

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W. he handed him the razor and shaving-box.

The man bowed and appeared with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and parting went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting-house, not doubting that they would find him there but they were disappointed. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting-house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

"Where is Mr. N.—?" inquired a dozen voices, as a crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to keep a good look out for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting-house was soon filled, and one after another came dropping in. The farmer who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter and come slowly down the aisle, looking on either side as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old gray overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was by his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You mustn't sit here. Come down and I will show you a seat," he said in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice, "It's very comfortable here." And the man remained immovable.

Mr. W., feeling embarrassed, went down intending to get a brother "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however, the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice was thrilled to the finger ends of brother W. as in a distinct and impressive manner he gave out the hymn beginning—

"Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each others cross to bear:  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel a brother's care"

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tunes. He tried this time, but went off on a long metro tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried it again, but now he stumbled on short metro. A musical brother came to his aid and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing the congregation knelt, and the minister—for no one doubted his real character—addressed the Throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence. The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face looked like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might have been heard. Then the fine, emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room:

"And a new commandment I give unto you that you love one another."

Brother W. had bent forward to listen, but now he had sunk back in his seat. This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the brother and sister of whose hospitality he had partaken, but he said much that smote upon their hearts, and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principles of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they had treated the Presiding Elder of the district after such a

ther W. did not know what it was best for him to do. He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hands with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is brother W?" he at length heard asked. It was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

The preacher advanced, and catching his hand, said—

"How do you do, brother W., I am glad to see you. And where is sister W.?"

Sister W. was brought forward, and the preacher shook hands with them heartily, while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as if it was settled.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could make reply, some one asked—

"How came you to be detained so late? You were expected last night. And where is brother R.?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer not far from here to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened that I was very much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the presiding elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and, like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of jokes and given to relating good stories.

Ladies' Department.

TO S—

BY FREDERIK WRIGHT.

O! haste beloved, haste me,  
While yet the day-god lingers here,  
Around our own loved trysting tree,  
Where we have met for many a year.  
There's glory on the mountain's brow,  
There's splendour o'er the summer's sea,  
And naught is wanting here, but thou,  
To make this spot a heaven to me.

See yonder, where the herald star  
Of Evening, on the hill top shines,  
And Luna mounts her silver car  
To light her thousand mountain shrines.  
The laden bee is hurrying home,  
The songster seeks his downy nest,  
Haste then beloved, dear one come,  
And calm the tumult in my breast.

Ye summer winds that down the vale  
On odour-laden wings desport,  
Bear to my love the tender tale,  
And whisper gently to his heart!  
Tell him, the black-bird from the brake,  
The robin from our own dear tree,  
Are chaunting music for his sake,  
And plead the cause of Love and Me!

Come my beloved! come O! come!  
The leaden moments pass like years,  
The voice of Joy itself is dumb,  
Till pleasure in thy form appears!  
One thought alone is wholly mine,  
While watching at our trysting tree,  
One name illumines my altar's shrine,  
'Tis Love, unwavering Love for thee!

BEVERLY C. W.

JULY 15th 1854.

A SAD AND CURIOUS SPECTACLE.

The Boston Courier gives the following account of a remarkable case now occupying the attention of the Supreme Court:

The Supreme Court Room has been thronged for a day or two past by men and women. "Spiritualists" mainly who are either interested directly or seeking pleasure in the mournful details of a trial for divorce at present pending before the high tribunal. The parties are the Kidders. The

her in her distress, and prominent among them is a lady of Waltham, of distinguished family and high attainments. These... had the proceeds of her property... what he took to be his wife, a woman testified that Mrs. Kidder... sealing the fence of his... article than his linen on... the free love faith, which means—when you... on several occasions attempted to convert her to... the room, the injured husband... on a chair at the foot of... find your affines you can live in perfect happiness... with them; and the children of such affines... would be pure and holy." The witness... a man, a common looking customer enough, whom... Mrs. Kidder had described as her "affinity," because "from his earliest infancy he had made woman his theme."

The infant prodigy was in court, and one would suppose that this pug-nose alone was sufficient to affright any woman of spirit; but free love like other love, is probably in need of spectacles. Accordingly to this coarse theory of free-love, a married woman who has discovered her "affinity"—even though it be encased in a deformity with brier legs and a long body and a phyllognomy compressed—it is all right to leave her husband, embroider three rings in his cravat, and go off with him! This is curious stuff, and yet it is called "religion" and "morals," too. It does not follow, however from the mere statement of a witness in court Mrs. Kidder believes in any such loose doctrine. Other evidence was put in with a view of showing that the lady had been unfaithful to her husband, and that her spiritual notions had an immoral smack in them. The case of Mr Kidder will come on as soon as that of his wife is disposed of.

NUNNERIES.—The Southern Baptist makes the following just comments upon Nunneries. A common regard to justice demands that those religious prisons should not be out of the reach of some habeas corpus act. They should be subject to inspection. And any of their inmates who desire it, whether because they are tired of the monotony of the cloister, or revolt against its tyranny, or seek deliverance from its pollution, should be permitted to go free. The Presbyterian Banner does not hesitate to assert its belief that Rome has been more daring in this country than in other Protestant lands, and that if the half of the scenes could be known to the community, which have been enacted at Baltimore, and elsewhere, under the authority of the priesthood, and in the sacred name of religion, a free but indignant people would long since have arisen and swept these establishments from the face of the earth. We have no space, says the Banner, to refer to particular incidents—to the cases of Olivia Neal, Elizabeth Little, Eliza Burns, Milly McPherson, Louisa Wortman, Ann Fallon, and others, to the kidnapping and resistance of law, to the agonizing cries of sufferers from the windows of convents to the secreting and transportation of victims from place to place, lest on discovery an insulted and indignant population should set them free—to these and other incidents of a similar character which have become comparatively common in different places in our country, we do not now advert with minuteness; but we conclude that had such enormities taken place in England, the public voice would have spoken out, and all powers of Jesuitism, whether in or out of the establishment, could not have prevented the enactment of a law to open the nunneries, and giving liberty to every captive who desired to be free.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.—THE YOUNG WIFE OF A RICH OLD MAN.—A gentleman about sixty years of age, doing a large importing business in South street, and residing in one of the fashionable avenues in this city, for some months respected his wife, a very handsome young woman, scarcely out of her teens with being on more than friendly terms with the son of a wealthy neighbor. On Thursday morning, he announced his intention to leave town on the following morning. He, however, did return sooner than was expected (about 11 o'clock at night) and unlocked the back hall door with his night key, not stopping even to ring the bell, and crept stealthily to the door of his room on the second floor and looked through the key-hole, when he saw a light, and imagined that he also saw objects moving in the room. He listened for some moments and finally heard suppressed whispering. One of the voices he thought was a man's. His patience now became entirely exhausted and he attempted to open the door, but found it equally locked on the inside. He then

of the bedroom. He ran to the door, saw, and discharged one of the... what he took to be his... sealing the fence of his... article than his linen on... the injured husband... on a chair at the foot of... in one of the coat pockets of... containing \$103.25; a... coat and cravat, and a pair of socks, and on the bureau a hat and fine gold watch, which, he says, the owner can have by calling for and proving property. The wife, during these discoveries, said nothing but wept most bitterly. Efforts are being made by the friends of the parties to settle the affair without bringing their names before the public."



Quoth's Department.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

A writer in the London Economist sums up a very able article on Napoleon III. as follows. "The same man who landed at Bologna in 1840 with a single steamer and a few friends on a desperate abortive expedition, revisits it in 1854 to review a vast army and receive the homage of countless spectators. The same man who six years ago lived in obscurity in London, scarcely able to pay his tailor's and quite unable to pay his horse-dealer's bill—whom many looked upon as stupid and whom none looked upon as wise—of whom few augured well and whom few would trust much—we have just seen receiving the visits and compliments of the consort of our Queen, entertaining three royal guests at his table—one of them the son-in-law of the very monarch whom he had succeeded—and admitted into the social circle of royal personages. Nor is this change in his singular fortunes the only one, nor perhaps the greatest. We can imagine him smiling with even a more grim satisfaction at the contrast the language of the English press regarding him in 1852 and now sitting with the Times or the Examiner of December 1851 or of August 1854 before him—and marvelling at the metamorphosis—the unmeasured abuse which was heaped upon him at the former date, and the respect and cordial praise with which he is spoken of now. The 'swell' and the 'dandy' of yesterday's ruffian is now the polite and well-to-do Mr. Leopold."

...the railway millionaire, commander of a surveyor, at Birkenhead, and his... with a railway was a contract to... for a viaduct on the Manchester... Since 1846, he has, upon his... and credit constructed 500 miles... an aggregate of £9, 250,000... In France and Spain, his... with Mr. Mackenzie were for 189... of road, and for nearly £3,000,000... engagement in Scotland with Mr. John Stephenson, from 1834... 511 miles of railway and an... £7,200,000. The Brexton viaduct... the Rouen and Havre line, fell... complete, and the casualty... £200,000. Mr. Brassey, the contractor, is morally nor legally responsible. He has only protested against the materials used in its construction, and the French lawyers maintained a different opinion. He had contracted, he said to make and maintain the road, and no law should prevent him from being as good as his word. The viaduct was built at Mr. Brassey's cost. For the construction of this stupendous work (accomplished in seven months), 16,000,000 bricks were required, of which 14,000,000 were new, and made on the spot.—[Mark Lane Express.]

REMARKABLE CASE OF SECOND SIGHT.—One very extraordinary incident connected with the loss of the Arctic, and which is not generally known, is as follows:—

A young gentleman, lately residing in New York city, fell through a hatchway in his father's store some time last summer, and was severely injured, one side of his body becoming completely paralyzed; and after a while he entirely lost the faculty of speech. In this position he remained until the 27th ultimo (about the time of the accident to the Arctic, on board which steamer it was known that the young man's father was a passenger) when he suddenly started up in his bed, and pronounced the names of all present on the