

ring, and silver spoons, and a cup silver gilt; a silver girdle for the lady's waist; one silk and two cotton kerchiefs for her neck. All her friends give some slight token of good will. The bridegroom himself made ready a great feast of reindeer flesh, brandy, and a brewing of malt for the occasion, with plenty of tobacco for smoking. The desire for ardent spirit is almost insatiable in Lapland.

After the wedding-dinner a collection in money was made for the new-married pair from all the guests. The father bestowed on his son, to begin the world with, some of his precious silver cups and dollars, and a line head of eighty rein-deer. The guests also, many of them, promised to contribute a few more to his stock, on condition that he would come to demand them, and bring with him a present of brandy in exchange.

Round the clergyman's hut there were several others of the same kind, inhabited by the merchants who came to deal with the Laplanders for the furs they got in hunting.

A Laplander's funeral is conducted somewhat in the following manner, and is on the authority of an eye-witness:—"Coming to the house of the deceased, we saw the corpse taken from the bearskins on which it lay, and removed into a wooden coffin by six of his most intimate friends, after being first wrapped in linen, the face and hands alone being bare. In one hand they put a purse with some money to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of paradise; in the other a certificate, signed by the priest, directed for St. Peter, to witness that the defunct was a good Christian and deserved admission into heaven. At the head of the coffin was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, a saint greatly revered in all parts of Russia on account of his supposed friendship for the dead. They also put into the coffin some brandy, dried fish, and venison, that he might not starve on the road. This being done, they lighted some fir-tree roots, piled up at a convenient distance from the coffin, and then wept, howled, and exhibited a variety of strange gestures and contortions, expressive of the violence of their grief.

When they were fatigued with gesticulations they made several processions round the corpse, asking they deceased why he died? whether he was angry with his wife? whether he was in want of food or raiment? if he had been unsuccessful in hunting and fishing? After these interrogatories they renewed their howling. One of the priests frequently sprinkled holy water on the corpse, as well as the mourners. The sepulchre is no other than an old sledge, which is turned bottom upwards over the spot where the body lies buried. Before their conversion to Christianity they used to place an axe, with a tinder-box, by the side of the corpse, if it was that of a man; and if a woman's, her scissors and needles, supposing that these implements might be of use to them in the other world. With the axe the deceased is supposed to hew down the bushes or boughs that may obstruct his passage to the other world; the tinder-box is for the purpose of striking a light, should he find himself in the dark at the day of judgment. For the first three years after the decease of a friend or relation, they were accustomed from time to time to dig holes by the side of the grave, and to deposit in them either a small quantity of tobacco or something that the deceased was fondest of when living. They supposed that the felicity of a future state would consist in smoking drinking brandy, &c.; and that the reindeer and other animals would be equal partakers of their joys."

Dr. Clarke relates in effect the following extraordinary scene in a Lapland church of Enontakis:—"The whole church (he says)

was crowded, and even the gallery full; many of the wild Nomade Laplanders being present in their strange dresses. The sermon appeared to us the most remarkable part of the ceremony. According to the custom of the country, it was an extemporaneous harangue; that is, preached without being previously written down. It was delivered in a tone of voice so elevated that the worthy pastor seemed to labour as if he would burst a blood vessel. He continued exerting his lungs in this manner during one hour and twenty minutes, as if his audience had been stationed on the top of a distant mountain. Afterwards he was so hoarse he could hardly articulate another syllable.

"One would have thought it impossible to doze during a discourse that made our ears ring; yet some of the Lapps were fast asleep, and would have snored, but that a sexton, habited like themselves, walked about with a long stout pole, with which he continued to strike the floor; and if this did not rouse them, he drove it forcibly against their ribs or suffered it to fall with all its weight upon their skulls.

"After the sermon singing commenced; it consisted of a selection of some verses from the psalms, which, notwithstanding what has been said of the vocal music of Lapland, were devoutly and harmoniously chanted. It was impossible to listen to the loud and full chorus of a rude people, thus celebrating the triumph of religion over the most wretched ignorance and superstition, without calling to mind the sublime language of ancient prophecy, 'the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.'

"As we accompanied the minister to his house, we ventured to ask the reason of the very loud tone of voice he had used in preaching. He said he was aware that it must appear extraordinary to a stranger, but that if he were to address the Laplanders in a lower key they would consider him as a feeble and powerless missionary, wholly unfit for his office, and would never come to church; for the merit and abilities of the preacher are always estimated amongst them by the strength of his voice."

Still, when we compare the condition of the Laplanders with that of the nations who have never heard the doctrines of the bible, we shall find that, though rude, the advantage is greatly on their side.

The population is estimated at sixty thousand souls; yet there are no annual wars amongst them, such as Franklin in his "Journey to the Polar Seas," speaks of as constant among the northern Indians of America. Murders are seldom perpetrated. They are comparatively industrious. They work as far as is necessary to provide honestly for their moderate wants. Their mode of life seems in many respects dreary and comfortless certainly; but we know from repeated instances, that so dearly do they "love their mountains, and enjoy their storms," that, whenever any of them are induced to leave their native land for any length of time, they pine and sicken, and probably would die if they could not once more breathe their keen air.—*Church of En. Mag.*

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—A lady in genteel, but very moderate circumstances, when presenting the clergyman of — with a small sum for a charitable object, said, "You may put it down as the *Widow's Mite*, Sir." "Not so, my friend," replied the worthy pastor. "I beg you may," the lady earnestly added, "it is but a trifle." "I am aware of that, Madam, but it is not *all your living*." How very few have in truth presented the widow's mite, although many apply the passage to themselves.

THE TRAVELLER.

NANKIN PORCELAIN TOWER.

A LETTER from Nankin furnishes the following particulars respecting this great city:—"Numerous have been the pilgrimages made to the far-famed Porcelain Tower, and for the first time, in inspecting any of the monuments of this country, no disappointment has been experienced, while comparing what actually is, with the legends of the book-makers in China. It is, indeed, a most elegant and singular structure, as remarkable for its correct proportions as for the rare material of which it is partially composed; I say partially, because the mass of building is not of porcelain, but is composed of common brick, with a facing and lining of beautiful white glazed porcelain bricks or slabs, fixed into the masonry by means of deep keys or shoulders, cast like a half T, on the brick. Its form is octagonal, and running up each of the angles is a moulding of large tiles, of very fine clay, glazed and colored red and green alternately; round each story runs a light balustrade, formed of green porcelain, upon which four arched door ways open, set to the four cardinal points, the arches being elegantly turned, with large glazed tiles, cast in all imaginable fancies of design and variegation of color, representing wild beasts, demons, deities, monsters, &c. It appears to be a 'sight' amongst the Chinese themselves, for there are priests or bonzes attached to the building to keep it in order, who earn their consideration by distributing to the visitors lithographed elevations of the tower with descriptions attached, and seem to have the duty of illuminating it on gala occasions. This is effected by means of lanterns made of thin oyster shells, used in lieu of window glass by the Chinese, which are placed at each of the eight angles on every story; and the effect of this subdued light on the highly reflective surface of the tower must be most striking and beautiful. The walls of Nankin are more remarkable for their extraordinary height and great extent, than for the strength which has been given to them by the builders; in some places they are not less than seventy feet in height, and at very few points along an *enceinte* of full twenty miles extent, are they less than fifty. There are, however, several points at which they are open to exaldate with twenty-six feet ladders. The Chinese engineers, though they have evidently bestowed extensive repairs upon the fortifications this year, have, as usual, forgotten to raise their ramparts where the undulations of the ground alter the levels of their foundations."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the Christian Advocate & Journal.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

LET us, for a moment, dwell upon some of those situations in life in which we are deprived of the blessed means of grace which makes the Lord's day so welcome. By estimating the loss of such blessings, we can best estimate their value. How listless and lonely to the pious one is the Sabbath at sea! No comforting ministrations of the sanctuary cheer its weary hours. Retired and alone he must pour out his supplications to God. There is nothing to cheer and revive him. Instead of the prayerful responses of the devoted band with whom he has been accustomed to worship, he hears nought but the hoarse, careless voices of the seamen, or the whistling of the breeze through the shrouds above. In place of the pleasant rural scenes over which he has so often seen the Sabbath shed its delightful stillness, he sees nought but a weary, watery waste.

The loss of many of these precious privileges of the day of the Lord is also frequently among the privations of the devoted missionary. He has torn himself from the endearments of home and friends, and the holy delights of a land of Bibles and Sabbaths. Perchance he has reached the destined inhospitable shore. With a spirit worthy of the early martyrs, for the sake of his Lord he is willing to perish by the breath of the pestilential breeze, or fall by the assaults of the savage. But, despite of all this noble firmness of purpose, and the consolation from above which he so freely receives, when the Sabbath comes he cannot but feel that there is a sad change. Every thing