

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.
BY MRS. ELIZABETH PRAY.

[For about thirty years the authorship of the following lines has been unknown. The author (the honored wife of a Methodist minister), whose beautiful and exemplary life came to a close, long since passed to the "Beautiful Land."
There's a Beautiful Land by the spoiler outrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temples are there.
Its crystalline streams with a murmurous flow
Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of Jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.
And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath
Make the air with their melodies rise;
And are known on earth as the angel of death
Shines here as an angel of life!
And infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,
And his voice, as it thrills through the depth of
the skies,
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.
Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful
Land,
Walk the souls who are faithful in this;
And their foreheads by softest of saphyrs are
fanned—
That evermore murmur of bliss:
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the
trees,
And breathe the rich odor of flowers—
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.
Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,
Blazing out of the darkness of time,
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could
tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And saintly confessors—a numberless throng—
Who were loyal to truth and to right,
And left, as they walked through the darkness of
wrong,
Their footprints encircled with light:
And the dear little children who went to their rest,
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirit's pure temple within—
All are there, all are there—in the Beautiful Land
—The land by the spoiler outrod,
And their foreheads by pleasant breezes are fanned,
That blow from the gardens of God.
My soul hath looked through the gateway of
dreams
On the city all paved with gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmuring streams,
As though the great valleys they rolled;
And though it still waits on the desolate strand,
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knows, in that glimpse of the Beautiful
Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

BISHOP MARVIN.

It so happened that we were the first to tell Mr. Marvin that he was a bishop elect. It was in New Orleans. The General Conference of his Church had elected him in his absence. He had been roughing it in Texas. Sixteen years before, he and we had become friends in St. Louis. On leaving the steamer he came direct to our lodgings in New Orleans. At the foot of the stairs we met him with the salutation: "Why, Bishop Marvin, where are you from?" He looked surprised and displeased. "Did you get the telegram?" we said. "Tell me what you mean by all this stuff?" he replied, looking agitated. With serious face and tone, we said: "You were elected bishop yesterday, and telegrams have been sent in several directions for you, and I supposed one had found you and brought you." "No," said he, "I had business with —, and came to see him." He was deeply agitated and stretched himself upon the bed, and after a while he said: "Well, I have several times in my life felt that I might be called to this office." Other ministers entered, and in the general conversation he seemed to revive. He was too rudely dressed to enter the church where he was to be received as Bishop-elect, so several of the ministers, at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Charles K. Marshall, insisted on presenting to him a clerical suit becoming the occasion. He was the first man in his Church who had been elected to the Episcopacy with a full suit of beard. We recollect distinctly that the senior bishop called to him before Mr. Marvin's consecration and said: "See here, Doctor, could't you persuade the new bishop to have his face shaved?" "Don't know, Bishop, it's dangerous to take a man by the beard." That evening, while the conversation was general and genial, we took the liberty to suggest that the beard was an offence to some of the brethren. "They'll have to stand it," said he; "they elected me in my beard and they must endure me in my beard." "Yes," we suggested, "but remember that you were not present when you were elected. I doubt whether they could have been persuaded to elect you if they had seen what a homely man you are, shaved or bearded." He laughed at this sally, but insisted on keeping as much of his homeliness as possible "under hair."—Rev. Dr. Deems in Sunday Magazine.

MRS. JOHANNSEN'S FIGHT WITH THE BIBLE.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

It was hardly breakfast-time. I had gone to the kitchen to see how the new girl might be managing the bill of fare I had given her the night before. As I bent over the cook-stove, partly to warm my hands, but more for the purpose of finding out the nature of a queer mixture in the sauce-pan, the outer door opened suddenly, and there stood Mrs. Johannsen. I had not seen her for more than a year, and could scarcely have been more startled at her ghost.

"Where did you come from?" was all the greeting I could think to offer her.

"I haf youst been to see te governor," she answered. "I must go tere so early in te morning, before he goes to te city."

"I was more bewildered than ever. What had my poor old washerwoman to do with our majestic governor? and what baptism of courage had come upon her that she asked an audience with him at six o'clock in the morning? I looked at her inquiringly, and she took up her parable again:

"Yes, I goes early in te morning and late in te night. An' te girl she tells me tis morning he vas gone to Springfield; but I know he can be tere in te morning and here in te evening, so I goes down again when night comes."

She took off her coarse mittens and held her hands over the fire in what seemed to me a dogged kind of despair.

Where had my Mrs. Johannsen gone—the Mrs. Johannsen whose faith and cheer had more than once roused me from the little despondencies into which even trusting hearts sometimes fall? She had come to spend the day with me, evidently, for she took off and laid away her wrappings as she used to do when she came to wash. After breakfast I heard her story. What had seemed angry, sullen gloom, soon resolved itself into the preoccupation of intense woe, as I listened to a tale of household sorrow such as seldom darkens the threshold of a Christian's home. The arrest of her husband on the charge of a fearful crime, the false swearing of enemies, and a sentence of several years imprisonment—all these, with their revolting details, had wrought their waste and desolation upon my poor friend.

"You see," she said, "dey would not take mine veetness in te court because I am his wife, an' I know it ees not true. I haf pees to te judge two days ago or tere, an te judge say he not tink he vas guilty all te time—dat he not look like such weekid man, an' he tell me if I can see te governor—an' I shall see him—God veil hear mine prayer." Over and over she repeated it, strengthening each time her torn heart—"God veil hear mine prayer."

The story covered many months, reaching back into the pleasant summer that had been so full of brightness for me. How mercifully few are the shadows from other lives that darken our own! There had been a month or two in jail, followed by the terrible sentence to the penitentiary. Mrs. Johannsen said of the weight of grief that came with that end of hope: "Den I tinks my heart died. It vas den I had my great fight vit te Bible. Missis, see, all tee way tere, I had holt of te commandment vit promise. Ven I get cast down, I always remember dat, an' I say to Karl, 'Ve always honored our fader an' moder, ve obeyed them, an ve now shall haf te promise dat is written in she Bible for us. It shall go well vit us, youst as Moses haf said. Let us believe an' not be cast down."

"Den Karl he try to believe, an' I trust te Lord so sure. I trust his vord so as if it could not break.

"Ven, vell te end come so bad I could not believe at all, an' I got ver' mad, an' I go to te Lord an' say, 'Dou hast broken dy vord to me. Dou hast lied! Den I vas frightened at vat I had said, an' I did like Adam in te garden—I vent an' hit myself. I sat down on te edge of te old vell, youst py my house, vere no one could see me, an' I vas tinkin ver' hart to trow myself down. I said, 'Te Lord's vord ses not goot—I shall not surely die—dere is no place vere I shall go—His vord is broken.' I

got into te box arount te vell. I let my feet down, as I sat tere all ready to go myself. So quick tere came a voice to me over te side of te box, youst as if somebody leant over and spoke to me such like tere—'Vat I do, dou knowest not now, but dou shalt know hereafter.' Den I said, 'Lord, is dat you?' An He said, 'I veel not leef you comfortless—I veel come to you.' But I would not believe. I said again, 'Is dat you Lord, for you did leef me?' Den te voice came again—'I veel never leef te nor forsake te,' an' I knew it was my Lord. It got so light down tere in te vell—it got so light in my poor heart. I got up, an' in my dark leetle house was all light too, I laid me down an' slept, an' te Lord haf kept His vord. It is never broken. I shall know vat He does, not now, but I shall know hereafter—Missis see?"

THE GUEST.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily,
Lamp and fire were out: the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spoke to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire and cheer thy face;
Set the guest chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock.
"Enter! I have turned the key!"
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!
—Northwestern

A new class of men have become awakened in New York city to the terrible evils attending the sale and use of alcoholic liquors, as a beverage, through the efforts of Dr. Howard Crosby. Under an old license law hundreds of liquor saloons have been closed, and the Sabbath sale limited. This law the liquor sellers attempted to have repealed at the present session of the New York Legislature, under the plea of securing a more efficient one, and one operating equally throughout the State; but they have signally failed. Dr. Crosby is sanguine in the expectation of limiting to hotels and druggists' stores the sale of liquors, in the city, the coming season. A very spirited and interesting public meeting was held on Sunday evening, the 17th, in Tammany Hall—a most remarkable place for a rousing temperance service. William E. Dodge presided. Dr. Willard Parker made a very impressive speech, showing the terrible hereditary effects of alcohol. Chief Justice Davis, of the Supreme Court, whose vigorous course upon the bench has greatly aided Dr. Crosby and his co-laborers in their work, said, in an excellent speech:—

"I am not, and never professed to be, a total abstinence man. I never took part in a temperance meeting before, and never spoke on temperance until a few nights ago. But for twenty years I have been a living witness in favor of temperance. In March, 1857—twenty-one years ago this month—the governor commissioned me as justice of the Supreme Court, and since then, except for a brief period, I have fulfilled the duties of my position in this city and State. If I could recall the procession of crime that has passed before my eyes, and paint for you the scenes which were largely the result of indulgence in drink—so many persons condemned, nearly all of whom in this exigency of their lives, confessed that they were brought to it by intemperance—I think you would feel that I am justified in standing here and speaking for temperance. What shall we do? If each one would say, 'I will cast my influence for temperance,' there would be no trouble about this. Hence, for one, I feel justified in making my first appearance here on the boards of Tammany Hall; here to do my part for temperance, in favor of law, order, happiness and prosperity; and against vice, crime, and all its thousand terrible consequences."

Would that some of our leading ministers, who have stood aloof from the great reform, would come to the front, and some of our judges, who have never heretofore made addresses, would join them, and aid in the endeavor to close up these death-breeding hells, and save our youth from a drunkard's fate and a drunkard's grave!

"JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE."

The hymn was written by Joseph Grigg, it is said, when he was only ten years of age. It was sent to the "Gospel Magazine" by the Rev. Benjamin Francis, and appeared in that work, April, 1774, page 163. The hymn, as first written, shows plainly that the youth had an experimental knowledge of the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ. No compiler of this day would think of going back to the original, but would rather take the hymn as re-written by the Rev. B. Francis. Take as a sample the first verse of both versions:—

Jesus and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor,
Oh, may I scorn it more and more.
—J. Grigg

Jesus and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee—
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?
—B. Francis.

In all our books we find it as B. Francis re-wrote it for Rippon's Selections, 1787. He was pastor of the Baptist church at Shortwood, in the parish of Horsley, forty-two years. In 1784, ten years after its publication in the "Gospel Magazine," the Rev. George Burder inserted it in his supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns almost as he found it there. It has been said that Mr. Grigg was in early life a laboring mechanic, and during this period he published a pamphlet containing nineteen hymns.

In 1748 Mr. Grigg became assistant minister to the Rev. Thomas Burns, Silver Street, London. When Mr. Burns died (1747), Mr. Grigg retired to St. Albans, where he wrote and preached. He died at Walthamstow, London. The whole of Mr. Grigg's hymns were reprinted by Daniel Ardynick, London 1861; there are forty, with several interesting poems. The 716th hymn of the Baptist hymn book contains the first, fourth, fifth and sixth verses from Rippon's Selections.

My object in writing the above article is to give that prominence to Mr. Francis that he deserves in regard to the hymn "Jesus, and shall it ever be?" As one reads Pope's ode, "Vital spark of heavenly flame," etc., perhaps he would not think of looking beyond the author to discover where he procured his ideas, and yet there is no doubt that Thomas Flatman's poem gave him his inspiration. Flatman died the year Pope was born, 1688:

"Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Fainting, groaning, shrinking dying,
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
'Be not fearful, come away.'"
—Flatman.

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."
—Pope.

Miller says: "The original source of this ode is supposed to be a poem composed by the Emperor Adrian, who dying A. D. 138, thus gave expression to his mingled doubts and fears. His poem begins:

"Animula, regula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis."
—National Baptist.

THE CZAR IN ENGLAND.

When the Emperor Nicholas was in England in 1844, industry in Russia could hardly be said to exist, and the Czar was extremely anxious to introduce machinery of all sorts into his arsenals, so as to become independent of foreign makers. With this object he visited a number of large establishments in the Midland counties and the North; and one Sunday morning Mr. James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, and proprietor of large works at Patricroft, was much surprised at the appearance in his garden of an officer in a carriage and a gorgeous uniform, whose chasseur, still more gorgeous than his master, was sent up to disturb the old gentleman's Sabbath rest by loudly announcing, "Prince K—." The Prince himself walked in, smoking a cigarette, and informed Mr. Nasmyth in good English that the Czar intended to honor the Patricroft works with a visit on that afternoon. "Indeed," replied the owner. "I fear that his majesty will not see much, as it is Sunday." "But it would be easy,"

rejoined the aid-de-camp, coolly helping himself to a bonbon which his chasseur handed him out of a handsome box, "to start the works for a few hours. Mr. Nasmyth might be sure of his Majesty's favor." "Sir," replied Mr. Nasmyth, "the favor of my God is of more importance to me than that of your master. And if I were inclined to break the Sabbath for him, my men would not." Would you not start the works for Queen Victoria on a Sunday?" asked the astonished aid-de-camp. "Her Gracious Majesty," replied the old Briton "would never suggest such a thing." The Czar did not visit Patricroft.—English paper.

QUENTIN MATSYS, THE FLEMISH PAINTER.

The romance lovers tell us that for the love of fair Adelaide van Tuyt—whose father, a painter, regarding a blacksmith as unworthy to be his son-in-law, refused Matsys as a suitor for his daughter—the rejected lover, abandoning the trade in which he stood so high, vowed to become an artist, and travelled through Germany, and even England, working at his profession only to obtain the wherewithal to prosecute his studies, and at last returned to Antwerp, where as his merits were speedily recognized, the stern father yielded and Matsys married his lady-love, though the people still persisted in calling him the blacksmith. The proof he gave of his skill was, entering Van Tuyt's studio when the painter was absent, he painted on the cheek of a figure on the easel a fly, which the painter, returning, tried to drive away, and finding it a work of art, asked who had painted the insect. In answer, Matsys demanded, "Do you think the man capable of doing this a sufficiently good painter to marry your daughter?" "If he can not marry her 'tis not for lack of merit." "Well, I painted the fly, and if you have any doubt about it, I will paint a dozen alongside of the first." Fanenberg vouches for the truth of this story.—Harpers Magazine.

AN APPROPRIATE ANSWER.

A Universalist preacher had an appointment to preach in a school-house in a Quaker neighbourhood in eastern Ohio, and had the undivided attention of his audience while he endeavored to show them that there was no such personal existence as the devil, no hell as a future state of punishment, but that all are punished for their sins in this life—that there will be no day of judgment, and all will go to heaven when they die. He thought he had made a fine impression, and was anxious to preach again for them, and said he would be pleased to make another appointment if they desired it, and gave an opportunity for some one to speak, but all were silent. At last an old gentleman rose and said: "Friend, if thou hast taught us the truth, we dont need thee any more; and if thou hast taught us a lie, we don't want thee any more."

He never preached there again.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

No man has beheld the most imposing sight in the world, until he has stood on board ship, and had a view of Constantinople. Generally, paintings, engravings and descriptions far surpass the actual landscape; but here the reality beggars every description I have ever read, every representation I have ever seen. As I stood on the deck, the beautiful harbor, called the Golden Horn, was right before me, separating Constantinople Proper, called Stamboul, from Galatia, Pera and Tophané the Bosphorus, the most picturesque strait, perhaps, in the known world, was on my right, running between Asia and Europe; in the rear was Scutari, and on my left the Sea of Marmora, with its promontories, creeks and islands. On each side of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus are rising hills, and on the hills, beginning at the very water's edge, stand the respective towns. . . . Scores and scores of minarets, domes, cupolas, monuments, towers, and gilt spires, with marble palaces and mausoleums, and baths, lovely groves, &c., &c., are therefore, withly in the eye's range. As the sun shines upon the city, it looks like one flame of gold.—From F. Gadsby's "Wanderings."