

A NOVEL COLLECTION; OR, THE WIDOW'S MITE.
—In the county of Chatham, Georgia, on the great Ogeechee river, on an area of six miles long and three wide, live about fifteen hundred negroes, and rather more than a dozen whites. A mission for the benefit of these negroes was commenced some years ago. In the month of February Tong-Chu-Kiung visited this mission. He delivered an address, giving an account of China, showing the wretchedness of a land without Bibles or Sabbaths, and describing all the horrors of heathenism. The negroes were much interested, and proposed that on each plantation they should collect what they could, and bring it up to church on the following Sunday. On Sunday they came, with troubled countenances to the missionary, and said, "Many of us are anxious to give, but we have no money; we have plenty of eggs and corn, but we could not get to Savannah in time to sell them." The missionary told them to bring their eggs and corn, and he would convert them into money. Their countenances immediately brightened up.

We met at Church. The plate was sent round. It was brought back filled with eggs, cents, and three and five cent pieces. A man also arrived from one of the plantations bringing some money and a basket containing six dozen eggs, which he had collected. Other persons continued to bring up eggs, and when we counted them they amounted to fifteen dozen. Another person then announced that the people of his place had five packs of corn to add to the collection. The result was, a white and black together raised twenty-four dollars.

The amount will doubtless seem small, when compared to what is contributed by our large churches. But when we remember that our Lord said of the poor widow who cast in her two mites, "Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury," it may be that this humble offering may not be as valueless as it at first appears.

We often hear of the widow's mite being offered; when the only analogy is in the smallness of the gift; but in this collection we believe there are many contributions really resembling the widow's mite. One superannuated woman, too old to get to church, sent a dozen eggs, saying, she wished to give something for herself, and for her children, and for her grandchildren, to help to spread the Gospel.—*Spirit of Missions.*

We cordially join the editor of the *Spirit of Missions* in commending "the example of these poor children of Africa, in its spirit, to the thousands in the Church whom the Lord has blessed with abundance of means."
—*Register.*

BEDROOMS IN BEYROUT.—We extract from Doctor Aiton's *Travels in the East*, the ensuing:

"I did not sleep on shore, but in the cabin of the steamer, because it was cooler, and besides the bedrooms in Beyrout are infested not only by vermin swarming every where, and tormenting musketoos, sounding like a band of music, and giving no rest, but with large long-legged beetles, ugly little green lizards, and long black snakes. "On retiring to your room at night, candle in hand, you chance to notice an extraordinary shadow moving across the floor, you stoop down, thinking it is a mouse, but you find it to be an immense hairy spider, as big as a pigeon's egg. In the surprise of your horror the monster escapes like lightning down into his hole; and then you must turn into bed in the delightful uncertainty when he and the rest of his family may creep into your bosom. And as to these three lizards now looking calmly up in your face, you are told that should they creep over your naked body they are quite harmless, their bite not being venomous. And if a snake should affectionately twine round your neck before morning—what for no?—it will keep you warmer; and Fahrenheit's thermometer stands only at 98 deg.; and besides, the embraces of this domestic are never to be compared to the withering grasp of the boa-constrictor. And as to the fleas and musketoos, having been in Egypt you have surely learned long since to endure them. With consolations of this kind, the Arab takes away the candle, and leaves you in doubt and darkness most horrible, with the words, "El am do Allah!"—praise be to God. When you rise in the morning there is nothing wrong after all, only the musketoos having punished you as severely about the eyes as if your head had been put into Chancery by Tom Crib, at a boxing-match.

A SKETCH OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.—Last Friday—three days since—I saw the man who is the nominal head of that ill-compacted and scarcely cohering empire, once held in rigorous obedience by fierce

and mighty monarchs, whose names were the dread of Christendom. From a wooden palace immediately on the Bosphorus—a sinner is building for him, of marble, and of florid Palladian architecture—rode forth, on a handsome black horse, a pale slender man, dressed in a blue frock and pantaloons, wearing the tarboosh or red cap, which here, with the French, has taken the place both of the hat and turban. Before him rode his Pashas, high officers of State and war, the men who dispose of the money that comes into his treasury, stout men, for the most part, with tolerable florid complexions. They were dressed in the same garb with himself. The enormous turbans and barbaric robes which officers of this class wore twenty-five or thirty years ago, are now only to be found in the Museum of Ancient Costumes, established by the Sultan's father in the Atmeidan or Hippodrome. Asultan Abdul Medjid rode leisurely along, women were standing in groups beside the way reached forth petitions, wrapped in green silk, which were taken by some persons belonging to the Sultan's train, and handed to an officer on horseback, carrying a box, in which they were deposited. It is said that the Sultan is always careful to read them. He is represented as a man of mild, amiable disposition, who would be glad to govern his empire better than he does, if he knew how, or if those who surround him would only let him.—*W. C. Bryant.*

THE SLEEPY PARISHIONER.—While Dr. Andrews was one of the divines at Cambridge, he was applied to by a worthy alderman of that drowsy city, who was beset by the sorry habit of sleeping under the afternoon sermon; and who, to his great mortification, had been publicly rebuked by the minister of the parish. As snuff had not then come into vogue, Dr. Andrews did not advise as some matter-of-fact persons have done in such cases, to titillate the "sneezer" with a rousing pinch. He seems to have been of the opinion of the famous Dr. Romaine, who once told his full-fed congregation in London, that it was hard work to preach to two pounds of beef and a pot of porter. So Dr. Andrews advised his civic friend to help his wakefulness by dining very sparingly. The advice was followed; but without avail. Again the rotund dignitary slumbered and slept in his pew; and again was he roused by the harsh rebukes of the irritated preacher. With tears in those two sleepy eyes of his, the mortified alderman repaired to Dr. Andrews begging for further counsel. The considerate divine, pitying his infirmity, recommended him to dine as usual, and then to take his nap before repairing to his pew. This plan was adopted; and to the next discourse, which was a violent invective prepared for the purpose of castigating the alderman's somnolent habit, he listened with unwinking eyes, and his uncommon vigilance gave quite a ridiculous air to the whole business. The unhappy parson was nearly as much vexed at his huge-waisted parishioner's unwonted wakefulness, as before at his unseemly dozing.

NIGHT SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HEART, be still!

In the darkness of thy woe,
Bow thee, silently and low;
Comes to thee what'er God will,—
Be thou still!

Be thou still!

Vainly all thy words are spoken,
Till the word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries—good or ill—
Be thou still!

Sleep thou still!

'Tis thy Father's work of grace,
Wait thou yet before his face,
He thy sure deliverance will,—
Keep thou still!

Lord, my God;

By thy Grace, O may I be
All-submissive, silently,
To the chastenings of Thy rod,
Lord, my God.

Shepherd, King!

From Thy fullness, grant to me
Still, yet fearless faith in thee
Till, from night, the day shall spring;—
Shepherd, King.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—The following rules we commend to all our patrons and friends for their excellence, brevity and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery and ruin, which are the legitimate fruit of those deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we

have referred. Let every parent and guardian read and ponder, and inwardly digest:—

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness and gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm; and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great punishment, should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under like circumstances at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and surest method of securing happiness.
15. Guard them against the indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

A POINTED SERMON.—Many a discourse of an hour's length is not half as impressive as the following from an eccentric English divine:

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—Titus ii. 9.

I. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms.

1. Your wife.

2. Your stomach.

3. Your conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

1. Domestic misery.
2. Premature death.
3. Infidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you:

1. To the Newgate calendar.
2. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work-houses.
3. To the past experience of what you have seen, read and suffered, in mind, body and estate.

Reader, *chide* which will you choose? Temperance, with happiness and long life; or Intemperance, with misery and premature death?—*Harper's Magazine.*

MISTAKES OF SIN.—It is the character of sin, not only to love what is sinful, but to pollute whatsoever it touches; to make that which is in itself pure soon impure to the conscientious, and thus to deprive a good man of many an innocent enjoyment. It is probably in part from this, that some scrupulous people have cut themselves off from the pleasures of music, and that others look upon the taking of delight in the fine arts as a questionable indulgence; and that from poetry, painting, and sculpture, some have turned off their eyes as if they were the works of the Man of Sin, or, at best, the products of laborious idleness.

—R. H. DANA.

The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free,
Than we who lie, or sit, or walk below,
And should by rights be singers too.

What prince's quire of music can excel
That which within this shade does dwell;
To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains.

—COWLEY.

FIFTY IN SWEDEN.—"The pious in Sweden" "never dream of asking you 'Are you a Calvinist?' or 'Are you an Armenian?' but, 'Do you love Jesus?' 'Is He your All in All?' 'Do you detest sin, and wrestle as Jacob did when he would not let the angel go unless he first blessed him, being intent in prayer to be more than conqueror of it?' 'Do you show [your religion] in your life and conduct, and in your love to God and your neighbour?'"