THE PARLOR VISITOR.

VOL. VII. NASHVILLE: JUNE, 1857. NO. 6.

FRANKFORT CEMETERY.

JOHN B. HERNDON, of Mayslick, Kentucky, (under the caption of "A Visit to the City of the Dead—Frankfort Cemetery—Meditations among the Tombs—The Grave an Eloquent Preacher,") has written the following article, which we take from The Frankfort Commonwealth.

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
> Await, alike, th' inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—GRAY.

The solemn chime of church-bells, the moving throng, the undisturbed serenity of the city, proclaim that this is the Sabbath! O, beauteous, peaceful Sabbath, sweet dissipator of the distracting cares of life, what else but thou givest safety, strength, morality, and glory to a people? This is one of those bright and genial days which Indian Summer, with its harvest moons, round and red, and its sunsets, deep-dyed with blood and gold, delighteth to send forth, witching us to a farewell smile of glowing confidence from the bland and pensive lips of beloved old Autumn.

Imbued with a spirit of melancholy, I strolled listlessly away to that romantic receptacle of the departed, the Frankfort Cemetery. What a flood of associations throng the memory of many a blighted heart at the mention of that name! This cemetery has justly excited the admiration of all who have beheld it. In the summer season, it lacks not the floral beauties and cultivated charms of Laurel Hill; and during the winter months, it is not destitute of the picturesque wilderness of Mount Auburn. There is an indefinable something lurking about this sacred spot which is impressive and sublime; and no one can fail, in wandering over its sepulchral precincts, to experience a sensation equal to that felt by a traveller when first he visits Mount Sinai, where was enacted that fearfully sublime scene when Moses commanded the people to meet with God, and he descended upon the smoking mountain in fire. The silence and grandeur which reign supreme here are the proper attributes of the Great Destroyer; a part, an infinitesimal part, of whose victims sleep

> "The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress,"

beneath the shadow of these tombs.

The burial-ground is reached by a serpentine pathway, probably a mile in extent, carved out between the railroad and the summit of the cliff, at an altitude of two hundred feet, which is generally designated as "The Lover's Walk," about midway of which is the locale of a beautiful and limpid spring, which serves to cool the thirst of the wearied seeker after the grand and gloomy in nature. The chief feature arresting the eye of the visitor is the Military Monument. It rests on a base twenty feet square, of Connecticut granite, is sixty-two feet high, and many of its blocks weigh over five tons each, and are ornamented with the richest seulpture. The material of the monument is of the purest Italian marble, taken from the celebrated quarry of Cararra. The statue of Victory which crowns the structure, and the four eagles which guard each

corner of the die, were sculptured in Italy by that eminent artist, Robert E. Launitz. The richness and faultless purity of the material, the beauty and classic taste of the design and execution, have been rarely equalled by any similar work in America.

The leading object of this memorial is to rescue from neglect the memory of the patriotic deeds of our gallant citizen-soldiers in the late war with Great Britain, and to indicate the last encampment of those heroic Kentuckians who fell at the head of their commands—Clay, McKee, Willis, and Vaughn—while fighting a marauding foe on a foreign soil.

In the vicinity of this noble work of art reposes, in the serenity of its beauty, a handsome obelisk erected in memory of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, upon the base of which is carved in bold relief a lifelike portraiture of the capital exploit in Colonel Johnson's Indian warfare—the capture of the famous warrior chief, Tecumseh.

Would space allow, I might give a full description of the many tombstones and monuments which decorate and give a tasteful and artistic aspect to the grounds; but sundry gifted and industrious pens have denied me the pleasure, and have only left me the necessity of joining in the popular prayer that a liberal appropriation be made by the present Legislature to perfect arrangements for the erection of a suitable memorial to point out the abode of the relics of the founder of a mighty empire, the venerated pioneer and discoverer of Kentucky, Col. Boone. Greece and Rome would have erected statues of honor and temples of worship to the memory of such a remarkable man; but, even if his grave remains unornamented by a jet or porphyry, his fame, resting on the solid advantages of patriotic service, will survive when the achievements of men greatly his superiors in rank and intellect will be forgotten.

The beautiful necropolis may be made subservient to some of the highest purposes of religion and human duty. It may preach lessons, to which none may refuse to listen, and which all that live must hear. Truths may be here felt and taught in the silence of our meditations, more persuasive and more enduring than ever flowed from human lips. The grave hath a voice of eloquence, nay, of superhuman eloquence, which speaks at once to the thoughtlessness of the rash, and the devotions of the good; which addresses at all times, and all ages and all sexes; which tells of wisdom to the wise, and of comfort to the afflicted; which warns us of our follies and our dangers; which whispers to us in accents of peace, and alarms us in tones of terror; which steals with the healing balm into the stricken heart, and lifts up and supports the broken spirit; which awakens a new enthusiasm for virtue, and disciplines us for its severest trials and duties; which calls up the image of the illustrious dead with an animating presence of our example and glory; and which demands of us, as men, as patriots, as Christians, as immortals, that the powers given by God should be devoted to his service, and the minds created by his love should return to him with larger capacities for virtuous enjoyment, and with more spiritual and intellectual brightness.

It should not be for the poor purpose of gratifying our vanity or pride that we should erect columns, and obelisks, and monuments, to the dead; but that the living may read thereon much of our destiny and duty. We know that man is the creature of association and excitements. Experience may instruct, but habit, and appetite, and passion, and imagination, will exercise a strong dominion over him. These are the Fates which weave the thread of his character and unravel the mysteries of his conduct. The truth which strikes home must not only have the approbation of his reason, but it must be embodied in a visible, tangible, practical form. It must be felt as well as seen. It must warm as well as convince.

It was a saying of Themistocles, that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep. The feeling thus expressed has a deep foundation in the human mind; and as it is well or ill directed, it will cover us with shame or exalt us to glory. The deeds of the great attract but a cold and listless admiration when they pass in historical order before us like moving shadows. It is the trophy and the monument which invest them with a substance of local reality. Who that has stood by the tomb of Washington, on the quiet

Potomac, has not felt his heart purer, his wishes more aspiring, his gratitude more warm, and his love of country touched by a holier flame? Who that should see erected in shades like these even a cenotaph to the memory of a man like Clay, that model of American statesmen, would not feel that there is an excellence over which death hath no power, but which lives on through all time, still freshening with the lapse of ages?

But passing from those who by their talents and virtues have shed lustre on the annals of mankind to cases of private bereavement, who that should deposit in shades like these the remains of a beloved friend would not feel a secret pleasure in the thought that the simple inscription to his worth would receive the passing tribute of a sigh from thousands of kindred hearts? That the stranger and the traveller would linger on the spot with a feeling of reverence? That they, the very mourners themselves, when they should revisit, would find there the verdant sod, the fragrant flower, and the breezy shade? That they might there, unseen except of God, offer up their prayers; indulge the luxury of grief? —that they might realize, in its full force, the affecting beatitude of the scripture, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

Then, let us erect here the memorials of our love, and our gratitude, and our glory. Here let the brave repose who have died in the cause of their country. Here let the statesman rest who has achieved the victories of peace, not less renowned than war. Here let genius find a home, that has sung immortal strains, or has instructed with still diviner eloquence. Here let science and learning, the votaries of inventive art, and the teacher of the philosophy of nature, come. Here let gentle youth and beauty, blighted by premature decay, drop, like tender blossoms, into the virgin earth; and here let age retire, ripened for the harvest. Above all, here let the benefactors of mankind, the good, the merciful, the meek, the pure in heart, be congregated; for to them belong an undying praise.

This cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages which can be proposed to gratify human feelings, or tranquillize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave. And what spot can be more appropriate for such a purpose? Nature seems to point it out with significant energy as the favorite retirement of the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur: the forest-crowned height, the abrupt acclivity, the sheltered valley, the deep glen, the grassy glade, and the silent grave. Here are the lofty oak, the superb beech, the rustling pine, and the drooping willow: the tree that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our own transitory bloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us that "the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue." Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new-made grave; and there is the wild-flower, creeping along the pebbled path and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. From the summits of the overhanging cliffs, sublimely looming with their battlements of wizard grandeur, like the gloomy ramparts of some fortress, the city of Frankfort and the town of South Frankfort, with their public edifices and private residences, their spires and gardens, intermingled and occupying both banks, the meadows around, the graceful stream itself as it sweeps through the verdant valley, are all mapped out to the eye in a single perspective of varied and picturesque beauty.

The aboriginal Germans buried their dead in graves consecrated by their priests. The Egyptians gratified their pride and soothed their grief by interring them in their Elysian fields, or embalming them in their vast catacombs, or enclosing them in their stupendous pyramids, the wonder of all succeeding ages. The Hebrews watched with religious care over their places of burial. They selected for this purpose ornamented gardens, and deep forests, and fertile valleys, and lofty mountains; and they still designate them, with a sad emphasis, as the "House of the Living." The ancient Asiatics lined the approaches to their cities with sculptured sarcophagi, and mausoleums, and other ornaments, embowered in shrubbery, traces of which may be seen among their magnificent ruins. The Greeks exhausted

the resources of their exquisite art in adorning the habitations of the dead. They discouraged interments within the limits of their cities; and consigned their relics to shady groves, in the neighborhood of murmuring streams and mossy fountains, close by the favorite resorts of those who were engaged in the study of philosophy and nature, and called them, with the elegant expressiveness of their own beautiful language, cemeteries, or "Places of Repose." The Romans, faithful to the example of Greece, erected the monuments to the dead in the suburbs of the Eternal City, (as they proudly denominated it,) on either side of their spacious roads, in the midst of trees and ornamental walks and ever-varying flowers. The Appian way was crowded with columns, obelisks, and cenotaphs, to the memory of her sages and heroes; and at every turn the short but touching inscription met the eye, "*Siste Viator*," (pause, traveller!) inviting at once sympathy and thoughtfulness. Even the humblest Roman could read on the humblest gravestone the kind offering, "May the earth lie lightly on these remains!" And the Moslem successors of the emperors, indifferent as they may be to ordinary exhibitions of the fine arts, place their burying-grounds in rural retreats, and embellish them with studious taste as a religious duty. The cypress is planted at the head and foot of every grave, and waves with a mournful solemnity over it. These devoted grounds possess an inviolable sanctity. The ravages of war never reach them; and victory and defeat equally respect the limits of their domain. So that it has been remarked, with equal truth and beauty, that while the cities of the living are subject to all the desolations and vicissitudes incident to human affairs, the cities of the dead enjoy an undisturbed repose, without even the shadow of change. This reverence for the manes of the departed is common to all ages and all generations of men—to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian and the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitants of the dreary forests of the North and the sultry regions of the South—to the worshipper of the sun and the devotee of idols—to the heathen dwelling in the darkness of his cold mythology, and to the Christian rejoicing in the light of the true God.

THE VALUE OF A WORM.

Among the works of God there is nothing contemptible, nothing even insignificant: that which seems so is only in consequence of our limited faculties; the more inquisitively we look at nature, the more occasion shall we have to exclaim with Wordsworth:

> "Pride,
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; and he who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used."

We have no better illustration of the importance of apparently insignificant things than in the worm. Whoever beholds the creature delving and winding through the mould, probably has thought how useless a place it occupies in the scale of creation; and yet, what will our readers who are unacquainted with the fact think, when we assure them that the common earth-worm is at once shovel, plough, harrow, and manure? Of all that soil which is the richest and most adapted for the gardener's purpose, there is scarcely any which has not passed through the intestines of the worm, and the earthy casts which are seen lying about after its burrowings are little patches of rich mould which have derived an extraordinary nutrition from the cause we have mentioned. Mrs. Somerville, in her "Physical Geography," mentions it as probable that of the finer vegetable mould there is not a particle which has not been prepared by this wonderful little laborer.

It is only recently that science has devoted much attention to this interesting subject; but the fact to which we have alluded was placed beyond dispute some years ago by Charles Darwin, Esq., in a paper on the formation of mould, read before the Geological Society of London. The work performed by each individual worm may seem so insignificant as to place almost in doubt the possibility of an achievement so considerable; but this idea is refuted by the immense number of earth-worms constantly ploughing their way, and especially when driven by dry weather, to a considerable depth below the surface. It is satisfactorily ascertained that no plough could reach so deep as the worm, in many instances; and Mr. Darwin remarks, that it

would sometimes be much more consistent to speak of animal mould rather than vegetable. It is both amusing and beautiful to contemplate how, by the agency of this little creature, nature buries stones, pebbles, and the rough earth which was too near the surface. Many of these, covered by the castings of worms, lie waiting for the disintegration and separation into finer particles, which in the course of some few seasons they may undergo, then in their turn to pass through the bowels of the worm and return to the surface as useful soil. Thus nature constantly operates around us without our being aware of it. How many persons have ungratefully supposed that these little creatures were to be regarded as a pest and a nuisance! The farmer, the grazier, and the gardener, have beheld them without suspecting that they were an important fellow-workman; the farmer and grazier especially deriving benefit from them, since they work in fields where the spade cannot penetrate.

The Reverend William Kirby slightly alludes to them in his Bridgewater Treatise on the "Wisdom of God in the Creation of Animals;" but since this volume was written, the earth-worm, as well as the whole class of worms to which it belongs, namely, the Annelida, has undergone a very lengthy and popular examination by Dr. Williams, who has published the result of his observations in a paper of some hundred and twenty pages in the report of the British Association for 1851. That paper unfolds in a remarkable degree the exquisite contrivance of nature in her most unobserved works, or, rather, let us say, the wonderful wisdom of God in the most unobserved of his creatures. The very name by which this class is distinguished by naturalists, the Annelida, is given to it from an early perception of the marvellous contrivance of its rings; for if the reader observes it, which he may very easily do either by watching its movements in the mould, or placing it before his eyes on a table, he will see that its coil of blood-red rings are marked very plainly, and he will further notice, too, how all these assist it in the act of moving. The grace of the snake and the serpent has often been referred to: the proud beauty of that creature, so shunned by man, has been repeatedly made a subject of comment; but the beauty of the worm, to an eye capable of perceiving it, is no less remarkable; and although we would not place the serpent or the snake beyond the circle of the useful purposes of creation, yet the impression made upon the mind by the worm in this particular is much more interesting. We have watched it, industrious little peasant! hard-working little ploughman! as it has moved on, swiftly shooting its way through the soil, and we have wondered that it has not been a theme for poets. Its movements surely illustrate the poetry of motion; and indeed one of our later poets, Walter Savage Landor, has made the worm the subject of his song. The following lines are as just as they are beautiful, in homage of the subject of our paper:

"First-born of all creation, yet unsung,
I call thee not to listen to my lay;
For well I know thou turnest a deaf ear,
Indifferent to the sweetest of complaints,
Sweetest and most importunate The voice
Which would awaken, and which almost can
The sleeping dead, thou rearest up against,
And no more heedest thou the wreck below;
Yet art thou gentle, and for due reward,
Because thou art so humble in thy ways,
Thou hast survived the giants of waste worlds,
Giants whom chaos left unborn behind,
And earth with fierce abhorrence at first sight
Shook from her bosom, some on burning sands,
Others on icy mountains far apart:
Mammoth and mammoth's archetype, and coil
Of serpent cable long, and ponderous mail
Of lizard, to whom crocodile was dwarf.
Wrong, too, hath oft been done thee. I have watched
The nightingale, that most inquisitive
Of plumed powers, send forth a sidelong glance
From the low hazel on the smooth footpath,
Attracted by a glimmering tortuous thread
Of silver left there when the dew had dried,
And dart on one of thine, that one of hers
Might play with it. Alas! the young will play,
Reckless of leaving pain and death behind.
I, too, (but early from such sin forebore,)
Have fastened on my hook beside the stream
Of shady Arrow, or the broad mill-pond,
Thy writhing race. Thou wilt more patiently
Await my hour—more quietly pursue
Thy destined prey legitimate.

FIRST-BORN
I called thee at the opening of my song;
Last of creation I will call thee now.
What fiery meteors have we seen transcend
Our firmament, and mighty was their power
To leave a solitude and stench behind.
The vulture may have revelled upon men;
Upon the vulture's self thou revellest.
Princes may hold high festivals; for thee
Chiefly they hold it. Every dish removed,

Thou comest in the silence of the night,
Takest thy place, thy train insinuatest
Into the breast, lappest that wrinkled heart
Stone-cold within, and with fresh appetite
Again art ready for a like carouse."

There is another remarkable feature in the worm. No organs of sense have been discovered, and yet it is all sensation: it sees without eyes, hears without ears, as truly as it walks without feet: it is a constant marvel. Like the human hand, it unites in itself the most opposite and various faculties: by the sense of touch it seems to supersede the necessity for other faculties. In all the contrivances connected with its formation, it seems evident enough that nothing has been omitted conducive to its happiness: it bounds to and fro with a merriment of motion which assures us that it is capable of enjoyment in its little circle of sensation and small world of action. Those who have anatomized it, speak of the exquisiteness of its mechanism; with rapture they laud the muscular feats of the Annelida as wonderfully distinguished by their complexity and harmony; and yet it is allowed to pass long without a chronicler and a historian, though no single creature in the whole compass of creation more illustrates the marvellous excellency of Divine arrangement, or the dependency of man for his happiness upon the meanest of God's creatures.

Such were some of our reflections the other day, while wielding the spade in our garden; and then we very naturally turned from the worm to other characters in the scale of moral creation, slighted like the worm, fulfilling a round of lowly duties unnoticed and unperceived. How many there are in society, the delvers, the diggers, and ploughmen, nay, even the unseen philosophers, who work silently and obscurely in the dark beneath the mould, but who have the same value attaching to them which, as we have seen, attaches to the worm—preparing the soil in which others are to place the seed—exploring the dark and the unsightly, and bringing it out into the light, that others may cause beauty and bloom to hang their brightness over it. Let us, in moral conditions, recur to the often uttered but never sufficiently felt truth, that nothing useful is mean or contemptible. How much soever the employment seems to stamp with contempt, let us constantly remember that not employment, but motive and object, are the foundations of real dignity; nay, that sometimes workers may be engaged in really dignified employment, important in itself and its results, although they may be entirely ignorant of the magnificence of the foundation they are preparing. The humblest action, it is pleasing to remember, is dignified, if done to the glory of God. —*Leisure Hour.*

GOD IN SPRING.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

Hosannas to thy Deity for this,
Giver of bursting leaves and song and bloom,
And the gold-opulence of flowers, which is
A type of man's sure triumph o'er the tomb!
O, goodly are these ranks of sunny days
Which the warm breath of budding woodlands bring:
We fling our care away one hour to gaze
'Neath the soft eyelids of thy angel, Spring,
And lift his silver wing.

We will bow down before his face as one
Who comes with tidings from the only King:
Yea, he is Thine; Thy hands did weave this crown,
These golden garlands round his temples fling:
All mute things know his presence and give praise,
The woodbine yearns around his arms to cling,
Morn weaves his palace from her inmost rays,
And sweet birds nestle in his hair and sing,
"God of the purple Spring!"

We thank Thee for the morning's vestal blaze,
And evening with her locks of sober brown;
We thank Thee for the emerald Summer days,
And Autumn with her nights of weary moan;
We thank thee for the quiet Sabbath hours,
Which speak for man a fairer blossoming;
We thank Thee for the sunset's burnished towers;
But more, more than for these, with all they bring,
We thank Thee for the Spring!

Angel, thy splendors never could have shone
Upon the Orient Uz as here they shine,
Else her immortal bard from thee had known
A softer music for his glorious line:
He would have seen the bursting of the graves,
He would have heard their mouldy silence ring
With pæans like the noise of many waves,
And ocean's oozy charnels throb and sing
Through the green gates of Spring.

What is so sweet as clover by the way,
So fresh as violets lifting the dead leaves?
What is so downy as a beechen spray,
So musical as swallows round the eaves?
What is so queenly as the jasmine bells,
Between whose walls the bee forgets his sting?
Yet these are thine, all these, the spicy dells,
The balm, the glorious tints, the carolling,
O rosy-footed Spring!

Lover of mossy banks, we welcome thee
Back to the orchard paths and yearning hills:
Come, hang thy mantle on the crownless tree,
And scatter dappled pinks and daffodils;
And we will wreathe thy brow and clasp thy knees
With blooms, prefer our fresh thank-offering
Of gentle moods, new hopes, while glossy bees
Hum through the delicate urns that roll and swing
Around thy limbs, O Spring!

The royal blue-bird, whose soft vest was dipped
Long in the August firmament's rich wave,
And the fine robin, of thy dews have sipped,
And league to sing the blossoms from their grave:
All spirits of the amber budded boughs
Call thee sweet names, Bridegroom of Flowers and King;
The distant valleys and the near hedgerows,
The silvery vault and glimmering mountains sing,
Io, delicious Spring!

Great Pan reclined in odorous shades and woke
The echoes of the hills, long, long ago,
And white-armed Dryads danced beneath the oak,
Nor marked the rapid seasons o'er them flow,
The Oreads tripped along the mountain ways;
But all are past, gone is the Satyr king,
A purer breath the grove and woodland sways,
And with a better Name the flute notes ring
Of lily-bosomed Spring.

Hosannas for the birds and flowers, O God!
I see Thee in the bloom and mellow beams,
Yet I am sad even where so lately trod
Thy radiant feet and woke the sleeping streams.
Our bosoms for a purer region yearn,
We feel the flutter of the immortal wing
'Gainst its clay walls: unsatisfied we turn
From Summer's crown and the fresh tints that fling
A glory round the Spring.

New Preston, Conn. —*Louisville Journal.*

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose: who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

WRITTEN SERMONS.

The Southern Literary Messenger, at Richmond, Va., referring to the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches, says some good things. The remarks are in some respects equally applicable to other denominations. The pew system is another and one of the greatest evils practiced among children of the same common Father. Christians will never feel that they are brothers and equals until they have equal privileges in their Father's house. But The Messenger says:

One of the chief obstacles in these churches to a more rapid and marked success lies, we believe, in the character of their preaching. Eleven thousand Presbyterian and Episcopal sermons are delivered every week; and how are they delivered? Accustomed to good speaking in this country, let any one saunter, some Sunday, into (for example) a Presbyterian church. After hearing the choir sing a hymn or two, and listening to one very short and one enormously long prayer, the preacher commences the main service of the occasion. He is boxed up in a pulpit. He would think it sacrilege if he omitted to take a text, and accordingly a text he takes—applying naturally, or in the way of a conceit, to his subject. With this placarded thus in imagination above him, and to which, according to his taste, he recurs constantly as a sort of refrain, he launches out into his course, which will be sensible, or decorous, or fanciful, or vapid; but always formal. The sermon is written out. The speaker has come there with a discourse in his pocket, and its apothegms and its appeals he gives over to his auditors, whenever he can lay his finger on them. On their part, the congregation come to hear a sermon; yes, they come to hear a sermon. A certain amount is to be dispensed, and a general assent to be returned, and the church breaks up and all go home. The sermon is critical; the sentiments may be applauded, and it is considered very good advice; and there the matter ends.

Not one heart has been touched, nor one emotion awakened, not one resolution adopted. Not a human being, it may be, but in a general way has assented to or admired the ser-

mon; but not one who, especially and with a personal application, has grappled with its thoughts in his heart.

How poor, to such a listener, such a speech-making as this, after listening to the fervid appeals in the forum, where every sentence strives towards a mark, or to the varied, easy, familiar elocution of the stump!

Perhaps our adventurer has found his way into an Episcopal church. There is a death-like propriety. All is still as the grave. It is a "dim, religious" edifice. There is stained glass, and lofty groined arches. People step about as if the ground was haunted. A genteel, grave sexton moves mysteriously from pew to pew. There are solemn texts staring out from the walls. The great emblem of Christianity is there broadly prominent, and how ingeniously evolved! Fashionable ladies and gentlemen—no one knows how—gradually fill the church. A solemn man comes silently forward in a stately robe, and, amid multitudinous folds, dramatically kneels in prayer. A strain of dream-like music breathes through the spacious aisles; and presently, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," from a clear, chaste voice initiates the pageant. The different parts of the service are the more or less devoutly gone through—one of the most splendid and imposing rituals that imagination has ever conceived, and one most calculated to touch and impress an imaginative heart. A hymn is then read from the chancel and sung in the gallery; and then twenty minutes are devoted to the reading of a perfectly unexceptionable and elegant production.

And that is the trumpet-call first uttered in the wilderness, and which was thundered at Cesarea, before Felix and Drusilla, touching that "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come!" This is the dainty method by which the tremendous import of the gospel—like arrow-root to the dying—is communicated to the mawkish stomachs of the higher society! How often is a true, manly, straightforward address heard in such a pulpit?

Such are no highly-colored pictures of the preaching we hear in Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. Of minor points we will not just now speak. We commenced by speaking of the sermon. Here, as we have said, lies, we believe, one of the great and main obstacles to the success of these churches. It is in the mode of the preparation and delivery of these sermons that is to be found, in a great measure we think, the source of that barrenness of results which characterizes this preaching. The Sunday address is prepared in the closet as a paper to be read, or as a discourse to be declaimed from a manuscript, and the mind becomes directed rather to a certain abstract theme than to the audience itself as a body of living men to be incited to real action.

The great question to be decided is, whether written sermons are effective? We assume, for such is the case, that the organizations in question do write their sermons. We know the vast difference of opinion that exists on this subject. We know how many of the most intelligent advocate it *à priori*. But our convictions are not at all the less implicitly established: we are, almost without a wavering of opinion, decisively fixed in our conclusion that manuscript sermons are the bane of these churches, and hang upon their ministries like a pestilential vapor, when it behooves that they should be breathing the free and open air. It is like the dry and sickly temperature of a close and heated room, when what is wanted is the pure and life-fraught warmth of the light from heaven.

GREAT LOVE.

Some years ago, a Russian nobleman was travelling on special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him on to the next station, where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed; for he said there was danger in travelling so late, the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest: he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off, with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him.

On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father, "What was that strange howling sound that I just heard?" "O, nothing but the wind sighing through the forest trees," replied the father. The child shut her eyes, and was quiet. But soon she said again: "Listen, father: it is not like the wind, I think." The father listened; and far, far away, in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold, frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of.

He then put down the window, and spoke to his servant: "The wolves, I fear, are after us: make haste. Tell the man to drive faster, and get your pistols ready." The postilion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer. It was quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, do you single out one, and fire, and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them, we shall get on." As soon as he put down the window, he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them, and devoured them; and meanwhile the carriage gained ground.

But the taste of blood only made them more furious, and they were soon up with the carriage again. Again two shots were fired; and two more fell, and were devoured. But the carriage was speedily overtaken, and the post-house was yet far distant.

The nobleman then ordered the postilion to loose one of his leaders, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest, the wolves after him, and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The carriage labored on as fast as it could with the two remaining horses; but the post-house was still distant.

At length the servant said to his master: "I have served you ever since I was a child: I love you as my own self. Nothing now can save you but one thing. Let me save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and my little ones." The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself amongst them. The two panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last and fatal attack. But the travellers were safe.

The next morning they went out, and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves. His bones only were there. And on that spot the nobleman erected a wooden pillar, on which is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "But God commended his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, Can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating. Thus the mind has in its own power the selection of its themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thoughts; if they only realized how frightful are the moral depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun

them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the service of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated, and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature, and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the will independence of baser passions, and to the affections that power of adhesion to whatever is pure, and good, and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into those scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities of exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow-men are so many and great that it really is worth while to live. The heart which is truly evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexpressibly rich, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches the true dignity of his nature, can find free scope for his intellect, and all-inspiring themes for the heart.

FIRST GRIEF.

The following poem is by James Hedderwick, a Scotch poet. Its plaintive melody reminds us of the poetry of Motherwell, one of the gifted but unfortunate sons of that land of song. Motherwell, who died suddenly in the spring of life, was for some years before his death editor of The Glasgow Courier, which he conducted with great ability. Hedderwick is also connected with the press, and is acknowledged to be a chaste and able writer. May the sky of his life be overcast by fewer clouds and storms than distracted that of poor Motherwell!

They tell me first and early love
  Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
  To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth
  To memory ever clings;
And o'er the path of future years
  A lengthened shadow flings.

O, oft my mind recalls the hour
  When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
  From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—
  I shuddered at the sight;
And I shudder yet, to think upon
  The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
  Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
  Of radiant fancy shone:

Cold was the cheek and cold the brow,
  The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
  Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
  I know not if 'twas spring;
But if the birds sang in the trees,
  I did not hear them sing:

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
  Their bloom I did not see:
I looked upon one withered flower,
  And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
  Within that house of woe;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
  And every voice was low;

And from each cheek at intervals
  The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
  To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
  To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face,
  For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
  And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
  Like odor from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
  From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
  Live o'er his little life!

His every look, his every word,
  His very voice's tone,
Come back to us like things whose worth
  Is only prized when gone!

That grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot!

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface!

CHILDHOOD AND ITS VISITORS.

BY BULWER LYTTON.

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair childhood hard at play
Before a bank of blushing flowers.
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more bright than childhood's brow
Was the gay heaven that laughed above him.

Old Time came babbling in his wrath,
And that green valley's calm invaded;
The brooks grew dry beneath his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
A Grecian tomb stood full in sight,
And that Old Time began to batter,
But Childhood watched his paper kite,
Nor heeded he one whit the matter.

With curling lip and eye askance,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's archly simple glance
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Again spread forth his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's woeful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water:
Says Childhood, "Madam, what's your name?"
And when the beldame uttered "Sorrow,"
Then cried, "Don't interrupt my game!
I prythee call again to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus thither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers.
Though sweet the lyre and sweet the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle:
"Good gracious!" cr ed he, "send away
That noisy woman with a fiddle!"

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no joy may last for ever:
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses;
But Childhood, when she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Pale manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure;
Of glory's toils, ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love or hoarded treasure;
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A pure unmingled trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraphs' eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven!

WOOD-THOUGHTS.

[Translated from the Spanish.]

A kingly calm reigneth
The still forest o'er;
It sweetly inviteth
My soul to adore.
A dreamy charm floateth
About in the trees;
How sweet and how holy
The whispering breeze!

As I sit on the mossy
Old rock 'neath the pine,
I bless my Creator—
His glory divine.
The whisperings of breezes,
The murmurs of fount,
The voice of the brooklet
With silvery shout;

The beautiful trilling
Of the blithesome bird,
Which rides on the branches
So wavily stirred,
Are all but the anthem
Of forest and sod,
Which nature for ever
Uplifteth to God.

Thy hand is apparent
In every thing
That dwelleth about us,
Or flies upon wing.
O God! at thy greatness
I bow and adore,
And, blessing thy goodness,
Remember thy power!

OPIUM THE CURSE OF CHINA.

Not only do we see these besotted hundreds of millions crushed for a score of centuries under the weight of their own pagan superstitions, in a midnight darkness which has known no breaking; not only do we see them devouring each other in internal dissensions, and now once more involved in a war with England in which France also may join; but the melancholy fact stares us in the face that a great powerful Christian nation, for the sake of gain, are constantly and lawlessly feeding the fires that consume millions, body and soul, and sink them lower and lower in degradation and ruin.

In 1767, but 200 chests of opium were sent from India to China, where it was then used solely as a medical drug. In 1800, the importation had increased to 2000 chests, and the Chinese government, becoming alarmed by the rapid spread of demoralization caused by it, passed stringent laws to arrest the vice. The East India Company then made the trade, which had been unrestricted, a monopoly, they having the entire control of the production of the destructive drug. In spite of the opposition of the Chinese government, they have persisted in preparing it to suit the taste of the Chinese, and in smuggling it into the empire in great quantities. In 1834, 21,785 chests were imported into China; in 1837, 39,000; and last year it is supposed that at least 75,000 chests were smuggled into the empire, for which the company received at least thirty million dollars.

The baneful effects of this poison cannot be calculated. It is estimated that it destroys at least two millions of its victims every year, and sinks multitudes into an abyss of sensuality and debasement lower than that of brutes. These are the results of a contraband trade carried on by a powerful company sustained by a Christian government, solely for the sake of gain, and in defiance of the laws of a *heathen* nation! Were the monopoly abolished, the Chinese would be left to guard their own coasts, and enforce their own revenue laws. Major-General Alexander, a witness of high authority on the subject, says, with great impressiveness: "Great Britain is morally responsible before God and man for the evils in support of which she has waged one war, and may, at any moment, be involved in another. Without the suppression of smuggling, China cannot be brought into the great community of nations."

We rejoice that the attention of philanthropists and Christians in England is turned to the dreadful evils thus inflicted, which surely demand immediate suppression at the hands of a Christian government.

ECHOES OF A MOTHER'S VOICE.

"There was once," says Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler, "an obscure and pious woman living in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry, her place of birth, and her education. She had an only son, whom she made it her great business to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In the seventh year of his age, his mother died, and a few years later the lad went to sea, and engaged at length as a sailor in the African slave-trade. He was soon an adept in vice, and though among the youngest of the crew, he was the most proficient in guilt. But his mother's instructions sent their echoes to him, and though at first he sought to deafen himself to them, they grew louder and louder, until, listening to them at last, he became a fervent Christian, a successful preacher, the author of books which the Church will never let die, and a writer of hymns the use of which is coextensive with our tongue.

"This wayward son whom his mother, though dead, addressed and reclaimed, was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, so distinguished for his labors in the East Indies; and the 'Star in the East,' a book published by Mr. Buchanan, first called the attention of our Judson to the missionary work, and sent him an apostle to Burmah.

"The sailor, turned preacher, was also the means of delivering the Rev. Thomas Scott from the mazes of ruinous error, and introducing him to the way, the truth, and the life. Mr. Scott prepared the Commentary known by his name, and which still continues its mission of converting and sanctifying power.

"The influence of this same minister and

author, in connection with that of Doddridge, was principally instrumental in making Wilberforce the Christian he was. To Wilberforce's 'Practical View of Christianity,' the conversion of Legh Richmond may be ascribed, and Legh Richmond wrote 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and other tracts, which have contributed to the salvation of thousands of souls.

"Such are some of the results of that voice from the dead which spoke to John Newton; and what a small portion of the whole-sum has yet been revealed!"

SUNBEAMS.

Life has its shadows dark and drear,
In gloom is many a spirit bowed;
But sunbeams linger ever near,
And sunshine still must gild the cloud.
Come, look upon yon new-made mound:
Beside it kneels a mourner fair—
Her mother weeps in grief profound—
'Tis dark—but are no sunbeams there?

Ah, yes! though that dear voice no more
May fall upon her listening ear;
Though that fond smile, so loved of yore,
Is gone, is lost for ever here;
Though grief would but the soul despair,
And joy and hope for ever flee,
One ray of light yet lingers there—
Her husband whispers, "Live for me."

We come again: her chosen one,
Who seems of life itself a part,
Is dying, and his last, loved tone,
Falls sadly on that widowed heart.
He tells her they will meet again
In happy worlds beyond the skies,
And bids her hope; but ah! in vain—
E'en while he speaks his spirit flies.

And it is o'er: those lips have pressed
The last fond kiss on that pale brow;
That voice, whose tones so oft have blessed,
Is silent—hushed for ever now.
Far off, beneath the damp, cold ground,
Is laid that form of all most dear;
Grief wraps her shrouding mantle round—
Sure sunbeams cannot enter *here*.

But see! a lovely angel child,
With auburn ringlets floating free,
And sunny eyes so soft and mild,
Climbs wondering up the mother's knee:
"Please, dear mamma, don't cry," he said,
"It makes your Willie feel so bad."
The mourner meekly bowed her head—
One precious sunbeam still she had.

A year went by—all pale and cold,
A child upon his pillow lay:
A lingering smile yet sweetly told
How brightly closed life's parting day.
His ringlets, parted simply, were
Upon his pale, transparent brow;
No sunny eye was beaming there—
The long dark lashes hid it now.

A snowdrop, pure and white, was pressed
Gently within one tiny hand—
Fit emblems of the soul whose rest
Was now within the better land.
The mother knelt in anguish by
Her last, her only treasure, gone;
But still she fixed her gaze on high,
And murmured, "Lord, thy will be done."

WORDS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If words could satisfy the heart,
The heart might find less care;
But words, like summer birds, depart,
And leave but empty air:
The heart, a pilgrim upon earth,
Finds often, when it needs,
That words are of as little worth
As just so many weeds.

A little said—and truly said—
Can deeper joy impart
Than hosts of words which reach the head
But never touch the heart:
The voice that wins its sunny way,
A lonely home to cheer,
Hath oft the fewest words to say;
But, O! those few—how dear!

If words could satisfy the breast,
The world might hold a feast;
But words—when summoned to the test—
Oft satisfy the least!
Like plants that make a gaudy show,
All blossom to the root;
But whose poor nature cannot grow
One particle of fruit!

What man on earth is so pernicious a drone as an idle minister?—*Cecil.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Oliver Goldsmith was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day, those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting-car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly-built wheels cannot be dragged.

When Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged, that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier, Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder, which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom. When he had risen to eminence, those who once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced The Vicar of Wakefield and The Deserted Village.

In his seventeenth year, Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars

paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services, from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court: they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time, the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year: it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colors, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost-stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming-house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university—the third university at which he had resided—in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the Continent.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedi-

ents. He turned strolling-player; but his face and figure were ill-suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe-Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley-slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous wood-cuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard; An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a Life of Beau Nash, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, History of England, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing Sketches of London Society, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately: his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About every thing that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But

he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Toward the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, dispatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was The Vicar of Wakefield.

But before The Vicar of Wakefield appeared in print came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem entitled The Traveller. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was, that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the Dunciad. In one respect The Traveller differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In The Traveller, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds.

While the fourth edition of The Traveller was on the counters of the booksellers, The Vicar of Wakefield appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote The Good-natured Man—a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury-Lane. It was acted at Covent-Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, not less than £500, five times as much as he had made by The Traveller and The Vicar of Wakefield together. The plot of The Good-natured Man is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled False Delicacy, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the

mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to any thing more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in The Good-natured Man, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court-dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared The Deserted Village. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to The Traveller, and it is generally preferred to The Traveller by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in The Rehearsal, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false; but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defence of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals —for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely colored, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sun-burned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture The Deserted Village bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773, Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent-Garden with a second play, She Stoops to Conquer. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The Good-natured Man had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the Good-natured Man was sober when compared with the rich drollery of She Stoops to Conquer, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries, were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "Turn him out," or "Throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing The Deserted Village and She Stoops to Conquer, he was employed on works of a very different kind—works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a History of Rome, by which he made £300; a History of England, by which he made £600; a History of Greece, for which he received £250; a Natural History, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he

found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus in his History of England he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the History of Greece an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his Animated Nature he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," says Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children not as a task but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written The Traveller. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, Sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow: to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time, and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation: he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt, he felt

that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness: he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just: he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them; and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbors. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray do not talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell: "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villainy. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done any thing considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of The Traveller, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income during the last seven years of his life certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked among the incomes of that day at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered to the honor of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000, and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practice," he once said: "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy rather aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physi-

cians, and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep: he could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he had flung aside his brush and pallet for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen, and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass, he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honored him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor, and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson: no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttleton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years, his life has been written by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must in justice be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

[Translated from the German.]

"O WOULD that it might always be winter!" said Ernest, when he had finished a man of snow, and was riding in a sledge. His father told him to write this wish in his memorandum-book, and he did so. Winter passed away, and spring came.

Ernest stood with his father upon a flowerbed, on which hyacinths, auriculas, and daffodils were blooming, and was almost beside himself with joy. "This is one of the pleasures of spring," said his father, "but it will soon pass away."

"Ah," replied Ernest, "would that it were always spring!" "Write this wish in my memorandum-book also," said his father; and he did so. Spring passed away and summer came. Ernest went with his parents and several of his playmates on a warm summer's day to the neighboring village, and they remained there the whole day. They saw all around them green corn-fields, and meadows adorned with a thousand flowers, and pastures upon which young lambs were dancing, and wanton foals were skipping about. They ate cherries and other summer fruit, and enjoyed themselves right well the whole day.

"Don't you think," said his father, on their return, "that summer also has its enjoyments?" "O," replied Ernest, "I wish that it would always be summer!"

He was obliged to write this also in his father's memorandum-book. At last autumn came. The whole family spent a day in the vineyard. It was not so hot as in summer, and the air was mild and the heavens clear. The vines hung with ripe grapes: upon the hotbeds were lying savory melons, and the boughs of the trees bent down with ripe fruit. That was indeed a feast for Ernest, who liked nothing so well as fruit.

"This fair season," said his father, "will soon be gone: winter is already near at hand, in order to drive away autumn."

"Ah," said Ernest, "I wish it would stay away, and that it would always be autumn!"

"Do you really wish that?" asked his father.

"Really," was his answer.

"But," continued his father, while he drew his memorandum-book from his pocket, "look one moment what is written here; pray read."

"I wish that it might always be winter!"

"And now read here what is written upon this page."

"I wish that it were always spring!"

"And what is on this page here?"

"I wish that it might always be summer!"

"Do you know," he continued, "the hand that wrote this?"

"I wrote it," replied Ernest.

"And what did you write just now?"

"I wished that it might always be autumn!"

"That is very singular," said his father. "In winter, you wish it would always be winter; in spring, that it would always be spring; in summer, that it would always be summer; and in autumn, that it would always be autumn. Consider what follows from this—that all seasons of the year are good. Yes, that they are all rich in enjoyments, rich in manifold blessings, and the great God understands the making of worlds much better than we poor mortals. Had winter depended upon you, then we would have had no spring, no summer, no autumn. You would have bedecked the earth with an everlasting snow, only in order that you might ride in a sledge and make men of snow. And how many other enjoyments would we then have been compelled to do without! It is well that it does not depend upon us how things shall be in the world, for how soon would we deteriorate it, if we could!"

ST. HELENA.

George W. Kimball, the American Consul at St. Helena, now spending a while in New Bedford, communicates to The Mercury some interesting facts about the island of St. Helena. Instead of being a "lone, barren isle," he represents it as one of the most beautiful, in the romantic wildness of its scenery, with green valleys and wooded knolls, and says its 7000 inhabitants breathe the purest air and enjoy the finest climate in the world. At Jamestown, the only city of the island, is a safe anchorage, and the arrivals of vessels average about three a day. The anchorage is secure at all seasons, the accessible nature of the harbor needing no pilot. The ever-constant trade-wind blowing a fair breeze for the homeward-bound, a hospital free to seamen of all nations, a regulating time-ball, the abundant supply of the finest water in the world, flowing from more than two hundred springs, and the dispatch that all ships receive, seldom being detained over twenty-four hours, will ever, as now, make it a favorite resort for ships from the Eastern world. Mention is made of the tomb of Napoleon, and of Longwood House, where the Emperor died. Both places have changed. He says: "Longwood House is in the last stage of rapid decay, and is now used as a granary, while the sleeping-room where the conqueror lay is now a stable. The room in which he died is filled with grain and agricultural implements, while the flowers and pretty garden that once encircled the house have all passed away. The new house erected by the English government for his residence still remains in perfect repair, and is occupied by the lessee of the five hundred acres of Longwood farm. The tomb, ensconced in a lovely valley about a mile and a half from Longwood, from which the body was removed in 1840 to France, is a single vault walled in with stone and encircled by an iron railing, over which droops the sacred

willow. A roof of canvas protects the vault from rain, into which the visitor descends by steps. Just at hand is a spring of delicious water, from which Napoleon drew his supply daily, carried by Chinese servants to his house; and here, beneath the willow, was his favorite retreat, and the spot of his own choice for burial. Thousands of visitors every year still make a pilgrimage to these historic grounds, though empty of their greatness and former beauty."

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE BROOKLET.

THERE ran a little brooklet
Through the pasture-land at home,
Where its low and plaintive music
Often tempted me to roam.

It was shaded by the elder,
Which was growing all about,
And the hazel followed ever
Its windings in and out.

'Twas a merry little brooklet,
And babbled all the day,
And never seemed to weary
As it sped upon its way.

In the early spring and autumn
'Twas a broad and goodly stream;
And, in a golden sunset,
How richly it would gleam!

But I loved it best in summer-time,
When, standing by its bed,
I saw it kiss the flow'rets
That blushed with drooping head;

Or o'er the shining pebbles,
And through the sunny dells,
It rang a gladsome music,
Like the chime of silver bells!

Or o'er the rocky bottom,
It bounded free and wild,
Its voice so like the laughter
Of the merry-hearted child.

And I often asked the brooklet
Why it had so many crooks,
Instead of flowing smoothly
By all the pretty nooks?

But to my earnest question
It never deigned reply,
But with rimple and with dimple
Would hurry quickly by.

In the evening, it would answer,
"O! I cannot tell you now;
I must dally with the moonbeams
That dance upon my brow!"

And, in the pleasant noontide,
It still would softly say,
"I must sparkle in the sunbeams
Which on my bosom play!

Or hasten to the river,
It will not wait for me,
For it's flowing proudly onward
To mingle with the sea!"

But on a glorious morning
I rose at early dawn,
To ramble on the hillside
And o'er the meadow lawn.

And, weary with my wanderings,
I knelt upon the brink,
To sip from out a nooklet
A draught of cooling drink.

How quickly was I startled
To hear the brooklet speak,
"Come, tell me, gentle maiden,
Why those dimples in your cheek?"

Ah! often in the mirror,
I had seen them day by day,
And thought they were for beauty,
But this I dared not say.

So I blushed in my confusion:
Then the brooklet kindly said,
"There is no sin in beauty,
God gave it, little maid.

Go, wander through the forest,
And mark the silver leaves,
Or cross the golden meadow,
So rich in golden sheaves.

See the clouds with purple fringes
Tipped with silver and with gold,
The flowers so brightly painted,
And the shell of beauteous mould.

Look up to yonder mountain
With proudly-waving crest,
And down through all the valley,
Are they not in beauty dressed?

So my many little windings,
And the dimples, mine and thine,
Are a beauty and a blessing,
For the GIVER IS DIVINE."

COMMEMORATIVE SKETCHES.

(Continued from page 484.)

CHAPTER II.

EARLY LIFE, MARRIAGE, ETC.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

From the period of her birth till she was fifteen years of age, it was permitted to Mrs. A. to remain in one place—that of her nativity. Well it is when, where the child first looks forth upon the outer world—especially if it be the country—it is suffered to linger till the great picture which burst upon its opening senses has become indelibly impressed upon the mind; till wood, and rock, and river, and far-off stretching hills, and rural homes, and village spires, are mirrored in the heart's clear fount, and remain—"a joy for ever."

Thus was it with her of whom we write. She grew up under the sweet influences of nature, away from conventionalities and art; and when I add, among a people noted for morality and religion, and with parents of active piety, who desired nothing so much as to see their children "walking in the way of the truth," is it strange that she early developed a character of simplicity and earnest truthfulness, and, ere the period of maturity, became a devoted follower of the Saviour?

Her love of truth was remarkable. Many instances might be given illustrating this trait in her character: suffice it to say, from her childhood up she was not known even to equivocate.

At the age of fifteen, Mrs. A. accompanied her family to Western New York, and the year following, to Michigan. During her brief residence there, she found opportunity for employing her "talents." There was abundant need for the maidens of Mount C——, and, at the solicitation of some of the citizens, the young girl was induced to enter upon the work. In a large upper room of the Court-House, gathered some twenty or thirty pupils, several of them seniors of their teacher, and more than one (from the country around) having yet to learn the alphabet. But the youthful instructor shrank not, and we doubt not her humble labors were blessed.

A few months after, Death entered the pilgrim-family. In the words of one of the bereaved members: "He came, not to clip the tender twig or sever the riper branch, but to aim his deadly bolt, and cleave the united trunk."

The widowed mother and her fatherless children were soon upon the treacherous waters of Lake Erie; and when the storm arose in its fury, and men's hearts "failed them for fear;" when cries and prayers arose from many who never before had called upon God, and the pious mother's heart bled for her weeping, impenitent children, then the subject of this reminiscence—almost the only person on board who escaped sea-sickness—after being overwhelmed with a sense of her lost condition, was at length enabled to find peace in believing—to hear a Voice, rising above the tumult of her soul, say, "Be still!"

During the succeeding four or five years, though exemplifying in her life the fruits of religion, resisting the enticements of the world, to which the young are generally so susceptible, and ever evincing a tender regard for the cause of righteousness, she seems not to have made a public profession.

At length, in the spring of 1831, the place of her residence having been visited by a revival of spiritual life, she was led to declare openly her faith, and assume the responsibilities of a Church-member.

There was not at the time in the place a church of the "order" in which she had been reared, and to which then from an enlightened conviction she clung; so, while several with the same predilections as her own yielded to the circumstances and united there, she went ten miles to the village of B——, and, following her Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, became a member of the Baptist Church in that place.

Time passed on, till, in her Journal under date of January 1, 1833, she penned the following: "Almost two years have elapsed since I have professed to be in the school of Christ, and how little proficiency have I made! How neglectful in the improvement of the faculties which God has graciously given me! But my

eyes have been opened, and I now see the great guilt resting upon me. I have hitherto looked upon the vast field for Christian effort, and thought if I had talents sufficient, I should delight in doing something for my Divine Master, not realizing that the way to gain more was to improve upon what I had. But as tears of regret can never recall those misspent days and years which have rolled into eternity, I can only take to myself the command given to one of old: 'Go, and sin no more.' I now resolve, with the assistance of God, at the commencement of this new year, to devote myself, with all that I have, time, talents, and every thing, to Him who is my rightful Sovereign." And from that time, to those who knew her best, she seemed to prove the sincerity of the vow then made.

Her desire seemed to be to throw off every weight, that she might the more easily run the race set before her.

In her Journal she says: "Have for some weeks past thought much upon the duty of fasting, and have prayed that I might be shown if it was binding upon me. Being convinced that it is, I have accordingly spent this day in fasting and prayer, that I may be moulded more and more into the image of the Saviour, and that a dying world may soon hear the glad tidings of a risen Redeemer."

For a long period she maintained the custom of fasting one day in each month, usually the first Monday; and hers was not a fast in name only, for from Sabbath night till Tuesday morning she tasted nothing. Though her constitution was uncommonly vigorous, she seems to have been scarcely able to bear abstinence to such an extent. She says: "I observed my fast as usual, and experienced no inconvenience from it, except a little headache, until Tuesday morning, when I found that on attempting to rise I would immediately faint. I tried at least a half dozen times before I could complete dressing myself. As I had often gone without food the same length of time without the least inconvenience, I concluded it was owing to my greater amount of exercise than formerly. I think it will be duty, while my exercise remains the same, to eat something before retiring on Monday night."

While her Journal and letters written during this period evince an earnest desire for the extension of the cause of religion at home, yet her heart seems to have been early stirred in behalf of the heathen world. She thus writes: "While I have this evening been reading an address to young Christians, and likewise a call from dear missionaries in heathen lands for more help, my heart has said, O that I were prepared for such a glorious work! I pray the Lord to awaken his children everywhere to the wants of perishing millions who have none to tell them of a bleeding Saviour."

Many passages might be given, all testifying to an increased spirit of consecration; but suffice it to say, that during the space of two years, either as teacher or pupil, she seemed steadily prosecuting a preparation for the extended field of usefulness which she was finally permitted to enter. She mingled religious counsel and instruction in all her intercourse with the young, and had the happiness of seeing several through her prayers and converse brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. Wherever she was, her light was permitted to shine. Now, in a circle of gay young people, did she venture, or rather was she impelled, to introduce the subject of such vital interest to her; and again, in the homes of some of her friends whose spiritual life was neglected, would she earnestly plead for the cause of her Master. Passing the night with an unconverted family, she conversed with and was permitted to pray for them; on another occasion, she induced a head of a family to reërect his family-altar which had long lain waste.

In the spring of 1834, a student of the Theological Institute, Hamilton, N. Y., (Alanson Reed) was introduced to her, and not long was he in discovering that a spirit like hers might blend harmoniously with his own, especially in the great work which loomed before his spiritual vision—that of laboring as a missionary among the heathen. We cannot forbear mentioning an incident which, coming to the ear of Mr. R. ere he had met the subject of our narrative, strongly influenced him in seeking her acquaintance. He was told of a young lady who, intent upon using every means for prosecuting the great object she had in view—gaining means for preparing

herself for greater usefulness, and not being able to get conveyance over the muddy roads of opening spring, walked seven miles to secure a school. The young man reflected, Would not such energy find ampler scope, and be more worthily expended, in heathen lands? They communed together, and ere long, with Christian hope and joy, decided to unite heart and hand in the godlike labor of carrying the gospel to benighted shores.

In her Journal, she thus writes: "Through the goodness of God, I have been permitted to enjoy a happy interview with my friend and brother, R., and if we were not mistaken, Jesus smiled upon us, while we unitedly and repeatedly consecrated ourselves to his glorious service. O my soul! in view of this, mayest thou not take courage? Did he not favor our design of laboring on heathen ground, would he thus encourage our hearts by his own dear presence? Yes, dear Jesus, may I not, without offence to thee, indulge the hope that I may yet be used as an instrument in bringing some poor idolater to bow and worship the living God? O glorious hope! God fit me for the work. Nerve my soul with a holy boldness, and prepare me for active labor in thy extensive vineyard." Again: "Have just heard of the death of Mrs. Cummings, a missionary in Burmah. O that others may be raised up to supply her place! Would that I were now prepared: with what joy could I now say, Home and country, farewell! Roll on thou welcome day which will waft me to a heathen shore!"

At the time she penned the above, May, 1835, it was not her expectation to be permitted to enter upon her coveted missionary labor for some year or two; but in the June following, Mr R. and others, looking forward to the same glorious work, proceeded to Boston, where, at the meeting of the "Board of Foreign Missions," they received an appointment to various fields of labor—to go forth on the following September.

As to the effect of this announcement upon the mind of her of whom we write, the following from a letter to her mother will show:

"My own dear Mother:—I now attempt to address you under circumstances interesting and solemn. The Lord has indeed answered my prayers, and is about to send me speedily forth to the heathen. Yes, dear mother, in all probability in the course of one short month, I shall have taken the parting hand with you and my other dear friends, no more to behold your faces until we meet in that bright world where parting shall be no more. Mr. R. arrived here last evening from Boston, where he received an appointment to China. You ask how I feel in view of my situation. I can tell you 'The Lord is a present help in every time of need.' My soul rejoices in the prospect of soon pointing darkened sinners to the bleeding Lamb of God. Yet, how much grace I need! I feel that by you I am remembered before the mercy-seat; and I can assure you my feeble prayers are not wanting that God will bless you abundantly. My dear mother, he will comfort your heart; he will pour in the oil of consolation. Yes, he will supply every creature loss, and be better to you than daughters or than sons. Ten thousand ties bind my heart to my dear mother, and brothers and sisters, yet I cheerfully sever them all. Yes, the precious Saviour demands it, and it is my highest joy to obey."

If it be asked how was the tender mother sustained in view of her daughter's anticipated step, we need only say, she was emphatically one who lived by faith. She had loved and trusted in the Lord too long not to be willing, Abraham-like, to sacrifice even her child to him. A scene rises before the mind's eye of the writer which illustrates the uniform spirit of that mother's life. Within an humble cottage streams the sun's declining rays, and they fall upon a group—three forms bowed in worship—the missionary pair and the Christian mother, who, with hands laid upon her children, and soaring above earthly feeling, consecrates them to Heaven. Might not angels pause to gaze upon such a scene as this!

They arose, and, amid the tears of her young sisters, the widow's daughter goes forth—to return no more. The Sabbath following, in the church where she had dedicated herself by baptism, the devoted girl stood at the marriage-altar.

Again the past comes back, and through the vista of years is beheld, veiled and in robe of white, the missionary bride. And as

the solemn service proceeds, and, after words of richest counsel from the pastor's lips, the twain are pronounced one, the vast congregation arise, and, rising and swelling, burst upon the ear:

"Go, Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;"

and, in response, the heart rises and swells, till tears fill many eyes.

We find the following, the last sentences in her Diary, a little volume placed at the moment of parting in the hands of her mother:

"Sabbath, Sept. 6. Solemn thought—the hour has passed! The responsibilities of a wife are now resting upon me. May God give me grace to discharge them faithfully! To-day, for the first time since our dear father's death, the family have all been together. With most of them, I have already taken my last farewell. May we meet in heaven. O Lord my God, enable those who love thee to hold on their way in faithfulness! reclaim the backsliders, and convert the unconverted. Adieu, my home, my country, my friends!—a long adieu! The Master calls, and I go cheerfully."

And when the parting hour came—when mothers and sisters were near her for the last time—though there spake from her eyes what never tongue might tell, yet did her faith triumph; and when one of her sisters, in a burst of grief, exclaimed: "O sister, why do you leave us?" she calmly, though with a pale cheek, replied, "I go for Jesus!" And they separated, the mother to return to her humble home, the daughter to go forth upon her heavenly errand.

[To be continued.]

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

It was in the cold season (says Lieutenant St. Clair) that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of Asscarghur, in India, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and it gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banyan; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet; farther off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast preparing by his driver, and taking under his special protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird, six feet high, decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who, knowing their safest asylum, kept to his trunk or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels with their drivers—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labor, rested at their feet; while pack-saddles, panniers, and sacks, piled around, completed the picture.

Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing: fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night: they were lighted with lamps, the walls hung with chintz or tiger-skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas, surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze—a necessary precaution against insects—became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with knives, and boar-spears, and gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, of the largest size,

sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity that defied pursuit. The loud outcries raised by those whose faculties were not entirely paralyzed by terror and consternation only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human ingenuity could suggest were left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons were hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description.

The victim selected by the tiger was an officer, whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of the most appalling danger, most providentially enabled him to meet the exigences of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through brush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating with the utmost coolness upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then drawing out his pistol, placed the muzzle to the part and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and accelerated trot alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued, yet, undismayed by the ill success of his efforts, though painfully aware that he now possessed a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared, with more careful deliberation, to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsation of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath his burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the loud shouts which met his ear from his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and issued from the thicket covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.

THE LILIES OF JERUSALEM.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Fair lilies of Jerusalem,
Ye wear the same array
As when the imperial Judah stern
Maintained its regal sway:
By sacred Jordan's desert tide,
As bright ye blossom on
As when your simple charms outvied
The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is filled
With holiest themes divine,
When first he sees your colors gild
The fields of Palestine:
Fresh-springing from the emerald sod,
As beautiful to see
As when the meek, incarnate God
Took parable from ye.

What rose amidst her fragrant bowers,
That steals the morning's glow,
Or tulip, queen of Eastern flowers,
Was ever honored so?
But ye are of the lowly train,
Which He delights to raise;
Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,
And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled with anxious care,
From silken threads to spin
That living gold, refined and rare,
Which God hath clothed ye in;
That ye, his simplest works, should shine
In such adornment dressed,
That mightiest kings of Judah's line
Could boast of no such vest.

Ye still as mute memorials stand
Of Scripture's sacred page,
Sweet lilies of the Holy Land,
And bloom in every age!
You've seen the terrors of the Lord,
By signs and wonders shown,
And kingly rebels to his power
Amidst their pride o'erthrown.

Ye flourished when the captive band,
By prophets warned in vain,
Were led to fair Euphrates' strand,
From Jordan's pleasant plain;
In hostile bands to weep and dream
Of things that still were free,
And sigh to see your golden gleam—
Sweet flowers of Galilee!

And ye have seen a darker hour,
On Zion's children fall,
Than when Chaldea's vengeful power
Assailed her leagured wall:
Ye saw the eagles from afar
On wings of terror come,
And godless priests maintain a war
'Gainst earth-subduing Rome:

The meteor-sword that high in air
O'er guilty Salem swept,
And all her burden of despair
O'er which Messiah wept.
Ye bloomed unscathed, meek, lowly flowers,
On that terrific night
When marble fanes and rock-built towers
Crashed downward from their height.

THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS.

O! THEY look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by wood and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then—
The bright, bright flowers!

The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden, from brake to brake.
They were left as a proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home:
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!

EFFECTS OF HABIT.

"MANY examples," says Lord Bacon, "may be put of the force of custom, both upon mind and body;" and, though there is no truth more familiar, the enumeration of examples never fails to strengthen our sense of its importance. Addison dwells upon one grand feature—that it renders things pleasant which at the commencement were painful. He quotes an observation of Bacon that the palate acquires a peculiar relish for liquors, such as coffee and claret, which at the first taste are disagreeable; and the assertion holds of a thousand particulars. Numerous hardships are the comforts of those who have been long inured to them. The Highlanders could with difficulty be persuaded to occupy the tents they took from the English at the battle of Prestonpans, and at the end of a Scottish autumn preferred to lie in the open air. Even a short apprenticeship produces the effect in a lesser degree. When Benjamin Franklin was employed in superintending the

erection of some forts as a defence against the Indians on the frontier, he passed his nights wrapped up in a blanket, on the hard floor of a hut, and on his first return to civilized life could scarcely sleep in a bed. The same sensations were experienced by Captain Ross and his crew, when they were taken on board the Isabella, after their Polar wanderings. Accustomed to lie on the frozen snow or the bare rock, the accommodations of a whaler were too luxurious for them, and Captain Ross was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair. His comrades, he says, could rest little better than himself, and it required time to reconcile them to their primitive comforts. This beneficent law of our nature equalizes, to a degree beyond what most persons imagine, the happiness of the different classes of mankind. The ruder habitations, the coarser fare, the bodily toil of the poor are not ungrateful to them, and it is only when they drop below their average condition that their sufferings commence. They may, like richer men, be troubled by the cravings of discontent, but their senses are not afflicted by circumstances which custom has rendered natural. As it is with the body, so with the mind. Lord Somers told Addison that, having been obliged to search among old records, the task which at the outset was excessively irksome, became so exceedingly pleasant that he preferred it to reading Virgil or Cicero, although classical literature had been his constant delight. It is a frequent remark, that those who have risen to the highest eminence in the law, conceived in the beginning a disgust of the study. There is, indeed, here a second principle at work. All appreciation depends upon knowledge, and a minuter acquaintance with subjects which to the eye of ignorance present a barren and repulsive prospect, discloses unexpected attractions to the mind. There is no profession which, by the combined force of custom and its own inherent interest, will not prove agreeable if once its elements are mastered. Those who retire in disgust have rarely applied with vigor to the task, and a lazy or sullen routine neither communicates knowledge nor forms habits, unless it be the habit of laziness and sullenness.

The influence of use in subduing painful sensations is conspicuous in the medical profession. The horror of dissections, the sickening faintness produced by the sight of wounds and operations, would incapacitate men from lending to nature the resources of art unless the feelings were blunted by the repetition of the spectacle. But here the gain seems, upon a superficial view, to be attended with a loss. If the oftener we witness suffering the less we are moved by it, there appears a risk that our desire to alleviate it will be proportionably diminished. Bishop Butler, the profoundest and most practical of metaphysicians, who applied his intimate knowledge of the subtle laws of the mind to show the wisdom which contrived it, and to correct the evils which beset it, has cleared away the difficulty in one of the most luminous and important passages of his incomparable work. What he calls the passive impression, the mere involuntary sentiment of pity, is weakened by familiarity with distress; but as the original compassion is an incentive to render relief, those who obey the call have their habits of benevolence strengthened in the same degree that their mental uneasiness is decreased. Every time the exhibition of misery hardens our feelings, the effort to remove it invigorates our charity. Pity begets beneficence, and the practice of beneficence dispenses with the necessity for the painful instigation of heartrending pity. No one can contemplate these effects of custom—the deadening of a sensation which, if it was continuous, would render philanthropy torture, and the contemporaneous impulse given to the active exertions which are to carry relief—and not admire the wonderful work of the Creator in the moral constitution of man. Paley was so impressed with the necessity of fostering the habit of beneficence, because it is a quality cherished by indulgence and soon obliterated by neglect, that he advised the bestowing alms upon beggars of dubious credit, on the ground that a wise man will do for his own sake what he would hesitate to do for the sake of the petitioner. As, however, there are always abundance of deserving objects, there can be no occasion to have recourse to doubtful or pernicious modes of maintaining the principle. "If," says Archbishop Whateley, "you give freely to ragged

and filthy street-beggars, you are, in fact, hiring people to dress themselves in filthy rags and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress." Thus imposture is encouraged, and the virtue of him who gives would be kept alive by stimulating vice in him who receives.

It would be superfluous to quote examples of the tyranny of bad habits, for the evil is everywhere. The deeper the chain cuts, the more impotent is the galled victim to shake it off: the more it becomes his curse, the more surely does he make it his choice. The practice even survives the motives which produced it. "Though the Count," says Fielding, describing the social intercourse between the fraudulent gamester and the thief, "knew if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild he should not receive a shilling, yet he could not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them." The bootless habit will sometimes predominate over death itself. Contades, a sycophant of Richelieu, wrote in his last moments to the Cardinal that he was happy to die before him, that he might not witness the end of so illustrious a statesman. Fawning and flattery could avail him no longer, but he was the slave of a past which was more potent with him than the tremendous future upon which he was entering.

The persevering cultivation of our faculties is a form of custom, and the repetition of an act, with the addition of aiming in each repetition at increasing excellence, is productive both of facility and improvement. The process is exemplified in a hundred familiar circumstances, but it strikes us most when the acquirement is out of the usual routine, though not, perhaps, in itself at all more extraordinary than what we hourly witness. The eye, when perfect, might be supposed to reveal to one person what it does to another, and by no means to require a special education for each set of objects. In nothing, on the contrary, are the effects of training more conspicuous, or to the uninitiated more surprising. Gainsborough says that an artist knows an original from a copy by observing the touch of the pencil, for there will be the same individuality in the strokes of the brush as in the strokes of a pen. Those who can at once distinguish between different sorts of handwriting are yet often astonished at the possession of the faculty when it is exercised upon pictures. No engraver, in like manner, can counterfeit the style of another. His brethren of the craft would not only immediately detect the forgery, but would recognize the distinctive strokes of the forger. Sir Joshua Reynolds states that a jeweller will be amazed when an inexperienced person is incapable of seeing the difference between a couple of diamonds of unequal brilliancy, "not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the more perfect." A shepherd can tell every sheep in his flock by its countenance, which nevertheless seems strange to many who discriminate instantly in human beings between face and face. There is no other difficulty in the case than that they are not accustomed to observe sheep in the same degree as men. Sovereigns receive a multitude of persons at their courts who are flattered by being remembered and by any allusion to past conversations and circumstances. The impression left is that there must be a peculiar regard when the recollection has survived the public events which have intervened, and the unceasing excitement, pomp, and dignity which encompass a throne. The presumed exception is the rule. The importance attached to such complimentary notices causes princes to cultivate the power; and Gibbon had noticed that all the royal families in Europe were remarkable for the faculty of recognizing individuals and of recalling proper names. The Marquis de Bouille said it was like a sixth sense bestowed upon them by nature. "Are you the relation of the Abbe de Montesquieu, that I saw here in company with the Abbe d'Estrades?" inquired Victor II. of Montesquieu when he visited Piedmont. "Your Majesty," he answered, "is like Cæsar, who never forgot any name." Montesquieu himself records his reply, for he thought it was happy, and that he had delicately compared his Sardinian Majesty to Cæsar. He was not aware that all monarchs were Cæsars in this particular, and the possession of the same faculty in an unusual degree by an entire order of persons of

different sexes, nations, and lineage, and of very unequal and often inferior capacities, is a plain proof of the skill which practice begets. Henderson, the actor, after a single reading of a newspaper, repeated such an enormous portion of it as seemed utterly marvellous. "If you had been obliged, like me," he said, in reply to the surprise expressed by his auditors, "to depend during many years for your daily bread on getting words by heart, you would not be so much astonished at habit having produced the facility." Euler, in consequence of his almost total blindness, was obliged to work those calculations in his mind which others put upon paper, and to retain those *formulæ* in his head for which others trust chiefly to books. The extent, the readiness, and accuracy of his mathematical memory grew by this means to be prodigious, and D'Alembert declared that it was barely credible to those who had not witnessed it. The instances in which there is a strong motive to attain an end, show the unexpected triumphs of which the understanding is capable. The reason why they are so rare is, that men ordinarily relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. There would hardly be any limit to improvement if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he acquired the reputation of being the most polished man in England, is a strong example, in a comparatively trivial but not unimportant matter, of the efficacy of practice. His appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterwards distinguished him. "I had a strong desire," he says, "to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, though *de tres mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming." Lord Bacon says, that "to attain good manners it almost sufficeth not to despise them, and that if a man labor too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected." To this we may add the observation of La Rochefoucauld, that in manners there are no good copies; for, besides that the copy is almost always clumsy or exaggerated, the air which is suited to one person sits ill upon another. The greater must have been the perseverance of Lord Chesterfield to enable him to acquire the art by which art is concealed, and to assimilate borrowed graces to himself without their degenerating into the stiffness and incongruity of servile imitation. He was equally resolved to be an orator; and until he had attained his aim, he neglected nothing which could conduce to it. He determined not to speak one word in conversation which was not the fittest he could recall; and he impressed upon his son that he should never deliver the commonest order to a servant, "but in the best language he could find, and with the best utterance." For many years he wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. Lord Bolingbroke, who could talk all day just as perfectly as he wrote, told him that he owed the power to the same cause—an early and constant attention to his style. After Pope had undertaken to translate the Iliad, he was terrified at the difficulty of the task, had his rest broken by dreams of long journeys, through unknown ways, and wished that somebody would hang him. The harassing occupation became so easy by practice, that he often dispatched forty or fifty lines of a

morning before leaving his bed, and could at last compose more readily in verse than in prose. In short, the instances are endless. The truth is not less clearly manifested in the inferiority of the greatest intellects, in the matters which they have neglected, to the average run of mankind. The want of power which Sir Isaac Newton exhibited on the ordinary topics which most engage the attention of the world has often been noticed, and persons ignorant of mathematics and science can hardly credit, when they read his letters, that he was the prodigy of genius which his admirers pretend. Yet certain it is that he overtopped every mortal, ancient or modern; and the little talent which he displayed in lesser things is only an evidence that the sublimest understanding cannot dispense with the practice which makes perfect. Absorbed by his lofty and abstruse speculations, he was abstracted from the pursuits which engaged his fellow-men, and when he turned to new departments of knowledge, his mind had become fixed by the exclusive addiction to his peculiar studies, and had lost its pliancy.

"HE SHALL BE CALLED A NAZARENE."

I HEARD the crowd's exulting cry—
  Then, while the sword of justice slept,
Jesus the Nazarene drew nigh,
  And o'er the fated city wept.

He wept thy fall, Jerusalem!
  Not his own agonies and death
Could fright the child of Bethlehem,
  Or move the man of Nazareth.

I saw the Jewish temple purged,
  While men of business, not of prayer,
Fled from the place, by terror urged—
  Jesus the Nazarene was there!

I saw the glow of life and love
  Steal o'er the sick man's pallid cheek—
The tongue, once dumb, in praises move,
  Taught by the Nazarene to speak.

The eye, long closed in hopeless night,
  Relumined index of the mind,
Sought, through the new-created light,
  Jesus the Nazarene to find.

I saw the solemn funeral train,
  The widowed mother's silent tear,
When lo! she clasped her son again—
  The Nazarene had touched the bier.

"Hadst thou been here, he had not died,"
  The weeping, doubting sisters said—
"Lazarus, come forth!" the Saviour cried:
  The Nazarene restored their dead.

But see the crowd to fury driven:
  What could such mortal madness mean?
Why imprecate the wrath of Heaven?
  Why crucify the Nazarene?

Silent the gentle sufferer stood,
  And pitying heard the phrenzied cry,
"On us and ours be all his blood:
  Jesus the Nazarene must die!"

How devils smiled when Jesus bled!
  Vain hope! they thought mankind were lost
When, bowing low his gentle head,
  The Nazarene gave up the ghost.

But what amazement reigned in hell
  When Jesus, bursting from the grave,
Bade to the world this mystery tell—
  The Nazarene must *die* to *save!*

I heard the trumpet long and loud,
  When, lo! a godlike form was seen!
He rode enthroned upon a cloud:
  'Twas the despised Nazarene.

I saw the world consume in flame,
  The just from sin and sorrow free,
The wicked sink to endless shame—
  Such was the Nazarene's decree.

I heard the happy, heavenly throng
  Praise Him who bought them with his blood;
I heard the everlasting song,
  Jesus the Nazarene is GOD!

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.

1. IT overcomes difficulties. Not with a rush and a shout, but one by one. They melt away before its incessant pressure, as icebergs beneath the steady radiance of the sun.

2. It gives one the strength of a happy conscience. A weathercock of a man, whiffling about with every breeze, cannot have true quietness of mind. Self-dissatisfaction worries and annoys him. But a cheerful vigor

and energy grows out of an intelligent and unvacillating purpose.

3. It gives dignity and honor to character. Men cannot but admire the mind that marches steadily on through sunshine and shade, calm and storm, smiles and frowns, glad of favor, but pressing on without it, thankful for aid, but fixed on advancing at all events. Such men cut out for themselves a character which cannot but be seen and honored.

4. It gives success. In any enterprise that is not downright madness, such a man must succeed. He has the chief element of a triumph over every difficulty, and if he is not an idiot, he will do something in the world. He will not reach his ends at a leap; but he will reach them. He moves not rapidly, but surely. When you want to find him, by-and-by you will know where to look. You will look at the topmost rounds of the ladder of success, and you will find him about there somewhere.—*Traveller.*

THE "BLACK-HOLE OF HONG-KONG."

We have just been a witness to a scene such as our readers will have difficulty in crediting—one we can scarcely believe that would be perpetrated under the most savage and tyrannical government, and such as no one could ever have dreamed of seeing in a British colony. We allude to forty-two Chinese crammed into a cell 16 feet long by 15 feet broad, furnished with only one small aperture for ventilation, and confined there for twenty days, with the bare and damp ground for a bed; and in this space they had to perform all the requirements of nature. Covering they required none, for, as may easily be supposed, the den was in a perfect stew, the air-hole being only 11 inches high by 6 feet long, and placed in the extreme upper corner of the room.

. . . . . .

It is true they unfortunately happened to be in the employ of the Esing firm at the time of the late diabolical attempt to poison the community; but that affords no grounds even for their detention, seeing there is not a vestige of proof of their participation in the crime for which their master is now standing on trial for his life before the Supreme Court; and at all events, it can afford no excuse for such brutality as that to which they have been subjected. Better far to have deported, hanged, or shot them at once, than to have exposed them to such frightful sufferings as they must have undergone during twenty days' suffocation in this "Black-Hole of Hong-Kong," the walls of which are newly erected, and the plaster and floor are not even dry.

But we have not done yet, nor is the measure of crying iniquity exposed; for a reference to the books, we are told, will show that the wretched prisoners have not been supplied with food by the police since the 20th of January, and must, therefore, we presume, have depended for the means of existence on their friends or on charitable neighbors; and if such be the truth, the damning fact will stand recorded that in a British possession forty-two of our fellow-men might, for all the authorities seem to care, have been starved to death while in charge and under custody of their police.

We have but little more to add, except to say that we visited the cell above mentioned, in company with a medical gentleman, and he declared that, in all the range of his long experience, he never witnessed such a sight. The noisome exhalations were such that no European stomach could bear them for any length of time; and even the few seconds we remained within the door of the dungeon, produced a sensation of nausea in both ourselves and friend that did not leave us for several hours.

We spoke to the police constable, who, more tender-hearted than his superiors, had twice reported the circumstances at the central station, begging that even the door might be thrown wide open, but without avail. We then called upon a justice of the peace, and requested him to accompany us to the spot. He did so, and instantly addressed an urgent remonstrance to the chief magistrate; but before he could deliver it into the hands of the magistrate, we discovered that the police superintendent had taken alarm at the warning given him by the medical friend above referred to, and was having the prisoners removed to the jail.—*China Mail*, Feb. 15.

Editor's Drawer.

BAPTIST USAGE.

Elder Crane, it seems, has propounded the following questions to distinguished brethren, and elicited the subjoined replies:

"1. Does a Baptist minister in cooperating with a Pedobaptist minister in matters about which they do not differ, or in exchanging pulpits with evangelical ministers of other denominations, involve himself in inconsistency, or recognize thereby any tenet, peculiarity, doctrine, or principle of the Pedobaptist, for whom he cherishes Christian although not Church fellowship?

"2. Does Rev. J. M. Pendleton's tract, 'Old Landmark Re-set,' embrace the practice of Baptists in former days?"

David Benedict, author of the "History of the Baptist Denomination," responded:

"Brother Crane:—Yours of a late date was duly received, and the questions you propose I will briefly answer. First, however, I would premise that I have paid but little attention to the subject of your inquiry. I have felt but little interest in its discussion, as I never had an idea the theory, which I should infer you are preparing to oppose by a public document, would receive much favor among the ministers of our order, who, in former times, and in all ages and countries from time immemorial, have been so generally excluded from the pulpits of all other sects and parties.

"I would again say that I have not the work entitled 'Old Landmark,' etc.; and all I know about its positions I have learned from incidental remarks respecting it. This work, as I suppose, calls in question the propriety of admitting any ministers into Baptist pulpits except those of our own order.

"But to take your two questions in order.

"1. As to pulpit fellowship with Pedobaptist ministers, etc. Instead of attempting any argument on this question, I will merely state what my practice through life has been in the business of pulpit performances: I have always violated the 'Old Landmark' rule, as I understand it, with reference to Pedobaptist ministers. I have not only admitted them into my pulpit, but by exchanges, and in the form of supplies, when absent or unwell, have invited them into it. This may suffice for my answer to the first question.

"2. With respect to Baptist polity, etc., I believe there never have been any conventional rules among Baptists in this business, but matters have slid along in their own way; but I do not remember any case in all my experience for half a century, in all parts of our country, of Baptist pulpits having been refused evangelical ministers of any order.

"That, on the other hand, many cases have I known of refusals to our ministers. In former times, pulpit bars were always found among our opponents. But this kind of exclusiveness has, for the most part, passed away in all this region.

"In the old minutes of our associations in early times, it was customary to introduce queries pertaining to almost all matters in the faith and practice of our people of that age. But among them all I do not remember having seen any thing on the subject of pulpit fellowship with Pedobaptist ministers.

"I am sorry any of our ministers should fall into disputes on such an abstract question, and hazard the real fellowship of our own ministers and churches upon a subject of this kind, and give our opponents a plausible argument against us, as placing an undue stress on our baptismal service.

"The term 'pulpit fellowship' is vague and indefinite in my view. But as I have not seen the work, etc., I may not understand its import. On matters of the primordial principles

of the Baptists, and their usages, I have a little knowledge, and am always sorry to see them depart from good old ways which were scriptural and safe; and I regret as much to see them follow new ones of a doubtful character. I am a Baptist through and through, to the bottom of the baptismal font, or to a depth sufficient for the totality of immersion; but it is unwise, in my opinion, to be always harping on this one main distinction from multitudes whom I hope to meet in a better world.

"The doctrine of 'close communion,' so called, which is a natural result of our Baptist creed, has caused a world of trouble to many of our people, and I could wish our ministers would wait a little before they call up or manufacture a new dogma in the communion line, and until there is some necessity for it, from the invasion of our pulpits by good men of other rites.

"For a long time past, I have been engaged in a work which has led me over the whole field of ecclesiastical history in all ages and countries, among all sects and parties, to the remotest depths of antiquity. And through this wide range I have seen much of sacredness, so to speak, in religious matters—in churches, altars, pulpits, rites, vestments, etc.; but nothing of this kind was ever found among people of Baptist sentiments. Holiness of heart and life has always been their motto, while they have always repudiated all ideas of holy ground, holy oil, water, pulpits; and the old Waldenses would say to the Catholics, Your church is no more holy than a barn; your priestly garments than our humble clothing.

"While the vitality of religion is assailed at every point and in every form, and the religion of the heart, instead of the head and form, has so few decided friends, I regret that the coöperation of all who can unite in defence of these cardinal points should in any way be hindered without a real necessity for it."

F. Wayland, author of "Moral Science," etc., replied:

"I cannot conceive how the exchange of pulpits with Pedobaptist ministers involves us in any inconsistency, or implies a recognition, on our part, of tenets or pretensions which we disapprove. I take it for granted, however, that the persons with whom we exchange hold with us the same fundamental and vital doctrines of salvation by the grace of Christ, God manifest in the flesh. I am somewhat surprised that such a question should be raised. Wherever I have lived, it has been the custom of Baptist ministers to exchange with Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Methodists, and I believe the course has been always gratifying to our people: indeed, had it not been, it would not have been pursued."

H. J. Ripley, author of "Notes on the New Testament," etc., says:

"To the first of your inquiries, I reply in the negative.

"As to the second, the tract of which you speak I have never seen."

J. Newton Brown, editor of the "Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," etc., etc., in his reply, notices the fact that one's *logic*, (ay, *logic!!!*) *and not facts, have misled.* He responds in this wise:

"To the first question I must give a decided negative.

"I have not seen the pamphlet referred to in your second question, and can only gather its positions from your first question, combined with some things I have seen from the pen of brother Pendleton in The Tennessee Baptist. But if the design of his pamphlet be to establish the affirmative of your first query, I can only regret that my good brother should have so signally mistaken the genuine 'old landmarks' of the Baptists. I think he is entirely unsupported in such views by the history of our denomination, and that his *logic*, and not his *facts*, have misled him. I say this with the highest respect for his character and talents, indeed, of his general learning and information, which give him a just prominence among his brethren.

"It seems to me that our 'old landmarks' as Baptists are set on New Testament ground—holding the ordinances unmutilated in form and unchanged in position—always secondary to faith and subordinate to spiritual Christianity. Churches of Christ may be more or less in error as to the ordinances; yet if made up of spiritual members, professing spiritual regeneration and evangelical faith, we are bound

to own them as His, though in the dark on baptism, and therefore disorderly. We cannot, indeed, meet them at the Lord's table until they are duly baptized, lest we wink at disorder, and make ourselves partakers of other men's sins; but we can meet them in all the offices essential to spiritual as distinguished from instituted religion, and indeed, as Paul says to Philemon, are bound 'to acknowledge every good thing which is in them in Christ Jesus.' In a word, we are to love one another as Christ loved us—to receive one another as Christ has received us to the glory of God. We must be faithful in all things—faithful in keeping the ordinances as they were delivered to us by the Lord, and equally faithful in keeping them in their place, as the handmaids of vital Christianity, not its parents or masters.

"I should deprecate, therefore, any views on our relation to other bodies of evangelical Christians that would not harmonize with the spirit of the apostolic benediction: 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' Let us see to it that that 'old landmark' of the primitive Baptists be not removed from its place—no, not one hair-breadth."

We have before shown, or attempted to show, that the piety of our Churches stood opposed to the Re-setters. It would be an easy task to show that not only the piety but the learning of the denomination are alike opposed to this troublesome class of persons.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

THERE is probably "nothing new under the sun." We doubt not persons thousands of years ago were deceived as now by quack announcements, forged or lying certificates, and pretenders in medicine. Job, in the midst of his afflictions, seems to have been familiar with such. He said to his assumed friends, "Ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. O that ye would altogether hold your peace! it would be your wisdom." Did any man ever more accurately describe a whole fraternity of quacks? How regardless of truth—how loquacious are they! What ignorance they display by talking! But yet there are a great many more ignorant than they. Through facilities furnished by the religious and secular press, they drug the world. Through these means, heartless and unprincipled men extort money from the credulous and afflicted, from the sick and dying, throughout the length and breadth of this country. The meanest, the most degraded specimens of humanity have ever been supposed to find their counterpart in such as would steal money from the face of a dead man. They, however, are philanthropists when compared with such as swindle those on the verge of death out of that which is necessary to their living. In the language of Life Illustrated:

"The whole people have a much deeper interest in this matter than most persons are now prepared to believe. Few persons are aware of the immense business which is done in the way of manufacturing and selling quack nostrums, nor of the tremendous frauds practiced in it. Indeed, the whole system is to be regarded as a cunningly-devised fraud on the pockets of the people, while in relation to human health the traffic is absolutely murderous. It is also demoralizing in all its tendencies and influences, as are all other businesses where those who can lie the most outrageously, and deceive the most ingeniously, are sure of the greatest profits. A writer in Harper's Weekly says:

> The whole philosophy of the administration of medicines is this: the production of an artificial disease, in order to destroy one that is natural. When a man is in good health, and takes any medicine whatsoever, he voluntarily afflicts himself with a disease; and if, when ill, he swallows the wrong drug, he adds another malady to the one of which he is already the victim. It is obvious, therefore, that even the sick had better not be physicked, than physicked wrongly. Those who take their advice from the advertisements of quackery, and buy and use the nostrums accordingly, necessarily lose their money and their health, and get nothing for their bargain but disease.
>
> It is well known that although the cities are the great producers of quack medicines, it is the country alone that is the consumer.

"If this is true, and it *is* true, is there not some responsibility devolving on those newspapers and periodicals whose columns are the mediums of communication between the cheater and the cheated, and without which the fraud would be impossible?"

Will editors and publishers never reflect,

seriously reflect, upon the incalculable amount of evil they are effecting or aiding others to effect? Will they never love their race more than money?

Some men for money will murder outright. But why should clergymen be so anxious to certify to the efficacy of any thing in the hands of an impostor, as that their names are confidently looked for upon patent medicines or testimonials, from those of a corn doctor up to those of an eye-wash? Medical men—scientific medical men—study the laws of life and the adaptation of remedies to diseased action. They are laborers together with the clergy in discovering the laws of God, differing only in their fields of investigation and the application of remedies. The one class points to a sovereign remedy for all the woes incident to our moral nature; the other joyfully recognizes this great cardinal truth, and many point as unerringly the way to the fountain of moral health. But they do not more than others testify to universal salvation. They certify to no new system of salvation, nor the superior efficacy of "patent sermons." They do not seek to give clerical quacks precedence over cultivated Christian gentlemen who have long and earnestly sought to comprehend something of the character of God and moral science. Though often and sorely tempted to stray from the right path, they yet honestly, as we believe, esteem "good ministers" "worthy of double honor."

But why will both the secular and religious press give currency to what the proprietors know to be untrue in itself and hazardous to human life? Is it for the love of money, or to bring reproach upon an honorable and useful profession? The papers throughout the States are habitually publishing that "an old and distinguished physician *has positively discovered a cure for consumption!*" Do publishers believe it? If they do, why not ask the old man to be as honorable as "distinguished," and for the good of his soul; and the good of his fellow-men, announce his cure to the world? If he will publish a positive cure for all cases of consumption, he can have a monument to his memory as broad and deep as the Tower of Babel, and the blessing of thousands "ready to perish" will come upon him. He will cause the fatherless that have none to help to rejoice, and the "widow's heart to leap for joy."

Another advertises "dropsy cured—even the worst cases." Do his publishers believe it? or, for money, will they furnish a medium for deception?

Another, after "years of experimenting in the manufacture of gin, fortunately succeeded, in the year 1848, in making a discovery in its manufacture, by which it was deprived of its acrid and inflammatory properties, and rendered perfectly pure." Who believes any part of this assertion?

But here is one which caps the climax—one in which the poetic, the pathetic, the philanthropic, and palpable falsehood, meet and mingle in about equal proportions. It is published with special marks of consideration and favor by most of our exchanges:

> A retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and general debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-beings as request it this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to enclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address ——.

Such are some of many quack advertisements, put forth to deceive and filch dimes and dollars from the pockets of dying men. We might mention many nearer home; but prudence is said to be the better part of valor. A great part of this class of men either do not state the truth or are morally murderers; and, in either event, we are not ambitious of collision with them. It is unfavorable to an exalted appreciation of public morals that such men have so many willing accomplices. But we return to Life Illustrated:

"They know full well that so long as the life-principle lingers in the decaying organism, so long will the patient pay out his money for whatever is proffered him with assurances of benefit; and thus the ninety-nine quacks who 'positively cure all stages and cases of consumption,' know perfectly well that the nostrum-monger who advertises the strongest, and swears to the infallibility of his cure-all the most unconscionably, will attract the most attention and sell the most stuff.

"For this reason it is that few persons, comparatively, succeed in the quack-medicine line. Most of those who try it find it difficult or impossible to 'go it' with a sufficient recklessness: they cannot entirely get rid of the thing called conscience; they cannot wholly abandon themselves to the 'evil one' for the sake of the almighty dollar. Those who can, and do, may amass fortunes. But we had rather have a millstone to our neck and be thrown into the sea than to possess their fortunes, with all the load of perfidy, and guilt, and perjury, it cost to acquire them."

PROFANE FABLES—"THE LAST NOVELS."

"Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies."—PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

PAUL was singularly solicitous in regard to Timothy's usefulness in the ministry; and having himself received the gospel "not of man, but by revelation of Jesus Christ," having adopted Timothy as his son in the gospel, he earnestly desired that no one should despise his youth, but that he should be regarded an "example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity;" and while writing to Timothy, he advised him, among other things, to "give attendance to reading," but in the same letter says, "refuse profane and old-wives' fables." In another portion of the letter, he tells him to "study," but in the same connection says, "shun profane and vain babblings; for they will increase unto more ungodliness." And again, under the most sublimely solemn circumstances, he charges Timothy to PREACH THE WORD. And why? "For the time will come (says Paul) 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."

We appeal to every honest observer to know whether the time referred to has not in its fulness come upon this generation? And whether those whose duty it was to "preach the Word" have not materially assisted the "old wives" in turning the "itching ears" of the people away from the truth and unto fables?

And since by-these fables it is made to appear that some have money, if not wealth, who, we ask, will have the moral courage to face the folly and endanger the craft? Who will meet Demetrius and his craftsmen in their wrath?

As he who made silver shrines for Diana brought no small gain unto the craftsmen, and they, seeing their occupation about "to be set at naught," cried, not for themselves, however, but for "Diana of the Ephesians," so those most interested, and therefore sensitive in regard to their gains, will probably cry for others within the reflex influence of their fables.

Paul preached Jesus; and as he preached, the people saw and said, "They be no gods which are made with hands;" and hence the tumult at Ephesus. So, when men shall "preach the Word," and nothing but the Word, it will be seen and known that there are none to write or commend "profane and old-wives' fables" in all the Church of God.

It will be remembered that in our last number we referred to a period when probably the scenes in these clerical novels would be reënacted on the stage; that if men consecrated to God could write "lies and lightness," with much more propriety these things might be exhibited on the stage. Since writing that article, our attention has been directed to an address delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, in the Academy of Music in the city of New York, in which he espouses and boldly defends the theatre against the well-matured sentiments of every enlightened Christian community. Introductory to this address, The New York Times says:

"An audience of twelve hundred persons was attracted to the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, to hear the promised address of Rev. Dr. Bellows on 'The Relation of Public Amusements with Public Morality, and particularly of the Theatre to the Sober and Sacred Interests of Society.' The proceeds of the occasion being for the benefit of the American Dramatic Fund, an admission fee of fifty cents was imposed. It was eight o'clock before the orator of the evening and the invited guests made their appearance on

the stage. Dr. Bellows was accompanied by Mr. James T. Brady, and took his seat behind a desk which was constructed in the likeness of a pulpit, hung with fringe and lighted by astrals. The company on the stage comprised a number of prominent members of the theatrical profession and distinguished citizens. Prominent among the latter were Peter Cooper and Samuel B. Ruggles. Among the ladies was Miss Laura Keene; among the managers, Mr. Wallack and Mr. Stuart; among the actors, Mr. Blake and Mr. Hall, and others. A number of clergymen were observed among the audience.

"Mr. Brady, in introducing the speaker, said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—The hour has arrived for the delivery of the address which we have all assembled to hear, and it is a pleasant duty devolved upon me, as President of the American Dramatic Fund Association, in its name and in its behalf, to introduce to you the distinguished orator of the occasion—Dr. Bellows."

Then follows the address, occupying, it is said, two hours and a half in delivery, and which is interlarded throughout with "Applause!"—"Applause!!"—"Tremendous applause!!!"

We have seen it stated that Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D, and Rev. Dr. Chapin have also become defenders of the drama. It seems also that another clergyman, the Rev. Edward E. Hale, pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church, Boston, "delivered an address, on Wednesday evening, 29th ult., in favor of amusements, in which he took occasion to defend the theatre, when properly conducted."

And an actor in the city of Nashville has very recently been engaged in rehearsing the Lord's Prayer. Where such things are to stop we know not; but of one thing we are sure: the clergy, by inaugurating "moral fiction," "religious novels"—profane fables—have done much to prepare (we had almost said) the religious community for such things.

We take our stand side by side with the editor of The New York Observer, and announce with him, "an acted drama is an acted lie;" and we go farther, and assert a written novel is a written lie. And these lies, holding in solution, it may be, a moiety of truth, are fast becoming, by religious commendation, the Sunday reading of many families, are superseding the revealed will of God, and cultivating tastes for fiction, for "lies and lightness," in youthful minds throughout the land. We know that men and women sagely argue that their sons and daughters will read novels, and such as we denominate profane fables are in their estimation the very best; and they will therefore put such into their hands. As well might they argue their children will turn out badly—will be led into temptation and vicious habits, and they will therefore select their vices, lure them on and lead the way. As well might topers urge that their children will drink ardent spirits, and we will therefore provide for them the best brandies and wines at home; possibly they will be satisfied with what they get there, and not drink to drunkenness elsewhere.

ADJOURNED—BALL.

Nashville, May 8.—The Medical Association adjourned to meet at Washington next year.

There was a grand ball at the Capitol last night, at which there were 3000 guests.

The Ball at the Capitol.—Thursday night closed the series of brilliant demonstrations by citizens of Nashville in honor of the American Medical Association. It was, beyond all question, the most magnificent affair of the kind ever gotten up in our midst. For many years to come, it will be remembered and talked of with feelings of just pride by all who witnessed or participated in it in any way. At an early hour, the large Representative Hall was filled with fair ladies and gallant men, who, to the strains of lively music, tripped it gayly upon "the light fantastic toe," whilst the extensive galleries were filled with those who, for want of room or inclination to dance, became spectators, and the roomy aisle and passages were given over to promenaders, who essayed to make the most of the opportunities presented for enjoyment. A little later, a second band appeared, and the chamber of the grave senators resounded to the

strains of merry music, and the gay laughter and lively sallies of another assemblage of dancers. By midnight the crowd was immense, all parts of the house presenting its picture of beauty, etc., etc.

These are some of the many notices of the entertainment at the Capitol of Tennessee—the feast to which Christians were invited. The first is the language of a dispatch to The Louisville Courier; the second, of an editorial in The Nashville Patriot.

We do hope for the credit of science, humanity, morality, and religion, that it was but the Association, and not the ball, that adjourned to meet at the Capitol of the United States.

We do hope that such a body of scientific gentlemen as compose the American Medical Association will not longer bear the reproach of giving, or being entertained by, balls in such public places. We were among those who contributed to the entertainment of the delegates to the Association, not, however, dreaming that such use would be made of the funds: as it was, we were a contributor to the ball, the only instance of the kind during our life. But we have this consolation: we did it ignorantly, and did not participate in the ball, the dance, or wine. We did not attend the "magnificent affair." It was doubtless a gay, a brilliant party to some. But there were supposed to have been more professors of religion at the ball than are in the habit of attending prayer-meetings. Were they happy? Were they conscious of being "a peculiar people?" "temples of the Holy Ghost?" "living epistles known and read of all men"—"not conformed to the world?" etc., etc.

The knowledge that death had precedence there—that beneath the roof, and between the dance and the wine, there lay entombed the mortal remains of a fellow-man, one would think might well have suggested grave reflections.

Had the slab that concealed the dead Strickland been removed, who would there have been, in all the vast assembly, to have danced upon it? or who to welcome the Messenger that laid him there? Death, though there, was not invited to the ball, nor seen, nor treated with respect; and had he intruded, would have been a most unwelcome guest.

O Death! the laborer's rest, the good man's recompense:

> "Come when the heart beats high and warm
> With banquet, song, and dance, and wine,
> And thou art terrible!"

AN AWFUL DEATH.

One of the Italian female singers, while in the chorus at Philadelphia Opera-House, on Saturday night, 21st ult., was struck with death, and before she could be conducted to a retiring-room, breathed her last. According to the report, "the incident did not interrupt the progress of the opera, very few, even upon the stage, being aware of it until the close of the act, when the matter became known through the lobbies. The comedy went on upon the stage, while the tragic rites of mortality were transacted behind the pictured canvas."

How heartless and Heaven-daring!

God had suddenly appeared amidst those scenes of folly, and had called to his bar a soul with eternal destinies, and not certainly engaged in the most fitting employments for so sudden a summons; and yet the revellers proceeded in their questionable performances as if nothing unusual had occurred. Nay, they seemed to have plumed themselves on the tact with which they covered up the catastrophe, and on the skill with which they had withdrawn the dead singer, so that the *sympathizing* audience might not be shocked by so unwelcome an intrusion, or be deprived of their *comedy!* How hardening is the influence of sin, and how questionable the morality of the opera, when viewed in these lights!—*Presbyterian.*

TO THE READERS OF THE PARLOR VISITOR.

In assuming the responsibility which has been so ably borne by our much-esteemed brethren, Bayliss and Jones, we are assured that we shoulder no light or trifling burden; yet, though they are released from the weighty

cares which always attend the editor and publisher, we hope, as no doubt will a large number of the readers of The Parlor Visitor, that we shall, "time and again," be entertained and instructed by the valuable productions of their pens.

We would here suggest to subscribers and friends how they can insure our success.

First. By renewed efforts to obtain subscribers. Let all our young friends endeavor to form clubs of five or ten: we offer every inducement to those willing to help us in this way. There are very few that could not obtain five subscribers, and thus secure a sixth copy gratis for themselves.

Second. By sending us the amount of your indebtedness (if any) for The Parlor Visitor. Having purchased these arrearages at a large figure, we trust that our loss will not be great, and that all will perceive that by thus helping they not only enable us to perform our pledge, but that they themselves will reap the reward which always attends the performance of duty.

Lastly. Let our brethren and sisters who feel that we ought to have at least *one* magazine worthy of us, talk about it to their neighbors and friends, and in every way call attention to its merits. Let us show that the Baptists have taste, and are as capable of appreciating and sustaining really meritorious literature as any other people. Trusting that all our readers will take an interest in this enterprise, and that, through their kind efforts, we shall have the pleasure of sending the July number of The Visitor to a host of new subscribers and every one of the old, and that our future career may be found one of usefulness and devotion to the interests of numerous readers. Respectfully yours,

T. M. H.

Elder W. H. Bayliss is now absent from the city. This will be sufficient apology for the absence of his usual proportion of matter.

☞ The former proprietors have transferred the debts due The Parlor Visitor to T. M. Hughes, publisher. Those indebted, as well as those intending to renew subscriptions, will confer a favor by enclosing the money to the address of T. M. Hughes, publisher, Nashville, Tenn.

FAREWELL.

With the present number closes my connection with The Parlor Visitor.

Most sincerely do I wish the seven volumes now distributed throughout the Southern and Western States were more worthy those for whom the work was specially designed.

In retiring from the self-imposed duties of an editor, I shall take with me the reflection, and whatever of consolation may be peculiar to it, that though eminently liable to err, I have endeavored as nearly as possible under all the circumstances to do my duty.

In some instances, I have found "friendship but a name," and in others, have received greatest kindness from those whom I never saw, and will perhaps never meet in life.

To Mr. Hughes, our successor, a Baptist brother, we heartily wish the greatest possible measure of success. He is an experienced practical printer, and designs illustrating and very materially improving the appearance of The Visitor. We commend him and the magazine to the favorable regard of Baptist Churches. And though we thus leave the work to other hands, and seek a sphere, possibly, more peaceful, and therefore more congenial with our taste, we shall continue to regard with interest the permanent usefulness of a magazine which thus far we have earnestly labored to make useful.

To all those who have borne with our imperfections, and have appreciated our periodical for whatsoever things it contained which were honest, just, pure, and lovely; to those who have quietly permitted us to defend our character when rudely assailed, and further threatened; to the ladies especially, for their uniform kindness and courteous consideration, we tender the unaffected gratitude of an overflowing heart.

In conclusion, we invoke the forgiveness of Him to whom we shall soon give account, for whatever we may have said contrary to His will, or calculated to mislead any of His creatures.

And now, dear readers, wishing you every temporal and spiritual blessing, we bid you each and all an affectionate farewell.

W. P. Jones.