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Religious Miscellany.

The Vaudois Missionary.

At Pra del Tor, in the valley of Angrogna, ages before the Reformation, the Waldensians trained their young men for the ministry.—Missionaries from this institution were sent to the Waldensian colonies of Calabria and Apulia in Italy, to Bohemia and to England, and probably scattered seeds which, watered by Wickliff, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, grew into the Reformation. Such was the number of their converts in foreign countries that at one time the missionary could travel from Cologne to Florence, and stop every night at the house of a brother. Nor were all who went forth as Waldensian missionary laborers only preachers. Many humble laymen of piety, who travelled into neighboring countries as pedlers, or itinerating merchants, were ingenious and efficient in recommending and diffusing the pure Gospel in those dark and trying times. These early "colporteurs" are well portrayed in the following lines:

O, lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The brightest web of the Indian loom
Which beauty's self might wear.
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way;
Will my gentle lady buy?

The lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
His silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away:
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
'My gentle lady stay!'

'O, lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewell'd crown
On the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!'

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Their clasping pearls between;
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow
As a small and meagre book
Unclased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the Word of God is free.'

The hoary traveler went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray walls
Where an evil faith hath power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

The Waldenses.

It were impossible to say much about anything connected with the Waldenses from the year 1200 to 1848, without coming in contact with some form of religious oppression. Hence no sketch, however brief, can be given without including this unpleasant feature. Early in the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent III. appointed Inquisitors, called in the military arm under Simon de Montford, and created that mighty crushing machine, the "*Holy* Inquisition," to blot out, in blood, the record of these poor, travelling, barefooted missionaries; and he accomplished it in France, Spain, and some other lands, with a terrible success. Between the years 1200 and 1250, it is estimated that in France, Spain, Flanders, Germany, Italy, &c., no less than a million of this faith perished by fire and sword. From that time till 1848, this people in and out of the valleys have, with occasional brief exceptions, been the constant objects of Papal persecution. Within the valleys of Piedmont the *bloody* persecutions did not begin till about the year 1400; for, previously to that time, the Catholic princes of Savoy hardly felt their dominion firm enough to warrant such a measure. Then the work was inaugurated in terrible earnest. Between the years 1400 and 1689 the Waldensians in the valleys defended themselves in thirty-three wars waged against them, solely on account of their religion.—Thus did the Pope "wear out the saints of the Most High." The first onset was made unexpectedly by armed Roman Catholics from Susa on Christmas 1400. Many were slain. All fled who could. Many mothers, bearing their infant offspring in little cradles on their backs, clambered up the mountain side in the piercing cold. On that mountain top were seen next morning not less than eighty innocent babes dead in their cradles from freezing, and the mothers reduced to almost the same condition. Such was the beginning of the Roman Catholic efforts to convert these 'men of the valleys.' The amount of suffering endured and valor displayed in these 289 years by the Waldenses, can hardly be hinted at in a sketch like this. Some of the most surprising feats of prowess the world has ever seen, were performed in those mountain fastnesses by little bands of resolute Christians against overwhelming numbers of the foe. Many times did a brave mountain leader, like Janavel, with a handful of men drive back thousands through the sharp defile, or down the rocky mountain side, in disgraceful rout and bloody defeat. When the myrmidons of the Pope prevailed, their vengeance was terrible indeed. Neither age nor sex secured mercy. Babes were torn limb from limb as a pastime for the brutal soldiery; mothers and infants were thrown over the precipices together; and the sick, tied head to foot, were rolled down the rocks.

These wars of persecution culminated in 1686, in a combined attack by Amadeus II., prince of Savoy, and Louis XIV. of France. The Vaudois were defeated. Eleven thousand perished in prison.—Two thousand children were stolen by Roman Catholics, and brought up in that faith; and the little remnant of three thousand were allowed to fly to the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland. In 1689 this little band forced their way back, and after a short period of persecution have been allowed to inhabit their valleys without a repetition of *bloody* persecution; but yet, as has been stated, suffering constantly down to 1848, under a system of laws framed by Roman Catholic rulers, for the manifest purpose of rooting them out of the land. But they have gradually grown from three thousand in 1689 to twenty-two thousand in 1848.

Outside the valleys persecuting cruelty was no less flagrant among the Waldensian colonies. Take for illustration a single instance. A colony established in Calabria in the kingdom of Naples, about 1350, was protected by the owners of the soil on which they settled as tenants, and to whom they were a source of great profit until 1557. Then the rage of the Pope against their heretical doctrines could no longer be restrained by considerations of pecuniary advantage. The agents of blood were sent forth, in the form of Papal police and soldiers, bloodhounds, and Inquisitors. The poor creatures fleeing singly, and hiding in caves, copses, and the tops of thick trees, were scented out by the hounds, and slain. The fate of those taken in companies, is thus described by a Roman Catholic eye-witness:

"I saw the executioner go in among eighty-eight, shut up in a house, seize one, bind a veil over his face, lead him out, make him kneel, and with a knife, cut his throat.—With the bloody veil in his hands and the red knife between his teeth, I saw him return for another, until all were thus slain. Then every corpse was divided into four parts, and each part tied to a stake, and those stakes set up along the highway for thirty miles, to strike with terror all who rejected the mass and the crucifix."

As the climax of Papal cruelty in this persecution, there was seen in Rome, on the 9th of September, 1560, a memorable spectacle. On one side was an amphitheatre of splendid seats, for the Pope, inquisitors, cardinals, bishops, priests, and friars; on the other side, a scaffold, with a pile of faggots near it; upon the scaffold a lone man, in heavy chains. His name was Lewis Paschal. In his youth he became a soldier; he became a soldier of the cross, and a preacher; he was selected for the dangerous mission to the Calabrian churches. It was not enough to cut his throat in Calabria: he must grace a triumphal demonstration at Rome. During a brief delay of the fatal deed, he raised his voice, and warned the great assembly against holding the Pope to be God upon earth, in such burning words as could not long be borne.—The inquisitors quickly gave the signal to the executioner, who, raising him up, put an end to his life by strangulation. His body was thrown upon the pile of faggots, and soon reduced to ashes.

It is worthy of remark, that the very nations which the Pope made use of to shed Waldensian blood—Sardinia and France—are now, under God, opening the way for Waldensian missionaries, and thus fulfilling the beautiful prayer of John Milton:

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled,
Mother with infant, down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

—*Christian World.*

Failings of the Good.

HOW ABUSED BY THE GUILTY.

Guilt and sin love to quote the failings of a good man, a thousand times more than even the eloquent eulogies of vice from the lips of a bad one, because more powerful and effective. They never exult as they do when they see that good man stumble. His fall, is the fall of that majestic statute of holy example that has looked upon them with a withering frown, and when it lies prostrate like the fallen Dagon on the threshold of his own temple, mutilated and broken, they regard this misfortune to virtue as a personal triumph for themselves. That example has been to them what the prophet Micaiah was to Ahab, and if their lips were bridled, their hearts said as plainly as that wicked king, "I hate him for he prophesieth not good of me but evil." Example is indeed a prophet. It may even make the devil stand abashed and feel "how awful goodness is." Men who are not satisfied with themselves, who feel that they are doing wrong, seek an excuse for themselves in the weakness of another. If a good man errs, they deem themselves privileged. They will wrap themselves up in a cloak of his failings, and so lay the flattering unction to their souls. They could not rest content with the principles of a perverted morality, with any *verbal* apology for their sin, however well expressed; they want an example that they can quote. Frequently they are only two successful in their search. Good men are often weak, and blindly cling to an error that thus becomes a stumbling block to others.

In the early history of the temperance cause a man who had been addicted to intemperance rose in a temperance meeting, and related his experience in regard to the influence of temperate drinkers of respectable standing upon the habits of the drunkard.

"Many a time," said he, "have I gone to Captain Johnson's tavern and waited for half an hour or an hour for some respectable man to come in and go to the bar and call for liquor. After a while, Deacon Barnes would come and call for some spirit and water. Then I could go up to the bar and do as he did." Deacon Barnes hearing of this asked him if it was so. "It is," said the man. "Well," said the Deacon, "you shall hang on me no longer, I joined the Temperance Society yesterday." "Did you?" "Yes!" "Well, then I will join to-day, for I can do without liquor as long as Deacon Barnes can."

How vain to cherish the hope of being able to demolish the arguments of the Sabbath-breaker, the theatre goer, of the intemperate man, of the votary of fashion, while they are fortified by the example of those who esteem themselves good men, and in some cases possibly are! Well may we ask, is it not a divine wonder, a miracle in attestation of the truth of Christianity, that it has manifested itself in the world for eighteen centuries and made progress, when domestic traitors have so often stabbed at its value with poisoned daggers, when they have kissed, with the lips of profession, a cause they betrayed by example?

But what if many do sin; what if the majority do cast off the fear of God; what if it is fashionable to travel the broad road; will you therefore be the suicide of your own soul? Will fashion take away the sting of the undying worm? Will fashion put out the flames of the quenchless fire? Will it be delightful to be damned in company? What if many would laugh at you for being odd; is their ridicule worse than God's frown? Is your own conscience such a torpid thing that sin may trample on it by mere force of numbers? Are your convictions to be voted down by majorities? Have you enrolled yourself in that democracy of darkness, where numbers are instead of God.

There are good men who err and set a bad example; there are great men whose intellectual eminence flings a flood of splendor over the ruinous vices or the contemptible follies in which they indulge; there are men whose names we would utter with a certain degree of reverence, against whose example we must put you on your guard; for the splendor of genius cannot atone for its errors, and, if it did, good sense should warn you of the presumption of supposing that because you have the errors you also have the genius. Great men, and even good men, have been characterized by gross weakness. They have shown themselves unsafe guides. The frailty of Solomon is as memorable as his wisdom; and the same pages that record Peter's devoted attachment, tell us how he denied his Lord. None of us has any right to adopt a human standard. There is an emphatic meaning in that declaration of the apostle, that they "who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves, are not wise." On the principle that another's example may sanction your course, there is nothing left which you may not do. You may quote examples for everything. If you wish to join in the gay dance, you may find some professedly Christian partner; if you wish to visit the theater, some renegade Christian can show you the way; if you wish to share the whirl of nonsense and vanity, there are Demas-professors in the world to keep you in countenance; if you wish to travel on the Sabbath, you may possibly find a seat by the side of one whose duty it has been at some time to enforce the commandments; if the love of the world attracts you more than the place of prayer, there are certainly those who can sympathize with you in your tastes. There is scarcely anything you can wish to do but you can find a pretext or apology for it in the disgraceful failings of such as are presumed to be good men; but shun the principle. There is only one example for *you*, and that is the Master's. The multitude can furnish no substitute. A multiplicity of criminals cannot sanctify crime; a host of evil examples cannot change the nature of sin. Bear this in mind when you are tempted to go with a multitude to do evil. The curse will not be the less because they share it. You sin and you must bear it. If you could sin by proxy, you cannot be judged by proxy. You will stand at the bar of God to answer for yourself. Keep, then, one thing your own; part with all else if you please, but be the owner of an independent conscience. Let not your destiny lie at the pleasure of your neighbor or the risk of his example. You are not called on to gratify him to such an extent as to become an outcast from God to keep him company.—*Life Lessons.*

The Five Clerks.

In one of our inland towns were, a few years since, five boys, apprentices in as many different stores. By a similarity of disposition, education, and age, they became very intimate, and in a revival that occurred in that village, all became Christians.

They at once identified themselves as such before the world, and went out to labor in the vineyard of the Master. In Sabbath and mission schools they were faithful, zealous, earnest workers, their voices were heard in prayer and praise in the weekly church meetings; the outcast, the sorrowing, the despondent, were cheered with words of hope and courage, their respective pastors looked to them, even in their youthfulness, for active co-operation in every good word and work, and did not look in vain.

Although entirely dependent upon their own industry for support, and in some instances aiding dependent brothers and sisters, with the meagre salary of clerks under age, yet from a sense of their duty they made a mutual pledge to each other to give one tenth of their income to the Lord.

Nobly has that pledge been fulfilled, and God has testified in their experience that he will honor those who honor him. Without money or influential friends, each has attained an enviable position in business circles and in society.

One is a highly esteemed merchant in one of our cities, whose heart is ever devising liberal things, responding to every call made in behalf of the poor and needy. As he once remarked to the writer, "I can't help giving, there is so much pleasure in it."

Another is an active energetic business man in Cleveland, O., but even more active in the church and Sabbath school, disbursing freely of his own substance, and the trusted almoner of others' bounty.

The third is the cashier of a bank in Wisconsin, of whom a well-known Western missionary writes thus: "Noble soul that he is! Your town has sent out none more noble. I think that for Christ daily his example tells as much as any that I know."

The fourth is a partner in the banking house of one of the most responsible firms in Wall street. Upon few men do such heavy business responsibilities rest. Honored, trusted, loved by his partners, and held in respect and confidence by the Wall-street fraternity, he has attained a position that few could reach after years of most laborious effort. In the church and Sabbath-school he is a faithful, devoted laborer. The other is also a business man of rare probity, shrinking from no duty, though it lead through fire and flame, conscientious to the last degree, and ever "diligent in business, serving the Lord."

The enviable position these once poor and penniless boys now sustain, shows the truth of the eternal word, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and proves that godliness is profitable even in this life. Their benefactions are not limited by their pledge, but in many cases, perhaps in each, exceed that amount.

Great power for the church and for Christ lies in the hands of business, Christian men, and it is a beautiful sight to witness an extended business carried on in the fear of the Lord, making him—with reverence we speak it—a partner, and a partaker of the profits. We know of firms that open on their ledger a regular account to the credit of Benevolence, and as conscientiously pay the debt as any other. Such men are an honor to the church and the world. "Go and do thou likewise."—*Congregationalist.*

Neglected Treasures.

A traveller one day called at a cottage to ask for a draught of water. Entering, he found the parents quarreling, the children trembling, crouched in a corner; and wherever he looked, he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates he asked them, "Dear friends why do you make your house like a hell?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you don't know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water, and then said softly (as he noticed in a dark and dusty corner a Bible), "Dear friends, I know what would help you if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house. Search for it.' And so he left them.

At first the cottagers thought it a jest, but after a while they began to reflect. When the woman went out, therefore to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig, that he might find the treasure. When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing: increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent and strife.

One day as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger's words, when her eye fell upon the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unheeded and unused.

A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be this the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, opened it, and found the verse inscribed on the title page, in her mother's handwriting: "The law of Thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart. "Ah," thought she, "this is the treasure, then, we have been seeking." How her tears fell fast upon the leaves!

From that time she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught the children to pray; but without her husband's knowledge. One day he came home as usual, quarreling in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry replies, she spoke to him kindly and with gentleness.—"Husband" she said, "we have sinned grieviously. We have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life. He looked amazed. "What dost thou say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and sobbing, cried, "There is the treasure. See, I have found it?"

Religious Intelligence.

Holding the Truth in Love.

The following was addressed by a venerable minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the *New York Observer*:—

Between 30 and 40 years I have labored in that branch of the Christian Church called the Protestant Episcopal, who professes to be in nearer proximity to the catholicity of the primitive Church than any other. I say sincerely, I love her 'ways,' for I think they have served to cherish and expand in my own heart—once very narrow and sectarian—this delightful spirit of catholicity. Month after month, at the holy communion, I have felt my affections drawn towards the "blessed company of *all* faithful people,' as I have poured forth that heart-swelling prayer that the 'Divine Majesty would inspire the universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity and concord, and grant that all those who do confess his holy Name may agree in the truth of his Holy Word and live in unity and godly love." Natural enough, this enlarged and affiliated love of the Spirit saw cause for admiration and delight whenever the religious journals of other Christian bodies seemed to me to subordinate their distinctive peculiarities to this beautiful spirit of catholicity. Of those which I have had opportunity of frequently reading, I know of none which for years, has maintained such moderation and Christian urbanity, when speaking of other denominations, as the New York *Observer*. Why the sensitiveness at being told our faults, as a Church, by the evangelical watchmen of other Churches? Are they not set on the watch-towers for this purpose? Have they not, in these times a work to do for the nation and for the Church at large—the endeavor, if possible, by exposure, to put a stop to these miserable apings of Romanists? Can any true lover of his country look on and see hosts of his fellow citizens brought under the sway of religious frivolities so hostile to the plain but glorious gospel, so powerless for the national regeneration now awaiting us, and not cry out against it with trumpet tongue?

Our own evangelical journals fail, seemingly, to arrest the Puseyite frivolities.

I would that the journals of all other evangelical bodies, for the love they bear to Christ and his Church, would demand of certain of our Bishops of the English Church who died for the faith, why they admit to ordination any young man who is not prepared to ignore *ex animo* the 'novelties that disturb our Church.'

I venture to say, for I think I know you, that in publishing what you did you had no idea of prejudicing the public mind against the Episcopal Church as such, for you know well that the truest exponents of her doctrines have been the teachings of her Bedells, and Milnois, and Meldes, and McIlvaines, whose voices never gave an uncertain sound.

There is a very large number of like faithful men, my dear brother, in the Episcopal Church; but we have also too many, alas! who seem to be more familiar with the 'Tracts for the Times,' and No. 90 in particular, than with the Epistles of the Apostles, and who take more delight, seemingly, in the getting up a gorgeous Church visibility than in seeking, through the simple instrumentality of the gospel, to obtain a Church all glorious within—the gathering into the fold of those who have become the temple of the Holy Spirit—thereby 'adding to the Church daily such as shall be saved.' *O tempora! O mores!!*

Orphanages in India.

One mode of evangelization in India, and which promises to be of special advantage in that country, is the system of caring for orphan and outcast children adopted by some of the Missionary Societies.

Rev. D. W. Thomas, the superintendent of one of the orphanages in India writes:

We think that our dear orphans are improving rapidly this year, and we are loving them more and more every day. Ten of our eldest girls recently married. Our school at this season of the year commences at six o'clock in the morning and closes at ten; after this they take their breakfast, have about two hours of rest and amusement, and then all, with the exception of the very smallest, spend about four hours in needle work, sewing, knitting, and crocheting etc. It is very encouraging to see how remarkably fast they have improved in their manual labours, as well as in their books. They make and repair nearly all their own clothes, and they knit and crochet so nicely that Mrs. Thomas has already sold several rupees worth of their work. We have recently received one very interesting addition to the number of our girls. Who do you think she is? She is a sweet little black baby about fifteen days old! Where do you think she came from? She was dug out of the ground! How can that be? A few days since a police magistrate about thirty miles from our home wrote me the following lines: "My dear Mr. Thomas, a child about fifteen days old has just been found in the field with its body covered with dirt, the little thing is struggling having got its head above the earth. I can find no information as to its parents. Will you take it into your orphanage and try to rear it? If you will be willing to undertake the task please let me know at once, and I will send it to you." Of course I replied, "We will try; send the dear little one to us at once." She came, and we have named her Frances Corryell, and now I wish you to kindly tell that good sister who sent us name that the baby is smart and handsome, and is doing finely. She gets all the goat's milk that she can drink, and is coming up under the blessed influence of the gospel, and, without doubt, to be a blessing to the awfully wretched women of India, many of whom are this day guilty of infanticide, throwing their own offspring into the rivers, carrying them into the woods and leaving them to be destroyed by the tiger, or burying them, to be dug up and eaten by the jackal and wolf. May God bless our dear Christian friends who are so liberally devoting their money to enable us to educate and reform the unfortunate women of India.

Wives of Missionaries.

A returned missionary at a London Anniversary said:

Let me tell you that the wife of a missionary can do as great a work in China as the missionary himself. She can gather around her the poor degraded females of that land, and can speak to them of God's truth. I should like to take you to a scene in one of our mission homes at Amoy, where the noble wife of a missionary—she would not like me to repeat her name on this occasion—is doing a great work, gathering around her a number of Chinese females, reading the word of God to them, and calling upon them to kneel down with her in prayer. I have often listened to the prayers of those Christian women, and I can testify to their fervency and simple faith. Some would have us believe that the Chinese have no hearts. Well, I know that the devil has incased the hearts of that people in all manner of pride and superstition, but the hearts are there for all that, and the grace of God can fill them with tender and generous emotions. Tell me that the Chinese cannot feel! I saw the wife of a missionary on her death-bed, and native Christian women kneeling around that bed; I heard their prayers, stifled by sobs of grief, ascend to heaven, that their friend and teacher might be restored to life. Tell me that the Chinese cannot feel! Do you see that funeral procession winding around the foot of the hills, until it reaches the burial-place of the dead. A missionary is being carried to his long home, and there follow him, not only his brethren and his countrymen, but hundreds of Christian Chinese, clothed in their mourning robes of sackcloth and white, assembled to express their esteem and affection for the teacher whom God has called away to his rest. If they love the laborer for his work's sake, they love the Master too.

General Miscellany.

Women as Travelers.

It is a very small matter for John Smith to take a journey of six or eight hundred miles. He rushes home from his counting-room, office or workshop fifteen minutes before the train leaves, bids Mrs. S. put a clean shirt or two in his valise, takes a cold luncheon, kisses the children all round, and perhaps their mother, strides to the station, goes in at one end just as the engine is puffing out at the other, waits leisurely till the last end of the car is opposite him, throws his valise on the platform, grasps the railing, vaults lightly upon the steps, and in a half minute is talking unconcernedly with Mr. Jones, who has probably gone through the same performance during the last half minute.

But if Mrs. John Smith wishes to pay a ten-days visit to her mother, sixty miles away, a fortnight is not too much time to devote to preparations. Her wardrobe is to be thoroughly overhauled; dresses selected, bought, made; a dressmaker consequently to be hunted up and engaged; old skirts adjusted to new basques; collars mended, whitened and clear-starched; Mr. Smith's skirts, stockings and handkerchiefs placed where he can lay his hands on them blindfolded, for no Mr. Smith ever yet conceived the idea of lifting up one thing to find another under it; the various strata of rocks being tilted, the genius Smith seems to have imbibed the opinion that bureau draws should be arranged on the same plan. Then there are the children to be seen to, the marketings to be arranged, Bridget to be admonished, and everything in general wound up to go ten days without stopping or derangement. Consequently, when the appointed morning comes, and with it the appointed coach, Mrs. Smith is not quite ready. With one cheek flushed and no collar, she gives hurried directions, ties up brown paper packages with nervous trembling fingers, which packages no sooner receive the final jerk than they are discovered to be bursting out at both ends; scatters the young folks hither and thither, running down all who are not agile enough to get out of the way, and is only restrained from scolding outright by a dim vision of plunges down embankments, butting against opposing engines, splintered bridges, flying axles, and life-long separation from beloved ones, to which a railroad journey now-a-days renders one so fearfully liable. At length the last knot is tied, the last kiss is given, and Mrs. Smith, anxiously looking at her watch, stumbles over the hem of her dress into the coach, beseeching the driver to hurry. He politely says, "Yes," but persistently drives "No." After what she considers unnecessary delay, she arrives at the station, hurries into the ticket-office, tries to open her porte-monnaie, but as she is governed by the Medo-Persic laws of inertia and attraction, it refuses to be hurried. Hurridly she asks the ticket-master, "Is the train not gone?" His loud, clear, deliberate, "No, ma'am," startles her, and before she recovers herself he has gone to the opposite window. She waits her turn again. "How long before it goes?" "Twen-ty—min utes—ma'am." With a sigh of mingled relief and weariness she sinks upon a sofa. Time would fail to follow Mrs. S. on her devious way—to note her anxious watching over "great box, little box, band-box and bundle;" her uncertainty as to which train she is to take, and her incessant inquiries of every man who approaches; her intense unrest that looks out of her eyes, quivers on her lips, trembles in her hands, and flutters in every thread of her garments. All these things may only provoke a smile, but Mrs. J. S. is tragically in earnest.

I have had opportunities to observe my sex in the transition state, and I am forced to say that I do not think the female traveler is always a pleasant object of contemplation. She is never quite free from anxiety or bundles, and is generally pretty highly charged with both. She asks the conductor the same question twice, as if she believed he might undergo a moral reformation between the first and second asking, and tell the truth at last, though he told a lie at first. Sweetly patient at home, sublimely patient in great pain or peril, she is ludicrously impatient on her travels. She cannot wait the march of events, but outstrips the present, anticipates the future, and asks the conductor "if we change cars at B." Trustful to a fault in the domestic circle, she becomes a very skeptic in the cars, and never believes him unless he says "Yes." When he announces at B., "Passengers change cars for the East," she steps out with alacrity upon the platform, and immediately asks him, "Do we change cars here?" Acute of vision, and rapid in perception at home, abroad a glamour seems to fall upon her. The time-table hangs upon the station walls, but, as if incapable of calculation, she invariably asks the ticket-master at what hour the train is due; and if it is five minutes late, she goes to him again, and asks him how long before it will arrive. Of course, observing the consequence of these and similar vagaries, I am especially careful to avoid them.—*Gail Hamilton.*

Pneumatic Railways in London.

The pneumatic principle—using air as a motor—has recently been applied in London to railway purposes on a large scale. The first pneumatic railway experiment on this principle, was a small underground line, about three feet in diameter, for carrying mails and parcels, which has been in operation from the Easton (London and North-western) Railway terminus to the Northwest District Post-office, in the northwest part of London. This has been in successful operation, carrying the mails twenty or thirty times a day, for over a year and a half. Subsequently, a line for goods and mails, about five feet in diameter, has been built under the streets, like the smaller one, to carry the mails to and from the general post office, and that is soon to be opened. This line, besides carrying the London mails between the post office and the railway, will transport one thousand tons of goods a day between the heart of the city and a suburban railway station, and all through a single cast-iron tube, and with one stationary engine. Two weeks since a passenger line was opened. This, as described by a correspondent, is about six hundred yards—say a third of a mile—in the Crystal Palace Park, and is between ten and eleven feet in diameter—and will take in a Great Western (broad-guage) train, and transport it from one end to the other. The line has been purposely constructed with all the disadvantages that any railway is liable to—neither straight nor level, but with a very short curve, and up a steeper incline (one foot in fifteen) than is practicable for any locomotive to work. The trains are blown through in one direction and then sucked back on their return, the power working equally well in each direction. The process by which the trains are moved is thus specifically described:

The process is precisely the same as that of a boy sucking a pea or a bullet through a hollow reed. The train stands at the further end of the tunnel or tubes, a quarter of a mile from the pneumatic machine. Then the air is sucked by this powerful apparatus out of the tunnel. Of course, as the air is gradually blown out—the other end of tube being closed by the train—the atmosphere becomes rarified, or attenuated, and this process goes on a second or two till the air in the tunnel is made thinner—rarified—by about one per cent. and the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere outside (equal to fourteen pounds to the square inch) then presses or drives the train into the tunnel, and the sucking process going on all the time, the train runs its third of a mile in some forty-eight or fifty seconds—eighteen or twenty miles an hour. On lines of any length fifty miles an hour will be attained with ease.

The carriage is lighted by lamps that give a brilliant light; and, having none of the gases or smoke or the heavy jolting that attends the passage of a locomotive in a tunnel, the passengers glide along with the most luxurious ease imaginable. The ventilation of course is perfect, the whole train being swept by a gale of pure atmospheric air every time a train passes.

This solves the problem of underground railways fully, and Parliament is to be applied to this winter for power to build several lines under London—one to go under Oxford street to the Bank, from the West End.

An Ossified Man.

There was a strange spectacle at the depot yesterday—a man, of whom accounts were published years ago in newspapers in this country and in medical journals in England, who has been in a state of almost complete ossification for thirty years. His name is Valentine Perkins; he was born fifty-two years since in Henrietta, Monroe County, New York, but has been a resident for the last twelve years of Mantua, Portage County, Ohio. At the age of eleven he was thrown from a horse, and his knee was injured by the fall. From that time ossification set in, and the process made advancement, joint by joint, for fifteen years, when it had completed its work. He is thoroughly and totally ossified, with the exception that he can move two of his fingers, and make the slightest perceptible motion with one or two of his toes. He has not opened his jaws for more than thirty years, but still he can talk with ease.

Of course he had to be fed—the food being placed within his lips and left under the guidance of mother Nature, who mysteriously insures its safe conduct into the stomach. He lies upon his side, upon a low bed or couch, which serves also as a litter, with his feet drawn up somewhat, and his right hand caught up near his shoulder, helpless thus all day long, shifting his position but once during twenty-four hours, when he is turned over on the other side. While he is thus completely ossified—a human block of limestone, as it were—his skin retains its normal character and condition, and discharges the functions perfectly, being, perhaps, more sensitive, however, to the touch of any object, as that of a fly or a hair, than is usually the case. When the light strikes the skin of his hands or face, it looks like marble of a yellowish tinge, brought up to the highest possible state of polish. He lies there on his couch like a recumbent statue.

His health is good; he has an excellent appetite, and lives withal a hearty life. One is naturally curious to know how his mind is occupied through all the dreary hours. He cannot read, for he has been totally blind for thirty years. Cut off from that source, he is necessarily cast back upon his memory, and he has a most wonderful development of this faculty. It is exceedingly tenacious. He remembers the most minute and apparently trifling incident or circumstance, has the entire past—every fact and event in his experience before him, piled up like strata, and summons at will, or as occasion requires, occurrences which have faded from the minds of his friends. His recollection of localities is wonderful. Places that he had visited years ago, before struck with blindness, he can now identify as he rides along—so vivid a recollection has he of the relative position of things, as bridges, rivers, etc.

He is very expert at mathematical calculations, and can with great readiness give, for example, the number of square inches in an area the number of whose square feet or rods is given him.

Of course it must be a world of work to take care of this helpless man, but his friends have cheerfully borne the sad burden for more than forty years. He has now gone to Pamesville as a county charge.—*Cleaveland Leader, Oct. 27.*

Moral Quality in Language.

To receive into the mind a language soiled with foul ideas, to grow familiar with vice under palliative and honorable names, and to know only the caricatures of virtue, nicknamed by those who hate her, and would make her an object of offence, is to debase the soul, and to bind or corrupt its moral sense. It is difficult to form an estimate of our indebtedness to the truth which there is in language, and the correct ideas which we have gained from finding them there expressed. We can scarcely image to ourselves the difference in judgment, character, and feeling between two minds, whose ideas and modes of thought were imbibed respectfully from a Christian and from a Pagan language. All know the embarrassment under which missionaries have labored in China, growing out of the lack of any tolerably exact translation for the name of the Supreme Being—any name for God, which would not, to the mind of the native, convey a pantheistic notion of the object of worship, or suggest one of the false deities to which they are accustomed to pay their adoration. There is no such idea in the minds of the people as is suggested to us by the simple utterance of the name God; they have no notion of the spirituality, infinity, eternity, holiness, and glorious perfections which we have associated with it. Their language contains no term to express it. So it is with all ideas peculiarly Christian; the languages of the heathen do not contain them, and hence the difficulty of conveying these ideas to their minds. An entirely new class of notions and associations must be waked up within them, different from any they have ever had, and which there are no terms capable of conveying to them. It requires a slow process of elaborate training to eradicate or correct that concatenated system of false notions which is thus far the only thing that has ever entered into their thoughts. The language needs be christianized as well as the people; the work of transformation in the latter cannot be complete and thorough until the former shall be reached and purified. The fountains of thought are poisoned, and their streams are laden with death. The words must be purged of these false ideas and degrading associations before the natural flow of thought can be pure and true.

The importance of a proper medium for the spread of great ideas may be illustrated by the conduct of the Most High himself, in his providential preparation of a language to be the bearer of the facts and doctrines of the Christian revelation. The most polished and refined nation of antiquity was first engaged in the service; the master-pieces of literature which they elabor-