

### Selections.

**A DREADFUL VISITATION.**—In the years the locusts appear there is no blight or smaller insects about. Perhaps, therefore, they are morosely sent to destroy the smaller and more dangerous insects when they have multiplied exceedingly under the prolific suns of the East. But they are a dreadful visitation. They ate holes in my clothes as I walked about. They got among flamed's arms. They choked up the barrels of the pistols, and fed upon his tash of silk and gold.—They ate away the tassel of his cap and the leathorn sheath of his sword. My French debardeur dressing gown, one month from Alfred's, might have been taken for a recent purchase at Rag Fair. They ate the sole of my slipper while I was asleep on the sofa. They ate my shirts in the wardrobe, and they ate my stockings. Hamed's "good man" never arriving, he catches many and puts them out of the window with much tenderness. The parsha, my host, with a touching faith in the goodness of God, goes about with a long stick to save them from drowning when they are driven by the winds into his reservoir of gold fish. Perhaps the parsha is right; but I cannot be so good as he is. For the locusts eat the back hair off women's heads, while washing at the fountain, and the mustachios off gardeners while they sleep in the noonday shadow. They strip trees till they look as if struck by lightning or burnt by fire. I see the plants green and gay in the moonlight. In the morning their freshness and beauty have departed. Families sit wailing in the field over the ruin of their little all. There is a story that the locusts have eaten a child whilst its mother was away at work. There is a tradition that they once ate a drunken man who fell down in the kennel. Neither event is improbable. I saw a locust draw blood from the lips of an infant in its mother's arms. They will not die—they seem to have neither sight nor hearing—vile things with nothing but mouths. If you catch one he will spring from your hold, and leaving his legs behind him go on as well as ever. The Cal had a little garden; he had it watched day and night, for it was his pride and full of far-away flowers. He kept fires surrounding it night and day, to prevent the locusts crawling in. When they had learned to fly he fired guns to turn aside their course. When they came in spite of this he turned a garden engine upon them.—Then he buried them, but every green thing and every blossom was stripped from his garden for all that.—They will not die. They can swim for hours. Hot water, cold water, acids, spirits, smoke, are useless.—I plunged one in salt and water. He remained four minutes, and sprung away apparently unharmed. I recaptured him and smoked him for five minutes. Two minutes afterwards he had revived, and was hopping away. I recaptured the same locust, and buried him as deeply in the ground, as I could with a pocket-knife. I marked the place, and the next morning I looked for my friend, but he was gone. Nothing will kill them but smashing them to a jam with a blow, or boiling them. There is no protection against them. They despair and eat through the thickest clothes, or sackcloth, or matting; and glass coverings for a large extent of ground would of course be too expensive. The only way in which one of my neighbors was enabled to save part of his harvest was by gathering his fruits, and cutting down his corn when the locusts came, and then burying his property in holes dug in the ground, and covered over with a heavy stone at the aperture, as I had seen the peasantry do in some parts of Western Africa. This saved him a little. No barn or room would have done so. Yet another three weeks, towards the end of July, and the cloud which hovered over the land so long is clearing away. And there arises a great wind, so that the locusts are swept off in countless armies to the sea, and so drowned. It is impossible to bathe for days, or to walk by the sea shore, because of the stench of them. But they are gone, and their bodies float over the sea like a crust, extending to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

**THEATRICAL PROGRESS.**—About the last place John Bunyan would ever have expected his world-renowned allegory to have made its appearance, is the boards of a theatre, and yet this startling novelty has been presented to the public in the city of Philadelphia. The *Christian Intelligencer* says: "Placards, handbills, and advertisements, announce at the Chestnut Theatre, 'the instructive and beautiful allegorical representation of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.' The issues pledges himself that it shall be the acme of dramatic excellence," and addresses himself to 'the child, the philosopher, the admirer of fiction, and the

experienced Christian. He promises to present 'the journey of the pilgrim, the trials, dangers, and temptations of the great dream of life, and his approach to the path of glory,' 'with a galaxy of talent, musical, dramatic, and terpsichorean, never before combined.'—Then follows 'the new and gorgeous scenery,' 'the dances under the direction of Mons. Sylosoy, the eminent dancer, engaged expressly for this place; 'characteristic costumes,' 'magical mechanism.' 'The music' by the orchestra, accompanied by 'a full church choir,' engaged for this novelty at an enormous expense.' 'One of the most brilliant scenes ever presented on the stage is Vanity Fair, with its worldly amusements, sports of all kinds, laughing chorus, grand tournaments, harlequinade of fun, feats of diablerie, flying horses, &c., &c.' This ought to put an end to the "moral drama," a class of amusements cunningly named to cheat easy consciences, and bring religion into contempt. Such an exhibition very appropriately winds up with "feats of diablerie."—*Prof. Churchman.*

**A FEAT IN CHEMISTRY.**—During a recent lecture delivered by Prof. B. Silliman, jr., in New York, he solidified carbonic acid gas. This was effected by bringing sulphuric acid in contact with carbonate of soda, in a strong iron vessel capable of resisting an expansive pressure of thirty-four atmospheres, or 510 pounds to an inch. Prof. Silliman stated that this experiment has been given up entirely in France, in consequence of the bursting of several iron vessels, by which several persons had been killed. But he stated that the iron vessel used on this occasion had never been known to burst, and the experiment was considered not at all dangerous. As the liquid (it being in a liquid state in the vessel) was drawn off, a large portion evaporated, and by the evaporation reduced the remainder to the freezing point. In this way several pounds of solid carbonic acid gas were obtained. It had the appearance of the whitest snow, and was so cold that by holding it only three seconds the hand would be frozen. He placed a portion of it round a long vessel containing mercury, and froze the mercury solid! The mercury was then taken out and hammered like lead.

**AN IMPORTANT SENTIMENT.**—One part of religion consists in obtaining a true knowledge of God, of the Saviour, and the way of salvation. Another part of religion consists in the reposing of the soul on the merits of Christ, by which we receive justification and adoption through His name. Then there is the passive part of religion, that which consists in bearing and suffering the Divine will. But there is also another part, and it may properly be denominated the active part of religion, the practical part of Godliness. It is doing God's will, obeying the truth, following the example of the Blessed Jesus: it is the being "ready to every good work."

**CHRISTIAN DISUNION.**—What a contradiction in terms is not this? *Disunion* among those who yet all profess a religion, one of the essences of which is its unity—those who will yet tell you, that there is "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."—the plain and reasonable inference from all which is, that so ought there to be preserved a *oneness* to accord with such a principle. We have been led into this reflection by the following anecdotes which come of our secular contemporaries, we see, have copied from an English paper:—

"A friend of ours met his neighbour's coachman looking remarkably facetious, on a Monday morning. As the man touched his hat he said to him:—"Well, John, what has happened to make you look so pleasant to-day?" "Why, Sir?" was the reply, "what do you think?—We are a pretty lot at our house, that we are. I started with five of us in the old carriage yesterday morning. First of all, I drove the young mistress to the Church, and then old master to the Wesleyans; next I took young master, to the Romans; my wife went to the Ranters; and when I had put up the horse, I took a turn myself at the Calvinists." We certainly did laugh outright at hearing the account of this "happy family." The rainbow is nothing to it."

Here, then, is an apt illustration of the working of that schismatic element, under the operation of which so many thousands around us, good easy christians all, are content to live and die.—*Churchman.*

There are many who walk with God's people through the world, who will not be allowed to enter with them into Heaven.

God gave you His Son to redeem you from all; He will now give all that is necessary to lead you to Heaven.

**QUAKERISM.**—Appears to be declining. In Boston there exists a place of worship without a single worshipper. A solitary member of the Society of Friends, was in the habit of frequenting this house for some years after all his fellow-Quakers were dead. "Alone and silent there he sat," until he too was called home. and now there is a Church without a single member. A writer in the *Christian Enquirer* says,—"It is a curious fact that two or three other towns or cities at the South have also had congregations of Friends who have dwindled away to a single solitary worshipper. In Charleston, S. C., an instance of the same kind existed, in 1836, and for some time after. For many years, there were two individuals who sat out their silent service their, twice on First Day, and once on Fifth Day. They were not only Friends by name, but originally personal friends; yet, from some cause, in the course of time they became estranged from each other, and never spoke together, or shook hands at the close of the worship as formerly. Eventually one of them died, and the last survivor went constantly, (see life of Hopper, pp. 319-321,) and we were about to say alone, to this place of worship; but his dog went with him." The progressive vitality of Quakerism is gone extinct, and little, if anything, now remains more than the scaffolding.—*P. Churchman.*

**CONFIRMATION.**—An address on Confirmation to those desiring to receive that rite, by the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, Rector of St. John's Free Church, Nodda, and which has been published, contains the following impressive instruction:

Confirmation looks in two directions; backward, to your infant baptism, and forward to the Lord's Table. It seals the former and entitles you to the latter. Confirmation has no meaning, if it does not unite both Sacraments in the person to be confirmed. Confirmation looks to the Holy Communion, and demands this sacrament as its immediate end. Though not in itself a sacrament, Confirmation unites the sacraments. Confirmation with Baptism only before it, is as an imperfect coin, with but one face only impressed upon one of its sides, and is not current; true Confirmation has the impress of both the Sacraments—is the gold on which is stamped both the Font and Altar.

**MAN AND WOMAN.**—I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is flexible and impressible, though her feelings are. I know very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman, whereas I know twenty-fifty of a very inferior woman ruling a superior man. If he loves her, the chances are that she will in the end weaken and demoralize him. If a superior woman marries a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but he seldom governs her mind, or vulgarizes her nature, as if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him. The most dangerous man to a woman is a man of high intellectual endowments morally perverted; for in a woman's nature there is such a necessity to approve where she admires, and to believe where she loves—a devotion compounded of love and faith is so much a part of her being—that while the instincts remain true and the feelings uncorrupted, the conscience and the will may both be led far astray. Thus fell "our general mother"—type of her sex—overpowered rather than deceived, by the colossal intellect—half serpent, half angelic.—*Mr. Jackson.*

Miss Habervien, late of Exeter, has bequeathed the following donations:—Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 1,000*l.*; Society for Employing Additional Curates, 1,000*l.*; Governors' Institution, 1,000*l.*; Colonial Bishop, 1000*l.*; Infant Asylum for Orphans, 500*l.*; Exeter Dispensary, 100*l.*; Exeter Penitentiary, 100*l.*; Exeter Branch of the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates, 100*l.*; Devon and Exeter Institution for the Blind, 100*l.*; St. Sidwell's Schools, 50*l.*; and St. James's Schools, 50*l.*, making a total of 5,000*l.*

It was stated some time since in the *Guardian* that on the restoration of St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, her Majesty intended to erect a monument to the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of the unfortunate Charles I., who was buried in that church. Baron Marochetti, the sculptor, is now carrying out the Queen's design. The monument will consist of a statue, representing the unhappy princess in her last moments, having in her hand the Bible given to her by her father. The statue will be placed in a niche in the church.

**Profane Dodge.**—It has been discovered that a keeper of a large beer cellar in the Bowery, for the purpose of evading the law requiring him to close his place on Sunday, has been in the habit of holding prohibited religious services therein, officiating himself as the leader of ceremonies. He takes the Bible, reads a chapter or two, serves each of his hearers with a glass of beer, and takes up a collection! As the Constitution probably did not contemplate so much liberty of convenience, the arrangement will be interfered with by the police.—*New York Courier.*