

### Route Department.

(From the Penny Post for September.)

#### THE LOST CHILD.—A TRUE STORY.

##### CHAPTER I.

In the kingdom of Saxony, about six miles from Dresden, is situated the town of Seligstadt, with its crumbling fortifications. Black-and-blue basaltic columns here rise from the earth, like gigantic organ-pipes, shewing off, equally with the worm in the dust, the almighty power of our God, which can give the hardness of the diamond to soft, yielding clay. About a mile from this phenomenon lie the houses of the village of Seligstadt, (Holy-town,) thus named even before the Count Zinzendorf established the Moravian brethren at Herrnhut; but the inhabitants of Seligstadt had certainly not espoused the Moravian doctrines, for they still loved mirth and dancing, as we shall presently see. This little village is rich in those birds from which we procure the feathers with which we both write our letters and stuff our beds. The former were certainly not written in Seligstadt, but the latter were stuffed in great quantities. As all kinds of work get on quicker and better when done in company, the young villagers liked to strip quills, make lace, and spin together. It was for the first of these purposes that the girls of the village had assembled in the house of a well-to-do peasant, on the 6th of May, 1836. The work of stripping quills obliges those who take part in it to observe total silence, and it is therefore a trial of patience to the gossiping maidens, that deserves to be rewarded. Indeed, they generally take care to reward themselves, for, their work finished, they make up for lost time by lively talk and quick dance. This was now the case in Seligstadt. Scarcely had the light heaps of feathers disappeared from the well-soured table, and been put back into their linen cases, when the sign for the commencement of the dance was given by the screeching of a primitive fiddle. As the inhabitants of cities do not appear at the gathering in of the harvest, but only at the harvest-feast, so the merry peasant boys first appeared in the room where the operation of quill stripping had been carried on, when they heard the sounds of the violin.

Ernest, the son of the magistrate of the village, a boy eleven years old, feeling notwithstanding his youth, as if he had quicksilver in his toes, ran to the farmhouse from which the tempting sounds proceeded. Ernest's little sister, a weak, fragile child of three summers, longing to join the soiree, followed in the steps of her brother, anxious to share with him the pleasure of hopping and skipping—the love of which, when carried to excess, has made so many flowers droop, wither, and sink into an early grave.

When Ernest turned round and saw his little sister, he exclaimed, angrily, "What do you want here?—Go back directly. We can do very well without you; you are only in the way."

Still scolding her, he led her to the farm-house door, near which the child stood for an instant, looking at the lighted windows of the dancing room, and listening to the children's cries of tumultuous merriment, and the enticing tones of the violin. Then she toddled homewards, obedient to the command of the unkind brother. Minnie found a gate that led by a nearer way to her father's house locked, while the glen that lay in her path was filled with snow; she therefore thought she would go on until she came to a convenient place for crossing over. But on reaching the end of the glen, and looking about her for the well known peasant cottager, they, as well as the village itself had disappeared. She stood in the open fields, surrounded by fast approaching darkness. She could see no one of whom she might have asked her way, and her little heart beat fast and quick. Whoever has attentively observed the ways of children, will have noticed that when they lose their way, they never turn back, but always press onwards—further across the open plain, deeper into the darkening thicket. And is it not the same with those of riper years, when once they have trodden the paths of perdition? Minnie, instead of turning back, only increased her pace, giving way from time to time to sobs which grew more and more violent as she proceeded. "Oh! mother, mother!" she cried incessantly. No one heard her—no one answered her. Only the wintry winds howled around her with dismal, melancholy voices, and showers of rain and snow poured down upon her. The water trickled from her frozen hair, unprotected by any covering, and mingled with the fast flowing tears: she did not notice it. First one shoe, and then the other, stuck in the soft, silky clay: she did not care. She went on restlessly, her head nearly bursting with the continual crying. She

felt so very weak and tired—her strength was almost gone: there was nowhere a little sheltered spot where she might rest—not even a dry stone. Often complete exhaustion forced her to sit down upon the wet, cold, ground; but fear and cold soon drove her on. Burying her little ice cold hands beneath her wringing fingers, Minnie went onwards, until, like a withered and eddying leaf, she disappeared in the gathering darkness.

(To be continued.)

### Selections.

The following notice of the Rev. J. A. Anderson's work on "The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Empire," is from the Oct. 1 No. of the London Guardian. The Inglis mentioned was the father of the late Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia of that name, and was the first Bishop of this Diocese:

"Mr. Anderson is not so full in his account of the Church in the other parts of the globe as in America and the islands adjacent to that continent. Indeed, the great extension of our Colonial Empire in Africa, Australia, and the East, dates from a period later than that which he has chosen for the close—we hope for the present only—of his excellent work. There are not wanting, however, notices of the Church in connection with our early English trade in Russia, the Levant, the Gold Coast of Guinea, and in a very limited portion of what now forms our Indian Empire. At the time of the declaration of American Independence we had not a single Bishop of our communion beyond the British Isles; now there are thirty sees situated in as many various regions as own the British rule. We trust that Mr. Anderson may yet find time and opportunity to continue his work at least to the establishment of the Colonial Episcopacy, or, if this cannot be, that a writer of equal candour, research, and good taste, may be found to continue and complete what he has so well begun.

"For those readers who have not yet seen the History, we add a specimen of Mr. Anderson's manner. The scene is at New York, a year before the Declaration of Independence:—

"On the Monday morning after Washington's arrival one of his clerics called at the rector's house, supposing him to have been called at home, and left word that 'General Washington would be at Church, and would be glad if the silent prayers for the King and Royal Family were omitted.' The message was conveyed to Inglis, who paid no regard to it. Upon seeing Washington, soon afterwards, Inglis plainly told him that he might, if he pleased, shut up their churches, but he had no power to make the clergy depart from the path of duty; and that the attempt to exercise it was most unjust. The terms and manner of Washington's reply led Inglis to believe that he felt the force of the remonstrance, and that, in fact, the message had proceeded from the officious zeal of his officer, and not from his own command. A few days later (May 17), the Congress appointed the public observance of a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, throughout the thirteen united colonies. Inglis caused his church to be open for the celebration of divine service upon that day. Careful not to make any direct acknowledgement of the authority of Congress, he yet felt it to be his duty to profit by any and every opportunity of uniting with his people in public prayer, and of impressing upon their hearts and his own whatsoever might tend to the restoration of peace, and to the instant and hearty repentance of those sins which had disturbed it. But each day the impending crisis drew nearer. Washington had now nearly 30,000 troops under his command; and although it is impossible to believe that his generous and candid spirit would willingly have encouraged any harsh and cruel treatment of the few Loyalists still remaining in the city, instances of it frequently occurred. Inglis and his brother clergy were insulted as they passed along the streets, and threatened with violence, if they dared to pray any longer for the King. One Sunday, after he had been reading prayers, a body of a hundred soldiers marched, with the sound of life and drum, into the church, and, with bayonets fixed on their loaded weapons, took up their position in the aisle. Amid the fainting of women, and the cries and tumult of the rest of the people, who expected the instant perpetration of some murderous deed, Inglis went on with the service. The soldiers, after a few minutes, went into some vacant pews which the sexton invited them to occupy; but still the congregation expected that, as soon as Inglis began to read the collects for the King and Royal Family, they would rise and shoot

him, as they had often declared they would do. Inglis repeated the obnoxious collects in their presence without reserve or faltering, and, whatever may have been the intention of the soldiers, it was overruled; for they suffered him to proceed with and conclude the service unharmed.

"The Declaration of Independence, made early in the July following, threw fresh obstacles in the way of Inglis; and, after consulting with such members of the vestry and of the congregation as were still in New York, it was unanimously agreed to close the churches in which they were no longer permitted to celebrate services which alone they accounted lawful. The other assistants took refuge in the country with their friends; but Inglis remained in the city, to visit the sick, to comfort the distressed, to baptize the newly-born, and to bury the dead. Some of Washington's officers demanded the keys of the churches, that their chaplains might preach in them, but Inglis refused to give them up, adding, that if they would use the churches, they must break the gates and doors to get in. The demand was repeated with angry threats: upon which Inglis, fearing lest the sextons might be tampered with, himself took possession of the keys, and replied, 'that he did what he knew to be his duty, and that he would adhere to it, be the consequences what they would.' He succeeded thereby in saving his churches from the intrusion meditated; but it was impossible that he could continue the struggle much longer. The recollection of some recent pamphlets against the proceedings of Congress, of which Inglis was known to be the author, gave fresh impulse to the rage excited against him by his continued refusal to submit to its authority, and compelled him, in the middle of August, to withdraw to a place of concealment. The lapse of a few weeks saw New York again in possession of the King's forces, and Inglis, with many others, availed himself instantly of the liberty to return. He found his house, indeed, pillaged, and most of his property destroyed; yet, with hearts full of thankfulness and hope in the prospect of returning peace, he and his brethren assembled, on the first Wednesday after their return, in one of the churches opened for the occasion, and joined in the public services of prayer and praise. But fresh trials awaited them. Before the end of that week, the band of the incendiary had done the fearful work of ruin which has been already described; and when, at the expiration of a few months afterwards, Inglis was unanimously invited to succeed to the rectorship, vacant by Auchmuty's death, he found himself at the head of a parish weakened and impoverished to the last degree. The loss, by the fire alone, of property vested in its corporation, was estimated at more than £22,000 stg.; and the form of Inglis's induction into his important office bore singular testimony to the discouraging circumstances which attended it; for it was done, in the presence of the churchwardens and vestrymen, by placing his hand upon the blockaded ruins of the church which had been burnt.

"The heavy burdens which Inglis and his parish had to bear, made it impossible for him to undertake at that time, the additional charge of rebuilding the church; but he continued, for nearly six years longer, amid unceasing dangers and difficulties, to watch over the flock intrusted to him. The manner in which he discharged this duty may be best learned from the fact that when, through the continued hostility of Congress (manifested by the passing of an act which banished his person and confiscated his estate), he was compelled, in 1783, to resign his office and withdraw to England, he not only found there a place of refuge from his troubles, and friends who honored him for the courage and constancy with which he had borne himself under them, but was sent forth again, four years afterwards, the consecrated Bishop of the important province of Nova Scotia."

The Bessemer process has been satisfactorily tested at Wolverhampton. We read in the Engineer:—"On Tuesday last, a piece of one of the bars made at Woolwich, from iron refined by Bessemer's process, was heated and rolled out to a thin sheet at one of the Wolverhampton mills. With a view to its being rolled yet thinner, the sheet was then doubled, again heated, and again rolled, when it came out duplicate pieces of No. 38 gauge, twelve inches long by about four inches wide. These were then annealed in the manner customary in the finishing of sheets to thin, and when cold were submitted to the following very severe test: They were taken to a tobacco-box maker in the same town, and with cold, were punched out to the required shape for such an article. Operated upon first lengthwise and then across, the resistance was the same—