The Queen at Crathie Church.

The royal common sense which has so often in our good Queen's reign attracted her subjects attention, has just been exhibited in a simple and touching act of Christian good feeling, of which we are not likely soon to hear the end. The Queen has become a member of the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, has sat at the Lord's table among the Crathie peasantry, and received from a Scotch Presbyterian minister, by the hands of a ruling elder, the bread and the wine of our simple Sacramental rite. It is the first occasion on which a British monarch has joined in the solemn act of Church communion with her or his Presbyterian subjects in Scotland, and we do not suppose the step has been taken by Her Majesty without grave deliberation. She is far too sagacious not to foresee the results of such a concession on her part. She knows that many of her subjects will hward it as a sacrifice of principle, and, put in the strongest possible way, as an unnecessarrtable compromise with error. She is probably not ignorant that her customary attendance on the ministrations of Scotch divines in Crathie Church has proved a stumbling-block to many of her people, and that some have even dared, at the command of conscience, to call her sharply to account. To such she by her presence, however, the preaching of the Word and the conduct of public worship by a Presbyterian minister is one thing, but quite another thing, and a very different thing, has she now done in receiving the Sacrament from the minister of a Church whose orders, in the opinion of many of her subjects with whom she has been religiously allied, are not all festival and vain. We shall but be helped to estimate the significance of this act of the Queen by recalling to mind the pious horror excited in certain sections of the community by the conduct of the English Bishop and Archbishop, who, not very long ago, conjured the pupil of a Scotch Highland minister. The unhappy prelates, forgetful of the watchful eye of Scotch Episcopacy, and in the good nature of holiday time, involved themselves in a painful controversy, out of which they did not emerge without considerable humiliation. And it is well known that Dean Stanley, who acts and presses with Presbyterians, is a marked and suspected man. Now, what the Bishops did, and what Dean Stanley frequently does, is but a small thing when set alongside this audacity of the Sovereign. They at most only surrender the outworks, she the citadel. The Queen has virtually said that she finds it quite consistent with her sense of right to be a devout Episcopalian in England and a devout Presbyterian in her Highland home. And this which the Queen has found out for herself is a truth crying much for elucidation, and wait waiting some strong and indepent nature to take it by the hand and introduce it to good society. We do not for a moment suppose that under the instruction of her Scotch chaplains Her Majesty has come to accept the Presbyterian polity—church government by Kirk-Sessions, Presbyteries, and General Assemblies—and doctrines as set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith, as in full of the Divine mind and in lieu of the XXXIX. Articles on all such matvilles. The Scotch Church does not degrard any such admissions from its members, though its terms of office are somewhat stern. But we take for granted that the Queen, from considerable knowledge of both, has become convinced that the faith of her English and Scotch subjects is substantially the same. Educated as an Episcopalian, she had deemed it her duty to ascertain the religious convictions of Presbyterians, and she has now signified her general sympathy with them by breaking bread with them at the table of the Lord. That she has been in no hurry to take this step seems to justify us in the conclusion that it has been taken at length, not impulsively, but as the result of a deliberate act of judgment. The Queen has had ample opportunities of forming an intelligent opinion as to Presbyterianism, and, in striking contrast to many her aristowaste and fashionable followers, she has properly and diligently used them. From the first she has been, on her annual sojurns in Scotland, a regular attender of the Parish Church, and she has taken care to make the acquaintance of many of the leading Scotch ministers. She has not carried, as is so much the wont of English people visiting Scotland, and of Scotch people visiting England, her ritual and her parson with her, but she has been content with the religious provision made for her fellow-parishioners. And having thus, with a candour and independence of mind well worthy of a Queen, put herself in the way of ascertaining our religious tenets, she has at length, after long and intelligent acquaintance with them, set her seal to them as in the main such as, without violation of her conscience, she could accept.

Now, surely we have good reason to indulge the hope that the Queen's example will exercise considerable influence in breaking down some of the narrow partition walls that divide Christians from each other. Those who are familiar with the phases of our Scotch religious life will see nothing more to be lamented than the accession of the nobility and land owners in great part from the Church of the people. The loss to both high and low involved in the separation of classes is a very serious one. Those who ought to be the guides and chiefs of the people have to a large extent divested themselves of their natural character, and the relations of help, sympathy and respect that ought to exist between the lower and the upper classes are altogether broken up. While the peasants and tenants, congregate in the Parish Church, the laird and his family and friends meet in their private chapel, where worship is conducted by the family chaplain or by some bishop or dean on furlough. Now, if the example of Her Majesty should help to bring about a reconciliation between the classes of which we have spoken, it will have done much towards averting a not infinitely threatened social revolution. And surely, after all, there is no good reason why a Scotch proprietor, who spends the half of the year in England, and is while in England an Episcopalian, should not, while in the midst of his own people, worship with them? If a man of education and culture cannot perceive that silence worship does not depend on our views as to ecclesiastical polity, of course we ought not to be amazed at the fierce attitude towards each other of ignorant champions of rival sects. But we do hope that this act of Christian courtesy and magnanimity is destined to usher in better days. It is very probable that a few days will realise the stuff of which our religion is made. The extreme Ritualists can hardly be supposed as yet to have realized the state of matters. Metaphorically, their hair is on end; they are aghast. They are in fear lest all the world shall see beside the same, a Scotch token in her hand, and receiving a so-called Sacrament that no priestly fingers had handled. Wises at length may have taken in the event, we may suppose that the thoughts of their hearts will struggle in vain for utterance. What can they say? The thing is inconceivable! and yet there can have no reason. But be this as it may, we are sure that Her Majesty's conduct will command the admiration of a very large portion of her people. There are many who, although destitute of the moral courage to avow such a heresy, nevertheless are convinced that our divisions are in name rather than in reality, and that the Christian heart all the world over beats the same. To such Her Majesty's daring may give courage to avow their sentiments, and to continue their influence to overturn the dynasty of the sect and the reign of religious intolerance.

Ecclesiastical Snobbery.

The claim of the exclusive validity of Episcopal orders is one which we have never been able to treat with any patience. Let alone its arrogance, its want of reason and common sense logic at its funis of what it amounts to. Picture My Lord Tozer standing up on the platform of Association Hall, turning to the venerable men about him, and addressing them in this wise: "You pretend to represent the Church of God; but what are you? You are not in the apostolical succession. You are not ministers of Christ. You, Dr. Woolsey, you, Dr. Hopkins, you, Dr. Adams, you, Dr. Hall, you, President Anderson, you, Bishop Simpson, you, Dr. Conrad, all of you, are interlopers. You claimed up some other way. You are thieves and robbers. You have no right to preach the Gospel; no right to administer the sacraments; the churches to whom you belong are not churches, but mobs of disorderly dissenters; you are not gathering with Christ, you are scattering abroad. I adjure you to repent of your sin of schism, and come into the only true Church. I, Tozer, am a bishop. I will ordain you. Receive the Holy Ghost at my hand, and then you shall be worthy office-bearers in the Church of Christ!"

This is precisely what this dogma of apostolic succession comes to when it is boiled down. It signifies that the churches to which Edwards, and Payson, and Nettleton belonged, were no churches; that those men who planted the standards of the Cross on Plymouth Rock, and their descendants, who have filled New England and the whole Northwest with churches and schools, and all the agencies of a Christian civilization, never had any ministers, never had any sacraments; that the Christian body which counts its adherents in this country by millions, and numbers among its illustrious names Judson, and Wayland, and Stowe, has no ecclesiastical rights or foundations; that the Church of Wesley and of Summerfield, that the Church which has preached to the poor of every where the backwoodsman's axe was ringing, and the frontier fires were blazing, amid hardships and perils untold, and which has done ten times more for the evangelization of this country than the Church with the "lord bishops" ever dreamed of doing, is nothing but an ecclesiastical usurpation; that the Church of Barnes, and Mason, and Alexander, with its learning, its devotion, its godly discipline, its grand army of staunch defenders of the faith, has no justification for its existence; that these and all the other Protestant churches in this country, though they outnumber ten to one the Episcopal sect, though in piety, in culture, in heroic enterprise for the spread of the Gospel, they are certainly not behind that sect, must yet come to that sect and borrow leave to be; and that their ministers, no matter how learned or devoted they may be, nor what fruits of their labors they may have to show, are yet no true ministers of Christ until the hands of My Lord Tozer, or of some other Papist or Protestant prelates, have been laid upon their heads!—*Independent.*

A Persian Wedding.

The young man who was to be married came himself to invite us to the wedding on the following night. We were to be paid and trembling as though he had come to tell us that he was to be hung. We all went; the gentlemen all took off their shoes at the door; the ladies squatted on the floor on one side of the room, to await the coming of the bride. Two missionary ladies went to bring her, and found her crying with all her ingenuity (as people do for a week); they at last came, dragging her in. She looked like a Dutch doll. A great big red mantle was thrown over her face, and where the top of her head was supposed to be, was a bunch of gaud papers, one of which each guest picked off after the ceremony in moments. When we went up to her, she had to lift the mantle around under the mantle to find her face, which was dripping with perspiration, and she looked as if she had not a friend in the world. We then handed her our wedding presents, some brought a paper of pins, others a cake of soap, etc. After the ceremony, all sat upon the floor to partake of refreshments. I should not eat the native dishes, but enjoyed the chicken and water melon.—*Mrs. Keelon, in the Evangelist.*

In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world—the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men. —*Carlyle.*

The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter, than his natural size.—*French Proverb.*

Midnight Students.

We take the following from the London *Weekeman's* notice of a new book entitled "At Nightfall and Midnight."

Mr. Jacox, in musing after dark, gives several instances of authors who like the smell of the lamp, and write better by the "midnight oil." Sir Walter Scott (in the latter part of his life) and Charles Dickens, however, both wrote early in the morning. But astronomers who make notes throughout the night are proverbially long-lived men—Copernicus living to be seventy, Galileo seventy eight, and grand old Herschel reached the good old age of eighty four. Among night students may be noted Archbishop Williams, "England's last clerical Chancellor," who required but three hours' sleep to keep him in good health. He began his studies at six o'clock in the morning, and continued them till three the next. John Selden, Dr. Hooke, Mr. Pepys, and Voltaire were all, in their way, "night workers." So were James Watt and Michael Bean. Marat, in preparing his work on the English Constitution, only allowed himself two hour's sleep, working vigorously away at his book; and Napoleon, it is averred, seldom slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. We have read, too, that Daniel O'Connell in early life rarely slept more than four hours during the entire day, and Cuvier sat up nearly all the night reading. Dr. John Brown, the divine, and Alexander von Humboldt were both "night-workers," the latter being between eighty and ninety years of age when he died. Said Humboldt: "I work almost uninterruptedly till three in the morning. Then I sleep, perhaps, three hours." Washington Irving, late in life, and in his sixty-eighth year says to a correspondent: "It is now half-past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study, long after the family are abed and asleep; a habit which I have fallen into of late." Dr. Channing used to remain at his desk till two or three in the morning; but as a warning note, and a terribly significant one, Sir William Hamilton was struck down with paralysis in his fifty-sixth year through midnight study, and Isaac Watts injured his constitution through curtailing the period allotted to sleep. Roscoe and his father read romances by midnight—hence, perhaps, we may trace something of the romantic dreamy cast of the "sentimental whiner"—though his writings shook Pope to its centre, as did Voltaire's, and the bitter literary quarrel between these two remarkable men would be amusing, were it not so saddening to think that such intellects could so grovel in mire. Charles Lamb protested that there was absolutely "no midnight work for a candle," and daringly asserted that he would "hold a good wager" that Milton's "Morning Hymn" was written at midnight. De Quincey and Coleridge were both "night-workers"—the former, however, stupefying his brain with opium, but his "dreams" (mad and beautiful) brought him money—though his exquisite style raised a literary structure from the "baseless fabric" of his visions. Wordsworth, however, the calm, gentle poet, whose memory lingers on the soft cadences of Nature (never mind that sneer of Bulwer Lytton's touching Tennyson, "cut-babying Wordsworth"), has uttered his protest against midnight work in the following lines:

Let not the hallowed powers, that shed from heaven
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
Look down upon your taper, through a watch
Of making hours, unseasonably twinkling
In the deep hollow, like a sullen star
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.

Thompson's selected time for composition was midnight; and Horace Walpole wrote that strange romance, "The Castle of Otranto," in eight nights, from ten o'clock to two in the morning. If we mistake not, Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in six "nights" of the week. Poor Thomas Hood, with feeble health and shattered nerves, wrote generally by night, "when all was quiet," and the "music of the night" and the noise of the children "stilled in sleep." Byron used to think his favourite time for composition was the "night," and probably it was, after he had taken several bottles of soda water. Then that eccentric painter, John Martin, who, it is narrated, used to chop up some of the coals from his cellar to make "rocks" for his pictures, relates how, in his young days, he drew application till two or three in the morning, in the depth of winter, he learnt that knowledge which was afterwards so valuable to him. Of the talented Henry Venn Elliott and his brother Edward it used to be said at Cambridge during their University courses, "The Elliotts' lamp never went out all the night. The one read early, the other late." Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," was written in the middle of the night, because the poet's mother had such an irritable temper that there was no peace in the house till she had gone to rest. "Ingoldsby Barham" wrote mostly at night, and Mrs. Gore has mentioned in her "Recollections and Reflections," that "she kept up a "fashionable house," and at the same time "wrote," that her plan was to receive friends "daily at five o'clock up to midnight," when she "at once made for her room, and wrote till seven or eight in the morning." Dr. Livingstone and Hugh Miller were both students of "the lamp," and if we may hazard a conjecture, from internal evidence in his works, it could be shown that Shakespeare (whose employment as a player and manager must have taxed his energies to the utmost during the morning and a portion of the evening) was a "midnight worker. And what might be narrated of modern "midnight workers?" "Paterfamilias" expects his morning paper very regularly, and is irate if it is at all late. Does he ever think that many clever "midnight workers" have been patiently, quietly getting up that bread sheet for him? "Midnight workers," whose messages are flashed beneath broad seas and over wide continents; "midnight workers," whose pens only rest when the gray light of the morn dawns over the great city. Some of the best writers on the *Times* have been "midnight workers." And it is often noticeable that after a heavy debate, when the fate of a Government was hung in the balance, and a division has taken place, say, nearly at two o'clock in the morning, a leading article will appear in our contemporary showing that a gifted "midnight worker" has closely followed the debate, and is prepared with rapid hand and clear brain, to tell Pateresfamilias and thousands besides, the political drift and importance of the decision arrived at. Take, again, the weekly papers, how many "midnight workers" are wielding the pen till the small hours on Saturday morning, until, at last the time comes when "we must go to press." Writers may have "forewarned unto" period, are great, but editors, generally speaking, like to write "up to time." Of the patient grand work of the midnight toilers of journalism, what pen can tell us? Silently, and unknown, they do their work, and pass away.

Jet—How and Where It Is Obtained

A writer in the *Practical Magazine* gives the following interesting particulars regarding jet, a material much used for the manufacture of mourning jewelry. In this country, we may remark, the substance is largely imitated by vulcanized rubber, which, when new, closely resembles the genuine article. Real jet jewelry, mounted in gold, is worth from five and six to as high as seventy dollars per set, the price, however, depending principally upon the quantity of precious metal used. It is very serviceable, and, unlike rubber, it retains its brilliancy.

Jet is of two distinct species—hard jet and soft jet—but the latter is of very minor importance and will be referred to here after.

The hard jet is found in the strata known as the jet rock, which appears to be a deposit of sea anemones, and some years ago a patent was taken out to distil petroleum from it.

The jet rock occurs in the lias formation, some thirty yards above the mainland of Cleveland ironstone, and is discovered in compressed masses in layers of very different sizes, being generally from half an inch to two and a-half inches in thickness, from four to thirty inches wide, and four or five feet in length. It invariably tapers away, running, as the miners say, "to a feather edge."

These jet layers are always protected by a shale, the color making another division; for that found in the cliffs by the sea has always a blue skin, while that discovered in the inland hills has a yellow coating. The jet found in the same mine varies very much in quality; its worst specimens, those which are quite brown and will not take a polish, are termed "dazed jet."

This soft jet is confined to the lower oolite—in the sandstone and shale—some 160 yards higher than the hard jet, and is undoubtedly of a pure lignaeous origin, the fiber and the branches of trees being more or less distinctly marked.

The most valuable finds of jet have been washed down by the sea's action, where the jet rock crops out in the cliffs, and on the cliffs, where the seams are exposed. The dealers of the town of Whitby, in York shire, England, where the principal deposits of this material exist, rent these jet cliffs and inland seams from the owners, generally for a fixed lump sum paid in advance—not for a royalty—for the right to work a certain number of yards. Nearly all the jet now obtained is found inland, but in former days tales are told of men being swung by ropes over steep cliffs like the elder-down hunters of Norway. At present, cliff jet is worked with the same minute precautions as that lying under the inland hills.

The process is very simple, and, to those acquainted with the intricacies of iron and coal mining, of no very great interest. A mine is commenced by drifting into the face of a rock a passage of seven feet by five. A tramway is then laid down and the shale is lifted from the mouth of the mine, the drift continued for about forty yards, at the rate of from two to four feet per diem, then cross drifts are started in a variety of directions. As soon as the rock becomes too hard, the miners retire, pulling in the roofs as they recede, for the bulk of the jet is found generally in the falling top rock.

There are at present twenty-three jet mines in full work, only one of these being of soft jet. The average number of men employed in each mine is six, and there are now some hundred and fifty miners engaged in this industry. The men are generally paid by the week, and only earn from twenty four to twenty-six shillings—a sorry contrast to the high wages of the iron miners.

Hard jet varies in prices from 75 cents to $8.50 per lb.; soft jet from $1.37 to $7.50 per stone, according to size and quality, and sometimes even according to the fluctuations of the market. In 1866, when the Prince of Wales' life was in danger, Whitby was thronged with buyers for both the raw and manufactured article at any price, and some speculators were severely bitten by his happy recovery.

It is stated that the turn-over in rough English hard jet amounts to $200,000 annually.

The material is manufactured as follows: The jet is first peeled and stripped of its skin, be it blue or yellow, by means of a manual chopping process with a heavy iron-handled chisel. It is then sawn up into the exact sizes for the object for which it was intended, the saw being guided by an ingenious arrangement of little wooden directors. Much care is taken in the process of "sawing up," for great economy can, by rigid supervision, be effected, one manufacturer stating that by a very simple arrangement he was able to make his raw material go a fifth further than any of his rivals. The little fragments are then delivered to workmen, who, with the aid of small grindstones, driven by a foot treadle, take off the angular proportions and reduce them more nearly to the required dimensions. They then pass into the hands of lathe carvers, who, with knives, small chisels, and gouges, soon, if it be rough work only, cut them into the desired pattern. If the work, however, be really artistic, the carving is, of course, a much more artistic process; and it is curious to see lads and men, who one night fairly think bad not the slightest knowledge of the world of art principles, cut deeply and rapidly cameos that in their beauty of profile resemble the old masterpieces; flower scrolls and groups of fruit that have a marvellous fidelity to Nature herself; and crosses and pendants that rival all the ingenuity and patience of the "heathen Chinee." Remembrance you notice them with a pattern placed before them, or with a rough design scratched by a knife's point upon the material itself—oftenest, however, it would seem as though the work were altogether original.

After being carved, the goods are removed to the polishing room, where the first process, in the case of rough goods, again takes place, upon a treadle grindstone fed with oil and "rottstone." Then the finish and the polish are given by what is termed "rouging." Here the articles are held against quickly revolving wheels, covered with shamois leather for the larger proportions and with strips of list for the indented parts of the pattern, the beautiful polish being given by means of a composition of a red pigment and oil. They are then set (the settings all coming from Birmingham) and taken to the warehouse, where they are carded, or stung if necessary, and priced and packed by young women, being then stored for the inspection of the buyers.

Man's Antiquity.

In a recent issue of *Nature*, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace indulges in some pretty wild speculations on the probable antiquity of the human species which may well startle even those who have long since come to the conclusion that 50,000 years carry us but a small way back to the original *home*. In fact, in Mr. Wallace's reckoning, 50,000 years are but as a day. He begins by complaining of the timidity of scientific men when treating of this subject, and points out the fallacy of always preferring the lowest estimate in order to be "on the safe side." He declares that all the evidence tends to show that the safe side is probably with the large figures. He reviews the various attempts to determine the antiquity of human remains or works of art, and finds the Bronze Age in Europe to have been pretty accurately fixed at 3,000 to 4,000 years ago, the Stone Age of the Swiss Lake dwellings at 5,000 to 7,000 years, "and an indefinite anterior period." The burnt brick found sixty feet deep in the Nile alluvium indicates an antiquity of 20,000 years. Another fragment at seventy-two feet gives 30,000 years. "A human skeleton found at a depth of sixteen feet below four buried forests superposed upon each other, has been calculated by Dr. Dowler to have an antiquity of 50,000 years. But all these estimates pale before those which Kent's Cavern at Torquay legitimates. Here the drip of the stalagmite is the chief factor of our own putations, giving us an upper floor which "divides the relics of the last two or three thousand years from a deposit full of the bones of extinct mammalia, many of which, like the reindeer, mammoth, and glutton, indicate an extinct climate." Names out into this stalagmite more than two hundred years ago are still legible; in other words, where the stalagmite is twelve feet thick and the drip still very copious, not more than a hundredth of a foot has been deposited in two centuries—a rate of five feet in 100,000 years. Below this, however, we have a thicker, much older, and more crystalline (i.e., more slowly formed) stalagmite, beneath which again, "in a solid breccia, very different from the cave breccia, rude worked works of art have been found." Mr. Wallace assumes only 100,000 years for the upper floor, and about 200,000 for the lower, and adds 150,000 for the intermediate cave-earth, by which he arrives at the "sum of half a million as representing the years that have probably elapsed since flints of human workmanship were buried in the lowest depths of Kent's Cavern."

Plymouthism.

Much disturbance has lately been caused among United Presbyterian congregations in the United States by "The Plymouth brethren." In the last number of the United Presbyterian organ we find a long and able article, in which their doctrines and practices are pretty thoroughly exposed. We quote from the *United Presbyterian*:—"They are characterized by hostility to all other church organizations and to a ministry. Notwithstanding their own want of harmony and the bitter denunciations of their rival parties, they protest against all denominations on account of the divisions among them. Denouncing separation they separate from all. Preaching harmony and love, calling themselves 'The Brethren,' they refuse to acknowledge any other denomination as a part of the Church of Christ. Setting up their own standard of conversion, they refuse fellowship with all who do not conform to it as being unregenerate. They denounce order in worship, and church government, as 'human invention' and rebellion against the 'presidency and government of the Holy Ghost.' Repentance, they teach, is simply a change of mind in regard to God and the Gospel. Thus: 'You once thought that God is angry with you; that is a mistake; He loves you just as you are, sin and all. Believe this, and it will change your mind towards God.' They even go so far as to deny that the righteousness of Christ has anything to do with our justification. Of course, says one writer, 'personally He was righteous.' We deny the imputation of His law-keeping to the believer, and that 'the righteousness of God means anything of the Christ. They accept only the death of Christ, not His life. They ignor the distinction between the ordinary work of the Spirit and the extraordinary manifestation of His presence on the day of Pentecost and the Apostolic age. They deny His existence in the Church until that time, and affirm that He is so given to all that the peculiar gifts then enjoyed may be still enjoyed. They assert that the aid of the Spirit precludes the use of human means, such as commentaries, expositions, &c., although they are lavish in the publication of tracts and treatises of their own. In fact, they claim a measure of inspiration, and in many cases refuse the most ordinary provisions for this life as an interference with God, in a faith without common sense."

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipe of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.