

INORDINATE AFFECTION.

ENDEAVOUR to wean your affections from all immoderate desires of the pleasures, riches, dignities, and preferments of the world. Show no sinful compliance to attain them; love them not in any higher degree than to be ready to part with any of them, for the sake of Christ and his religion. For all such immoderate affections for temporal things are utterly inconsistent with the love of God and true religion.—Pyle.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.—What majesty is there in the Christian's death! What a glory in his hope! "As the rivers roll the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean; as the rose smells the sweetest when dying; as the sun appears most glorious when setting; so it is with the Christian."

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE LOST MAN.

A PRAIRIE SKETCH.

AN unfortunate trader once stayed from his companions, and was lost four or five days: suffering the keenest pangs of starvation. It was years ago, yet the story has only been told in oral repetition among the old traders, and has never before, to our knowledge, fallen in the way of a scribe.

The man wandered away upon a sultry mid-summer afternoon, oppressed to desperation with thirst, in search of water, while the caravan was dragging slowly along the dreary and heated prairie. Making his way to a cluster of timber that appeared no very tedious distance, he was fortunate enough to find a small cool spring gushing and rippling at the bottom of a deep rocky hollow. The fresh water, the cool shade of the steep rock, and the trees above, together with the knowledge that the waggons were still moving along in sight, induced the poor fellow to yield to his weariness, and suffer his eyes to close. When he awoke, the gray of evening was deepening around the prairie, and rushing up from the hollow, his eye wandered about in vain search of his companions. He was a raw adventurer upon his first travel, knowing nothing of how to direct his steps in the wilderness, and trusting entirely to the guidance and experience of those with whom he travelled. Hasty, impulsive, and rash, as he was careless, and without possessing a single quality of character to assist him in such an emergency, confused terror now at once took possession of him, and starting as he thought in the direction where he had last seen the waggons, he ran with headlong speed, shouting wildly at every step, in hopes of being heard and answered by his companions.

The terrified man, bereft of all thought by the fearful nature of his predicament, could not even remember to fire the rifle he held, but continued tearing his lungs with wild and desolate cries for assistance. While rushing blindly forward in this manner, the night still deepening around him, the man met with a violent fall, and was stunned into insensibility for some hours. We are giving now the substance of the poor fellow's own relation. He came back to consciousness some time during the night, in the midst of a pack of howling wolves, and found himself lying by the side of a buffalo's skeleton not yet entirely stripped by the prowling dogs of the desert. A situation more appalling to heart and nerve may not be imagined. The man doubted not but that he was aroused prematurely from his state of torpor by the hungry creatures assailing his own body, for his clothes were mangled and torn, and the scratch of a claw was on his leg, though a tooth it seems had not yet touched him. He had tripped upon the skeleton, and struck his forehead on a horn or some other part, as he discovered a large lump upon his head, which also ached distressingly when he came to his senses.

The poor fellow, in the heat of his terror, made out to scare away the wolves from himself, and escape from the spot, leaving the famished animals to return again to the buffalo's bones, and give them a cleaner polishing. Just escaping from one frightful danger, perhaps took something from the keen horrors of his desolate and wretched condition, but the unhappy man's sensations were harrowing and fearful in the extreme. He still pressed onward, with strength failing at every step, calling in hoarse and broken shrieks to his

friends, and changing his course again and again, in utter and miserable uncertainty of which way to turn.

Daylight came, the sun rose, noon approached and passed, and the lost man was alone in the desert, famished and faint, and without a solitary hope of regaining his companions, or finding the track they were pursuing.

That night the unhappy man sunk exhausted upon the grass and slept, to awaken in a state of fear and danger more appalling even than the day before. A compact and innumerable band of buffaloes came moving slowly across the region of the prairie on which he lay, and he started from sleep in imminent peril of being trodden to death by the huge monarchs of the plain. As these dense masses of buffaloes move, they emit sounds that rise in the air like a sea surge, and the vast black herd came toward him in deep midnight, the poor trader declared that a rolling ocean seemed about to overwhelm him. Utterly paralysed with his danger, the unfortunate man could not start to his feet, and stand confounded, fearing either to fire, or use other means to alarm the buffaloes, lest, by exciting their terror, he should but increase his own peril. From this critical position, however, he likewise escaped unhurt; for the animals separated, as is their custom, when a strange scent is detected, and passed on in two divisions, keeping some two hundred yards clear of the mysterious intruder in the middle. Daylight was again appearing as the last of this innumerable herd passed him, and the man was starving. He took aim with his rifle at a retreating buffalo, and missed fire, for his percussion cap was damp with the night dew. Still he was famishing, and his only hope seemed in the slaughtering of a buffalo. He followed, crawling on his hands and knees, and after hours of weary watching and labour, wounded a cow at last with a successful shot, but the terrified creature limped away, and the whole band disappeared, while the poor trader fell prostrate, too exhausted and faint to make another effort in the pursuit.

This unhappy creature lay groaning aloud alone in the midst of the interminable waste, abandoned to desperation and despair, when the thin bark of a small prairie dog attracted his attention. Once more he charged his rifle, for the little creature was in sight, with his nose lifted just above the mound surrounding its hole. The starving man lay prostrate upon the earth, took slow and cautious aim at the dog, and was fortunate enough to knock it out of its hole with a broken back; but before he could reach the spot, the dying creature had wriggled back into his hiding place, and disappeared. With his ten fingers the desperate man raked up the earth, and succeeded in dragging the dying dog out upon the grass, where, without waiting to finish his agony, he tore its warm flesh with his teeth, like a wolf, while the expiring creature was still biting at his fingers!

This unnatural sustenance restored the drooping man, and he was enabled to resume his wandering, which he continued for three more days and nights, alone, desolate, and miserable, until he encountered a hunting party of Camanches, whom, so far from avoiding, he rushed to embrace, as though they were kindred, near and dear, and the best friends he could meet on earth. They were friends, as it turned out, for they set him upon the track to regain his comrades, with instructions to direct him, and buffalo meat to support him, paying themselves by stripping him of his rifle, and every thing else of the slightest value he had about him.

After four days travel, the poor trader reached his friends again, and was welcome as one from the grave. Upon the evening of his loss, search was made in all directions, and signal guns fired from the camp, which he would have heard had he not been lying insensible by the buffalo's skeleton. Search was also continued upon the succeeding days, as the caravan moved along; but his wandering had been so irregular, tending in a far and opposite direction, that it was impossible to trace him.

The five days suffering of this unfortunate man may be but faintly imagined. Deserted and lost, without hope, in the interminable solitude—alone in a vast domain of sky and grass—famishing, and tormented with raging thirst!—O, terms may not be found of nervous force sufficient to thrill the natural sympathies, as should such a story as this, of THE LOST MAN!—New Orleans Picayune.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

WE have been highly gratified with the perusal of a series of excellent letters on various important subjects, published in the *New York Baptist Advocate*, under the head "The Socii." Perceiving by our subscription list, that the CHRISTIAN MIRROR circulates amongst Sunday School Teachers generally, we publish the following excellent address, from the letters above alluded to.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—There is no society, no class of persons, with whom I have been associated, for whom I feel a deeper, livelier interest. You are engaged in an occupation which opens to you a wide and rich field of usefulness, but which requires toil, sacrifice, and self-denial. I have contemplated with deep satisfaction the attention which many of you pay to your pupils, and the exertions which you make to insure punctual attendance, and the accurate recitation of lessons. But the deficiency to which I formerly alluded still presses on my observation. Too few of you faithfully seek the conversion of your scholars. There is too much of a business air about your method of teaching. It resembles the common modes of imparting science.

You scatter the seed of spiritual truth carelessly, as though you did not expect any produce. The farmer, you are aware, endeavours to prepare his ground. He breaks up the sods, and mellow the soil, and when he has scattered the grain, he carefully harrows it in. Were he not to take these precautions, although he might throw the grain about in every direction, very little of it would be likely to take root.

So have I known a teacher make it a rule to converse personally with each member of his class, until their feelings were softened and subdued, and then, when he had urged the truth upon a tender heart, follow it up by fervent prayers for God's blessing to accompany it.

Let me address you individually who are now reading these lines. Perhaps your class is large. You have not sufficient time to converse with each of your scholars after every lesson. Then take one, two, or more next Sunday, and on the following Sunday try the rest. Depend upon it, general remarks addressed to the whole, although sometimes necessary, are not nearly so likely to affect the feelings, and make deep and permanent impressions, as a direct, personal, individual application of the truth.

I have known the most beneficial effects follow from instruction at one's own house. Sometimes a person is so circumstanced as to be unable to attend a class at a school. Let him receive the children at his home. He will thereby secure many advantages. The quiet of a private room is peculiarly favourable to the impartation of truth, and the production of tender impressions. I have met with some most interesting scenes of this kind, where the blessing of heaven evidently attended the efforts of a faithful teacher. A case of the kind very lately came to my knowledge, in which a school having been temporarily interrupted, a portion of the scholars assembled at the house of one of the teachers. The instruction immediately became more directly personal and affecting, and there is hope that cases of conversion have grown out of it.

But whether at school or at home, remember, oh teacher, that you are dealing with immortal souls. You were not commissioned on the Lord's day to train the intellect, except so far as it has relation to the conversion and sanctification of the heart. You are teaching for eternity. Let me, then, conjure you, by the cross of Christ, by the shed blood and broken body of the Lamb of God—be faithful, be earnest, be prayerful. Toil, and strive to win from sin and hell the children committed to your charge, that they may be as stars in the crown of your rejoicing for evermore. Amen.

Let no work of my hands cause grief, or just offence of heart; but let me be continually employed in some such actions for which thou my God mayest remember me for good, and spare me according to the multitude of thy mercies.—Bishop Andrews.