A Ther to Onome.—In the new work entitled a The Ruche's of St. Barlelph's," is the following graphic description of the mode of singing a hymn will fugue," he practiced at St. Barlelph's:—

When you heard the brass rings rattle over the iron red to which the red curtain was attached, slutting up the choristers in the seclusion of their perchediup-loft, then you might know that some grand exploits of vocallism were to come off. The sexton, who had been despatched in good season to the "sacristy," to obtain from the rector the number of the psalm and hymn, he ing returned with a small slip of paper on which they were indicated in pencil, a great whispering and consultation having taken place, which resulted in the selection of tunes, Mr. Tubingen placed the music book on the rack, and the bellows of the little-big organ wara , " in play. Naver was a more brilliant sparkle and scintillation clinited from the windy bollows of a blacksmith's forge. The head and shoulders of the organist swayed up and down like those of a Chinese's eater of the narcotic drug, in the accompaniment of an improvisation upon the keys, which made the whole congregation involuntarily twist their nucks and look sloft, find at last, with a full choral blast from tenor, bass, and treble, the magical offect was complete.

There were, no doubt, many present who came expressly to "hear the music," and the knowledge of this fact inspired the artists with a desire 'to sle themselves justice. It is true some of the old people did not like the concatenation of sounds. These, however, were considered behind the age and the opinion of such as were worthy of the smallest respect in the enward "march of improvement!" They were swept away in their slender opposition by the force of public opinion, if not by a whirlwind of sound. At any rate, death was fast removing them one by one, while their deaf ears were becoming scaled to such annoyances. It was to the great surprise of the rector that the choir one day struck upon the Te Deum, which he had been hitherto accustomed to read, and through various turns, and windings, and repetitions, they discoursed upon it for a full half hour. It was, however, the last time that they so distinguished themselves before the musical world. There was he piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St. Bardolph's did not consider them. selves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, would have sung the sermon, and made more out of the Amen than any other part. Mr. Hivoz had indeed composed something original out of the theme of an Awnien, full fifteen minutes long; and we are sure that when it was finished, no bearer of sound judgment but would have instinctively ejaculated with his whole heart, Awmen! But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the fuque tunes, in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the one hundred and thirty--: mlreq brid:

True love is like that precious oil
Which poured on Anron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

In the prodigious effort of this performance, the earsplitting combination of the several voices hardly bore
a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's
head, and which

Ran down his board and o'er his robes-Ran down his beard-And o'er his robes-Ran down his beard-ran down his -o'er his robes His robes, his robes, ran down his beard, Ran down his--o'er his robes Ran down his beard h-i-s-h-c-a-r-d Its costly moist-Ran down his heard--ure-beard-his-beard-his-shed ran down his beard-his-down his robes-its costly moist-his beard uro shed-his-cost-his robes-his robes-I-t-s-c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture——shed.!

It was of this very composition, similarly performed, that the late Dishop Seabury, on one of his visitations, was asked his opinion, and his reply was that he had paid no attention to the music; but that his sympathics was so much excited for poor Agron, that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left!

INSANITY.— The Rov. Mr. Gregg, of Cheshire, England, author of the beautiful hymn, written on I Tim. iii. 16, "Seen of Angels," commencing, "Beyond," &c. had an insane brother who lived with him, and spent his time wandering about the yard, garden, and sometimes inding his way into his brother's study, but rever seeming to take much interest in the things

about him. Mr. Gregg, therefore, used no precautions in reference to his manuscripts, generally allowing them to rumain exposed on his deck, depecially while in course of completion. On this occasion, he had written the hymn with the exception of the two last lines, and being unable to get a suitable climax, walked out to rufresh himself with pure air, and contemplate his subject. After he left the room, the lunatio brother walked to the deak, read the manuscript, took a pen, and wrote:

"Clapped their triumphant vings, and cried The glorious work is thono."

As the hymn is in very few books, we quote it. Beyond the glittering starry kies, Far as the eternal hills,

You heaven of heavens with living light Our great Redecimer fills.

Ingious of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
And swell His praise with golden harps,
Attuned to songs divine.

"Hait Prince i" they cry, "forever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved They to quit the a glorious realmy,
And royalties above."

While He did condescend on earth To suffer grief and vain, They cast their hopers at his feet, And waited it his train.

Through all his ten els hero below,
They did His steps algha;
Off whidering hole at d where at last
The mystic scene would end.

They saw his heart, transfixed with wounds, With love and griof run o'er; They saw him break the bars of death, Which none o'er bruke before,

They brought his chariot from above fig. 10 bear him to his throne?
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried "The glorious Work is done."

LOVE OF CHILDREN, A GOOD STON .- A man may have many vides upon him, and have walked long in a bad course; yet if he has a love of children, and can taka pleasure in their talk-and play, there is something still left in him to act upoli-something which can love simplicity and truth. I liave seen one, in whom some low-vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with no much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and I have felt as much of sympathy and kindness toward him, as I have to dislike and misgiving toward another who has gone through life with all due propriety, hut with that cold and supercilious bearing towards children which makes them strinking and still. I have known one like the latter, attempt with uncouth condescension, to court an open hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I felt as if there were a curse upon him.-R. II. Dana.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.—Dr. Wayland, speaking of the Christians who were dispersed by the fleres persecutions of the Church at Jerusalem, says:

This little band accomplished more for the conversion of the world than all the Christians in the present age united have done. Does any one ask why? "Because every individual," says he, "felt, that the conversion of the world was a work for which he himself, and not an abstraction called the Church, was responsible. Instead of relying on man for aid, every one looked directly up to God to forward the work. God was thus exalted. His power was confessed, and very soon, in a few years, the standard of the cross was carried to every part of the then known world."

THE VOLOANO OF SOLPATARA .- Near' Putcoli in Italy, is the semi-extinct volcano of the Solfatara, which has a subterranean connection with Mount Vesuvius, some eighteen miles distant. We walked over the crust about a half a mile, which covers the hollow cavern of fire underneath. A stone thrown heavily down reounds deep in the caverns below. The surface in many places was very hol. Smoke and sulphureous exhalations issue from it. The ancients believed that some rebellious giants were thrown into the abyss under the Solfatara, and that the fames issning from the earth are caused by their eruptions. The friers of the Capuchin convent in the neighbourhood still encourage the belief of these ridiculous stories—that the giants are turned into ghosts, which often appear making the most dismal lamentations, and that these apertures are outlets of hell or pargatory. The idea of purgatory seems to have originated here, in the volcano of the Sollatara.

"The flather of lightning may be discerned in the darkest prison; but if good thoughts look into a wicked

heart, they stay not there; as those that like not their lodging, they are soon gone. . . The light that shines in a holy licart, is constant, like that of the sun, which keeps due line; and warles not his course, for any of these sublunary occasions."—Bp. Hall.

any of these sublunary occasions."—Bp. Hall.

Behaviour in Company.—On the subject of behaviour in company, Legh Richmond gives the following excellent advice to his daughters: "Bo cheerful, but not gigglers. Be scrious, but not dull. Bo communicative, but not forward. Bo kind, but not servile. Buvaro of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not! Remember God's ore is in every place, and his care? overy company. Buwaro of levity and familiari, with young men'; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation will those who are truly serious and conversible t and do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you.-Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part's liquid by trilling. riggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each othe r.

Non-paying subscribers are 'hus talked to by a Southern Editor: Waggons cannot run without wheels, beats without steam, hullfrogs can't jump without legs, or a newspaper be carried on an everlasting time without lunds, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good, but what does a man's goodness do when it don't do any good? We have no doubt that uvery one thinks that all have paid except him, and as we are a clever fellow, and his is a small matter, it will make no difference. It would not if it were only confined to a dozen an a bundled cases, but when the slow fever seizes most all, the complaint is altegether general. As the bullfrog said, "Its, fun to you, but dyath to us."

ELECTION.—Many weak Christians perplex themselves with questions and doubts about their election,
whether they are of the house of Israel or not. Let
them continue carnest in prayer for mercy and grace;
throw themselves by faith at the feet of Christ, and say,
"If I persh, I will persh here;" and then that matter
will by degrees clear itself. If we cannot reason down
our unbelief, let us pray it down. A fervent, affectionate "Lord help us," will help us over many discouragements which seem ready to overwhelm us. "O,
thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh
come."

FRUITS OF HALF A CENTURY.—Fifty years ago steamboats were unknown; now there are 3,000 affeat pn American waters alone. In 1800 there was not a Railway in the world; now there are 10,000 miles in the United States alone, and about 22,000 in America and England. Italf a century ago, it took some weeks to convey nows from Washington to New Orleans; now not as many seconds as it then did weeks. Fifty years ago, the most rapid printing press was worked by hand power; now, steam prints 20,000 papers an hour on a single press.

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE .- Civility is a fortune in itself, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fuil. Tho samous Duko of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend, and by another that it was more pleasing to be denied . a favor by his grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox, preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is, full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we will but recall the pasti frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepor ression in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To man civility is, in fact, what beauty is to, woman; it is a general passport to favour; a letter of recommendation written in alanguage that every stranger understands. The best men have often injured themselves by their irritability and consequent fudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently sucreceiled by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all office respects, the courtous one has twice the chance for the fortune.