

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—At the close of a series of lectures on Egyptian Antiquities, lately delivered at Exeter Hall, by Mr. Pettigrew, that gentleman unrolled a mummy, which had been presented for the occasion by Mr. Jones, of the Admiralty. This operation excited a marked feeling throughout the whole of the numerous auditory, including many individuals of distinction in the literary circles. In the commencement, Mr. Pettigrew noticed that the inscription on the outer case was different from that on the inner case containing the mummy. Both stated the party to have been a female; but the names and genealogies were different, and the latter stated the mother of the deceased to be living when her daughter died. It might be that the wrappings would settle the point; which, however, they did not, for no name was found on them, as often occurs. The mummy was Greco-Egyptian, and embalmed after the ancient manner—the bowels being extracted by an incision on the left flank, and the brains, probably, through the nostrils as the nose was much broken. The legs were separately bandaged, and the ankles bound by stripes of painted linen, about half an inch in breadth. The figures were not hieroglyphic, but simply ornamental.—Bands of the same kind surrounded the arms, which were crossed upon the breast; and a similar circle went round the neck. On each knee was a thin piece of gold, resembling the lotus flower; over each eye the providential eye of Osiris, of the same material; and another golden ornament upon the top of the ridge of the nose. There were rings on the fingers; but the opportunity was not sufficient for examining them, nor time for proceeding to the careful and laborious unrolling of the body to the end. The upper wrappers were not voluminous, and of coarse nankeen colored linen. Then came a complete envelope of asphaltus, and below that, the usual disposition and extent of linen rolls. On the soles of the feet were slight sandals, transversely striped black, white and red, exactly like those painted on the bottom of the inner case. The finger and toe nails were gilt; and, altogether, the subject presented many objects for further investigation and study.—[Literary Gazette.]

PRAYER.

From Chrysostom.

"Prayer is an all-sufficient panoply—an enduring treasure—an exhaustless mine—a sky unobscured by clouds—a haven unruffled by the storm—it is the root, the fountain, the mother of a thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer which is cold, feeble, void of energy—but of that which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted—born in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged like lightning for its native skies.

"The power of prayer hath quenched the violence of flames—stopped the mouths of lions—hushed anarchy to rest—extinguished wars—calmed the fury of the elements—expelled demons—healed diseases—burst the chains of death—opened the gates of heaven. It hath rescued cities from destruction—stayed the sun and moon in their course—arrested the thunder-bolt's progress, and in a word, destroyeth whatever is an enemy of man. I repeat; that I speak not of the prayer of the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart. Surely nothing is more potent than such prayer; yea, nothing is comparable to it. The monarch robed in gorgeous habiliments is less illustrious than the kneeling suppliant, ennobled and adorned by communion with his God. How exalted, how glorious the privilege—when angels are present and archangels throng around, when the cherubim and seraphim encircle the throne with their blaze—that a mortal may approach with calm and unrestrained confidence, and hold free converse with the Majesty of heaven! O! what honor was ever conferred like this! When a true Christian stretches forth his hand in fervent prayer to God, in that moment he passes beyond terrestrial things, and on the wings of intellect and holiness, traverses the realms of life. He contemplates celestial objects only, and realizes not the present state. Could we but pray with this fervency—with a soul roused—a mind awakened—

an understanding quickened—then, were Satan to appear, he would quickly flee, and were the gates of hell to yawn upon us, they would be instantly closed.

"Prayer—'tis the haven of rest to the ship-wrecked mariner—the anchor of hope to those sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. At once it secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the fear of our calamities. O prayer! blessed prayer! Thou art the unwearied conqueror of human wo, the firm foundation of human happiness, the full source of permanent and satisfactory joy. The man who continually prays, though languishing in extreme indigence, is richer than all beside; while the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated on a monarch's throne, is of all men the most destitute.

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

By T. H. STOCKTON.

Some months since, during an agreeable visit at Baltimore we had the pleasure of a short acquaintance with the lovely and interesting female whose obituary is recorded below. One conversation with the deceased on the subject of religion we shall not soon forget: it was deeply interesting to us, as it was connected with a piety so cheerful and a life so amiable and consistent. We wish that our young readers could have seen Martha in her father's splendid mansion, surrounded by every earthly fascination, herself in all the bloom of health and beauty, and yet a happy disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour; they would no longer doubt the blessedness of those who in early life, chose the better part, and mind the one thing needful. Youthful piety we love and admire, and especially when its possessor is of a gentle and blithe disposition—Christianity then appears in so inviting and attractive a form. And thus did Miss Clark adorn the religion of heaven in life, while in death it was her support and consolation. A few months ago, we parted with her in health, but she is now a tenant of the tomb. Well, her sleeping dust is watched by her Redeemer, and at the appointed hour shall come forth at his mandate, fairer than the fairest flower—swifter than the lightning's flash—purer than the unspotted firmament of heaven—brighter than the morning star—more illustrious than the angels—like the body of Jesus Christ! How many of our fair readers will follow in Martha's train? We hope all. *Ed. Pearl.*

Died, Monday, June 26th, at 5 o'clock, A. M. in the 20th year of her age, MARTHA W. CLARK, daughter of Mr. John Clark, of this city.

It would be pleasing to dwell on the general character of our young sister and show her fitness for the duties and enjoyments of earth; but it is more pleasant to remember that when these were suspended by sickness and interrupted by pain, she gave the best evidence that she was equally prepared for the nobler employments and purer felicities of heaven.

Invested with many natural attractions, educational accomplishments, and social advantages, with apparently little of evil to regret and much of God to anticipate; she might have been regarded, by a lover of the world, as one to whom protracted years would have proved the highest blessing. Not so with herself.—Knowing, by her own experience, that "the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," she found it better than health to waste with disease; and better than repose to endure suffering; and better than life with all its promises, to gather the blossoms of youthful bliss about her, and wither as they withered, and languish and die. Death, to her, in the faith of her friends and her own faith, was gain—the gain of complete and immortal excellence.

When I first visited her in affliction, she expressed some doubt of her acceptance with God. Recollections, of too much conformity to the world overshadowed her soul. She did not clearly discern the brightness of her Father's countenance. But the garden of her heart was fruitful, though shaded. There flourished especially the violet-like graces—patience, meekness, and resignation. I cherish this remembrance as affording one of the finest examples for imitation in the time of debility and weariness. It was not long before the gloom passed away; for prayer rose higher than the cloud and prevailed with God. Then his glory beamed forth, and the drooping flowers of affection were lifted and refreshed by the breathings of his Spirit. All the precincts glowed in the light and grew sweet with grateful incense. She rejoiced in her Redeemer and triumphed in the God of her salvation.

Her young companions and others may be profited by

some of her observations, and therefore I copy a few: "Aunt, what are my two or three months sickness compared to what my precious Saviour suffered for me! How blessed have I been! How much pain, excruciating pain, might I have had, but for His goodness! I shall soon be freed from this world of sickness and sorrow." Again: "Oh, how I long to go and be with my Heavenly Father! I love all my friends, I love every body. My dearest Mother I love dearly; but I love my Saviour better than all. I can part with every one. I want to go." She asked her mother if she did not love the Saviour and want her to go to Him; He was so good, so kind. The reply was: "Yes, but it is so hard to part with you." She then said: "Ma, it will only be for a short time, and then you will come to me! Oh that I was certain all my brothers and sisters would meet there. I have two sisters there and many dear friends! Oh that I could have all there." "This," it is remarked, "seemed to be her greatest cause of anxiety." May it be remembered by them for whom it was felt. Her aunt alluded to the dreadful night she had spent. She said: "I shall very soon be where there is no pain." She then continued: "I was thinking when I saw L—— at the glass, how trifling that would appear to her, if she was placed in the same situation that I am. Oh that she would love her Saviour more! Oh that I had strength to praise him and tell of Him to the whole world." Doubtless she now rests in the world that is bright with his glory and full of His praise—There may we all rest—Amen.

Baltimore.

Methodist Prot.

DAUGHTERS.—Let no father impatiently look for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy and mortal or martial achievements; but ten to one he will meet with little else than forwardness, reckless imperiousness and ingratitude. "Father, give me the portion which falleth to me," was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands—the painter who drew his portrait, painted for all posterity. But the daughter—she clings like the rose leaf about the stem to the parent home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure grounds; wrings not the heart at home with her doubtful midnight absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promises have given birth, nor paralyzes the soul that doats on the chosen object.

"Why did you not take the arm of my brother, last night?" said a young lady to her friend, a very intelligent girl about 19, in a large town near lake Ontario. She replied, because I know him to be a licentious young man." "Nonsense," was the answer of the sister—"if you refuse the attentions of all licentious men, you will have none, I can assure you."—"Very well," said she, "then I can dispense with them altogether—for my resolution on this point is unalterably fixed." How long would it take to revolutionize society, were all young ladies to adopt this resolution?

ALBANIAN WOMEN.—The Albanian women have a custom which at any rate prevents a portion of deceit and disappointment in regard to marriages. The younger females "wear a kind of skull-cap, composed entirely of pieces of silver coin, paras and piastres, with their hair falling down in braids to a great length, and also strung with money. This is a very prevailing fashion: and a girl, before she is married, as she collects her portion, carries it on her head."—Hobhouse's Journey through Albania.

Young men in the conduct and management of actions embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees, pursued some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly, care not to be innovators, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them.—Bacon.