus was fabled from the sea-foam—to be described by charlatan novelists as clothed with enchanting beauty. Thousands are ready to catch up the false impression, and act upon what they term original and striking views of human nature and human life.

Thus evil wears the mask of good, and the cheat, however often expressed, still goes current. But especially is this true where the hope of gain or pleasure blinds the eyes. Lured by such a bait, men think to evade the deadly point it hides; and imagine they can bury conscience with its rebukes under an iniquitously acquired fortune, as they would a viper under a mountain, unconscious that they are only making an Ætna of it. The associations of foul wit and mirth are easily transformed to appear the choir of social sportiveness, rather than the *posse comitatus* of Satan—as they too often are—to bind the soul in chains of darkness. "Evil, be thou my good!" is the expressive language which Milton puts into the mouth of Satan; and in this world it finds ten thousand echoes. The reason why so many sin and so many fall to rise no more, is that they stand and gaze on evil till it seems to them, by its power of fascination, evil no longer, and they become its dupes.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

There is no security but in turning away at once from the lure and the voice of the charmer. That answer of near three thousand years ago to the question, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" has not grown obsolete. "By taking heed thereto according to thy word," must still be the response. And that word, to display the fascination of evil, declares: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—*N. Y. Observer.*

CAUSES OF ILL-HEALTH.

Wealth is the blessing most envied, but least enjoyed: health the one least envied, but most enjoyed. Yet how few rightly estimate its priceless value! What frequent stabs does it receive in daily life! Our habits and customs may be said, indeed, to be a perpetual war upon it.

We referred some time since to the great cause of feeble constitutions and fragile health in city life, among the richer class especially: the habitual confinement to the house of young children. "They might catch some epidemic," says the tender mother: forgetting that if allowed unlimited exercise in the open air, their frames would be invigorated to resist disease, or to overcome it when attacked. Girls suffer most from this indoor life, because they cannot, as a rule, be permitted to have the liberty of motion and healthful sports which is the privilege of boys after they are old enough to take care of themselves. It would not do for female children to be seen playing ball, or running sledges, or scampering about the streets. Such indecorums would give them bloom, and perhaps immunity during life from those uncomfortable ailments to which American women are frequently martyrs; but Mrs. Grundy would frown, and therefore they cannot be allowed. The girls must stay at home, study and practice music: they may be indulged with a walk when the weather is fine enough to go out in full dress, and they may take a dancing lesson twice a week. Thus the blossoms of their youth are nipped: they grow up fragile and slender, and if they arrive at womanhood, must suffer a life-long penance for the mistakes of their early training.

Supposing a young girl to leave school and enter society in the enjoyment of robust health, the habits of city life in most cases undermine it. In our large cities, people do not retire, usually, till more than two hours after the proper time. Company, amusements, and not unfrequently late suppers, supply excitement to resist the claims of natural fatigue. Late morning slumbers do not compensate for the loss of rest at night; and perseverance in a practice so unnatural makes inevitable in-

roads upon the constitution. In spite of the uncomfortable feeling by which nature manifests her injuries, many persist till the evil is beyond reformation or remedy. These infractions of the law established for our welfare entail pernicious consequences, certain to follow, even if the advance be a stealthy one.

Besides this fruitful source of mortal mischief, another cause of early decay is the want of exercise for the mental faculties. The brain must have the stimulus of use: on its integrity depends the health of the body; and it requires not only food and rest, but regular employment. Any failure of its judicious exercise causes mental distortion, which acts speedily upon the physical system. Who does not remember having listlessness and langour banished by some interesting subject of thought brought suddenly to mind? Who has not, when intent on some earnest purpose, triumphed over fatigue, and found an inspiration of fresh vitality from mental excitement?. The soul is the sovereign of the body; and when she retires from her legitimate functions into inactivity, there may well be confusion and contention in subordinate departments. But this mental excitement must be temperate and well-directed. An undue degree is not less dangerous than entire privation. The affections, too, require to be kept in continual exercise to maintain the proper equilibrium of the system; and another necessity is the wholesome play of the spirits. Habitual recreation and amusement are important, and cannot be withheld without detriment. Both mind and body are thus invigorated. This fact is as well established as the danger of indiscreet indulgence. Hence arises the benefit of change of scene to invalids.

This subject might be enlarged upon with advantage, to show why it so frequently happens that our women who are exempt from manual labor, in their prime of life, sink into inertia and helpless debility. The sedentary occupations of the laboring class are utterly destructive to health. They have no relief from change of employment, no habitual recreation; but, with incessant plodding labor, nurse maladies that pale the cheek, and dim the eye, and sap the fountains of life. Contemning the light and easy tasks of domestic service in families, they are martyrs to the stupid notion that household work for hire is a degradation—a notion which it is in the power of those of the higher class, by concerted action, to put down for ever.—*New York Express.*

THINKERS AND ACTORS.

The world is divided into two sorts of men, those who think and those who act. Of course, all men think, and all men act, but some more of one than of the other, and hence the propriety of dividing them into two classes. Napoleon, for example, was an able thinker, but he was a man of action to a much greater degree, and he may, therefore, be ranked among the last as contradistinguished from the first. Shakspeare was a man of action to an extent that few poets have been, but his career as a dramatist has overshadowed his other qualities, and he is to be considered consequently as a man of thought. The men of action, in a word, are those who carry out the thoughts of themselves or others; the men of thought are those who think chiefly, and leave others to act. The first control their own age; the last generally the ages that follow. Alexander the Great exercised a more powerful and extensive influence in his own time than Aristotle, his old master; but Aristotle's works have been influencing men, communities, and empires, ever since. A man of action, however great, is like a stone dropped through vacuum, that leaves no perceptible trace of its passage. A man of thought is like a stone dropped into water, which sets in motion circles that widen continually, and never seem to stop.

The men of action are too apt to undervalue the men of thought. The ordinary type of the former, in our day, is the active, sharp-sighted, energetic man of business, who brings every thing to the test of the question, "Will it pay?" The ordinary type of the latter is the talented clergyman, professor, or author, who, generally, has no great knack at what is called "getting along." A natural antipathy seems to exist between the two classes. The first despises the last for ignorance of busi-

ness: the last looks with a contemptuous pity on the first, as deficient in refinement and culture. Yet why should this antagonism exist? Each class is good in its way, and each is necessary to progress. If we had nobody but bustling, eager, money-making men of action, there would be no intellectual nor social progress, and a dead materialism would eat out the heart of society. If we had only great preachers, profound professors, or popular authors, things would soon come to a stop for the want of a little practical utility. The two go together to make up the state. Marry a dreamer, however vast his genius, to a dreamer like himself, and their housekeeping is soon at "sixes and sevens." But marry him to a thrifty, energetic woman, with a strong dash of common sense, and matters get on very differently.

It is a mistake also, in either men of action or men of thought, to rank their speciality the highest. Each class has its mission to perform; and each, therefore, is honorable in its place and vocation. As the material interests of society demand that we should have thrifty mechanics, adventurous merchants, and enterprising capitalists, so the moral, social, political, and religious wants of the race require teachers, statesmen, authors, and clergymen. It is as invidious as it is false, therefore, for one class to say to another, in the spirit of the Pharisee, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou." The present wants of society call for the man of action as fully as its future development calls for the man of thought. The vast and complicated machine of human affairs would come to a dead lock without either. One wheel is as necessary as the other, and as noble, if there is any question of nobility at all. Let each man fulfil his vocation, taking care to perform his work fairly, and not to be, as many are, a caricature of his class; for the man of action should not degenerate into a mere miser, nor should the man of thought pass into a crazy dreamer or idealist.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at their calamities, shall not be unpunished.—*Solomon.*

MY MOTHER.

BY REV. E. BOYDTON.

O! is it mine no more thy care to prove,
No more to meet those looks of quenchless love?
Of late, I met thee with a fond embrace,
While tears coursed down the smiles upon thy face,
Thou wast so full of tenderness and joy,
To greet again thy well loved wandering boy:
My mother! O my mother! art thou gone?
A pang like this my heart hath never known.

How little thought I of an hour like this,
When on my lips was pressed thy parting kiss!
Thy many kindnesses and gentle words
Thrill in my heart among its deepest chords,
And move the fountains of my inmost soul—
I seem to hear thy mournful death peal toll:
My mother! O my mother! what on earth
Can fill the place of her who gave me birth?

Methinks I see thee in yon fields of light,
With harp of gold, in robes of purest white,
Attuning praise. Hark! it was but the moan
Of autumn winds: I feel myself alone—
Alone on earth, with none to love like thee,
A love so pure, so deathless, and so free.
My mother! O my mother! from thy rest,
Dost thou look down upon thy son distressed?

Can I forget, my little hand in thine,
How oft we walked to hear the truths divine?
Or how my lisping tongue was taught to pray
With every rising sun and closing day?
When 'neath thy roof it was my lot to dwell,
Too oft I pained thee, I remember well:
My mother! O my mother! as a dart,
Strikes every pain I gave thee to my heart.

Can I forget that, folded to thy breast,
My tiny form oft sunk to rosy rest?
Heeding the brook which murmured by the door,
Or trees that waved their shadows on the floor,
On thy dear bosom laid each childish grief,
And even pain and sickness felt relief?
My mother! O my mother! lifeless, cold,
They say thou sleepest 'neath the churchyard mould.

When round the fireside thy lone band shall meet,
Or at the table—ah, that vacant seat!
The village altar, when, with solemn air,
The pastor feeds his flock, low kneeling there,
Shall mourn thy absence. "All her sins forgiven,
Our sister," shall he say, "has fled to heaven."
My mother! O my mother! o'er thy bier
There's none who knew thee but will drop a tear.

Say, when disease had fastened on thy frame,
Was I remembered? didst thou c ll the name
Of him who then was from thee far away?
They tell me th u wast often heard to pray,
In tones most fervent, "O, my absent child,
Guide him, dear Saviour, through this desert wild!"
My mother! O my mother! it was kind,
In death's dark vale, to call me thus to mind.

Back to that rural spot where all things mourn,
Perchance, some time my wandering feet will turn,
Stand by thy grave and weep, and mingle tears
With his who chose thee in his bloom of years:
The loved, the honored, bowing now with age,
And walking tremblingly o'er life's last stage.
My mother! O my mother! sad and lone
His weary days will be, now thou art gone.

Farewell! my spirit faints; my lyre, unstrung,
Scarce breathes the note its mournful chords among.
Still, though I see thy bark moored on that shore
Where rude winds weep and tempests rage no more;
From life's hard warfare though thou hast release,
And Heaven has sealed thy everlasting peace—
Still must I weep; and, more than tongue can tell,
Do feel to bid thee, sainted one, farewell!

FUNERAL OF THE ASSASSINATED ARCHBISHOP, Etc.

The following is an extract of a letter just received from Dr. J. A. Means, of Georgia, now in Paris, and addressed to his father, under date of the 12th January:

"The excitement consequent upon the assassination has to some extent subsided. The first effect produced upon the public mind seemed to have been of less moment than that caused by the death of the Archbishop Affré, during the insurrection of June, '48; but as soon as the facts relative to the affair had been made known, through the journals of the city, the expression of public sentiment was loud and unrestrained. Menaces of vengeance were poured out in unmeasured exclamations through the city, and cries of, 'To the stake!' 'To the guillotine!' rang along the streets in the neighborhood of the prisoner's cell, until the fanatical multitude, having exhausted the vocabulary of vindictive epithets, began to grow weary. The popular tumult at length subsided, and quiet once more reigned. These vociferations were succeeded by expressions of regret for the heinous deed; while the probable doom of Verges, the assassin, the likelihood of seeing him, etc., constituted the absorbing topics of conversation in the streets and in private circles. The remains of the distinguished prelate were left exposed to public view, in his palace, for two or three days. Braving for two hours the buffetings of the immense crowd and exposure in the open street, I at length enjoyed the melancholy pleasure of looking upon the veritable remains of the late Monseigneur Maree Dominique Auguste Libour, Archeveque de Paris.

"He was lying clothed in his pontifical robes of gold and silver, upon the 'catafalque de noir,' while several ecclesiastics and two monks in attendance alternated every hour in offering prayers for the dead. For the two or three days during which his remains were exposed, I cannot suppose that less than 500,000 people passed through the gorgeous saloons to gaze for the last time upon the lifeless form of the worthy bishop.

"When the day for the funeral obsequies approached, all the bells in the city—St. Sulpice, St. Roth, St. Etienne du Mot, and Nôtre Dame—tolled and rang in continuous chimes throughout the day. The distance from the Archeveque's noble edifice to Nôtre Dame is two and a half miles, and yet at the time when the head of the *cortège* reached the cathedral, the 'queue' of the immense procession still lingered at the palace. To attempt a detail of the prodigal magnificence displayed throughout these imposing and solemn ceremonies would be useless, and indeed I regard myself inadequate to the task.

"I had thought, read, heard, and talked of earthly splendor; but I must confess that my simple republican notions were all put to the rout by the extravagant exhibition which I here witnessed on the 10th of January, 1857, when the remains of the Archbishop of Paris were interred.

"I may, however, be allowed just to remark, that the broadcloth alone with which the old and grand cathedral of Nôtre Dame was draped consisted of 70,000 yards, and this splendidly decorated with rich silver fringe which bordered the whole.

"Neither the Emperor nor Empress was present upon the occasion, nor do they ever

attend such assemblies. The whole affair, instead of quieting popular discontent, has to some extent applied new incentives, I fear, for an impending revolution. Indeed, almost every day that passes leads me but the more confidently to look for some such great national outbreak.

"The Emperor is a brave man—brave, perhaps, even to temerity. He frequently rides out through the Bois de Bologne alone, in an open voiture; and if his Majesty does not keep a close look-out, we should not at all be surprised if some missile from a Fieschi, or a ball from some reckless villain, should suddenly close his career, and open the way to fearful commotions."

THE LIFE-SHORE.

Alone by my fireside dreaming,
Counting Life's golden sands;
Counting the years on my fingers
Since my youth and I shook hands—
Since I stood, weak and weary,
On the shores of a troubled sea,
And my youth and its hopes went drifting
Down the ebb-tide, dark and dree:

Counting the years on my fingers,
And looking along the shore,
Back to the spot where we parted—
Parted for evermore—
Many a precious footprint
Trace I upon the sands,
Hence to the shadowed waters
Where my youth and I shook hands.

Wavering and slow at their outstart,
Oft halting and turning back,
Alone in the mournful journey,
Are the first steps on the track:
Looking away through the sea-mists—
Not at the stumbling feet—
Are the tear-blind eyes of the wanderer
When she and Pale Sorrow meet.

Her passion is mute in this presence,
And low, with her face on her hands,
Keeps she a vigil of silence
Midst the wreck on the storm-beat sands:
Till comes, through the moonless darkness,
Wraith-like, unheard, and slow,
With trailing garments of mourning,
Patience, with heavenward brow.

She rises up from her weeping,
And looks o'er the sea again;
But night is low on the waters,
And her eyes may watch in vain.
Onward, by Patience guided,
Onward along the shore,
Leaving the wrecks unburied,
Unburied for evermore.

Peace comes in the morning twilight,
Strength comes in the later day,
And all these four together
Press forward upon the way.
Not without bitter struggle
Passes the noon-tide heat!
Turned back and checked and baffled
Oft are her weary feet.

Could she but sit and rest her
One hour by the whitening wave,
And gather old dreams around her,
'Tis all that her heart would crave.
But, no! she must work and suffer
While the day is daylight still:
There is time for rest and idleness
In the grave beyond the hill.

Quicksand and ghastly breakers
Are there on the forward track:
"Go on," moans the tide advancing,
"No lingering, no looking back!"
Swifter, and ever swifter,
Comes the roll of the mighty flood,
And the waves of dark Time sweep over
The spot where late she stood.

A wide, black waste of water
Strewn o'er with spar and mast,
The wrecks that the currents carry
To the Present from the Past:
Across that heaving whirlpool
She may look and look again,
There is only mist and foaming,
Thick cloud and driving rain.
Dead Hopes, lost Love, lost Happiness,
Lie pale on the tempest sea—
Seed sown in youth for a harvest
That shall never gathered be.

Forward, and ever forward,
Skirting the haggard rocks,
Where no glimmer of golden sunshine
The dull, gray silence mocks,
Footsore and lagging often,
Weary both heart and brain—
"Courage, faint heart, and forward!
Such travail is not in vain."

The heat of the day is over,
  Twilight enshrouds the sky:
Gone back are the sullen waters,
  Leaving the footprints dry.
Some faint on the deep ribbed seasand
  In all their wandering maze,
When she and her heart went blindly
  Through long, long aching days:
Some clear as if cut in marble,
  Straight on the beaten strand;
Steady and true to their purpose,
  Guided by angel-hand.

Sitting alone by my fireside,
  Alone this October night,
Tracing a backward journey
  By memory's pale moonlight—
Looking through Life's long vista
  To its hours of golden sands,
And counting the years on my fingers
  Since my youth and I shook hands,
Till bright in the far-off distance,
  Like sun in a pictured scene,
As I round the hills of autumns,
  The old spring-times are seen.

Household Words.

DEATH OF A BABE.

The following touching description of the dying-hours of an infant child is taken from a little book, recently published in Boston, entitled, "Agnes and the Key of her Little Coffin," which has been ascribed to the pen of Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of that city:

"She was not quite one year old. I cannot venture to describe her. My heart swells and is ready to break at the thought of some sweet, touching feature, some winning way, the posture and motion of her hands or feet, her inarticulated noises with her lips, the pressure of her mouth against our cheeks, that being as far as she had advanced in kissing. Sights of her asleep, when her mother and I stood over her, lamp in hand, are as deeply stamped on my mind as views in the Alps. I could tell you every dimple which we detected as she lay on her back, a knee or arm disengaged from her clothing. All her mimicry of sounds and of motions, and her little feats, which astonished herself and made us shout; her morning bath, she a little image, with her very straight back, and plashing the water with her feet, and other nameless things, raise the question and leave it in doubt whether I wish there were more of them to remember, or whether it is well for me that she had been developed no more. Human bliss arrives at perfection as frequently in such scenes and experiences as when we have made calculations for happiness: indeed, we are never more happy than during the little, sudden tournaments of love with a young child; and the man who has a wife and child, supplying him with these inadvertent pleasures, will find in the retrospect that he was most happy when he least suspected it. To know when we have in possession the means of true happiness, and to rejoice in it, and feel satisfied, is rare. Would that I had thought more of this when my little child was with me!

"Sometimes I look at her with a feeling of awe. Mine, indeed, she was; but in what a subordinate sense! The perfect frame, that wondrous mind, that immortal destiny, often made me shrink into nothingness at the contemplation of her—feeling that God, in making her, had rolled a sphere into an orbit which is measureless, making it touch mine, but having a path of its own, which cannot be comprehended in that of another, and not even in that of the earthly parent. I was glad that there was an infinite God to possess this treasure, and control it; for it was too much for me. My enjoyment of her was often overshadowed by these thoughts. Still she was to me a perfect joy. Her beautifully unfolding life left me nothing to desire.

"But the destroyer came. It had been an exceeding hot summer, and cholera infantum began to waste the little face and frame. We saw that she must die: we nevertheless maintained a cheerfulness of feeling which afterwards seemed to us unnatural; but no doubt it was kindly given, to bear us through the trial. The last night that she was put to rest, her symptoms were favorable; but, early in the morning, the nurse whispered to me that the child 'looked strange,' and she led my way to the nursery. The little patient lay with her hand under her cheek: her eyes were raised and fixed on the wall. I suppose that she was watching a show, and I spoke to her by name. She did not move, nor did she

turn her eyes. I spoke again, and kissed her: it was vain. The fearful truth flashed upon me that she was convulsed. We watched her till sundown, when she ceased to breathe.

"I fear that some of you will smile, if I say she seemed to me the sweetest little thing that ever died; that as she lay in her last sleep, no sight could be made so beautiful and touching; that the loss of a child never, probably, awoke such tenderness of love and such grief. Suffer me to think so, without debate.

"How can I tell you any thing about the last sad scene at the grave? Enough to say that each of us kissed the sweet face: we gazed on her a few moments, while tears ran down; and some things were uttered, between speaking and crying, till at length her mother kneeled, and held her face near the little face for a few moments, without a sound, then drew the white embroidered blanket over the little thing, for it was a cold day; and thus the last, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' seemed to be said and heard. I closed the lid. 'Lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more:' what shall I have seen and known before I see this face again! That simple thing, the closing of the lid, what a world of meaning was in it! My thoughts were making a whirlpool about me, till my eye was taken by the nearer approach of a man, in his shirt sleeves and rough working garb, who respectfully seemed to intimate, We are ready, Sir, when you are. O! must we, must we part? Must the grave have her?

"With an effort, I said, 'Thy will be done.' I turned the key, and took it out of the lock, and understood how every good man could have opened his mouth, at certain times, against the day of his birth. We waited. In a few moments, one more little mound grew up from the earth: the clods of the valley had become sweet to one more father and mother."

The greater a man is in power above others, the more he ought to excel them in virtue. None ought to govern who is not better than the governed.—*Cyrus.*

CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Rev. J. T. Bowen, missionary of the Southern Baptist Board of Foreign Missions to Central Africa, delivered an address in the Capitol at Washington, a few Sundays since, respecting the Kingdom of Yoruba and the Valley of the Niger; and from the copious notes of a gentleman who heard it, we are able to give our readers a report of the interesting statements that were made.

About the close of the year 1849, Mr. Bowen landed on the west coast of Africa, at the mouth of the Lagos, in the Bight of Benin, and went back into the country some 200 miles, and established himself in the valley of the Niger.

The Yoruba country contains about 50,000 square miles, and is densely populated, having ten or twelve cities, or walled towns, ranging from 50,000 to 300,000 inhabitants. The entire population of the kingdom is estimated at about two millions. The cities are very compactly built, and literally swarm with people. The streets are not wider than the ordinary sidewalks of American cities, and the buildings are of the Moorish style, a story and a half high, large on the ground, and containing from twenty to fifty rooms. These cities are not unfrequently surrounded by suburban villages, containing from one to two or three thousand inhabitants.

The Yorubas are a mulatto or mixed race, with features of the European type. They have no written code of laws, but they have a system of government which enjoins the strictest accountability, from the king down to the patriarch. The supreme authority of the nation is vested in a grand council of seventy, without whose sanction the king can do nothing. This council, indeed, has power, for sufficient cause, to depose the monarch and determine the succession. From this highest source, the authority descends to the heads of families or patriarchs, all of kin living together in one family, the oldest male being the patriarch. In science and the industrial arts, the knowledge of the Yorubas is small; though, in a rude way, they work iron and copper, and manufacture fine brass, which they fashion into stirrups and other articles of utility. They also manufacture

fine morocco, and raise an inferior kind of cotton, which the women spin into yarn and the men weave into cloth; and the garments made of it are exposed for sale in the market-towns.

The language of the Yorubas is exceedingly rich and full, and Mr. Bowen prepared a vocabulary of fifteen thousand words. According to their traditions, the Yorubas were originally from Arabia, whence their ancestors were driven many years ago, and settled in the Niger valley. The name of the town they first settled signifies, in their language, "Noah's Ark," and several elevations are pointed out in different parts of Central Africa as the identical spot where the ark rested.

Adjoining Yoruba, and originally forming a part of it, is the kingdom of Ellora, which, having adopted Mohammedanism, revolted and established an independent government, with a Sultan at its head. A mulatto race, known as Fellahs, who are quite numerous throughout Central Africa, and read and write the Arabic language with facility, have much influence over the people of Ellora, to whom they read in the public places of the principal towns. The Fellahs are represented to be a remarkable people. They claim to be of Caucasian origin, and assert that their ancestors came from the vicinity of the Black Sea.

Much misapprehension, according to Mr. Bowen, exists in the public mind in regard to the idolatry of these Central African tribes. The great mass of them, he says, believe in the true God, and have an abiding faith in his overruling providence. He says that wherever he went he was kindly greeted by the natives; that many of the heathen and a few of the Mohammedans had embraced Christianity; and that many of the most intelligent persons whom he met expressed a conviction that Christian civilization would speedily spread its benign influence over Central Africa—an event which they earnestly desired.

The river Niger, which Mr. Bowen describes as the Mississippi of Africa, flowing through a highly productive and semi-civilized portion of the country, has already been ascended by English vessels more than seven hundred miles, and he thinks that with steamers of light draught it may be navigated for two thousand miles from its mouth, and advances the opinion that an annual trade of some millions of dollars might be realized from the country bordering on this wonderful stream. The whole country abounds in the palm-oil tree; and the oil, gold, copper, ivory, and silk, are now brought to the coast by the slow, toilsome, and expensive mode of caravans. Mr. Bowen urges the fitting out of an American exploring expedition of the Niger. Such an expedition, undertaken and carried out with the proper spirit, might add greatly to the world's knowledge, and be the means of opening a vast country to commerce, to civilization, and Christianity.—*New York Examiner.*

THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

BY MRS. T. H. BEVEREDGE.

I saw a youthful mother
Once, on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play.
It gambolled on the flowerets
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests;
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new-found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustfully reached forth its hand
To seize the glittering prize.

And now, its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure, rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there.
But ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright, imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on that cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it hath been with us all
Who its dark game have played:
We've sought to grasp the sunshine
And only found—the shade!

SPRING.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

The Spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers:
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth:
The skies are blue, the air is balm:
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field,
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers:
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up! let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there.

CHRIST NOT A WRITER.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is that he left no writings behind him; and the only record there is of his writing any thing is in the case where "he stooped down, and with his finger wrote upon the ground." What he wrote then and there, no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." Hearer, did this strange fact ever occur to you, that the greatest reformer that ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world, whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now command the credence, the respect, and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world, and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of a great system of faith and practice—has left behind him no sentence of his writing? and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand constitute the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account.

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even rude hieroglyphics, any such thing as a system of religion, whose founder did not take special pains to reduce his teachings to writing, and thus give them the most exact and permanent form?

The Brahmins have their Vedas, their Pouranas, their Ramayan, and their Laws and Institutes of Menu; and these are all written and preserved with the utmost care. The Chinese have their books of Fohi, their founder, as opened and expounded by their great Confucius. The Persians have their Zendevesta, attributed to their leader, Zoroaster, containing the doctrine and laws of their religion. The Jews had their sacred books; and Moses and the prophets, and David and Solomon, put their teachings in writing that they might be preserved.

Plato, and Pythagoras, and Cicero, and Demosthenes, wrote much. Mohammed wrote the Koran, and gave it to the faithful as their guide. The writings of Swedenborg are voluminous; and, in our day, even the Mormon impostor wrote his Book of Mormon. But here comes one who claims precedence even to Moses and Abraham, and especially claims that a greater than Solomon is in his own person, and announcing himself as a herald of a new dispensation from God, which is to cast Moses and the prophets in the shade, and prevail over all other systems, and subdue our entire race; and yet this great teacher wrote never a word save only the characters

in the sand, which the next breath of wind might obliterate. Who can account for this strange procedure? Will it comport at all with the idea that he was an impostor? Did ever an impostor pursue a course like this? Never. And it seems to us that in the single fact to which we have alluded, there is the impress of truth, and proof that his mission is all Divine. He stands out before us as one who knows that his mission is from God, and that it can stand upon its own merits. So confident is he of its power, that he is content to breathe it out upon God's air, and leave it to live by its own inherent and self-perpetuating immortality, or live not at all. And so he goes about doing good, now teaching in the synagogue and temple, now talking to his disciples as he sits on Olivet, or by the Sea of Galilee, and now dropping a word as he walks by the way. And there is not manifested the slightest apprehension that what he says will be lost. He writes it not on stone or parchment; nay, he writes it not at all. He seeks only to give it a lodgment in the hearts of the few disciples that followed him—to make them comprehend it, and feel its power, and love it; and is willing to leave it there to produce its fruits, and to be written by the hand of affection, if it should be written at all. And they, for the love they bore him, wrote the meagre sketch we have of his life and teachings.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Probably no item of religious intelligence more frequently meets the eye of an editor than such as refer to the efficiency of Sabbath-schools. These institutions, in which the laity become instructors, are regarded as the means of converting "far greater numbers than the pulpit." While under existing circumstances no one can object to the efficiency of Sabbath-school instruction, all must see that the fact indicates some great error or errors in the ministry—something wrong in the pulpit. The living ministry, if we understand the teaching of the Bible, was designed to become the most efficient earthly means of human salvation. While we wish there were a hundred Sabbath-schools to one, and each forty times more useful than now, still the living ministry, in usefulness, ought to surpass them all.

The New York Examiner says:—"A very interesting statement has been obtained from the record of conversions in connection with the Methodist Sabbath-schools. The fact is startlingly significant—and yet not strange—that more than half the net increase of that denomination of Christians in the United States, for the past year, has been from the Sabbath-schools. The number of Sabbath-school conversions in the year was 17,494; and in the last eight years was over 94,000, or one-eighth the entire membership of the Church. Add to this the greater average expectation of life in children and youth, as compared with adults, and we observe a provision for the future numerical strength of the Church, from the nursery of the Sabbath-school, fully equal, at a moderate estimate, to the conversion of 30,000 adults (the whole net increase) in a single year. Sabbath-school teachers should thank God and take fresh courage in their work, in view of such evidences as these; and those who are neglecting this precious mode of usefulness may well be aroused from their indifference."

"So far as I know, at present," says Dr. Wayland, "the Sabbath-school converts far greater numbers than the pulpit." What can the reason be?

Is not this "startlingly significant fact" a glorious vindication of Divine truth? Does it not prove to the world that the gospel, read and expounded in Sabbath-schools, is still the power of God to the salvation of such as believe it? Is it not a kindly rebuke to such bishops and elders as have gone out of the way to "novel-writing," "Landmarking," stump-speaking, etc., etc.? One inclined to skepticism might well suppose, from the grandiloquent commendations which preachers give the ridiculous picture-books and fashionable novels written by their brethren, that a nearer, more carnal, and easier way was being provided than that revealed in the gospel. There is something wrong in the ministry, and God's truth is being triumphantly vindicated in the blessings attendant upon the instructions of the Sabbath-school. The gospel, by whomsoever proclaimed, is the power of God to salvation. J.

PATIENCE A VIRTUE.

It has been truly and beautifully said, that "to maintain a steady and unbroken mind amid all the shocks of the world, forms the highest honor of a man. Patience on such occasions rises to magnanimity. It shows a great and noble mind, which is able to rest on itself, on God; and a good conscience, which can enjoy itself amid all evils, and would rather endure the greatest hardships than submit to what was dishonorable in order to obtain relief. This gives proof of a strength that is derived from Heaven. It is a beam of the immortal light shining on the heart. Such patience is the most complete triumph of religion and virtue; and it, accordingly, has characterized those whose names have been transmitted with honor to posterity. It has ennobled the hero, the saint, and the martyr."

But this virtue does not pertain merely to these higher exemplars of the Christian faith. Every person, in whatever station of life, is liable to provocation, injury, and wrong from his fellow-men, and to disappointments and trials allotted in the providence of God. Evils of the former class are, from the infirmity of our nature, the most difficult to be borne. A feeling of resentment under personal insult or injury is so natural to the human mind, that, unless the mind has been schooled in patience and the forgiveness of injuries, such a feeling rises spontaneously with the provocation. Upon this point, therefore, the Christian should be especially watchful. One might meet such evils upon philosophical grounds—by considering how unworthy they are to disturb his peace; but it is better to meet them upon Christian grounds, to count them a part of his moral discipline, healthful to the soul, and to feel that his interests, character, and motives are safe in the hands of God. These, indeed, are safe nowhere else. Popular opinion is not to be trusted with such treasures for an hour. John came neither eating nor drinking, and men said, "He hath a devil." The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they said, "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Jesus—all mild and gentle as he was—they charged him with treason and sedition, because he declared that he had a kingdom, though not of this world. This constant misconstruction of his motives and perversion of his language, was doubtless one of the chief trials of the Saviour's life. But under all provocation and injury he was patient and forbearing. So also should his disciples be. "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied, and faint in your minds. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." This discipline of the heart, even in little things, will contribute greatly to its strength, its comfort, and its peace.

The disappointments and trials of life should answer the same end in our moral discipline. These we cannot escape; but we may learn to bear them without murmuring or complaint. This is one of the choicest lessons of Christian experience. To be always prepared for trial, and to meet it calmly, sweetly, when it comes, is an attainment which rewards the soul for all the struggles and anguish which it may have cost to reach it. Trials are our constant attendants: they come at times and in ways divers, and often unexpected—the loss of health, of property, of friends, of every earthly good; but they come not without consolation. The deeper we go down into the well of adversity, the more clearly do we see high over our heads the star of hope and peace, which we saw not at all in the garish sunshine of the outer world. Then let us accept the trials of life with submission, and even with thankfulness, as a merciful discipline unto sanctification and eternal joy.

"We will not weep, we will not sigh,
God bids us suffer patiently:
He wills it, and we care not why—
But bless his name.
He in his mercy's always nigh,
Always the same.

Whate'er the cup thy hand shall fill,
Father, we own thy goodness still.
Though pain and woe the spirit chill,
Though one by one
Our earthly hopes decay—Thy will,
Not ours, be done.

Teach us thy mandates to revere;
Wean our weak souls from things too dear;
And if still rise the struggling tear,
At thy decree
O, let the spirit, wearied here,
Find rest in thee!"

HOW SHOULD THE WORD OF GOD BE STUDIED?

On the left bank of the Moselle, near its confluence with the Rhine at Coblentz, there stands a stately pyramid, which attracts the eye of the wanderer amid those fertile regions by the peculiarity of its outline. The Moselle, a majestic river, is hastening to lose itself in the more majestic Rhine. On the opposite bank towers the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, suggesting the memory of a thousand bloody scenes; while all around, the bounty of Him who opens his hand and satisfies the wants of every living thing, is poured in rich profusion upon men. Upon that pyramid, one sees strange and unmeaning symbols. Its massive stones are deeply carved with letters, but not a word can be deciphered. To read them mocks our utmost ingenuity, and, after all, the wayfarer must leave the pile with his curiosity unsatisfied, and the mystic words, whatever they may be, unknown, if he possess no information but what he can derive from those blocks of carved stone. It is a puzzle, in short, in granite, and suggests no key by which the most ingenious mind might thread the labyrinth.

The history of that pyramid is as follows: It was erected to the memory of one of the heroes of the great French Revolution. General Marceau was one of the most distinguished of the shedders of blood at that memorable period, and in that character commanded the respect at once of his enemies and friends. Hostilities ceased over his grave; and those who the day before had been burning to shed each other's blood, and who, the day after, burned to shed it again, exchanged their martial greetings over the last resting-place of Marceau on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle. The pyramid was erected to his memory, and the record of his bravery was carved upon the stones which composed it.

But it was "writ on water." When the allied armies prevailed in that long struggle, and peace was at length restored, the record of Marceau's bravery was effaced. It did not seem befitting that the memory of an invading Republican should be perpetuated, and the blocks which formed the pyramid were taken down and rebuilt, but completely displaced. Though the self-same stones still compose the pile, the inscription is now entirely deranged; and no power can combine those scattered letters into the former eulogy, without a key to guide the wanderer through the labyrinth of confusion.

The monument of Francis Severin Desgraviers Marceau, disfigured and deranged as we have now described, may serve as an emblem of what often happens in regard to the Christian system. Instead of the symmetry which signalizes that wondrous product of the Omniscient Mind, it appears to many to be disjointed and incompact. Though the great doctrines of Christianity all shed lustre on each other, and lend mutual strength and support, so as to compose a sublimely simple whole, to which the world contains no parallel, the effect of all that is too often lost, for it rarely happens that professing Christians are well acquainted with the system of their religion *as a whole*. Parts or fragments of it all have learned; but how the different parts cohere—how they help to strengthen and uphold each other, is what few can accurately tell. For example, every enlightened person at least is aware that the Christian system comprehends, among other things, the great doctrine of justification by faith in Christ; but how that doctrine is connected with sanctification on the one hand, or with conversion on the other, is a point regarding which few are thoroughly intelligent. Or, multitudes know that assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end, are benefits which flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification, or ought to accompany them; but what the process is by which these blessings are imparted to the soul, few clearly understand or can intelligently explain. It is religion in a mass, rather than religion in practical detail or perfect symmetry, that very many know. "That Christ died to save sinners," said one of the Puritans, "is a most precious truth; but he knows too little of it that knows that *alone*—as most ignorant Christians do who perish with their knowledge. He knoweth this truth to purpose who knows it in its connection with *a lost estate;* who knows it in reference to the *fall*, the *wounds*, and *bruises*, and *death*

contracted by it. He knows redemption by Jesus Christ aright who knows it in order to the *guilt* and *power* of sin, and man's *total impotency* to save himself from either."

From that kind of ignorance to which we now refer, it comes to pass that very many are exposed to danger in their religious life. Being unacquainted with the connection of doctrine with doctrine, and truth with truth, not knowing how one part of the great Christian system strengthens and explains another, the simple gospel is often abandoned, and the soul involved in labyrinths of error before it is aware that it has swerved at all from the form of sound words. Were we to liken the plan of revelation to any material object, it would be to the human frame. So wisely is it compacted, and so exquisitely knit together, that we cannot alter, or transpose, or dislocate one of its parts, without injuring all the rest. Let the hand be put in the place of the foot, and how completely would that single alteration mar the beauty and disturb the wisdom of the human frame! And even so in reference to the Christian system. Displace any of its truths—put conversion, for example, in the place of justification, or justification in the place of sanctification, and the whole scheme of redemption is deranged: another gospel is introduced. The soul is exposed to jeopardy, because we employ a guide to eternity different from that which the only wise God our Saviour has revealed. "Alas, the ignorance and misery of our times!" exclaimed a man of God two hundred years ago. "It is not that people are totally destitute of the principles of the Christian religion, but that they know them singly only and apart; and so they know them but by halves; yea, not so much, for I dare be bold to say the better half of every truth consists in its method and necessary coherence with other truths, without which, therefore, the knowledge men have of them must needs be but dark and lifeless."

No theologian in our day has made this point more plain than Dr. Merle D'Aubigné. In a work by him on the authority of the Scriptures, he has argued that it is not necessary to introduce strange terms into religion in order to create great heresies: it is enough merely to change the order of the terms which God has employed in his Word. How did the Papacy, for example, arrive at its grand heresy, that of salvation by works? It introduced nothing new. It found the two words *salvation* and *works* in the Word of God, and all that it did was to invert their order. Popery put the first term in the second place, the second term in the first; and from that microscopic germ, a heresy which has ruined its tens of thousands arose. The gospel says, "First salvation, and then works as a consequence or fruit." Popery says, "First works, and then salvation as a consequence or fruit." All that is done in this case is to transpose two words; but out of that transposition a heresy has arisen which has spread a withering blight over the fairest portions of Christendom. The more exquisite any piece of machinery is in its construction, the more easily is it disorganized by rudeness or violence; and the very perfection with which part is adjusted to part in the plan of salvation, renders it easily marred or dislocated by the hand of ignorance or the foolish wisdom of man.

Were it not well, then, to present a consecutive and connected view of the great truths of revelation, as they relate to God in his holiness, to man in his sinfulness, and the means of making them walk together again, like two who are agreed? We are far from saying that the salvation of any soul is suspended either upon its knowledge of a system, or its power to explain it. It is the knowledge of God in Christ that is everlasting life; and when that is possessed, the Spirit of God is indeed the teacher of the soul: it is wise unto salvation. But in an age like ours, when errors are so rife, and when a superficial knowledge of redemption is leaving many exposed to the snares or the onsets of heresies which overlay and would extinguish the light of God's Word, every appliance should be employed to fortify men's minds, and make them steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. It is thus that the truth of God would become the shield and bulwark of the soul. It is thus that he who is the truth would be glorified, and thus that God's hidden ones throughout all the churches would be built up in holiness and comfort through faith unto salvation.

The skill with which the zoölogist can piece together the remains of former animals is one of the wonders of science. If Baron Cuvier got possession of a single bone, or even a fragment of a bone, it is well known that he could construct the entire skeleton out of that hint, and tell to what order the animal had belonged, what were its habits, its age, and structure. And in the same way, the believer who is taught by the Spirit of God should know the order and the place of all the truths of religion: the different parts or fragments should all be assigned to their proper position, and the symmetry of the whole preserved. And every one knows that a well-constructed arch can support any weight that may be laid upon it, while a broken arch, or a fragment, will often crumble to pieces under its own mass. Now the system of redemption, as divinely revealed, is the perfect arch. As such, it can bear the burden of the soul's salvation, and sustain it beyond the risk of failure, under every trial, and cross, and burden. But the detached doctrine, the isolated fragment, the mere party peculiarity, may break down beneath the soul which leans upon it, and at once bring an evil report against the truth of God and peril to the soul which rests upon it.

Such evils are not imaginary: they meet us in distressing number and variety in every sphere of life. How is the Socinian able to maintain the most disastrous of all the heresies that now ruin the souls of men? Only by wrenching one portion of the Scriptures from the rest, and then proceeding to argue or to act as if a fragment were the whole. He seizes on the saying, "My Father is greater than all," or, "Why call ye me good? There is none good but one, that is God," and holds up that fragment as if it were the whole. He effaces the correlative of such texts, "I and my Father are one," "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" and by that process, as dishonoring to the Word of God as it is common among the sons of men, heresy is propagated, and souls destroyed. Or, how could the Antinomian perpetuate his delusion, and act or argue as if the abominable thing which God hates were not hateful at all, were he not in the habit of expunging all that is said of the need of personal holiness, and purity, and perfection, and looking through a distorting medium at what is said of the forgiveness or the grace of God? He seizes on such a clause as, "I through the law am dead to the law;" and after perverting it, supports that perversion by another—by entirely overlooking the words, "Be perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect;" or, "He hath chosen us in Christ, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Or how could the formalists, who crowd many of the churches of this age, persuade themselves that they are safe, and continue at ease in Zion, except by detaching one portion of the truth from another: the call for conversion, for example, from the commanded duties of a believer? Or how could the Romanist continue in his idolatry, did he not mutilate the ten commandments, by removing the second, wherever that can be done without the danger of Protestant detection? In all these cases, delusion is fostered, and the reign of the second death prolonged by such dislocations of the truth as we have here described; and in the hope of promoting godliness, by commending all that God has revealed for that end, we are now to submit some practical views of doctrinal truths in the order in which they are presented in that Word of God which has his glory in man's salvation for its aim, his truth for the means, and his Spirit for the agent in promoting his purposes.

The truth of God is the only medium in which man can preserve his purity. It is to the soul what the air-bell is to the little diver in our pools, which sinks to the bottom environed with its crystal covering, and there moves and rejoices uncontaminated by what is impure, and uninjured by what might otherwise destroy. In proportion as the soul is surrounded with that medium which the Word supplies, is it free from contamination and safe from danger. Sneers have no power; sinful pleasures have no attractions; flattery is offensive and very humbling. The example of the wicked draws tears from our eyes and prayers from our hearts, when we have learned to breathe that atmosphere of heaven which gladdens and sustains the soul which prizes aright that Word of the Lord which endureth for ever.—*Christian Treasury.*

THE TREES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The following piece, from a new volume, "Under the Green Leaves," just published in London, will be admired by the lovers of true poetry for the fine fancy displayed in its quaint personifications of the "forest-family," and entitles Mackay to rank among the first of living poets.

If you could dance when Orpheus piped,
Ye oaks, and elms, and beeches,
Try, when a man of modern time
Your courtesy beseeches.
'Twas but his fancy! Well, 'tis mine—
So do your best endeavor:
The facts of History pass away,
The thoughts may live for ever.

My friend the merchant of Cornhill,
Awake to naught but scheming,
And he who plods a Fig-tree Court,
Will call this idle dreaming.
But ye shall dance, ye joyous trees,
Though they may scoff or pity,
And measure, in their self-conceit,
Arcadia by the City.

Come, Father Oak, so old and staid,
But vigorous and hearty,
Shake off the soberness of years,
And join the merry party.
'Tis not becoming! Harmless mirth
Takes no account of ages;
So, Monarch of the Woods, unbend,
And frolic with your pages.

And thou, superbest matron Beech,
In all thy bloom of beauty,
Relax; and learn that, now and then,
Enjoyment is a duty.
And Lady Lime, the honey sweet,
With music in thy tresses,
Step out—the wild winds pipe the tune,
And every moment presses.

Ye damsel Birches, slim and fair,
And capersome as misses
Who've just come home from boarding-school,
And dream of love and kisses,
I know you're ready: come away,
With silver braided kyrtles,
And taper limbs, and flowing hair,
And breath as sweet as myrtles.

Ye Firs and Larches, rough as lads
Let loose from school or college;
Ye Poplars, stiff as men on 'Change,
Forget your cram of knowledge.
You're no such beauties of yourselves,
But every tree an aid is;
And you'll improve in elegance,
By contact with the ladies.

Ye steadfast Elms, our English trees,
The charm of rural alleys,
The grace of parks and village-greens,
And darlings of our valleys:
Come forth, with robes of flowing green,
The ivy for your flounces—
The dance will languish in the dale,
If one of you renounces.

And you, like melancholy maids
Who sigh on lonely pillows,
Or widows, ere they've cast their weeds—
Ye fond, romantic Willows,
Come from your looking-glass, the stream,
And cease to play at Sorrow,
And taste a little Joy to day,
To think about to-morrow.

And thou, dear Hawthorn—sweetest sweet,
The beautiful, the tender,
Bright with the fondling of the sun,
And prankt in bridal splendor—
Come with thy sisters, full of bloom,
And all thy bridemaids merry—
Acacia, Chestnut, Lilac fair,
The Apple, and the Cherry.

Strike up the music! Lo! it sounds!
The expectant woodlands listen;
They wave their branches to the sky,
And all their dewdrops glisten.
There comes a rustling from the heights,
A buzzing from the hollow,
They move, the ancient Oaks and Elms,
And all the juniors follow.

They move, they start, they thrill, they dance,
They shake their boughs with pleasure,
And flutter all their gay green leaves,
Obedient to the measure.
They choose their partners: Oak and Beech
Pair off, a stately couple;
And Larch to Willow makes his bow,
Th' unbending to the supple.

The Hawthorn, charm of every eye,
In Beauty's ranks a leader,
Has choice of many for her hand,
But gives it to the Cedar.
She loves the wisdom of his looks,
And name renowned in story;
And he, th' effulgence of her eyes,
And fragrance of her glory.

The Poplar, very gaunt and tall,
Says to the Ash: "May I press
Thy fairy figure in the waltz?
If not, I'll ask the Cypress."
And Ash consents—but thinks her beau
Has nothing that entices;
He looks so like a serving-man,
To hand about the ices.

The Elms and Lindens choose their mates,
And e'en the sturdy Holly;
And all the Brambles and the Ferns
Think standing still is folly,
And foot it briskly on the sward,
As wild as lads and lasses—
But make sad havoc, as they twirl,
With all the flowers and grasses.

THE COMPASS.

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crests the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared
Through all the vault of heaven:

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed, without a sigh,
Where—poised the needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim—
The compass meets his eye.

Thence taught his darksome course to steer,
He breathed no wish for day,
But braved the whirlwind's headlong might,
Nor once, throughout that dismal night,
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is of the Christian's life
But storm as dark and drear,
Through which, without one blithesome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer!

Yet let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A Compass shines divinely true,
And, self-illumined, greets his view
Amid the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar;
And soon his toils of troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore.

BENEFACTORS.

It was Adam Smith who said that "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, is a benefactor of his country." It is well remarked by a recent author that "Adam Smith is a fortunate man; for in that simple sentence he has recorded a cardinal truth which has already descended to posterity, and will carry his name to future ages." There is no doubt but Adam "hit the nail on the head" when he said that; and we believe he would have expressed no less a cardinal truth had he said that he who by an honest word or a good joke makes a heart light which was before heavy, is a benefactor of mankind.

We are apt to get the idea of a benefactor mixed up with a stone building of some sort—a college, asylum, or library—and to look upon the term as inseparable from some public institution. But with all deference and respect to colleges, asylums, libraries, and institutions, we believe that if there were no benefactors except those heavy-pursed gentlemen who die and leave a will which establishes an institution, we should be a sorry set indeed. If we mistake not, there are instances on record, in which tight-fisted men, who all their lives long, and every day of their lives, (Sundays, perhaps, excepted,) have crimped and pinched everybody around them to save a penny, have donated their gain, wrung from unwilling hands by extortion, to some benevolent object of this nature. In such cases it is a consolation to know that a sour, slavish life, as near worthless in itself as a life can be, can result in any thing useful. These men freeze and dwarf every thing with which they come in contact, and the blessings they leave behind them come from their death, for they bless no one while living.

Neither do we believe that the benefactors are confined to those men who write or say something which immortalizes them, or who invent something which perpetuates their memory; or who fight and kill so many that historians write down their names, as Mr. Barkis wrote down the name of Clara Peggotty in his cart, because they take an interest therein; and with the deepest gratitude to all men who have written or done a good thing,

we are yet of the opinion that if these were our only benefactors, we should still be a sorry set.

There are thousands, millions of benefactors; and thousands and millions of them die without ever seeing their names in print at all. Wherever a true heart gives sympathy, or love, or hope, or cheerfulness to another heart, there you have a benefactor of mankind. Wherever a man performs his duties faithfully and well, and gives a good example of an honest life, there, too, you have one, just as you do when a man does good by preaching a good sermon, writing a good book, or studying out a useful invention.

We recollect taking a long omnibus ride, one cold night in the fall of the year. The conveyance was supposed to be crowded to its utmost capacity some time before passengers stopped crowding in. We rode in the midst of sleet and wind, from which the old coach gave but poor protection. We were all as gloomy as owls and as savage as lobsters. If we did not greatly mistake, the old gentleman who sat next ourself would willingly have eaten us up to make more room, had there been no penalty attached to such a proceeding. As it was, he came near breaking in our ribs with his elbow. Suddenly the coach stopped, and the driver asked us if we could make room for one more. The emphatic and unanimous "No!" which was hurled at him would have knocked him quite off his seat had it been brick. But immediately a round, laughing face, with bright, laughing eyes, which forthwith won us over to his side, presented itself at the door, and the man who owned them called out: "All right, driver! plenty of room! go ahead!" The manner in which this was said set us all laughing, and we instantly repented saying, "No." "Good evening, friends," said he: "don't give yourselves the least inconvenience on my account —not the slightest. I prefer to stand up—*decidedly* prefer it. Indeed, if the gentlemen on this side of the stage should be so gracious as to make room for me, I hardly think I could be induced to sit down." The result of this was another hearty laugh, and a movement on our side of the coach which gave the new passenger room to sit down. Even the sour old man at our side seemed to draw himself into half his previous dimensions, without the slightest difficulty. "I thank you, gentlemen," said the new-comer: "I thank you very much. I prefer to stand—I decidedly prefer it, I assure you; but since you are so generous, I should feel self-condemned were I to refuse your offer, however much it may incommode me;" and he sat down amid a general laugh, and cries of, "Bravo!" We were a new set of beings: it is strange how we recognized ourselves. That man's fund of good-nature was exhaustless to the last. We laughed and laughed again till we all forgot our discomforts. It was better than a gold mine. It was warmth, food, rest, comfort. In the midst of our journey, one of the horses very deliberately lay down in the road and refused to take another step. The sour old man began to fret: we were all going back to our old mood, but he came to the rescue, and we had a jolly time during the half hour which the driver required to persuade the horse to be a good horse and go on again. On reaching the village, we passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the stranger, for having "warmed, fed, and comforted us" during the long ride.

We have thought of that occurrence a thousand times since: we have wondered at and admired the power of that little man, who could thus galvanize a load of shivering passengers, and put us upon such excellent terms with ourselves and mankind generally. If he was not a benefactor, we should like to see one.

He *was* a benefactor, because he did the right thing at the right time. Now there is a definition for you. Mr. Worcester defines a benefactor as "one who confers a benefit." We very modestly and very respectfully suggest to that gentleman that, in his next edition, he strike out that definition and put in ours, thus: "Benefactor—one who says or does the right thing in the right way, at the right time, and in the right place."—*Life Illustrated.*

A PERSON whose life was unholy, urged his sister to go with him to hear his minister; to which she replied: "Brother, what are you the better for his preaching?"

IMPOSITION ON MOTHERS.

"Good evening, friend Lyman," said Mr. Hill, as he entered the piazza where Mr. L. was enjoying the cool breeze, after the labors of a summer day. "So I find you at leisure for once."

"Yes; I have just closed up a troublesome business, and feel as though a little rest was necessary," said Mr. Lyman, bringing from the hall an arm-chair for his friend. "You do not smoke, I believe?"

"No, nor drink, nor steal," said Mr. H. quietly. Mr. L. was not an habitual smoker, but he occasionally took a cigar when in company with those who indulged in that practice, and would have been pleased with a good excuse to light one on the piazza.

Mr. Hill took his seat by the side of his friend; and before any topic of conversation was started, Mr. Lyman's son Henry, a lad about nine years of age, came into the piazza. "Father," said Henry, "may I go to the village? The soldiers are parading, and they have their new uniform. I should like to see them very much."

"You must go and ask your mother," said Mr. L.

"I do not know where she is."

"You can find her."

He then turned to Mr. Hill, and asked him a question relating to business. Henry knew that he must not press his request any further. So he went into the house, and learning that his mother was not at home, he set out for the village. Mr. Hill saw him, and said: "You might as well have given Henry leave to go; for I see he is going without it. Mrs. Lyman is at Mr. Green's. I saw her go in as I came along. I did not think of it while Henry was speaking to you."

"If he is gone without permission, his mother will see to him."

"I have sometimes thought that we leave mothers to see to too many things."

"I do not know about that: while children are young, they are always with their mother, and naturally look to her for direction. When they get older, they come into their father's hands, as a matter of course."

"At what age do you think the father should take charge of his son?"

"That depends upon circumstances. When he gets old enough to begin to think about business."

"Till then you think they should be left to the care or government of the mother?"

"Yes, in the general way. Mothers have less to do, and can see to children better than fathers can. I do not know what children need. My wife is the better judge, and can attend to them a great deal better than I can. I always sustain her authority."

Mr. Lyman would have stated the exact truth if he had said: "I always let her sustain her authority. I never interfere to lessen it."

"I do not think your views are in accordance with the directions of the good book."

"Why not?"

"Because God's commands respecting the training of children are not addressed solely to mothers. *Parents* are commanded to bring up their children aright, and fathers are sometimes expressly mentioned. I do not think fathers have a right to throw off upon mothers a burden which was originally imposed upon both."

"Providence commits the child in the first instance to the mother."

"And has made the father the head of the family, or placed the chief authority in his hands. The fact that Providence has committed the sole nursing of the child to the mother, does not prove that he has committed the sole government of the child to the mother."

"I do not contend that the mother is to have the sole government."

"You would have the father possess authority, but would have the mother exercise it—at least in all cases where its exercise is attended with any trouble. I do not think that is right: I do not think it is generous."

"It strikes me that a husband honors his wife by putting such confidence in her as is implied by resigning the direction of the child to her."

"It is such an honor as every sensible mother would willingly decline. The truth is, friend L man, that we are yet so much interested in our worldly pursuits, that we think we have not time, or are unwilling to take the trouble to assist in governing our chil-

dren. The consequence is, our children grow up without being governed. An energetic mother may govern them for a time; but if the father takes no part in the work, the boys when they get large will learn to evade her commands, and form habits of disobedience. Then, when the father undertakes the neglected work, he will fail. I think the history of thousands of families in our land illustrates the truth of my remarks. Many seem to think that if mothers do their duty, all will be well. But a mother cannot do her duty and her husband's too. There must be union in the most important of all works—that of training up children for the service of Christ."

BETHEL COLLEGE.

We hail with peculiar delight the increasing prosperity of this Baptist institution. Doubtless, it has cost the President much labor to render this cherished institution so eminently worthy public confidence, and it is exeedingly difficult, in the neighborhood of one's nativity, to attain such superior consideration as is now justly awarded brother Blewitt; but when once acquired, it is usually lasting as life itself.

The indefatigable President, in a communication to The Russellville Herald, says:

"The spring session has opened with more students present than any previous session since the organization of the institution; and I am gratified to say that the students, for their gentlemanly deportment, for their punctuality and diligence in study, give assurance that the present will be an exceedingly interesting session. I am pleased to know that enlarged confidence is cherished for an institution which I love, and which I have earnestly labored to render worthy of confidential patronage and of the region of my nativity.

"I see no reason why ours shall be inferior to any institution, and why we shall not afford not only to the youth of the Green River country every desirable facility for a thorough education, but also attract to us the ingenuous of other places, and render our village the favored resort and the home of scholars. I hereby pledge myself that, with the united and earnest coöperation of my fellow-citizens, my continued and best efforts shall be expended upon the institution, and that no labor shall be spared to render it what it is capable of being, the centre of healthful literary and moral influence. I feel myself peculiarly favored in having, as my associate-professors, gentlemen in whose thorough scholarship and rare qualifications for instructing I have the fullest and most complete confidence; and I regard them, in their respective chairs, superior men.

"A strict account of the scholarship and deportment of every student daily is kept, and twice during the session is rendered to parents and guardians. No student will be allowed to retain his connection with the institution who does not deserve to do so by the rectitude and propriety of his deportment, and by his rigid conformity to all the regulations, and earnest diligence of his studies. Every desirable facility is here offered to young men for substantial training, and no inducements extended to such as desire to waste their time or money. Boarding may be secured in the very best families, for all who may apply, at $2 50 per week, all expenses met. Many excellent families, feeling interested in the institution, who have not hitherto taken boarders, are now willing to fill their rooms at these figures. I know of no place freer from inducements to vice and extravagance than Russellville. All will be done that can for the welfare and comfort of every student; and as soon as he fails to attend to his duties, and if he cannot be prevailed upon to do so, he will be immediately sent home."

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

The sixth biennial session of the Southern Baptist Convention will be held with the Walnut Street Baptist Church in Louisville, Kentucky, on the second Friday in May, at ten o'clock. Elder William Carey Crane was appointed to preach the Convention sermon.

The following extract shows the conditions of membership:

"A biennial convention shall consist of members who contribute funds, or are delegated by religious bodies contributing funds;

and the system of representation and terms of membership shall be as follows, viz.:—An annual contribution of one hundred dollars for two years next preceding the meeting, or the contribution of two hundred dollars at any time within said two years, shall entitle the contributor to one representative; an annual contribution of two hundred dollars, as aforesaid, shall entitle the contributor to two representatives; and for each additional one hundred dollars, an additional representative shall be allowed. Provided, however, that when application shall be made for the first time by bodies or individuals to be admitted into the Convention, one delegate shall be allowed for each hundred dollars; and provided, also, that in case of great collateral societies composed of representatives receiving contributions from different parts of the country, the ratio of representation shall be one delegate for every thousand dollars, annually contributed for two years, as aforesaid; but the number of representatives shall never exceed five."

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Go, little loved one, go:
I do not mourn for thee
As those whose hopeless sorrows know
No pause from misery.
For while I gaze upon
Thy pale and lifeless clay,
Thy spirit, happy babe, is gone
To blessedness away.

Short was thy suffering-time,
And wondrous thy reward:
Thy soul is gone, unstained by crime,
To stand before the Lord.
Washed from thy native sin
In his atoning blood,
Thine is that purity within
That brings thee near to God.

Go, little loved one, go:
A mother's heart can tell,
And none but hers can fully know,
How hard to say—farewell!
Yet would I rather keep
This lonely watch by thee,
Than call thee from that peaceful sleep,
To smile again on me.

The heaven of heavens above
Is now thy spirit's rest;
And kinder is thy Saviour's love
Than even thy mother's breast.
He who was once a child
Shall keep thine infant dust,
And raise it, pure and undefiled,
To mingle with the just.

Go, little loved one, go:
Grief may a night endure,
But far beyond this vale of wo,
Our bliss is still secure.
I see the dawn arise
Of that celestial day,
When tears shall never dim the eyes,
And sighs shall pass away.

Then we again shall meet,
And who can speak the bliss?
O, never love was half so sweet,
Thy mother's fondest kiss,
As when our spirits, free
From taint of mortal race,
Shall b'end in holiest ecstasy
Before the Saviour's face.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

"I have now in my hand," said Edward Everett, "a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. Investigating further, and asking what is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of, I am told it is made of steel. I ask, what is steel? The reply is that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold, (that is not sufficiently good,) nor of brass, (that would not do,) but of iron. Iron, therefore, is the only precious metal! and this watch an emblem of society!

Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master-spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes, and embellishments, are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle-class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master-spirits of the age are moved; and its iron mainspring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disorderly, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the payment of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity; and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society, as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other."

WANTS AND WISHES IN PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want,
Whatever man may seek to share,
And God in mercy grant.

Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling now,
And answer and forgive.

When, bound with sin and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captive free.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith and hope and love,
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace.

When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

POETRY OF AN EX-PRESIDENT.

In the two volumes of Webster's letters, recently published, appear some samples of his poetical talent, which are nearly as good as the verses handed down to us as Cicero's. Edmund Burke, when a youth, wrote lines equal to those produced by Thomson or Goldsmith at the same age. John Quincy Adams wrote poetry occasionally to a very late period in life. He is not the only one of our Presidents who have entertained their leisure with sorting syllables and matching rhymes. John Tyler is said to be as much at home in poetry as in politics, and a correspondent has sent us the following example of the things which he throws off "when the fit is on him." The lines were addressed to a Long Island lady, at a season when only the very earliest and hardiest flowers make their appearance in northern latitudes, while in Virginia—at least in the lower and more southern parts of it—the rose-trees are in bloom.

Come fly to the South, from your island of snow;
The North is too cold for a soul such as thine:
No roses bloom there to adorn thy fair brow,
Though born in those deep auburn tresses to shine.
Then fly to the South, where japonicas bloom
And enamel the grove with their beautiful flowers:
O, come and inhale their delicious perfume,
Arising from Nature's own mystical bowers!

O, come to the South, where the mockbird all night
Pours forth from the tree-top its rapturous strain,
Which rises and falls, in the moon's mellow light,
Like the song of the mermaid far over the main.
Why stay in the North, where the winter's cold frown
Still lingers in ice on the lap of sweet May?
O, haste to the South, where sweet flowers have blown,
And the rill long unfettered glides laughing away!

Sherwood Forest, May 1, 1847.

NO NIGHT THERE.

Wanderer! full of doubts and fears,
Travelling through this "vale of tears"—
Pilgrim! in the path of life,
Seeking pleasure, finding strife:
Though earth's shades are darkly creeping,
Though thine eyes are dim with weeping,
Lift thy tearful gaze above,
To that better home of love:
There shall come no withering blight,
There shall be no gloomy night.

Voyager! on life's troubled sea,
Sailing to eternity:
Though the billows, wild and dark,
Overwhelm the sinking bark;
Though Hope's light hath all departed,
And thou art weary broken-hearted,
See! amid the deepening gloom,
Far beyond the dreary tomb,
A glorious "beacon-star" is shining,
Angel-hands for thee are twining
An immortal wreath of flowers,
And within those heavenly bowers,
There shall come no withering blight,
There shall be no gloomy night:

There no mournful wail of sadness
Mingles with the strain of gladness;
Bitter tears will never flow,
Tears for human grief and woe;
But a glorious song is swelling,
Of a Saviour's mercy telling:
Angel-choirs the song repeat,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.
O! that world is ever bright,
There shall be no gloomy night.

Earth! thy storms are dark and dreary,
And our hearts grow faint and weary,
As with faltering steps we stray
Through life's tangled, devious way:
Often cherished friends forsaking,
Leave our hearts with sorrow aching;
Often we are made to weep
For the loved ones called "to sleep;"
And on our pathway falls the gloom
Of the dark and dreary tomb.

But a star still shines above us,
Telling one is left to love us;
And we know that when at last
All life's weary days are past,
We shall join the angel-band
In the brighter, "better land,"
Where the angel-choirs are singing,
Where immortal flowers are springing,
Never chilled by earth's dark blight—
Where there comes no gloomy night.

EDITORIAL ADVICE.—A Western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them, if they did not find enough in the paper, they had better read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be news to most of them.

DRINK LESS WITH YOUR MEALS.

ONE great error, we drink too much at our meals. Before we have sufficiently masticated and insalivated our food, to enable us to swallow it, we force it down by taking water or warm drinks. This not only dilutes the saliva, but weakens the action of the gastric juice after the food gets into the stomach. Most persons take a swallow of fluid with almost every mouthful of food. Look along the side of the dinner-table in any of the hotels, and you will be surprised at the quantities which are drank during the meal; and, if your mind be not too much taken up with observing the errors of others, you may discover the same evil in yourself, and thus be led to correct it. This habit, sooner or later, ends in producing dyspepsia and constipation, than which there are no affections more destructive of comfort and health. When we are thirsty, at our meals or at other times, we should drink to allay such thirst only. All solid food should be thoroughly ground and mixed with saliva in the mouth, unaided and undiluted by water or other drinks. Rely upon it, this apparent necessity for drinking is a mere habit, which we can correct at will; and all who prize health at its true value, will not consider its preservation or purchase too high at the cost of attention to so simple a matter.

In this age of tobacco-smoking and chewing, the salivary glands seem to be turned to a new office—that of cleansing this filthy narcotic from the teeth and gums. Were they endowed with language, verily might they exclaim—

"To what vile uses have we come at last!"

Who can wonder at the hollow and wan cheeks of mankind, when such a continuous drain is established upon them—a kind of perpetual *catarrh* or *lachrymosis* of the mouth. Take warning by what we say. If you would have good digestion, proper action of the system, and full, ruddy cheeks, eat slow, masticate your food better, drink less at your meals, and you who smoke, if smoke you will, avoid spitting as much as possible. The latter have a twofold reason for observing our last injunction: they will save, at the same time, their own health and the feelings of their friends.—*Selected.*

DEATH OF DR. E. K KANE.

In connection with the announcement of the death of Dr. Kane, our readers—such of them at least as have not read his works—will doubtless recur to Dr. Wood's review of "Arctic Explorations," as published in the January number of this magazine.

Dr. Kane was truly one of the most remarkable men of this or any age. He died in Cuba, whither he had gone hoping to stimulate the recuperative energies of a system, never very robust, wasted by the hardships and trials to which he had been subjected in the Arctic regions. It, however, proved an illusive hope; and the Doctor, cut off in the meridian of life, now

"Sleeps his last, long sleep."

We learn that as the body of the deceased was being returned to its friends and native State, it was almost everywhere met with marks of distinguished consideration.

The following sketch of the character and death of Dr. Kane, we take from The New York Times:

It is a painful duty that we are called upon to perform in chronicling the decease of Dr. Kane. It is but a few weeks since intelligence was received of his departure from England in search of health in Havana, and strong hopes were entertained that this change of climate and scene would serve the purpose of recruiting the physical energies which had become prostrate through a long course of unremitting toil and exposure. The hope proved fallacious, and Dr. Kane is gathered to his fathers, while yet at the threshold of his life, and at the commencement of a career whose early promise was already abundantly fulfilled. He died at Havana, on the 16th Feb., at the age of thirty-five years. His mind remained clear, and his disease, though making rapid headway, left him moments for calm reflection, and gave him a peaceful end.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was a native of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia, on the 3d of February, 1822. His early years were notable chiefly for the rapid development of that spirit of adventure and love of investigation which afterwards carried him over the world and led him into places which no man but he had ever trod. While yet a student, he joined one of the brothers Rogers in a geological exploration of the Blue Mountains of Virginia, and when this task had been accomplished, devoted himself with renewed assiduity to the study of the Natural Sciences. In the interim, he pursued the necessary course of culture to qualify himself to enter college, and, having entered, studied diligently. In the year 1843, he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and immediately after that event undertook a course in the Medical Department of the same institution. During his prosecution of scientific investigations, the Doctor had made himself thoroughly familiar with chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, and surgery, and, besides, was a good classical scholar. He was one of that rare class who have the faculty of acquiring knowledge almost without effort, and when once acquired, of keeping it ready for use on all occasions. The natural consequence of the close application he was compelled to bestow upon his studies, however, undermined his physical system, which rebelled against the stagnation that it had undergone; so the young Doctor, then scarcely of age, came out from his closet far from robust. He made application for an appointment in the Navy, and having received it, demanded active service. His request was complied with, and he was appointed on the diplomatic staff of the first American Embassy to China, as assistant-surgeon. This position gave him abundant opportunities for the gratification of his passion for witnessing new scenes and visiting queer places. He went successively through the accessible portions of China, Ceylon, and the Philippines, and explored India quite thoroughly. In the Island of Luzon—the northernmost and largest of the Philippine group—he created a remarkable excitement by making a descent into the crater of Tael, suspended by a bamboo rope from a crag which projected two hundred feet above the interior *scoriæ*. The natives looked upon this as a daring feat, and declared that the Doctor was the first white man who had ever attempted it. The Doctor suffered by his exposure to the gases of the crater, but was plucky enough to remain below until he had made a sketch

of the interior and collected specimens, all of which he brought up with him. His remaining adventures during this first foreign experience were things to be remembered. He ascended the Himalayas, visited Egypt, and went to the Upper Nile, where he made the acquaintance of Lepsius, who was at the time prosecuting his archæological researches; and obtaining his discharge from the Embassy, he returned home by way of Greece, which country he traversed on foot. He reached the United States, after a brief sojourn in Europe, in the year 1846.

The Mexican War now broke out, and Dr. Kane requested active service in the campaign; but the War Department preferred sending him to the coast of Africa, whither he presently sailed. While engaged in service on that coast, he made an effort to visit the slave-market of Whydah, but was prevented by the coast-fever, and was sent home in 1847 invalided. From the effects of that attack he never wholly recovered. The war had not closed when he again set foot on American soil, and he had scarcely regained strength to walk, when he applied to President Polk for permission to enter the service. The request was complied with, and the Doctor was sent to Mexico, charged with dispatches of great importance to General Scott. He did not make his way unscathed through the enemy's country; but was wounded and had his horse killed under him in a sharp skirmish. The kind nursing of a family in Puebla, who received him into their house, caused his restoration to health, so that he resumed active service, and remained in Mexico until the close of the campaign. Returning to his own country, he was detailed for service on the Coast Survey, and continued in that employment for a considerable time. His varied acquirements made him a most useful member of that important corps.

But it is upon Dr. Kane's remarkable explorations in the Arctic regions, while making his search for traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, that his fame chiefly rests. The earlier series of adventures in which the Doctor was engaged served only as a preparation and foundation for the greater that followed. In his modest narrative of the first expedition, the Doctor gives an account of the orders he received to join the Arctic Expedition. He says: "On the 12th of May, while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, I received one of those curious little epistles from Washington which the electric telegraph has made so familiar to naval officers. It detached me from the Coast Survey, and ordered me to 'proceed forthwith to New York for duty upon the Arctic Expedition.' Seven and a half days later (he adds) I had accomplished my overland journey of thirteen hundred miles, and in forty hours more was beyond the limits of the United States. The Department had calculated my travelling-time to a nicety." The expedition consisted of "two little hermaphrodite brigs," the Advance and the Rescue. They were under the command of Lieutenant Edwin J. De Haven. Dr. Kane was appointed to the Advance, as surgeon. The vessel was towed out of this port by an "asthmatic old steam-tug" on the 22d of May, 1850, and was followed by the Rescue. They pushed for the Arctic Sea direct; and on the 1st day of the following December, entered Lancaster Sound, where the discovery of the graves of three of Franklin's men was made while the British Searching Expedition, under Commodore Penny, and the American, were lying together. After the expeditions separated, Lieutenant De Haven's party proceeded farther to the northward, and were soon nipped by the ice, which imprisoned the Advance for nine months. While thus blocked in, the vessel drifted with the fields of ice for a distance of one thousand miles. The opening of the mild season enabled the party to extricate themselves, and the expedition returned to this port on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1851, having been absent one year and four months. Both vessels suffered but little from their encounter with the ice, and the crew maintained excellent health and discipline. Dr. Kane prosecuted diligently his scientific researches during the time the expedition remained in the Arctic Sea; and on his return, embodied in a "Personal Narrative" the results of the cruise—Lieutenant De Haven, his superior officer, having declined to make any other than an official report. This narrative was published by the Harpers in 1852.

The results of this first expedition encouraged hopes that definite tidings would ulti-

mately be received from Franklin's expedition. Early in the year 1852, a letter was addressed by Lady Franklin to the President of the United States, in which the highest commendation was bestowed upon the American expedition, and the aid of our Government again solicited. The appeal was not permitted to pass unheeded. The Government detailed naval officers for the duty of a second exploration, and the Advance was now placed at the disposal of Dr. Kane himself. In December, 1852, he received orders to conduct the new expedition, and sailed from this port on the 31st of May, 1853. Through the munificent liberality of Mr. Henry Grinnell, aided largely by Mr. George Peabody, the brig received a perfect outfit. Her equipment was deficient in nothing that could qualify her to undergo the dangers of the cruise; and the behavior of the craft in the trying situations in which she was afterwards placed, showed the excellence of the preparations. The expedition sailed out of the port, followed by the good wishes of all; but after the first tidings were received that it was spoken at sea, there was no intelligence of its movements. Dr. Kane, as it afterwards appeared, had pushed northward with great rapidity, and before he could extricate himself was frozen up and compelled to winter in the ice-packs. On the 24th of May, 1855, finding that it was impossible to clear the brig, the party came to the determination to forsake her; and did so, first taking out the necessary provisions, documents, instruments, etc., and placing them on sledges and in boats, which were dragged by the men over the ice, with incredible difficulty, for a distance of three hundred miles. Then, having reached the sea, the party took to the open boats and made the best of their way, for a distance of one thousand miles, to the Danish settlement of Upernavik, in Greenland, where they were hospitably received.

Meanwhile Dr. Kane had been given up for lost. Representations were made to Congress, urging the duty of instituting a search for the missing, the result of which was an appropriation of $150,000 and the detail of the Arctic and Release, under the command of Lieut. Hartstene, for the prosecution of a search. This expedition sailed from New York in April, 1855, and on the 18th of the following September fell in with Dr. Kane's party at Disko Island, two hundred and fifty miles south of Upernavik. They had taken refuge on board a Danish trading-vessel, for the arrival of which they had waited at the port for several weeks. With a touching simplicity, Dr. Kane describes this meeting in the last volume of his Second Narrative, just published: "Presently we were alongside. An officer whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt, 'Is that Dr. Kane?'—and with the 'Yes' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented." This is the same Captain Hartstene whose commission to restore the Resolute has brought him lately into notice in a new field.

The return of Dr. Kane to New York was the occasion of a wonderful excitement. On the evening of Thursday, October 11, 1855, it was announced that the Searching Expedition had returned with Dr. Kane and his party. An eager throng assembled to greet them, and the familiar face of the Doctor, bronzed by exposure and adorned with a heavy beard, was looked upon like that of an old friend. The Doctor made his report of the results of his cruise; the principal part of importance announced among his discoveries being that which established the existence of an open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane immediately commenced the preparation of his narrative—published a few months since under the title of "Arctic Explorations." In November last, having completed this task, he sailed for Europe, and on arriving in England was at once received with a cordial British welcome. He, however, declined all public honors, and appeared but little in public. His health continuing to decline, he determined to try the effect of a change of climate, and in a very short time sailed for Havana, where he ended his days far too early.

In character Dr. Kane was peculiarly retiring and unostentatious: not distrustful of his abilities, but slow to obtrude them into notice; ambitious, yet prudent; energetic, amiable, and upright. In person, he was

scarcely of the average height, but his muscles were firmly knit: he had a finely-developed head, remarkably full in the faculties which give artistic power and taste. His constitution, never strong, has succumbed beneath the burdens that his energetic nature imposed upon it.

The Doctor's published works are few. His two Arctic Narratives are comprised in three volumes, and he has issued some scientific treatises, besides preparing lectures on subjects connected with the Arctic explorations. His labors, as a navigator and geographer, have been rewarded by a gold medal, presented by the Royal Geographical Society, and by other testimonials; but his best and most enduring record is found in the remarkable acts of a crowded life.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN WAR WITH CHINA.

The following letter, from Elder C. W. Gaillard, missionary at Canton, which has been handed us by an esteemed friend for publication in The Visitor, will prove acceptable to our readers at the present juncture of affairs in the Celestial Empire.

Dear ——:—It has been but two months since I wrote to you; and have not yet received the long-expected letter. But I promised to try to keep you "posted-up" on the war question; and as we now have a new war from an unexpected source, I must give you its origin and progress up to the present time. The true cause of this and all wars is the wickedness of men's hearts, though there are always other reasons given. So it is with this war. Opium was the cause of a war between England and China some fourteen or fifteen years ago; and, so far as I can learn, the English were to blame for that war, together with all its horrid consequences. England is now engaged in a war with Canton, not about opium, but about an insult offered to the British flag by the Canton authorities, and for the capture and decapitation of twelve Chinese who were English subjects.

Hong-Kong, you know, belongs to the English government, and the forty-five thousand Chinese who live there are English subjects, and claim English protection. A Chinese of Hong-Kong built a ship of the kind called lorchas, and had it registered according to law. It was, therefore, an English ship, built on English soil, and carried the English flag. This lorcha had an English captain and twelve sailors, the latter being Chinese, but English subjects. This lorcha went up to Canton about the first of October last, and some one told Ep, the Governor of Canton, that one of the sailors on this lorcha was the *son of a rebel.* The law in China is that a man's relatives can be punished for his crimes. And if a man is a rebel, his relatives down to third cousin can be decapitated. This man, therefore, according to Chinese law, was a criminal, if he had been a Chinese subject. But as he was an English subject, the Chinese, in accordance with treaty stipulations, should have applied to the English Consul, who, perhaps, would have given him up. But it seems that the Chinese have been getting above themselves for some time past; for they fired on an American steamer about the time they captured the men from the lorcha; and the steamer was not out of her bounds, according to treaty.

But to return to the lorcha case: The Chinese, in order to make a display, went in two of their war-boats well armed, boarded the lorcha, bound the twelve sailors, hauled down the English flag, drove the captain off, and took possession of the ship. The captain reported the matter to the English Consul, who went to the lorcha to see what had occasioned such a wanton breach of treaty. But he found the Chinese rather hostile. They brandished their swords over his head, and threatened to throw him in the river if he did not leave.

The Consul then reported the affair to Ep, Governor of Canton and the Quong-Sy Provinces, and demanded an explanation. But Ep wrote him a very insulting reply, containing no apology, but informing him that the soldiers had acted upon his instructions. The Consul then told him that if he did not, within twenty-four hours, return those men to the lorcha, hoist the English flag, and make acknowledgments for the outrage, he would send to Hong-Kong for the naval force and

storm the city. Governor Ep then sent *eight* men to the Consul; but he would not receive less than *twelve*. Ep then sent him twelve in chains; but they were not the men taken from the lorcha, and, of course, the Consul would not accept them.

He then wrote to Hong-Kong to the Admiral, and authorized him to take satisfaction. He began by taking some forts in the suburbs of the city, expecting by so doing to bring Ep to terms. But Ep paid no attention to the movement further than to write to the Admiral that it was quite barbarous in him to dismantle his forts— the only defence of the city against the incursions of the rebel army. The Admiral then took some other forts, one of which is about three hundred yards from our house, and stands on an island. In this fort the British planted mortars, and made a breach in the city wall, while a ship from another point was throwing shell into the Governor's house.

After the breach was made, two hundred and fifty soldiers fought their way into the Governor's house. But they, of course, did not find the old gentleman at home, as many shells had preceded the soldiers in making their way into his Excellency's presence. Many other public buildings were also bombarded. Ep still would not come to terms. And now the Admiral was "at the end of his row," as he had not soldiers enough to take the city without burning it, and this he was unwilling to do. So he is now doing nothing, but holds the taken forts, and has sent to London for troops and additional instructions. He demands of Ep that English officers shall be permitted to enter Canton, and that Ep shall condescend to visit the British officers when they have any business to transact with him. The treaty of 1847 provides that English officers shall be allowed to enter the city on friendly terms after the year 1849. When the time came, however, the Chinese refused to give them entrance. The Admiral now says he will enforce that treaty, while Ep says he is unwilling to execute it; and even if he were willing, he avers that the citizens would not submit to its requirements. So much for the English war. How it will terminate we cannot as yet confidently predict.

Now to the American war, for the "land of the West" is also involved. You are aware that there are many American merchants in China. And from this fact there is a small naval expedition, called the Japan, India, and China Expedition, whose duty it is to look after American interests in these countries. It consists of one steamer and two ships of the line. When the war with the English began, about one hundred men from one of these ships were sent to Canton to protect American citizens in their persons and property against the violence and rapacity of any mob that might gather for indiscriminate plunder. Our Consul wrote to Ep that the American soldiers were not aiding the British, but were assembled only to protect the persons and property of their countrymen, and that he wished to remain friendly with him. Ep expressed a desire to continue friendly, and suggested that, as Americans and English could not be distinguished by the Chinese soldiery, it would be best for all Americans, both citizens and soldiers, to leave Canton until hostilities should be ended.

This our Commodore concluded to do, and sent Captain Foot from Whampoa to Canton to withdraw the soldiers and to notify all the American merchants and missionaries to leave Canton. Captain Foot, accompanied by the Rev. W. A. Macy, missionary, and Mr. Sturges, merchant, started up in a small boat, with about ten sailors to row. When he reached the Forts, (five in all,) near Canton, the boat was fired on twice; but supposing it was done by mistake, Mr. Sturges stood up in the boat and opened out the American flag so that it could be seen. But this act only called forth five or six more shots, which fell all around them, but fortunately hurt no one. Captain Foot then returned to Whampoa and reported to Commodore Armstrong what had occurred. The result was that on the next evening, at four P.M., (Sunday,) two of our ships opened fire on the two forts, and kept it up until dark, during which time they fired shell and balls, to the value of $2500, with no more effect than to stop the fire from the forts, which was quite brisk and well-directed for an hour or more. On Wednesday and Thursday the two forts were taken by about two hundred men landed from the ships. The Chinese force was more than six thousand.

But they were driven back into the rice-fields for half a mile and hundreds of them slain, while the loss of the Americans was three killed and a few wounded. Commodore Armstrong wrote to Ep to know why the American flag was not respected. The Governor replied that it was not fired on by his orders, but the Americans must keep out of the way if they did not wish to be fired on. The Commodore then took the five forts, and had them blown up. I heard yesterday that Ep had informed Commodore Armstrong that if he would send him an American flag, it would no longer be fired on.

I hope the report may prove true. These occurrences put an end to all missionary work. I remained in Canton a month after the war began, hoping it would close in a few weeks. While there, I had the *pleasure* of seeing (if it be a pleasure) a number of sixty-eight pound shot and shell pass over our dwelling on their way to the Governor's mansion. They passed from twenty to fifty feet above us, and we could see them as plainly as you can see a crow flying over your head in Tennessee. Mrs. Gaillard and the children, and my associate, brother Graves, went to Macao as soon as the war began, so that they were not in the midst of the battle. I felt rather curious at first, for it shook the house like an earthquake, and the wind, put in motion by the ball, rushed by with force sufficient to blow off a hat. But we soon "got used to it." We are all in Macao, *doing nothing*, but studying and distributing a few books; for this is a Portuguese Catholic town, and we can do but little. How long we are to remain here is uncertain. The Admiral has written to England for troops and instructions, and it may not only be a war with Canton city but with China before it is ended. There are also thousands of rebels, like hungry wolves, ready to come in so soon as the English leave. They proposed to aid the British, but were not accepted. The rebellion is going on slowly, and with success in most places, and no doubt Canton will yet be taken, unless a foreign power interposes; for Canton now has but one fort to defend it.

As ever, your friend and brother,

CHAS. W. GAILLARD.

THE HOME CIRCLE AND ITS CONTRIBUTOR, REV. J. E. CARNES.

IN the March number of The Home Circle, a monthly periodical published in this city, with a view to the patronage of the Methodist denomination, the Rev. Mr. Carnes appears in another puny assault on us. And while we are glad to find that he has sensibility enough to feel under the exposure of his want of literary acumen, which in self-defence we were forced to make, yet we are sorry to see the evil character of his feeling; for it is now apparent that he is in a towering passion. This is evident not only to us, and to every impartial reader of his last little effort, but must have been equally plain to his personal friend and affectionate sympathizer, the editor of The Home Circle, who acknowledges that it is "so much severer in its tone than any thing we should have expected from so kindly a nature, as to induce us to go in search of a copy of The Parlor Visitor." And yet this personal friend recklessly resolved that "Mr. Carnes shall take his own course." Ah yes, even if he does expose his bad temper, and suggest a reasonable doubt of his hitherto "kindly nature!"

But what have we done? What is it that has thrown the Rev. J. E. Carnes into such a passion? Well, in our Parlor Visitor of last September, we published for our readers what we considered a very beautiful poem, by G. N. Reynolds, sent to us by a near relative of his. We also placed on the same page the celebrated poem, "The Exile of Erin." And we also remarked, by way of introducing the former, that the latter poem had been wrongfully credited to Campbell, and belonged to Reynolds. As much had been said before by others. We were not the first to deny to Campbell the authorship of the "Exile." The evidence was sufficient to our mind to warrant us in the opinion which we had formed on the subject, and we made the assertion which had been publicly made by others years before. We had forgotten the matter, when we were informed by a friend that a very severe criticism had appeared in The Home Circle. We got a friend to "go in search of a copy" of The Home Circle for us, (for we had never seen a number of that pub-

lication before,) and, sure enough, there it was, headed "Campbell's Exile of Erin. By Rev. J. E. Carnes."

In that article, this *volunteer* champion and defender of the poet Campbell presumes, in a pompous and egotistical style, to make the implications, that The Visitor could not command "the highest talent," and consequently was forced to use and praise youthful and inferior literary effort, and that youth, misfortune, and a lady, could make us believe any thing. He presumptuously undertakes to ridicule not only our remarks, but also Reynolds and his poem, and even impudently to accuse us of an untruth. This piece of bombast we commented on in the January number of The Visitor, and exposed its egotism and the shallowness of the source from whence it emanated. Now, it may be that this candid exposure of our critic may have produced this outburst of passion. If so, we think he is decidedly wrong to let his angry feelings rise on such an account; for he and every other man ought to be willing to appear in public in their own clothes. But we remember that we did indulge in some speculations as to the individuality of our critic—it being his first appearance before us; and we made a blundering guess that he might be "old." If it is this that has made him angry, we ask his pardon. We did not design the term "old" as a reproach, for we have been taught to honor and reverence age. But we did not make a positive assertion that he was an old man, but intimated, even at the time, that we might guess wrong, and that he might be a young man and a green one. We are satisfied that we were wrong in the first supposition, and that the latter is nearer the truth. We are not a Yankee, and are bad at guessing anyhow. We had rather form our opinion on facts; and it is now a clear fact that he is not an old man, for old men have generally learned how to govern their tempers, at least before the public.

However, as we have unwittingly fallen into bad company by noticing the first article from the pen of this "very clever and well-read contributor" of The Home Circle, we will also glance at his last little effort. It is quite a falling off, in length and grandiloquence, from its antecedent, yet bearing the same distinguishing mark of paternity—egotism. It commences thus:

"To the Editor of the Home Circle:—By the kindness of the postmaster at this place, I have just been permitted to see a late number of The Nashville Parlor Visitor, containing what was intended to be an attack on myself. The apology for this onslaught is the publication in your magazine of a letter written by me, referring, not unkindly, as I thought, to an assertion of The Visitor that Campbell's 'Exile of Erin' was written by a Mr. Something Reynolds."

And does the Rev. Mr. Carnes honestly think that it is "not unkind" to ridicule, to make unjust implications, and even to charge direct falsehood upon another? If so, his sensibility is more obtuse than we had suspected. But he accuses us of "ungentlemanly conduct" in placing his name at the head of our article. He says:

"Notwithstanding that, in publishing my letter, you explicitly stated it was not intended for publication, it appears to be agreeable to the instincts of this peeper in at parlor doors, which, in blissful ignorance of its proximity, have been unfortunately left ajar, to place my name in large capitals at the head of his chapter of personal abuse, and, by way of running-title, at the top of two of his pages; and then, as if to justify his ungentlemanly conduct, accuse me of 'parading' myself 'before the public.'"

Who can read this tirade and not arrive at the same conclusion that we have, that the gentleman with the Rev. prefix is in a violent passion? Now, if there were any "ungentlemanly conduct" in placing his "name" in "capitals" at the head of our article, then it attaches not to us, but to himself or his "personal friend" and editor. We found it at the head of his own article in capitals in The Home Circle: we did not place it there, but transferred it to the same honorable position in our columns. He also seems disposed to convey the idea that we acted ungentlemanly in handling thus roughly a private letter, "not intended for publication." But we saw no marks of its "private character:" it wore the dress of any other publication. It came before us in a public character, wantonly assailing us; and we treated it as we thought it deserved. Nor were we aware, until this second passionate ebullition appeared, that there was a little paragraph stuck back among the editorials saying it was not intended for the place it occupied, and begging this "gifted friend" to signify his pardon by sending

"something else of the same sort." But even if the *editor* regarded it as a "private letter," the evidence is clear to our mind that the writer expected it to be published. For in the next clause of his last letter, which he did intend for publication, he says:

"As to the assertion of The Visitor about the decision of a Court in favor of Reynolds's claim to the 'Exile'—which I denied—I supposed that the proof, if any existed, must be at hand."

Now, if said *private letter* had not been intended for publication by its author, why should he have supposed that "the proof, if any," of an assertion which he had denied *in that letter* would "be at hand?" Evidently the gentleman has convicted himself in this admission. But more than this, even in that first letter, when ridiculing our assertion that the claim of Reynolds had been established in the courts of Dublin against Campbell's publishers, he says: "Please let us have the proof of that assertion: it cannot be true." Now, if he did not expect his letter to meet our eye, why ask us for the proof? Did he make this demand of his personal friend, the editor of The Home Circle? O consistency, thou art a jewel! We shall condescend to notice but one more clause of this wonderfully intemperate and reckless letter; and this is the closing one:

"Yet, I must observe that if the editor of The Visitor had sent me a copy of his article, I might not have been compelled to discover the depth of his pauperism. The number of that caricature of magazines to which I have referred came to an unwilling individual, with a despairing appeal for patronage—on the score of 'humanity'—albeit the same unceremonious Visitor of unoffending and unoffered parlors had been before warned off the premises!"

Let us analyze this paragraph; if possible, separate the true meaning from the dross and verbiage in which it is enveloped. It is this: As the editor of The Visitor had not condescended to send a copy to the Rev. J. E. Carnes, he was compelled to borrow the number which contained the answer to his first letter from some individual who had warned it off the premises. Now, put this closing declaration by the side of the opening one, and we will see how short his memory is: "By the kindness of the postmaster at this place, I have just been permitted to see a late number of The Nashville Parlor Visitor, containing what was intended to be an attack on myself." Was the postmaster and the "unwilling individual" the same? If so, what right had the postmaster to warn The Visitor off the public premises? But the veil here is so thin that further comments would be ungenerous, and we forbear.

Notwithstanding all the ill-nature manifested by this "very clever and well-read" contributor of The Home Circle towards us, the poet Reynolds, and his "patchwork poem," we cannot help expressing pity for his sad disappointment (which he so plainly manifests in his last agonizing effort) in failing to obtain a premium for the discovery of the "peculiarity of Campbell's style." He had vainly supposed that the *compound-word* "peculiarity" would have made capital for him; but we unfeelingly swept that hope away, and left him floundering in the waves of disappointment. But, like a drowning man, he catches at a straw, and quotes a whole line from his favorite poet:

"Sore-crushed, half-swooning, half-upraised, he lay."

Well, if this straw will save him, let him live! However, we will be generous; and if the gentleman will send us the name of that "unwilling individual" to whom The Parlor Visitor came "with a despairing appeal for patronage on the score of humanity," then we will give him a premium in lieu of the one which he failed to win by his own "literary acumen."

We will in charity pass over the rest of this angry effervescence of the Rev. J. E. Carnes, forbearing comments on the beauty and perspicuity of his style, and the very classical expressions of "peeper in at parlor-doors," "gatherer of cold scraps from literary kitchens," etc.; merely remarking that he is the smallest scrap we ever gathered. And having satisfied ourself that he is not suited to a higher position, give our full consent that his "personal friend" and editor may put him in his proper place, the kitchen department of The Home Circle.

The editor of The Home Circle, seeing the deplorable condition of his "very clever and well-read contributor," comes to his rescue. This was very kind of him—at least so far as his "personal friend" was concerned. And

really the editor does seem to be a little better read than his contributor; for he does remember that "mention was made in some of the papers a few years ago of a new and previously unheard-of pretender to the authorship of the 'Exile of Erin.'" But even he "barely" remembers the fact; for he bestowed no further notice on the claim "than was necessary to ascertain its probable invalidity." He ought to have noticed it sufficiently to have ascertained a *positive* "invalidity" before he makes a dilemma for us. This looks a little like the recklessness of his correspondent.

He admits that we only "renewed" the claim which had been set up by others years ago. But he is bewildered by the "positivity" of our assertion, and says that "either Reynolds's claim is so perfectly established as to leave no room for doubt, or that The Visitor is not very careful of its reputation." Were we more positive in our denial of Campbell's right than others who preceded us? Does the editor demand that we shall remove all doubts in his mind and that of his correspondent? Verily, we would not like to undertake the task, unless they were better read than they confess to be. We said that Reynolds was the real author of the "Exile of Erin," and that his claim to the authorship had been established in the courts of Dublin against Campbell's publishers. We made this assertion on evidence which was satisfactory to our mind, and referred the editor's correspondent to a source from whence he might procure the proof if he desired to do so. Does the editor expect us to take the trouble to procure a transcript of the Dublin court decision for the special purpose of enlightening his mind and that of his correspondent? If he does, he has formed a higher estimate of their own importance than we have. We shall do no such thing.

But this chivalrous and sympathizing editor, by way, we suppose, of excusing his defence of his "personal friend," quotes largely from "Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature," as though he had found something new; and adds that "something like the foregoing seems to have been in the mind of our very clever and well-read contributor, the Rev. J. E. Carnes." It is very good-natured in the editor thus to try to excuse the uncalled-for attack of his contributor on our columns.

But in his closing paragraph the editor, either from sympathy with his contributor or from the same unenviable instinct, makes the following ill-natured remarks: "The answer to Mr. Carnes's letter is, it would seem, from the pen of one of the editors of The Parlor Visitor; and we must say that a more unmanly disposition to garble and misrepresent we have seldom seen."

Now, if the editor thinks that this mere *ipse dixit* from the tripod of The Home Circle will be sufficient to fasten upon us the odium which he charges, he is mistaken. Such declarations from such a source cannot reach us. We throw it back upon him. The "unmanly disposition to misrepresent" will find its congenial home in his own bosom.

But we have said enough in reference to this *small affair*, and perhaps more than we had need to say. If so, we beg pardon of our readers, and wipe our hands of The Home Circle and its "very clever and well-read contributor." B.

Not worth being a Villain for.—Some writer has said, "The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for." No, it is not; for the consequences of villainy endure for ever, and they are a dreadful inheritance. Sinful enjoyments are short indeed; but the wailing and gnashing of teeth are without end. But he is truly wise who wins the crown of life, though it took a lifetime of labor, degradation, and suffering to secure it. There was one who was taught of God, who had seen also the third heaven, and heard unutterable responses; and he has declared that, in his estimation, "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." He also speaks of a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But "the poor pittance of seventy years" having passed in neglect of the great salvation, that glory is lost for ever. How amazing the results which depend upon his life! What folly is theirs who trifle it away!—how wise are they who rightly and actively improve it!

Literary Notices.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID; OR, THREE YEARS IN THE HOLY CITY: Being a series of the Letters of Adina, a Jewess of Alexandria, sojourning in Jerusalem in the days of Herod, addressed to her Father, a wealthy Jew in Egypt. And relating, as by an eye-witness, all the Scenes and Wonderful Incidents in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth, from his Baptism in Jordan to his Crucifixion on Calvary. Edited by the REV. PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, Rector of St. John's Church, Mobile. New York: Pudney & Russell, publishers. 1856. 12mo, pp. 456.

WHEN we first glanced over this book, we hardly knew what to make of it: whether to regard it as a collection of (perhaps newly-discovered) authentic documents, or a "cunningly devised fable"—a veritable history revealing to the anxiously inquiring mind some hitherto unrecorded events in the life of the Great Author of Redemption, or an "idle tale" addressed to the imagination in order to while away a few vacant hours of thoughtless indolence.

To the casual observer, the title certainly suggests the idea of a true narration—"Being a series of *the* letters of Adina, a Jewess of Alexandria," etc., so that the existence of "the letters" appears to be well known, as a fixed fact, at least to the erudite. "And relating, as by an eye-witness," (as being by an eye-witness?) "ALL THE SCENES and WONDERFUL INCIDENTS" (this, however, looks as though we might expect some exaggeration) "in the life of"—whom?—"Jesus of Nazareth;" and "edited by the Rev. Professor J. H. Ingraham, Rector," etc. Surely this *must* be an authentic record, relating as it does to so sacred a character; nor is it to be surmised that the reverend "editor" would admit among the series of papers he has collected any exaggeration.

The frontispiece is adorned by a fine portrait of Adina, and facing it on the opposite page is one of the Saviour; and we are not to infer that the one is any more of a fabulous character than the other. Indeed, while the former stands out simply and naturally, the latter is somewhat fancifully surrounded by an imaginary group of beings with massy, shield-like wings depending from their shoulders, which, upon the whole, gives it rather a mythological air in contrast with the veritable Jewess of Alexandria, the author of "the letters" which constitute the present volume.

The editor dedicates his compilation to "The Daughters of Israel, the countrywomen of Mary, the mother of Jesus," trusting "that, with Adina, they, as well as the unbelieving Gentile, may be persuaded as they read that this is the very Christ." Adina, therefore, must have been a real character, and *bona fide* convert to Christianity. But as the editor says in his preface that "Adina, the writer, [of the letters,] a Jewess, is *assumed* to *have been* a resident of Jerusalem during the last four years of our Saviour's life," it would seem that the precise time or place of writing have not been fully determined—only the letters have come down without date, as in the case of St. Paul's, and the other apostles'.

"Adina," we are told on the first page of the editorial introduction—"Adina, the writer of the following letters, was the only child of Manasseh Benjamin, who, though an Israelite of the tribe of Judah, was a native of the Græco-Romano city of Alexandria. His ancestor was the learned David Esdras Manasseh, one of the Septuaginta (or LXX.) appointed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year B. C. 277, to translate the Bible from the original Hebrew tongue into Greek."

Turning to the conclusion of the book, we find in brackets (from the editor) as follows: "Here terminates the series of letters of the Jewish maiden to her father, written during the Procuratorship of Pontius Pilate,

under the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, the Roman Emperor. They cover a period of three years and six months, embracing all the events of the life of John the Baptist, and of the Holy Jesus of Nazareth, to the day of his ascension into heaven.

"The Roman Centurion, Æmilius, it would appear from history, became Procurator of the Island of Britain in the West, and with Adina, his noble lady, was the first to entertain the Christian apostle, Saul of Tarsus, otherwise Paulus, on his visit thither to proclaim at those ends of the earth the gospel of Jesus the crucified, in obedience to the command left by him with his disciples, that they should preach his gospel to every creature.

"The first establishment of the faith of Jesus in this remote Roman barbaric province, and its spread throughout the island, are to be found written in detail in certain letters which the daughter of Æmilius and of Adina wrote to her brother, a Roman knight at Rome."

To this is added, not in brackets, but apparently as appended to the ancient manuscript, the following:

"Endorsement upon the original letters of Adina by the Roman Jewish scribe,

"Elias Ben Ezra."

Thus much we find bearing directly upon the question of the authenticity of the book; and but for the following conflicting statement, the external evidence would seem to be conclusively in the affirmative. After stating that the letters were written for the purpose of presenting the advent of Christ in a "new aspect," the preface continues: "It was the editor's hope, in writing them, to tempt the daughters of Israel to read what he wrote, and receive and be convinced by the arguments and proofs of the Divinity of Christ as here presented."

Few are apt to be critical in the examination of prefaces, if they read them at all, and the word "writing" in this instance might pass as intended to convey the idea of compiling or translating. But in truth it appears that the letters were not only written but *composed* and conceived by the "editor," their real author and originator; that Adina is a fictitious character, and that her story, so far as connected with herself, and so far as it presents any new thing, or any old in a "new aspect," is only a "cunningly devised fable." Will not the "daughters of Israel" who may be tempted to read it be led to infer that the momentous facts on which it is founded are equally fabulous?

The historical air thrown around the book may indeed tempt curiosity to its perusal; but when it is disclosed that the assumed authoress of the interesting letters bearing so much the similitude of truth—this Jewess of Alexandria, descendant of the "learned David Esdras Manasseh, one of the Septuaginta, (or LXX.,)" etc., writing as an eye-witness "during the Procuratorship of Pontius Pilate," afterwards the wife of the "Roman Centurion Æmilius," who, "it would appear from *history*, became Procurator of the island of Britain," and, with him, the first there to entertain "Saul of Tarsus, otherwise Paulus"—was after all but a heroine of a novel, of which the "Prince of the House of David" is the hero! will not the disclosure throw a fictitious air around the latter?

As to the authority of history referred to in regard to St. Paul's travels, we may here remark that there is no authentic evidence, but to the contrary, that Paul ever visited Britain. He indeed purposed going to Spain, but there is nothing conclusive to show that he ever reached that far. But this extension of history was perhaps only intended to awaken curiosity in regard to those "certain letters" of the daughter of Adina relating thereto, which are likely in preparation by the editor as a sequel to the present work.

We do not doubt the author's good motive in writing this or any other work he may have in view of a similar cast. But we doubt if the result do not prove the reverse of the design. With authors possessing a taste and talent for fictitious narrative, the belief would be natural enough that this, their "forte," afforded the most efficient means of doing good. This species of literature is not without influence, and doubtless *might* be turned to beneficial results. Moral and even religious tales, although not the best means, may do considerable good in their proper character and sphere. Parabolical and allegorical compositions are often potent instrumentalities of instruction, but these are understood as being

merely metaphorical or illustrative. But the intrusion upon precincts the most sacred, after material to be inseparably commingled with fiction, in order to adorn a tale, we cannot but regard irreverent, and ominous of harm. If ministers of the gospel set the example with impunity, however unexceptionably they may thread their way, the field will soon be invaded by others less wary, not being, like our author, "conscious of treading on holy ground," or, if so, making that consciousness an excuse for going much farther than he would desire to venture. The result will be a multitude of romances having the events of sacred history for their theme and holy personages for their characters, blending the unbridled creations of men's imaginations with the solemn realities of things divine in undistinguishable chaos. If such be truly the tendency, it behooves the Christian community to confront the evil at the threshold; and least of all should they tolerate it within the sanctuary, lest shortly it be found to have clung with enduring embrace to the "horns of the altar."

The importance which this subject thus assumes leads us to pursue it a little more in detail, without however entering upon any regular discussion of it, or attempting to elaborate the several points touched upon with that minuteness which they really merit; content if we shall succeed in throwing out some hints to awaken attention. In doing this, we shall have occasion as we proceed to illustrate our position by a reference to the book under review.

We have referred to the danger of confounding truth with fiction—the more pregnant of evil in proportion as the facts dealt with are of sacred and momentous import, undistinguishable as they are likely to be in the reading from the fiction with which they are so intimately associated, and indissolubly blended with it as they are sure to become to a greater or less extent in the memory. As gold loses its color, malleability, tenacity, and all the qualities that give it value, by fusion with the base metals, so that it cannot be wrought out to its wonted uses, but flies to fragments at the first blow of the hammer, so truth adulterated loses its natural aspect, its consistency, its coherence, all its capacity for good, and crumbles to powder at the first assault. It may indeed be gathered up again, purified as in a refiner's furnace, and brought to its original condition, but this can only be done when, by care and assiduity, its "dross" shall have been "*purely* purged away."

But in novels based upon or dealing with historical facts, this adulteration must inevitably take place. No matter how scrupulously the authors may strive against it in the details, the very circumstance of making history form a part of their fictitious narratives warps it from the truth. Nor is it easy to preserve the details of the former in their integrity, so as always to harmonize with the thread and tenor of the latter; and then truth must be sacrificed to consistency. Besides, in dealing with sacred history especially, the opinions, interpretations, and conceptions of the novelist, his errors of belief and judgment, or in regard to facts, whether the result of education or want of education, will imperceptibly incorporate themselves with, and thus tend to the perversion of, the records he has to handle.

The work before us is doubtless quite as unexceptionable in this respect as any that may come after it, yet it affords abundant instances to illustrate this objection. We leave out of the category the statement relative to St. Paul's visit to Britain, etc., as probably designed only as a part of the general *plot*. But if the plot of such works may be *legitimately* false, yet historical details incorporated therein should be correctly stated, especially when dealing with sacred history. To show how difficult it is to guard against the violation of this principle, take the following instances. However unimportant some of them may seem to be, and whatever may be adduced from "traditions of men" in corroboration of others, they will exemplify how readily errors less harmless may find their way into this class of publications, to be sown broadcast like "tares among the wheat." In the quotations, the points at variance with or added to the sacred records are indicated by italics.

Of John the Baptist it is said, p. 14: "He lives *in a cave*, feeds on *plants* or wild honey: . . . his clothing is *the skin of a lion*." And

again, p. 48: "His repast was the wild honey *of the desert* and the locust-*berry* of the ravines." According to the scriptural account, he "had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle [St. Mark says "a girdle of skin"] about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." Matt. iii. 4.

Now, the author may have thought the *lion's* skin a more stately sort of robe than one of camels' hair, and the locust-berry less repulsive to refined notions of diet than the winged insect itself; but is his version any improvement on the score of probability? We find the Bedouins of Arabia and Syria to the present day making their sacks and tent-coverings of the hair of goats and camels—a species of coarse cloth which John doubtless used; while the locust is in the same country, as well as in Africa, an article of food and commerce. We find nowhere that the locust *plant* was an article of food, though the insect was recognized as such among the Israelites even in the days of Moses. It was among the "flying and creeping things" that were expressly permitted to be eaten, as "clean:" "These of them ye may eat: the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind." Lev. xi. 22. Some biblical expositors have even supposed that the quails sent the Israelites in the wilderness were only swarms of locusts. Whether this, however, proceeded from a desire to make the *miracle* appear more probable, or from an innate propensity of man to meddle with and alter the Divine records, we know not.

But it was not our purpose to examine the truth of the points referred to—which are introduced merely for illustration, not refutation—but we spoke of this a little in detail to show how a dash of the pen may involve facts in a complication of errors, and how slow and tedious the process of disentanglement.

Speaking of John baptizing in Jordan, we are told, p. 50: "Mothers also *brought their infants* that he *might sprinkle water upon them* and kiss them." And in another place (page 129) his disciples are represented disputing about the mode of baptism, some having been "baptized *only by kneeling* and *having the water poured on them* where the place was shallow," while others "at the flood had been wholly immersed: the latter contending that the former were not rightly baptized."

Here, then, we have an elaboration upon a doctrinal point, which may seem to afford occasion for a novel or two on the other side of the question—a precedent for controversial publications of this kind in general, each straining the facts to cover particular tenets.

The "priests and Levites," who, we learn from Scripture, were sent by the Jews to John to ask him who he was, appear in this narration as "*two* of the most learned men of the Temple, Levites of weight of character," here named "*Melchi* and *Heli*," sent *by Annas* "*to invite the Prophet* to Jerusalem;" and after detailing the result of their mission, etc., it is added that both the messengers, after having listened to John, *had been convinced by his words* "*and baptized of him in Jordan*, confessing their sins:" upon learning which, "*only the sanctity of the Temple prevented the five hundred priests rushing on them and smiting them*," and "*they were at once placed under arrest by order of the high-priest*," etc.

St. John the apostle, (spoken of in Adina's letters as "John, the young man who is betrothed to my cousin," that is, "his cousin Mary,") and his father and brother, are represented (p. 79, 81) as the owners of "ships and *many servants*, engaged in fishing." And again, upon an occasion when John had returned from a visit to the Messiah, while "Mary's blushes welcomed him," her father the Rabbi Amos "calls for a *slave to bathe* his feet," etc.—Thus guarding against the vulgar conception of "*poor* fishermen!"

Describing Rabbi Amos's "Gibeonite serfs," "whose fathers for many centuries had been servants in the family of Amos, even from the time of Joshua, when this people deceived him by their craftiness, and were doomed to perpetual slavery," a "singular tradition" turns up, to the effect "that they are descended from the *servants* of Noah, which were saved with him in the ark, but who, as being of an inferior rank, were not included in the record of Noah's family." Here, then, is solved the ethnological riddle, which, as a politico-religious question, has given rise to so much discussion!—unless, indeed, it should start into existence rebutting "testimony" of the same sort from the other side of Mason

and Dixon's line, giving rise within the Church to a series of "Uncle Tom's Cabins," and antagonistic "Uncle Tobies," warring with religious zeal, and engendering "confusion worse confounded!"

Of the wise men from the East who came to worship the infant Saviour, we are informed (p. 156 *et seq.*) that they were "*three eminent princes*"—one "from Persia, one from the Grecian province of Media, and one from Arabia;" and that "the adoration of these three men, who were the sons of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, represents the homage of the whole race of mankind that shall yet be paid to him." As a matter of course, the "*servants* of Noah," the Gibeonites referred to in the "tradition" as above, had no representative on this occasion; and, as the *whole race that shall pay homage* were represented, are not to have any part or lot in the matter! Nor indeed if, as asserted previously, speaking of the race of Gibeonites, "they are *incapable of any attachments*, and *gratitude* be *thrown away upon them*," would they appear to be proper objects of the boon! And thus "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands" *in vain!*

We had marked several other points for reference, but we find that it would be occupying too much space to introduce them in this notice. But enough has been adduced for illustration.

The whole tenor of the book and almost every page afford but confirmation of the objection urged. Nor, indeed, could it well be otherwise. Unavoidably, from the nature of the work, its facts bear an imaginary connection in one aspect or another. Its scriptural incidents are all blended with some notion or conception in conformity to the plot of the story: by the interposition of matter irrelevant to the scriptural idea, prefixed or appended to the passages, they are made to fuse with the fiction into a homogeneous whole. Although much of the book is taken *verbatim*, but without quotation-marks, from Scripture, it would trouble the most erudite theologian to tell in all cases, perhaps in the majority, where Scripture begins or ends.

It is evident that the very same facts in such connection, even related in the identical language of the sacred writers, would be apt to convey ideas and fix impressions very different from the original intention. And as ideas and impressions are the great objects after all, it is easy to see how in this way the truth may be perverted.

It is truth only that inspires faith: its perversion must tend to skepticism. The most facile means of perverting truth is that of adulteration with falsehood presented in attractive and specious garb. It will be readily admitted how potent for this purpose religious novels might be made in the hands of infidels in holy guise. Nor, in our opinion, is it practicable with the wisest and best to blend the sacred narratives with the creations of their own imagination without such virtual perversion as shall tend measurably to skepticism.

The book before us, doubtlessly written with the best motive, skilfully conceived, and managed perhaps with as much care and as few faults as works of its kind admit of, yet, we perceive, affords ground for grave objection in many of its details. Free from these, we doubt if the plot were not prejudicial to the cause it seeks to advance. Designed to produce conviction of the divinity of Christ, it is questionable to our mind if the tenor of the story do not lead to the opposite result. But we need not pursue the thread of the story to show this.

The very fact of the publication of such works in the Church teaches skepticism by example. If permitted by the Church, they will be taken by the world as a standing exemplification that the sacred narrative on which they are founded may, like them, be after all only an idle tale. For it will be said, if pious men now-a-days may invent fables relative to Divine subjects for the purpose of promoting morality and religion, why might not holy men of former times have felt justified in a resort to similar means for the promotion of the same ends? And if it be admissible for ministers of the gospel of our own times to blend fact with fiction in order to gain the minds of men and convince them of the divinity of Christ, why might not his disciples have availed themselves of the same expedient for the same purpose, in the honest belief that great good in the world might thus be effected? especially since they must have had the strongest motives for it, if, as repre-

sented in the book under review, they regarded the "death" of their Master as "his infamy and their infamy!" And thus their testimony in regard to his miracles and resurrection would be set at naught, while at the same time awarding to them that unimpeachable integrity of character which now constitutes the stronghold of our faith.

We have hitherto in our remarks had reference to historical novels, those basing their claims to approbation on the score of the biblical instruction they impart. As to sentimental love-tales and sickly romances such as flood the world, their pernicious influence is too well recognized in the Christian community to require any objections to be advanced in this place. They are Upas-exhalations, breathing mental pestilence, stupefying the intellect, perverting the sensibilities, and crazing the imagination. To mix sacred things with distempered and unbridled imaginings that know no discretion and brook no bounds, ever most irregular and unrestrained when roving upon forbidden ground, would degrade the most revered and holy associations, and poison the most exalted sentiments.

We are glad to say that there is little romantic twaddle in the work we have been considering, and yet we regret to find enough of it intruded to wedge open the portal in this direction for other writers to enter in with more freedom and expatiate at large.

Of the instances in the book, some of which are proper enough in themselves, some very foolish, and some to our view very censurable from the characters involved, we may refer to the following. They will equally serve to elucidate the several objections that have been previously urged.

Adina, the rich and beautiful young Jewess, shortly after her arrival in Jerusalem, in walking out "attended only by" her "Ethiopian slave, Onia," is rudely approached by two Roman soldiers. Leaving her veil in the grasp of the first, who sought to detain her, she is pursued and seized by the other. "At this crisis appeared a young Centurion" on horseback: "he galloped forward, and with his sword put the men, who were drunk with wine, to immediate flight," and thereupon escorted Adina home, who (as she relates in her letters) "was struck with his manly beauty, his civility," etc., and confesses to her father that she had not reached the house before her "prejudices against the Romans were greatly modified." [The reader will pause to admire the astounding valor displayed by the gallant young officer in thus, sword in hand, putting to flight "two" *drunken soldiers* belonging under his own command!—nor wonder that this chivalric "generosity," as frequently recurred to, left a deep impression on the maiden's heart and memory.]

Shortly after this, the young Centurion again makes his appearance, riding in procession with the Roman Governor. "His eye," writes Adina, "sought the lattice at which I stood, and I drew back, [very properly!] but not before he had seen me and saluted me." She resolves, should they meet again, to try to convert him to Judaism. Nor did opportunity lack. He kept up his acquaintance at her uncle's, Rabbi Amos; became interested in regard to the Scriptures; and it so chanced that as he was not versed in Hebrew, Adina was called upon to read and translate for him. "I bowed," says she, "and scarcely lifted my eyelids from the tessellated floor; for there was a fire in the glance of the handsome youth that they could not encounter. He said some words of salutation, but I only heard the voice, which fell upon my heart with a strange vibration like the effects of music." As a matter of course, Æmilius and Adina are, in the sequel, betrothed.

This is all proper enough of its kind. But when the author comes to represent "Mary" and her young and "beautiful" "cousin John" (that is, St. John the disciple) as lovers, and metamorphoses St. John's Second Epistle into a sort of love-letter to Mary—(of whom it is shortly thereafter said, "Mary is to-morrow to become the bride of John, and Jesus will be present at the wedding," etc.)—we think it is stretching history and propriety rather too far.

The widow's son restored to life by Christ, is represented as having died on the eve of his bridal day, after having passed through a long routine of peril, adventure, and delay—all which affords a very interesting and affecting piece of romance.

Lazarus, too, the brother of Mary and Martha, whose "manly beauty won the hearts of the maidens who were his sisters' friends," also leaves a betrothed bride to lament over his dying-couch—upon which occasion she is first introduced, and the romantic incidents of their acquaintance narrated. Ruth, to escape the priest, Annas, having fled to the Temple, enters the apartment where Lazarus is engaged as scribe copying manuscript, and implores his protection. "Amazed and interested, he promptly promised it;" and finally overawes the infuriated priest by a threat of appeal to Pilate. Meanwhile, Ruth, like Rebecca in Ivanhoe, had "bounded from the lattice and stood upon the edge of the rock which looks sheer three hundred feet down into the valley beneath," ready to make the plunge on the approach of her pursuer. Luckily no necessity occurred for this fearful alternative—a safer retreat being at hand. "The same day Lazarus conducted the maiden" to his home. "It was," continues the story, "to obtain money to be able soon to wed Ruth that he had fallen a victim to his arduous toils;" having thus brought on the fever of which he died.

Mary the sister of Lazarus is also described as having been the heroine of a love adventure, terminating, however, less happily, and acquiring for her, although not the guilty one, the reputation of being a "sinner." The incidents, which also the death-bed of Lazarus affords occasion to relate, are skilfully and quite naturally introduced in view of her tresses, "all unbound and floating above him." The substance is this: Prince Herod having seen her and sought her acquaintance, which, under guise of a scribe, he effected through Lazarus, won her affections, and, by specious pretexts, tempted her to elope with him, to be married secretly: whereupon he conveyed her to his palace, and there made himself known. With bitter repentance for thus abandoning her home with the deceiver, she sought means of escape, at length succeeded, "and fled to the feet of Mary of Nazareth." Here she became acquainted with Jesus, who forgave her her sin, and "reconciled her to her brother and sister; and *hence*" (continues the narrator) "*her deep gratitude to him*, which she has shown, not once, but many times, when he has been their guest, by bathing his feet with tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head."

All this, to be sure, is a very clever piece of invention; but we ask, in all earnestness, does it comport with the sacred realities with which it is connected? and in regard to which it is brought in, even by way of exposition! Is it not plain that such fabrications, harmless as they might be by themselves, serve but to mar the truth and sanctity of Holy Writ, pervert the conceptions awakened by its perusal, and thwart its design? How much more so if in themselves pernicious, or introduced for the purpose of beguiling the listless, roving fancy from serious trains of thought into forbidden paths!

In regard to its general design and execution, this particular book, were works of the kind admissible, would not on the whole be objectionable; and it contains many excellent features. It is well written—some of its passages are exceedingly beautiful; its incidents are managed with ability, the characters are well conceived, and are often brought forward with surprising skill; and for the most part it evinces a just and delicate discrimination. Trespassing though it does upon interdicted ground, and complicated as its machinery is with consecrated themes, it is perhaps after all less censurable in the fact and deed than in the precedent. Herein lies the harm. The example has been set, the track broken, opening the floodgates for a tide of publications of equivocal character and intention: the progeny of evil imaginations, true to their parentage, working "only evil continually."

Stimulated by the popular thirst for romance, and tempted by the prospect of a field hitherto, from sentiments of reverence, comparatively unoccupied by this species of literature, but, the sanctity once removed, affording so wide a range for excursions of fancy, there will not be wanting writers to improve the occasion. Cupidity, fame, sectarian zeal, even religious enthusiasm, would urge them on. Whatever will "take" enlists authors. And if the present work prove successful, we should not be surprised to see it speedily followed by half a dozen "*religious*" romances. Nay, we should not wonder to see denominations soon publishing sectarian no-

vels for the inculcation of particular creeds, pastors emulous in promoting their circulation, and Sabbath-schools welcoming them to their libraries. We trust not, but we should not wonder. They would find advocates in the lovers of romance, "whose name is legion," rejoiced to gratify their taste, and at the same time flatter their conscience on the score of "Bible-reading." Partisans would defend their "denominational books," of course. There might not be wanting in the Church "wolves in sheep's clothing," who fatten on sectarian zeal, ready to reap a golden fleece by writing books to suit the times, urging their sale with clamorous and "prayerful" earnestness, as of the most vital denominational interest. Infidelity would not be loth to lend a helping-hand. And there may still be Judases among the professed disciples of Christ ready for money to betray their Master with a kiss and sacrifice his cause—delivering up his truth to be mutilated with falsehood at the behest of a clamorous multitude.

As a matter of course, our professed novelists would be found busy in the list, the most licentious likely the foremost, now "transformed as ministers of righteousness," pandering to the new-aroused *religious* taste; until the religion of Christ to the popular mind became metamorphosed into an incoherent mythology, consisting of romantic fables of divinities, heroes, and lovers, in endless complexity.

Indeed, St. Paul appears to foretell this: "For" (says he, 2d Tim. iii. 3–4) "the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." And the same state of things would also seem to be remotely referred to in ancient prophecy: "Thy silver has become dross, thy wine mixed with water. . . . I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross and take away thy tin." Isaiah i. 22, 25.

We can but hope that the evils foreshadowed may be found to exist only in our apprehensions. We hope, if we are to have religious novels, they may prove the means of good, though in a way inscrutable to us; or at least that they may be overruled for good by an Overruling Wisdom. Or if their tendency be, as we have suggested, to evil, inherently, we trust to see them so promptly repudiated by the religious community as to crush the evil in the bud, ere it shall have taken root and brought its seeds to maturity. W.

CHARLESTON MEDICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW. By C. H. HAPPOLDT, M. D., Charleston, S. C.

THE SOUTHERN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES. By RICHARD O. CURRY, A. M., M. D.

The above regular medical exchanges are two of the best journals in the South or Southwest. They are eminently entitled to the patronage of the medical profession, and in fact to the intelligent of any calling.

Editor's Drawer.

"RELIGIOUS NOVELS."

WE sincerely wish every lover of the way of salvation as revealed in the Bible will read W.'s review of the "Prince of the House of David." Many remarks will be found not only applicable to this work, but that class of pestilential books sought to be introduced to our families and Churches under the specious guise of "religious literature," "religious novels," etc. The "livery of heaven," the confidence of "old wives," and puffs from the religious press, will doubtless secure for these fables immense demand; but in the meantime, who reads that which alone can teach the way of Christ?

The references of the reviewer to the probable success of succeeding romances brought out under denominational and sectarian influence, and circulated by partisan tools, though not prophetic, is even *now* fulfilled. Baptists and Methodists have their novels too, and the means of circulating and selling them! The dangerous precedent once established, with success attending their sale, and clerical novelists at once cease to be regarded as religious monstrosities!

Timothy was told what would constitute him a "good minister of Jesus Christ nourished up in words of faith," etc. Among other things, he was to remind his brethren of such as would speak "lies in hypocrisy," and was himself required to "refuse profane and old wives' fables."

Men are not to live by novels, but by the Word of God. They are not made Christians by a tissue of lies, but belief of the truth. Young Christians—babes in Christ—are not to be fed on fiction, but the *sincere milk* of the Word; and why?—that they may grow thereby.

There is a fearful amount of profanity, skepticism, and infidelity, inculcated in these books; and we have no hesitancy in declaring it as our settled and honest conviction, that every "good minister of Jesus Christ" ought to "refuse" these "profane fables." They may captivate "old wives;" but we ask the younger women—the mothers who are expected to bring up their children in the nurture of the Lord—whether, instead thereof, they will bring them within the sphere of the pestilential influence, the moral desolation, which follows a flood-tide of fiction?

We have the revealed will of God—we have the gospel of Christ, declared to be the power of God to salvation. Shall we, possessing this knowledge, reenact the history of a people "who, when they knew God, glorified him not as God," but "became vain in their imaginations, and changed the truth of God into a lie?" Or shall we, as true soldiers, guard the honor of God by protecting his truth from unholy uses, abuses, and adulterations?

Will the reader refer to the language of inspiration in reference to the lasting deleterious tendency of "*fables*," "*imaginations*," and the like, in contrast with the salutary and glorious influence of the TRUTH. And will not the reviewer continue his labor of love until the Churches shall become thoroughly purged of these masses of sacrilegious verbiage, each of which, so far as pertains to salvation, is, as we have seen, only worthy unconditional reprobation. J.

AGENTS WANTED.

HITHERTO, we have had no agencies, except in so far as individuals volunteered to extend the circulation of The Visitor. We now propose remunerating a responsible agent in each church throughout the country.

Any one obtaining the recommendation of a Baptist minister or deacon, is hereby fully authorized to solicit subscriptions to The Parlor Visitor, and upon every subscription of $2 to retain 40 cents: that is, twenty per cent. upon every dollar obtained from as many as five new subscribers.

Here is a proposition by which almost every present subscriber, and other friends of The Visitor, may make from one to five dollars a day.

Specimen numbers will be sent free of charge to all who will act promptly.

Back numbers from July can be furnished to such as apply soon.

HAVE WE ANY MORE SUCH?—About five hundred of those who subscribed for the first volume of The Parlor Visitor have never paid for it, and probably a great majority never will. They took the periodical more than a year, delayed paying until their names were erased, and not one of them has paid within a year. Doubtless, they are very "clever" people, but "clever" people "had ought to" pay their "honest debts." When desiring a discontinuance, "clever" people ought to order the magazine to be discontinued at the end of the time for which they have paid, and not delay the matter until they receive two, three, or four numbers of another volume. Besides being morally wrong, such a course involves trouble and loss to publishers.

THE following lines, from The Democratic Review, which we here give a place, are sug-

gestive of the curiosity exhibited by many a cherub prattler whom we have known.

A CURIOUS QUESTION.

A daughter!
Well, what brought her?

Kitty asks—"How came she here?"
Half with joy and half with fear.
Kitty is our eldest child,
Eight years old, and rather wild—
Wild in manner, but in mind
Wishing all things well defined.
Kitty says, "How came she here,
Father? Tell me: it's so queer.
Yesterday we had no sister,
Else I'm sure I should have missed her
When I went to bed last night;
And this morning hailed her sight
With a strange and new delight.
For, indeed, it passes all
To have a sister not so tall
As my doll; and with blue eyes;
And—I do declare—it cries!
Last night I did n't see her, father;
Or, I'm sure, I had much rather
Stayed at home, as still as a mouse,
Than played all day at grandma's house,
She is so pretty, and so tiny;
And, what makes her face so shiny?
Will it always be like that?
Will she swell up, plump and fat,
Like my little doll; or tall,
Like my wax one? Tell me all—
All about her, papa, dear,
For I do so long to hear
Where she came from, and what brought her—
Yours and mamma's bran new daughter."

A daughter—another daughter!
And the question is, "What brought her?"
Spence, our boy, but three years old,
Says the nurse did—and is bold
In defiance of them both—
Since to yield his place he 's loth,
And, pouting, feels his nose's point
When I declare 't is out of joint.
But, though the childish explanation
Be food enough for child's vexation,
We older folk must better find
To feed the hunger of the mind.
To us, of larger issues preaching,
This link of life eternal, reaching
From earth to heaven, this new-born soul,
Come fresh from where for ever roll
Its countless years through yonder heaven,
Hath deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!
And what brought her?
No matter what: she comes to bring
A blessing in her life's young spring.
"No matter, darlings! she is here—
Our daughter, sister, baby dear:
Open your hearts, and let her enter—
Open them wide, for God hath sent her!"

THE VISITOR.

We are under renewed obligations to many friends for increased interest in behalf of this magazine. The ladies are giving us renewed evidence of their kindly appreciation of the work; and, through their aid, we hope to be able shortly to present The Visitor improved and made more attractive in many features.

A good Chance.—Those who within a month will send us two or more new subscribers, with the advance payment, shall have the preceding volume of The Visitor without charge. How many postmasters and present subscribers will do this?

The lady who sent us the lines said to have been written by Milton in old age on his blindness, will find, by reference to back numbers, that it has already appeared in The Visitor—we think, in the August number of last volume. In the article under which it appears, the authorship of the piece is ascribed to Miss Lloyd, a Quakeress of Philadelphia.

We regret exceedingly that the "Commemorative Sketches of a Missionary to India" is unavoidably left out of the present number. The commencement will be given in our next.

Baptists in Iowa.—The Rev. Obed Sperry writes to The Christian Times: "The cause of God is progressing among the Baptists in Iowa. Two new associations have been formed during the year, and one more is about to be organized, making nine in the State. Since our last Convention, our agent has raised over $2000 for Domestic Missions, and will probably increase the amount to $5000 before the year closes." Baptist churches have been formed and recognized near Le Claire and in Asbland. The latter is a flourishing village, and the former is "a beautiful rural section." Ashland, says a correspondent of The Times, "is one of the most civil and industrious of towns, not disgraced by a single groggery or dram-shop of any character." The new church near Le Claire, we are told, numbers fifty members.