

'O yes! O yes! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil—his rod—and—his—she could proceed no further. Her father, bonding with grief, retained her hand in his.

In a little time she gathered strength: 'Father,' she continued, 'you love me dearly, do you not?' 'My child, do you speak so to me; you know you are in the very soul of my existence.'

'Will you grant me one request—a dying request?'

'What is it? You know I will not deny you?'

'It is this—that you will never again doubt Jesus my Saviour, but that you will begin to love and serve him. O, think, my dear father, what he has done for me, read the New Testament,' and she looked inquiringly.

'My dear, I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like yours, my daughter. I have begun to pray: you pray too, that God will help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear—I confess to you all I present that I believe—in Jesus.'

The sudden revolution of feeling was too great for her weak frame. She was able to articulate, 'Blessing—praise—' and then lay exhausted.

On recovering, she slowly reached her Bible, and in faltering accents said, 'My dear Papa, I am dying—you have— We shall soon meet again. Here is the Bible which has been—so truly blessed to my soul. Let it now be yours. You have all my books of a religious character. They are choice—learn them well. Praise the Lord—I am dying; but I am rejoicing.'

She lay for some minutes with her eyes closed. Occasionally her lips closed as though in prayer.

Again she unclosed her eyes, and looking upon her father with a smile of indescribable pleasure—'Blessing, honour, praise and glory to Jesus! Kiss me, dear papa.'

In a little while—'Glorious hope! immortality! eternal life! What an eternity! an eternity of perfect love.'

She then, with considerable interval, gave directions for her funeral. 'You have said, papa, that you would have my mother removed, and that we shall all three lie together in one tomb. I am glad of that. At my funeral make no show. Do not have me embalmed. I wish my body to be clothed in linen and white muslin only.'

When you have our name put upon our tomb, be sure you put this, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

'I hear the voice, the Master is come and calleth for thee.' My whole soul responds, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' I am full of glory.'

Although perfectly sensible, she said but very little after this. She appeared to be looking into eternity. Its glorious realities were unfolding to her vision, and feasting her soul with ravishing contemplations.

About two hours before she died, she suddenly awoke from a gentle slumber and exclaimed, 'Dear Emily are you here?' I took her hand. 'Give me a farewell kiss, my love. Thank you; and then pressing my hand with all her remaining strength, 'We shall be united again soon, Emily, and then you will never have to separate from me. Love Jesus, it will not be long.'

A little after, she ejaculated, 'Victory!' and raised her dying arm. After a few moments—'Heaven is—heaven is—the rest was lost.

She lay quietly for about an hour; then gently putting out her hand, she said, 'Farewell, my dear papa. I am going to glory. Serve Jesus—you will soon be there.'

These were the last words she uttered. Her eyelids closed. For a few minutes she breathed softly and slowly, and then—the solemn stillness of death! My friend was a disembodied saint in glory! Her spirit had taken its rapturous flight to that blissful rest which she had so long anticipated; and in preparation for which, she had kept her soul with all diligence. Again, through gushing tears, I prayed, 'Let me die the death of the righteous.'

She died November 27th, 18—, at a quarter past eight o'clock in the evening, aged twenty years and eighteen days.

Last week a lady, with her husband, on a visit at Elinburgh, suffered so much from a decayed tooth that a dentist, residing in a fashionable street in the New Town, was applied to for relief. To render the operation less painful, chloroform was resorted to, but the effect was deplorable. The lady remained unconscious, and, notwithstanding that the services of an eminent physician were immediately procured, and every attempt made to restore her to sensibility, death supervened in the course of an hour.

Selections.

CLAIMS ON CUBA.—Information has been received at the State Department at Washington, that the government of her Catholic Majesty has determined to fix the period of six months, counting from the 20th ultimo, for the presentation of claims of such citizens of the United States as were sufferers in consequence of the repeal, on the 20th of February, 1845, of a decree issued by the authorities of Cuba on the 7th of October, 1844, authorizing the importation into the ports of the island of Cuba, duty free, for the space of six months from the date thereof, of lumber and other articles necessary for building, and of corn, corn flour, beans, Irish potatoes, and rice; and that when the correct amount of said claims, as well those that have already been presented as those which may be submitted for examination within the specified period of time shall have been ascertained, proper instructions will be communicated to the Captain General of Cuba for the liquidation of the same.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday evening, about half-past 6 o'clock, the express train from Albany, when in the vicinity of Chatham Four Corners, was actually blown off the track by a violent blast of wind. It appears the train had left Albany at 4.30 A.M., and arrived at Chatham Four Corners at 5.28, with three passenger cars and a baggage car. After stopping at Copake—a station about thirty miles below Chatham Four Corners—the train arrived at the place known as the Taconic or lower range of Berkshire mountains, the boundary line between Massachusetts and New York. This part of the road is very much exposed to high wind, owing to a narrow valley between two mountains, which, when the wind is east, concentrates it, and the most fearful gales are experienced on this part of the road when the wind at other places is even moderate. As the train was passing, a fearful gust came up from the valley, and the doors of the baggage car were blown in, and in a moment the car was hurled off the track, and rolled down an embankment some forty feet deep. The coupling which attached it to the engine snapped in a moment, but the passenger cars were jolted off the track, and were blown by the wind after the baggage car. Two persons were killed, and seventeen injured.

For some time past there has been seen as a visitor now in one, now in another of the European capitals, the Prince Leo of Armenia. *Léon, Prince d'Arménie, défenseur de l'Eglise, d'Orient*, did not shrink from his high destinies, but placed himself at once in relation with crowned heads—with Queen Victoria among the number, to whom personally he addressed a letter asking for the post of A.D.C. to Prince Albert. His account of himself was, that he was a descendant of the House of Lusignan, in Cyprus. Prince Sehaban, a son of Leo V., King of Lusignan-Rouhenien, espoused the Princess Rinnu, daughter of Leo VI., King of Armenia; Prince Leo was the descendant of this Sehaban. The Russian Czar in the course of his southern conquests dispossessed him of his principality, and gave him in exchange for it a paltry pension. As vouchers for his statements the Prince brought with him to Europe a passport written in a character which nobody could understand, and a baptismal certificate which laboured under the same defect. London, Paris, Constantinople, Turin, Frankfurt, Brussels, Stutgardt, Berlin, have been successively honoured by his presence. In London, the Armenian potentate offered in his own name, and as agent for the Caucasian tribes, to conclude an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Cabinet of St. James's. A French paper asserts that manifestoes from this illustrious Prince—among others a declaration of war against Russia—appeared from time to time in the London journals. The fellow was, however, obliged to leave London in consequence of a judgment obtained against him by a Mr. Mitchell, for criminal conversation with his wife. In 1847 the Prince travelled through Aix-la-Chapelle, and, without stopping, passed on to Stutgardt, where he put up at a first-rate hotel, and ordered everything suitable to his princely rank; he left, however, without paying his bill, and went into private lodgings. Although provided only with a forged passport, he presented himself to the Russian Minister at Stutgardt (Prince Gortschakoff, now at Vienna), and begged for a gratuity from the Emperor of Russia, pretending to be the descendant of a banished Armenian Prince; he was, however, not recognised as a Russian subject, and got no pecuniary assistance. Notice having been sent on to Stutgardt of his having left debts behind him in Brussels, and as he was not able to honor the draught

drawn on him from that place, he was ordered out of Stutgardt by the police; he accordingly departed for Baden-Baden, leaving the proprietor of his private lodgings unpaid. In Baden-Baden he was, however, not to be found. Since then, and within the last few weeks, he has turned up at Berlin. He had taken lodgings in one of the best streets in that city, and caused a royal escutcheon to be fixed up over his door. A silver star with a red enamelled cross attached to it might have been seen on his princely breast, his spurs were of gold, his riding-whip mounted with gold. He was admitted into good society, and was constantly at the Legations. The suspicions of the Prussian police, however, aroused by a trivial circumstance, and at last they ripened into certainty. *Léon, Prince d'Arménie*, who has haunted Europe for the last ten years, turns out to be an impostor—a swindler—and a Dutch Jew, and has been committed to the House of Correction. His real name is Joseph Johannes, his mother was a German, his father a shipowner at Samarang, in Java. In his youth he had studied at Leyden. It was considered somewhat remarkable at first that the circumstances he narrated with regard to the principality of Korikos were historically correct. The wonder, however, ceased, when it was found that he had "crammed" them up some eight years ago at Berlin, his instructor being the Professor of Oriental History in that city.

A PRIEST SECRETLY MARRIED.—INTERESTING CASE.—An interesting suit is now pending in the Supreme Court at New York, before a referee. Julia Ann Smith, the wife of one Charles Smith, a Catholic priest, is attempting to recover from John Laughlin, Roman Catholic Bishop of Brooklyn, her dower in certain lands conveyed by her husband to Archbishop Hughes, in the alienation of which she did not join. The lands are located in Brooklyn, and are valued at \$10,000. It is averred by the plaintiff that about twenty-four years ago she and Smith contracted the relations of man and wife, which had continued to subsist until his death in 1852, and that two children were the result of this marriage; and that although such relation was kept secret except to confidential friends, it was freely acknowledged to them by both parties. Several witnesses were called, among whom was Charles H. Smith, one of the children, twenty-three years of age, whose testimony was very direct and positive. The defendant denies that the plaintiff was the wife of Smith, and set up that the property was purchased, held and conveyed by him in a fiduciary capacity. The case is reported in the *Evening Post*. It is not yet finished.

LEVEL OF THE TWO OCEANS.—The popular notion, which has so long prevailed that the Atlantic Ocean was so many feet higher than the Pacific at the Isthmus of Panama, has been formally exploded. Colonel Totten has decided, after a series of careful tidal observations taken at Panama and Aspinwall Bay, and connected by accurate levels along the line of railroad, that the mean height of the two oceans is exactly the same, although, owing to the difference in the rise of tides of both places, there are, of course, times when one of the oceans is higher or lower than the other, but their mean level—that is to say, their height at half-tide—is now proved to be exactly the same.—*Belmont Journal*.

FAMILIARITY WITH THE BIBLE.—He who is so familiar with the Bible that each chapter, open where he will, teems with household words, may draw thence the theme of many a pleasant and pathetic song. For is not all human nature and all human life shadowed forth in those pages? But the soul, to sing well from the Bible, must be imbued with religion, as the flower is alternately imbued with dew and sunshine. The study of the Book must have begun in the simplicity of childhood, when it was felt indeed to be divine, and carried on through all those silent intervals in which the soul of manhood is restored, during the din of life, to the purity and peace of its early being. He who begins the study of the Bible late in life, must indeed devote himself to it night and day, with an humble and contrite, as well as an awakened and soaring spirit, ere he can hope to feel what he understands, or to understand what he feels—thoughts and feelings breathing in upon him, like spiritual sounds and accents, as if from a region hanging in its mystery between Heaven and earth.

GOD hears the heart without words, but he never hears words without the heart.

HAPPINESS can be made quite as well of cheap materials as of dear ones.