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[The following touching lines were penned by a young man a short time before his sudden death. Was it a presentiment?]

SHALL I BE MISSED.

When I have passed from earth away
Into that world unknown to me,
Will one heart sigh? will one lip say
"I miss him when from care I'm free?"
Will those who've joined me here in mirth
Forget me when my heart is still?
When gay around the fireside hearth
Will thoughts of me cause, there, one chill?

Will one friend say, "I wish that he
Could join us when we chant the song?"
Will one note tremble in the glee,
When I am missed amid the throng?
And those I love—oh, will they keep
In memory a place for me?
And love me yet, though in that sleep
That wakes not till Eternity?

Just one heart stilled—and I be missed,
Aye, as one pebble from yon shore
That oft by passing ocean is kissed
And then—dashed off, to be no more!

Delta, October 29, 1866. H. B. S.

TWICE MARRIED.

When I married Eunice Morgan I was, in my own estimation and that of many of my friends a ruined man. I had money, talent, and culture, yet a terrible sorrow which came to me five years before, and whose memory had never departed, had made of me a nerveless, purposeless misanthrope. Yielding to the solicitations of friends, who thought a fit companion might restore me to the world, I solicited the hand of Eunice Morgan, who had known me from early childhood, and she gave me not only herself, but restored to me my own old self, purified, elevated, and strengthened. With the tact, affection, and character of the ideal women in whom we all believe, she made life sweeter to me than the lost life I had bemoaned; and the sacrifice of her noble self which she had made for me seemed to fill her own existence with constant joy.

A few years before, while I was returning from the Continental tour which followed my graduation, I met and worshipped Anita Lozatos, a beautiful Cuban. My position in society was unexceptional, I was rich, and I pressed my suit with all of the ardor of a warm young heart and a fluent tongue. So I was speedily accepted by Anita and her parents, and we were soon married. In one of the charming villages near New York, I built for my bride an exquisite villa in a noble grove of old chestnut trees, and furnished it with everything which her desires and caprices suggested. I was still a student, and an ardent one, but there were few hours in the day in which I did not for a few moments drop my books and seek and adore my beautiful, and glorious wife.

Slowly I learned the sad fact that Anita's fondness for me was only a passionate, fitful outburst, instead of a constant affection. I had never in the cooler moments of my courtship expected her to sympathize with my studious tastes, but when I comprehended that even my companionship was distasteful to her, and that I received her smiles only in exchange for such pleasures as I purchased for her, I became a very unhappy man. Trying to gain her affection, if she were capable of bestowing such a sentiment, I abandoned my studies entirely. I devoted my entire time to the duty of pleasing my wife. I spent without stint the money which had been left me by a rich father, I filled the house with company, I purchased a city house in which we passed the winter, and did all that a devoted and anxious heart could do to win the love of the woman I held so dear.

And I imagined, poor fool, that I was succeeding. The painstaking and anxiety of several day devoted to procuring her some new pleasure were fully repaid by the parting of her ripe lips, the light darting into her glorious eyes, and the claspings of her beautiful arms, which always indicated my successes. The tiresomeness to me of a large party of people who could only dance, drink, and eat was always relieved when, after the last guest had departed, Anita would draw me down to her and kiss me a dozen times, and tell me that I was a dear delightful old boy.

At the close of one of the most brilliant entertainments I had ever given I strolled restlessly through the drawing-rooms, the verandas, and the conservatory, looking for my darling. She had been unusually beautiful throughout the evening, and when I had caught her eye it had been so full of feeling and tenderness that I had longed for the moment to arrive when we might be alone, and I might for the thousandth time renew my declarations of affection. She had gone suddenly to her rooms, the servants said, and had left word she would return in a moment.

I continued my aimless strolling, when, entering the library, I found on the open volume I had last been reading a slip of paper bearing a line in Anita's delicate handwriting. It read:

"I cannot love you, for you are too great for poor little me. I have found one I can love. God forgive me and bless you."

I fell, and knew no more until days afterward when I emerged from the delirium of a fever. Against my will I recovered, but my spirits, my high aims and purposes, it seemed I had lost forever. I attempted to recommence the long course of reading and study I had determined upon when I left college, but I found myself devoid of aim or energy.

For several years I led a desolate life, never hearing of Anita, but holding her constantly and tenderly in my heart in spite of her faithlessness. One day there appeared at my villa a rough-looking foreigner, who said he was a sailor, and had been handsomely paid to bring me tidings of the death of my wife, who had been washed overboard from the deck of a vessel in the Mediterranean. He could tell me nothing more about her, except that she was travelling alone at the time of the accident, and had left among her papers a note enclosing a large bank-note to pay for intelligence being sent me in the event of her sudden death at any time.

I informed two or three faithful friends of the sad fate of my wife, and they, who had been concerned in their endeavors to rally me, insisted that I ought to marry again. At first I utterly refused to listen to the suggestion, but so skilful and untiring were they that they finally prevailed upon me to re-enter society. Then, with an apology, I offered to Eunice Morgan the remains of my former self, had she accepted me as sweetly as if I had been in all of the cheerfulness of untroubled youth.

How she unmade and remade me I cannot tell, for I was scarcely conscious of what was taking place. But so fully did she sympathize with all of my old hopes and aspirations that I soon found myself at my studies with an energy and ability I had never before possessed. The constancy of her sense and sympathy was even exceeded by that of her affection, which seemed never to slumber for an instant. Finally, when, on my return from an enforced absence for a few days, Eunice from her couch sweetly handed to me a wee warm miniature of herself, my cup of joy seemed full to overflowing.

As Eunice recovered, she spent most of her time in the grove and garden which surrounded the house. These, to gratify Anita's tropical tastes, I had prepared without regard to expense, and, now that all of the shrubbery had gained several years of growth, one could roam about for days and still find new and beautiful combinations and effects. There, whenever I wearied of my books for awhile, I sought my darlings, and always found in their society exactly the recreation I needed.

One evening as I wandered through the garden in hopes of suddenly surprising Eunice and her little namesake, I suddenly emerged from a group of shrubbery and beheld a scene that startled me. Eunice, who was to me the ideal of all that was pure and faithful and noble, sat in a rustic chair, and at her feet, clasping her hand, and murmuring passionately, was a slight, handsome foreigner, whose features were strange to me. Eunice, my trusted wife, seemed deeply affected—so much so that the cries of her little daughter, who had fallen to the ground a few steps away, were unheeded. My footsteps startled them, and the man, glancing hastily at me across his shoulder, sprang to his feet and bounded hastily away, while Eunice, still tearful, maintained a composure which astounded me, and gave me a searching, pitying, tender look which completely bewildered me. For a moment or two I was speechless, and then I asked:

"Who was that man, Eunice?"

"A poor beggar, Herbert," she replied.

"He was very finely dressed for a person in that profession," said I. The suspicion which for the time filled my mind probably betrayed itself in my tone, for Eunice arose, proud, handsome, and angry, and exclaimed:

"Herbert! do you doubt my word?"

Never, in her most tender moment, had I seen Eunice so perfect a picture of purity and nobility. My suspicions were disarmed in an instant, and, throwing my arms about her neck, I begged her pardon, and expressed my penitence in the fullest terms I could command, until with her own dear lips she stopped my utterance entirely.

From that day there commenced a series of changes in Eunice's manner, which by turns perplexed, embarrassed, grieved, and provoked me. At first I attributed her strange manner to my grievous blunder in momentarily distrusting her faith, so I was unceasing in apologies and in my endeavors to make atonement by showing even more affection than that which seemed already to occupy my entire thought and time. But when she admitted that my mistake had been a fully justifiable one, I became convinced that there was a different cause for her change of demeanor. Though more than ever devoted to my interests, hopes, and tastes, she seemed to shrink from the close and tender companionship which had previously existed between us.

Little by little she withdrew herself from me, until we were little more than polite acquaintances. Pretending that our little daughter might disturb my rest by her wakefulness, Eunice arranged for herself apartments near those which Anita had occupied. These latter had been locked immediately after Anita's departure, and had never been entered by any one. Then, though apparently in the best of health, Eunice complained of frequent indisposition, during which attacks she had her meals sent to her room, and our housekeeper remarked, casually, that my wife had an unusual appetite when sick.

Time after time I implored her to tell me the cause of her sadness and strangeness, but every time I alluded to the subject she would look so unutterably sad and weep so bitterly that out of regard for her I finally desisted entirely. She said that I had never made her unhappy—that my love for her had been greater than she had ever believed could be shown by man to women, and that she had rather be my slave than the wife of any other man in the world. But when, moved by the passion of her words and looks, I begged her, for her love's sakes, to tell me the cause of her sorrow, and put it in my power to remove it if possible, she would burst into tears—even my caresses seemed to be unendurable to her.

As for me, my own life became utterly miserable. The idea of a dreadful secret sorrow in the life of the woman I loved so dearly was insupportable yet there was no honourable escape from it. Any privation from her society I would have cheerfully endured if I could have thereby restored to her the happiness she seemed to have lost entirely, but the thought that my suffering was fruitless of any good to her only added to my misery. I lost my spirits, my appetite, my interest in my studies, and finally my ability to sleep. Night after night I spent on the veranda, or gloomily strolling under the old chestnuts about the house, wondering, hoping, praying cursing—sometimes almost determined to end Eunice's life and mine, and learn her secret, after we were both rid of its blighting effects.

One dark windy night I was pacing veranda, long after midnight, when I was startled by a bright light appearing in the room which had been Anita's chamber. Instantly determined that thieves, having heard the story which every gossip in the village knew, had selected this night in which to carry away some of the contents of my poor erring wife's apartments. For years her memory had been to me a thing of the past, but now the idea that rude hands could touch anything once dear to the woman I had loved, roused me to the wildest fury. Hastily taking a revolver from my desk, and snatching from a case of curiosities a two-pointed Malay dagger, I softly ran through a passage which led to the room where the light was shining. I stopped at Eunice's room to warn her against unnecessary alarm, but to my surprise Eunice was not there. Could she be in Anita's chamber, I wondered? I crept along the passage, pausing at every step or two to listen. The door of the long-closed chamber stood ajar, and suddenly I heard sounds which seemed to stop my heart-beats. I heard the voice of Eunice and a voice which was hoarse, rapid, eager, and with a foreign accent.

In an instant I was almost mad with jealousy. The well-dressed foreign beggar—my wife's sorrow and her mysterious conduct—her withdrawal from my companionship and my chamber—her frequent indisposition—the beautiful meals consumed at such times—her aversion to my caresses—all that had happened since the day I had surprised my wife and the beggar, linked itself together in one strong chain of damning evidence against my wife. She had loved the foreigner—she had brought him into the house of the man he was wronging—she had secreted him in the rooms she knew were safe from intrusion—she had even fed him from her husband's table.

A terrible calm quickly succeeded my fury, but found me cruel, vengeful, merciless. I would surprise them. I would quickly and surely slay them, and then, taking my little daughter, I would fly forever from the home which had so terribly disgraced me.

Hastily I threw open the door, but it turned noiselessly on its hinges without disturbing the occupants of the room, and revealed to me a scene which struck me dumb. On the pillow of the dainty couch of my lost wife lay the worn, wasted, unmistakable face of Anita Lozatos! By the bedside, clad in white, with her golden hair unbound, and rippling over her face and shoulders, stood Eunice. Her eyes were full of tears, while all the tenderness of pity, sorrow, and compassion heightened the beauty of her pure features into something almost angelic. One of her hands was tightly held by Anita: with the other she was pointing upward.

"Forgive me again," groaned Anita, hoarsely, "for the pain my presence has given you."

"Ask forgiveness of God," replied Eunice. "I have only done my duty."

"The years of pain I gave Herbert," continued Anita—"can he ever forgive ——"

"Ask God," said Eunice, still pointing upward.

"Ah, yes, my sister," said Anita, "but I am not a saint like you. God had all His angels to comfort Him when I sinned, but Herbert was alone with his sorrow. Do you think he will forgive my soul after it has left my body?"

"He will forgive you now," replied Eunice. "His is a noble soul, and he is—your husband. Let me bring him."

"Oh, do not! I dare not meet him! Before I could tell him all he would curse me?" cried Anita, shuddering and shutting her eyes as if to hide some dreadful sight.

"You do not know him," replied Eunice. "He is honor itself. Whatever is pitiful, honorable, manly, Christian, that is Herbert. He *shall* forgive you!"

"He will!" I cried, advancing to the bedside. Eunice started; Anita, with a wild cry, hid her face in the pillow.

"Your wife is dying," whispered Eunice. "She has suffered terribly. Be to her all you can in her few remaining moments." And in an instant Eunice disappeared.

Tenderly I raised Anita in my arms and kissed her brow. She opened her eyes and gazed into mine with a look at once glad and imploring.

"Herbert," she whispered, "I was infatuated on that awful night but I repented before I had got outside the grounds. I cursed my tempter as if I were mad. I hurried back to secure my note before you should see it, but I arrived only in time to see you fall. Then I ran away—I know not where—but I never dared to come back to you. I was swept overboard at sea once, and before I was rescued I was smitten by a terrible cold from which I never recovered. When I found I must die I dragged myself here, disguised in male attire, to look at you once more. Your noble wife recognized me, and I told her my story. I couldn't help it—it seemed like confessing to a pure angel. She declared she would tell you; that I should have my lawful husband, and she would leave you forever. I only prevented her by vowing to kill myself if she did. Then she declared these rooms were mine; that I should live in them; she forced me to come; I did not want to. She has fed me; she has comforted me; she has been doctor and priest to me. She—oh, God!"

Anita stopped suddenly and struggled for breath. I gently brushed her heavy black hair back from her temples. Again she spoke:

"Herbert, hear my last words; they are true as I hope for mercy. No lips but yours ever touched mine—no arms but yours were ever around me. For a few hours my heart forgot you, and for each hour I have paid a year of suffering. Was it enough?"

Her great dark eyes struggled against their fate as they looked for my coming answer; her pale thin lips, once so rich and red, now twitched nervously. For an instant I pressed her tenderly to my heart, and when again I looked at her her eyelids were drooping over the eyes in which death's dimness could not hide the love there was there, while her lips were breaking into the smile which never again left them. A moment later Anita Lozatos stood at the bar of the Judge who knew of her atonement as well as her sin.

I went in search of Eunice and found her sobbing on her bed. I kissed her and whispered:

"She is dead, darling."

"So is my secret—my terrible secret," sobbed Eunice.

With my own hands I dug her grave in a maze in the garden, where she used to spend many of her moments. Eunice, self-forgetful, nobly urged, from the poor clay in the tomb to hold our wedding day, and together we laid the [illegible] in her last earthly home. None but myself know the [illegible] one evening when I [illegible] ground where so [illegible] rest, and [illegible] forget-me-nots. I know that Anita he[illegible] taken with her all misery that had be[illegible] poisoning Eunice's life.

HORRIBLE CRIM[illegible]s.—It would appear from recent indicat[illegible] that we are again receding with lon[illegible] strides to the time when homicide, ju[illegible]ified or no, was in no way considered [illegible]uch of a crime—the Decalogue to the [illegible]ontrary. Burke, of course, considered [illegible] no crime to take the lives of people for [illegible] purpose of providing subjects for the [illegible] medical men and with the highways [illegible]n of old, whether of England or the Co[illegible]inent, it was a matter of no account f[illegible] on the refusal of an individual to "stan[illegible] and deliver," the pistol of the brigar[illegible] should go off and blow to the wi[illegible] the brains of the obstinate person. [illegible] might enumerate numbers of cases [illegible]ome what parallel to these which have [illegible]curred within no very distant date, and, [illegible] besides them, many others of an enorm[illegible]y, in no way incited by motives as plau[illegible]ible as those we have indicated. In th[illegible] former of the cases we have mentione[illegible] the notorious murderer, besides rec[illegible]iving the monetary reward of his mis[illegible]eds, could take to his soul the flatterin[illegible]unction that he was helping on the a[illegible]vancement of science, whilst on the oth[illegible] there was some sort of—shall we call [illegible] chivalry?—and ex[illegible] charms for the adventurous indivi[illegible]ual. It is not very long since that w[illegible] read of the wrecking of a train for the [illegible]urpose of robbing the wounded and dead [illegible] passengers, but we fail to see any contin[illegible]ts by which this could be planned and c[illegible]ried out, except those of avarice and [illegible]waright blood-thirstiness. Then we [illegible] heard of the Limours murders, the obje[illegible] of which was money, that has been apt [illegible] styled the root of all evil. Other atr[illegible]cious crimes have followed, among [illegible]em those of that nice old man named [illegible]ans, who was recently hanged on the ot[illegible]er side of the lines, and whose confession [illegible]as such as would barrow even the m[illegible]st hard-hearted. He had been guilty [illegible] almost every crime on the long list o[illegible] offences. His first murder, he said, [illegible]as committed, many years ago, for pu[illegible]ly scientific purposes. He told us, howe[illegible]er, that when he had made for himself [illegible] a subject, an invalid girl, he found [illegible] had hip disease and when the corpse [illegible]had been prepared he abandoned his sc[illegible]ientific researches. His desire for anato[illegible]ical knowledge could not have been ve[illegible]y intense, or he would never have stayed [illegible] his hand when so much had been accom[illegible]plished. He narrated with considerabl[illegible] *sang froid* his other many and grievo[illegible] offences, his last being the crime for wh[illegible]h he suffered, the outraging and murd[illegible] of his own niece. We had the case of [illegible] policeman who in cold blood shot [illegible] person whose house he had wrongfully i[illegible]vaded and another who shot the gu[illegible] who on account of his drinking habits [illegible]d declined to become his wife. These [illegible]re all indeed horrible in their way, som[illegible] more so than others, and none of them [illegible] attended by circumstances palliatin[illegible] enough to induce even the most philant[illegible]ropic to interfere and endeavour to sto[illegible] the course of the law. Throughout ther[illegible] was a ruling passion, in some a love of [illegible] greed, in others lust and jealousy, wh[illegible]st some seemed to have been perpetrated [illegible]hrough very devilishness. A case, is [illegible] which avarice and the last named clerg[illegible]t seemed to have been alone at work, [illegible]ccurred recently in Kansas City, in [illegible] which an amount of almost unexampl[illegible]d depravity was developed. Last s[illegible]mmer, two young men of that city, nam[illegible] Winner and McNutt, obtained an ins[illegible]ance policy of $5,000 upon the life of [illegible]cNutt. The policy was in favour of [illegible]woman, the paramour of McNutt. In [illegible]rder to legalize the policy McNutt m[illegible]rried the woman, and soon after sold o[illegible] his paint-shop and went to Wester[illegible] Kansas, accompanied by Winner. Ju[illegible] before Christmas, Winner came ba[illegible] to Kansas City for the purpose; as [illegible] appears, of finding a young man to be [illegible]urdered, whose body was to be palmed [illegible]off on the insurance company as McN[illegible]t's. A young man name[illegible] Sevier was [illegible]nduced to accompany Winner on promi[illegible] of a job of work, and was never seen [illegible]ive after. He was taken, according t[illegible] McNutt's confession, to the shop need [illegible] the murderers, and there drugged, w[illegible]h laudanum. Cords were bound tight[illegible] around his body, his clothing saturated [illegible]ith kerosene, and the shop was set on fi[illegible]. His remains were found amid the he[illegible]embers of the building, and were at fir[illegible]supposed to be those of McNutt. Win[illegible]r reported that they had been attacked [illegible]n the night, McNutt killed, and the she[illegible] robbed and burned. Mrs. McNutt at o[illegible] claimed the $5,000 insurance, and the [illegible]nsurance agent proceeded to investiga[illegible]. Winner and Mrs. McNutt were arr[illegible]sted, and the woman confessed all she k[illegible]w about the fearful transaction. Whe[illegible] can we find a worse recital than this, e[illegible]n in the records of the Dark Ages? [illegible] The men who conceived, planned an[illegible] perpetrated such a deed, must certain[illegible] have been incarnate fiends, and for the[illegible] the punishment of hanging would b[illegible] almost too lenient. With such recita[illegible] as those we have mentioned, if this [illegible]e is not a receding one it is progressing [illegible]—but in what? In the refinement of c[illegible]ut.—*Herald.*

FEMALE FRIEN[illegible]SHIP.—Women are generally more de[illegible]ted to their friends than men, and dis[illegible]y as indefatigable activity in serving [illegible]em. Whoever has gained the affection [illegible] of a woman is sure to succeed if any e[illegible]xprise wherein she assists him; men d[illegible] back much sooner in such cases. F[illegible]equently is my life have I had occasio[illegible] to admire in females the most generous [illegible]al in behalf of their friends. Who is [illegible] astonished at the courage shown by [illegible] woman, when her husbands misconduc[illegible] has perhaps a thousand tongues inflicted h[illegible], is threatened with imminent danger? [illegible] Who does not know many instances of [illegible] the murderers, and crimes on the part [illegible] the fair sex? A [illegible] most heroic devotion [illegible] wife to save her [illegible] husband? When it [illegible] a question of saving [illegible] her father, the [illegible] throws herself between the blows [illegible] assailant. Such [illegible] deeds, will sink her [illegible] days, will sink her [illegible] in oblivion [illegible] of antiquity.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL.

OPINION OF AN HONOURED MINISTER.

[The following extracts from a letter by Dr. Horatius Bonar, which has been published, will, we are sure, be read with great interest:]

It will not be denied that the thing which has so suddenly appeared among us, and stirred the placidity of our literary city, looks, in many respects, very like what we have long desired and prayed for; [illegible] not the less likely to be so because it brings no honour to ourselves, and owes nothing of its power to the enticing words of man's wisdom in any form, whether of polish, or logic, or philosophy.

The movement carries on its face an intensity of earnestness which leaves one in no doubt as to the single-heartedness of the workers. [illegible] Let us not, however, look at the work from without but from within. Let us throw ourselves into it, and then form our judgment. I think that in so doing right-thinking men will not merely withdraw opposition, but feel constrained to sympathize and approve.

The evening crowds in the two Assembly Halls, the more fashionable afternoon audiences in the city churches, the five thousand men that stood packed densely together in the Corn Exchange, the eager gatherings of young men, the two thousand that have for nearly a month crowded into the noon prayer-meeting daily—these are plain evidences that the movement is already a mighty fact, whatever may be its import or its philosophy.

I do not give any opinion as to the actual results. The time for this has not yet come. Yet these are already such as would surprise many, and show that the work is a reality. The heart of many a father and mother, of many a sister and brother, is now rejoicing in the changes that have been wrought, and the signal ways in which prayer has been answered. The spiritual influences (contagion as some call it) has struck into every rank and circle, and even those who decry it as fanaticism admit, and perhaps dread, its power. None who were present in the Corn Exchange last Sabbath evening will forget the crowd of listening men, most of them from the Grassmarket and the Cowgate, nor will any who were present that same evening, at a later meeting, forget the scene when six hundred of the Grassmarket men streamed up from the Corn Exchange into the Assembly Hall, and, falling on their knees, gave themselves to God, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Moody successively leading in prayer.

The American brethren bring to us no new gospel. . . . . We may trust them. They fully deserve our confidence; the more we know of them in private the more we do appreciate them, and the more do we feel inclined to cast in our lot with them. They are doing a good work. Let us bid them God speed, and put our own shoulders to the wheel. Let us learn from them also to preach the gospel more simply and more naturally.

This is the day of earnest men and earnest things. Let no man forbid the Christian worker to be in earnest. He surely is not the one man who, amid all the fervour of modern zeal, is it to remain cold, and to be repressed in his loving ardour, because his ways of working are not exactly according to established rule and line. We ask for soundness in the faith, and we do well. These men are sound. We ask for a consistent humble life, and we do well. These men are consistent and humble. We ask for self-denial, and we do well. These men are self-denied, hard toiling men, who are spending and being spent in a service which they believe to be not human but divine. We ask for definite aims and an *ultimatum* in which self shall have no place, and we do well. These men have the most definite of all definite aims, winning souls to everlasting joy, and they look for no fame and no reward save the Master's approval and the recompense in reserve for those who turn many to righteousness. They have in view no sinister, no selfish, no sordid motives, as their past history shows, and as every one who associates with them must feel.

Besides all this, it is vain to try to stop these men. They will work, and they will speak whoever shall say nay. Let us work along with them. They heartily desire the co-operation of all who love the Lord Jesus. They are modest, teachable, self-distrustful, though resolute men, who will listen to and learn from the poorest, but who will not be turned aside from what they know to be duty by any, whether great or mean. If we think them extravagant, let us join ourselves to them and moderate what excesses we may find in them. If we think they are taking unlawful ways of gathering the crowds from our lanes, from our streets, from our squares, from our villas, let us remonstrate with them, and suggest more efficient and more prudent methods of awakening our heedless and slumbering masses, whether rich or poor. If we can do the work better and more in accordance with our Scotch habits, let us step in and do it. The men are such that they will be delighted to give place to any one who will do the work better than themselves.

But the work must be done. It is too great and too important to be let alone. Confronted as we are with the augmenting mass of human evil, we must fight it, or we must go down before it. If we do not deal with it, it will soon deal with us. And how can we deal with it save by a power from above, and by the use of a remedy which contains, in solution within it, the potency of a divine cure. Let us not be too scrupulous as to the appearance of the vessel in which we administer the medicine, if we are satisfied that it is for the healing of the world.

At the same time, I must say that I have not seen nor heard any impropriety or extravagance. I have heard sound doctrine, sober though sometimes fervent and tearful speech, the utterance of full hearts yearning over the wretched, and beseeching man to be reconciled to God. That I should accord with every statement, and fall entirely in with every mare or their proceeding, must not be expected. Yet, I will say, that I have not witnessed anything sensational or repulsive. During the spiritual movements which took place in Scotland I had part, I saw more of what was extreme, both in statement and proceeding, than I have done of late. There was far more excitement then than there is now. The former movements depended far more upon vehement appeals, and were carried along more by the sympathetic current of human feeling than the present. When the present movement began I feared lest there should be a repetition of some of the scenes which I had witnessed in other days, and I did not hesitate to express my fear to brethren. My fears have not been realized. I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, and though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity pervading those hundreds gatherings of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feelings common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, "When do you intend to stop?" "Not till we have carried all before us." So say our brethren from Chicago. We say amen. This needy world says amen. Human wickedness and evil say amen. Heaven and earth say amen. The work is great and the time is short. But the strength is not of man but of God."

Preaching to his congregation on the same subject from Judges vii. 13, "A cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian," Dr. Bonar, after explaining that the Almighty wrought many wonderful things by the most insignificant instruments, proceeded to say that it seemed at present as if the cake of barley bread had tumbled into the midst of this city. It was God doing his work in a strange way, by feeble and unlikely instruments, and by agencies whose power was not of man, but of God. It was of no use saying, as many were saying, that there were things in the movement that they did not like. Possibly one might not like them, but it was not the sermon that one liked that did the greatest execution in the service of Christ. One might not like the instrument, but for all that it might be an instrument in the hand of God. The question was not as to one's opinion of the instruments, but as to the real spiritual work which the instruments were doing for the Lord. There was in this city, whether they saw or heard it or not, an awful amount of human wickedness and human wretchedness. The great question had come home to many, how they were to get men's ears to hear, and how to touch their consciences. It would seem as if God were taking a very unlikely instrument to penetrate the dens of wickedness, and to force a way for His gospel into the masses of human wretchedness. From what he heard, he believed that the sound of this movement had not only reached the great houses in Moray Place and the west end of the town, but has penetrated the lowest dens of iniquity in the Cowgate, Canongate and Grassmarket. The very worst characters were speaking of it, scoffing at it, and asking what its meaning was. It would be a great matter if they could get these lowest depths stirred up, and to get the people in them to believe that their souls were cared for.

CO-OPERATION OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

"It would be difficult," says the writer we have last quoted from, "to enumerate the ministers who have taken a prominent and most hearty interest in the movement. The utter absence of jealousy, the cordial co-operation of the clergy of all denominations in the work has been extremely striking. They have gained in no ordinary measure the esteem of the laity for their cordiality, seeming to think nothing of the fact that strangers from another country have been the instruments, all other feeling being apparently swallowed up in thankfulness for the blessing that has come. At the same time there is a very general feeling that the wonderful work now going on is in a large degree due to the faithful labours and earnest prayers of the clergy and Christian people of Edinburgh, although the peculiar gifts of strangers have been specially blessed to bring so many to earnest decision."

INTEREST OVER SCOTLAND.

"Requests for the services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey," we read, "are pouring in from all quarters. Requisitions, signed not only by ministers, but by provosts, councillors, and leading citizens, are received daily from towns, large and small. The anxiety for a visit seems to be of a remarkably serious and earnest kind. It is not to gratify curiosity, but to promote spiritual and eternal good, that their presence is sought. Even remote rural parishes in Scotland are meeting to pray for a blessing on their labours, and the belief prevails that what is now going on in Edinburgh will radiate over the country.

"Never, probably, was Scotland so stirred; never was there so much expectation. May it be graciously granted that the blessing shall be even above all that we can ask or think!

Amen! is our cordial response to this prayer, and to God be all the glory!

Josh Billings gives a remarkably just definition of a country newspaper editor: "An editor is a male being whose business is to navigate a nuse paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the 'devil,' steals matter, fites other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay whenever he can get it, raises a large family, works nineteen hours out of every twenty-four, knows no Sunday, gits damed bi everybody, and once in a while whipt bi somebody, lives poor, dies middle aged and often broken hearted, leaves no money, and is rewarded for a life ov toil with a short but free obituary puff in the nuse papers."

The British troops have commenced their return. Their march is unhindered.

FROM THE DEAD.

In a town of Northern New York a poor man went to his grave by a disease of the brain, concerning which the local medical authorities differed widely and acrimoniously. In fact, two particular physicians, who had long been professional rivals, so radically disagreed as to the exact character of the case that, when he whose treatment prevailed could not save the patient, the other did not hesitate to allege that the sick man had been destroyed by ignorant management. When a respectable practitioner casts such an imputation upon a member of his own professional school he should be pretty confident of his ability to prove it, and the accuser in the present instance was not unaware of his imperative obligation to substantiate his accusation. But how was that to be done? He had firmly maintained that the disease in question was caused by a tumor, and that the removal of the same by an operation would save the patient's life. His rival insisted that there was no tumor, and, consequently, did not perform the operation. Now, how was it to be practically demonstrated that the tumor did not exist, if the patient was in his grave? There was but one way of doing that, and the doctor adopted it.

On Christmas Eve, near midnight, when lights shone brightly from homes far and at hand, and the snow lay crisply on the ground, the professional disputant whose truth and standing were at stake, as he considered, in the matter, took a confidential student with him in a sleigh to the graveyard where had been placed the hapless subject of dispute, and rapidly and silently disinterred the poor body and placed it in the vehicle. Then whip was given to the horse and away started the sleigh on the snowy road back to the surgery.

But scarcely had the desecrators of man's last resting place got under way with their ghastly prize when the muffled beat of horse's hoofs somewhere in the darkness behind them told that they had been watched and were being pursued. Sharper fell the whip, and the spirited young animal before the sleigh went like the wind; yet still the pursuing hoof-beats sounded through the keen air, showing that the pursuer was well mounted. Turning from the main road into a by-way, or short cut, leading through a swampy piece of woods, the fugitives managed to gain enough distance to stop the sleigh a moment just at the edge of a plank bridge over a frozen woodland stream, and stretch a rope across the dark and narrow road. This done they were off again for the surgery close at hand, with the gallop of the pursuer coming sharply again to their ears. Pausing once again beyond the bridge, to hear presently the collision of the coming horseman with the unseen rope, a crash, and a cry of wrath, the two men carried the body to the house and triumphantly deposited it upon a dissecting table.

Then, thinking of nothing but his own discredited diagnosis of the disease and the glory it would be to prove it true, the daring practitioner set to work with his instruments. Carefully shaving one side of the head, and cutting through the scalp over the spot where the principal pain had been, he bored with his trephine through the skull until a circular button bone, about as large as a copper cent, was removed, and behold there was, indeed, the tumor! But the strangest scene of the curious drama was yet to come, and be best described in the Doctor's own terms, as they appear in an extract from his posthumous papers lately published in the Watertown, N. Y., *Dispatch*: "With no small degree of self satisfaction, I threw down my instruments and was going down stairs, when I heard a faint sigh. As I kneeled by the dead man's side and, candle in hand gazed anxiously into his pallid features, he feebly gasped and raised his eyelids. My God! Could it be a reality? Eagerly the slender thread of life was seized upon and hour by hour, day by day, week by week it was strengthened into a cable of perfect health."

In other words, the supposed dead man, whose disinterment had occurred but a few hours after burial, had been only insensible instead of dead and the removal of the tumorous pressure on his brain was just in time to save his life. And another strange discovery was, that, on the same Christmas night, the doctor who had denied the tumor had broken his arm by falling off his horse! Suspecting what his rival intended, he, too, had ridden secretly to the graveyard, and was the pursuing horseman whom the concealed rope across the road so signally overthrew.

An example of the present processes of utilization is given by a London journal, which states that, among the numerous worn out and seemingly worthless materials which modern ingenuity has discovered means of re-manufacturing and rendering at least of equal value with the original substance, are old and tarred rope which have been long in use in coal pits. Out of this dirty and apparently unbleachable substance is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, evenness of surface and delicacy of color; it is principally used in the potteries for transferring patterns to the earthenware, and is of superior value for such purpose; it is so tenacious that a sheet of it, twisted by hand in the form of a rope, will support upward of 100 pounds.

An elderly woman named McDonald was found dead lately, about half a mile from home, near Sydney, C. B. The deceased had walked from the town a distance of eleven miles, in company with a neighboring boy and girl, who lived within a mile of the woman's house. The girl on arriving at her own house, invited her in, but she declined, saying that she was so near her home she would not delay. It is supposed she slipped and fell on the ice, rendering her insensible, and perished before assistance came, as the only chance of her being discovered would be by passengers.

Another despatch dated the 9th of February, says: "Advices [illegible] have just arrived respecting a [illegible] peace. I will remain with the [illegible] troops until the 15th, to allow time [illegible] to reach Bonny. [illegible] Horsfall [illegible] Brass [illegible] Bonny [illegible] Leasing [illegible] blow and [illegible]

The remains of Dr. Livingstone will be transported from Africa to England at the public expense.

A lady, sitting in her parlor and engaged in dreamy contemplation of the young gentleman who was to escort her and her sister to a festival, was suddenly awakened by an ominous whisper, in a juvenile voice, at the door, "You've got Ann's teeth, an' she wants em."

A little four year old Watertown girl went running into the house the other day, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma, I've seen Jack Frost!" "Were did you see him, my darling?" queried the mother. "Oh, I saw the tip of his tail hanging over the eaves." She had seen an icicle.

A painful accident happened recently to a farmer named Keefer, of Amaranth, 9th line. He was upon a straw stack throwing down fodder to the cattle, and after getting through pitched down the fork, which stuck in the straw. He then jumped down and lit upon the handle of the fork, which entered his body injuring him so severely that his recovery is uncertain.

The Exeter *Times* describes a curious incident:—Mr. Towers, of Exeter, started at night for London, driving a span of good horses. He reached London early next morning, and started the same day to return. After pretty hard driving reached Mr. Thos. Potts' Hotel early in the evening. On arriving he found the horses to be quite blind. Mr. Potts did all he could for them, but they both died during the night.

A sad accident recently happened to a son of Mr. Chambers, who resides on on the sixth concession of the townships of Brant and Greenock. The young lad who is about sixteen years of age, had been out in the bush chopping, when a limb fell from the tree, butt end striking him on the front part of the head and fracturing the skull. Several pieces of broken skull were taken out and a portion of it which had been depressed was raised. The sufferer was at last accounts alive, but it was doubtful whether he would recover.

Four persons were burned to death at Evansville, Ind., on Thursday, by the destruction of a grocery and dwelling and dwelling occupied by C. Mehr. There were, when the fire broke out, about ten persons in the house, including Mr. Mehr, his wife, and six children. Mrs. Mehr seized two of the children and rushed through the flames, and a boarder seized another of the children. Mr. Mehr rushed out and seeing that some of his children were missing, again ran into the house, and was not again seen alive. When found, he had clasped in his arms the three children who had been left behind, the bodies being burned almost to a cinder.

The advocates of compressed air as a means of mechanical power assert, with more and more enthusirsm, its universal adaptability as an effective and economical motor. It is claimed that by its adoption furnaces for creating steam power will be entirely done away with, as also all the litter and dust incident to fuel and fires; that boilers for high pressure power will be laid aside, and danger from explosion no longer to be apprehended. By its use blacksmiths' fires can be blown and silversmiths' blowpipes supplied; cellars, sewers and the many foul places of a compact city be thoroughly ventilated; hospitals enabled to keep up a constant current of pure air, &c., &c., This plan does not involve, however, the disuse of engines. The compressed air only takes the place of steam in driving the engines; but the many furnaces and boilers and fires can be dispensed with. The compressed air thus furnishes the means practically of carrying power long distances without appreciable loss, and without the cost, cumbrousness, and wear and tear of belts, shafts, &c.

The Spanish question is to be rendered a little more unintelligible than before, and affairs so complicated that it will become difficult, not for foreign powers alone, but for ordinary mortals also, to know which is really the ruling power in Spain. The Madrid Government has hitherto been tacitly recognized—now Don Carlos proposes to get crowned King and to constitute a government, which shall be the only true one, and to which all Spaniards will have to yield allegiance. Of course, he will swear to support the liberties of the people—that is a thing done by every pretender, and on which, considering how little the pledge is observed, he need not have laid particular stress. He is more likely to carry out his intention of drawing five million dollars as "a first instalment" of the contracted loan. It is very much the fault of the Madrid Government that things should have come to this pass, as, after the suppression of the Cartagena insurrection, energetic measures would in all likelihood, have brought about the defeat of the Carlists. But there is no real government in the country—merely a war of factions and a rivalry in