

1. The plots, contrivances, wiles, stratagems, and devices of Satan.

2. What particular temptations we are liable to, in view of our age, sex, and condition in life, each of which has its appropriate and besetting sin.

3. How, and when, and where to set a guard.

4. Where, and when, and how we should take the alarm.

5. Where surprise would be likely to be fatal.

(2.) It shows us how to encounter and how to escape dangers.

1. It teaches us how to fly from danger, as in the case of Joseph.

2. It shows us when to face danger, as in the case of Nehemiah.

3. It enables us to find out and fortify weak places.

4. It teaches us what weapons to use, and how to use them.

"Let us then, 'watch and be sober,' and pursue our victory against every inbred foe; not content with supposed delivery from the dominion of sin, but aiming continually to weaken and crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, even unto entire extirpation. For we can have no fellowship with the enemies of God, within us or around us, but to our hurt; and therefore our only wisdom and interest is to declare and maintain unceasing war against them, even to the end of our days."—*Scott*.

MISCELLANY.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—In all persuasions, the bigots are persecutors; the men of cool and reasonable piety, are favourers of toleration; because bigots not taking the pains to be acquainted with the grounds of their adversaries' tenets, conceive them to be so absurd that no man can join into them in good earnest. For which reason they are convinced that some oblique bad notice induces them to pretend to the belief of such doctrines, and to the maintaining them with obstinacy. This is a very general principle in all religious differences, and it is the corner stone of all persecutions.—*Burke*.

William Penn has, in a letter to Archbishop Tillotson these memorable words—"I abhor two principles in religion, and pity them that own them—the first is obedience upon authority, without conviction; and the other, destroying them that differ from me, for God's sake. Such a religion is without judgement though not without teeth—union is best, if right; else, charity."

The biographer of Bishop Burnet tells us, that when making his *Tour on the Continent*, this great and good prelate "there became acquainted with the leading men of the different persuasions tolerated in that country, particularly Calvinists, Armenians, Lutherans, Baptists, Brownists, Papists, and Unitarians; amongst each of which he used frequently to declare, he met with men of such unfeigned piety that he became fixed in a strong principle of universal charity."

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—The shawls of Cashmere supply the whole civilized world. It is said they are manufactured at 16,000 looms, each of which gives employment to two or three men. The number of shawls annually manufactured is estimated at 80,000. A very fine shawl will occupy a loom for nearly a year—yet ten or twelve of the inferior shawls, may be fabricated in that period. The work is so inconceivably tedious, by which the fine patterns are produced, that not more than a quarter of an inch is completed in a whole day. When the pattern is new or very intricate the superintendent workman describes to those under him, the figures, colours, and threads, which they are to use, keeping before him the drawing from which he makes them work. His wages varies from eighteen pence

to two shillings a day; while the common workmen receive from three half-pence to six-pence daily.

The wool of which these shawls are made, is brought from Tibet. It is the inside coat, or down of sheep peculiar to that mountainous region. The wool is at first of a dark grey colour, but being bleached, it becomes a beautiful white, and takes the various dyes readily when spun. It is a curious fact, that the borders are attached to the shawls after fabrication, so delicately, that no eye can detect the place of junction.

Lambs' skins, of the Tibet sheep, are so highly esteemed, that the dams are often killed before weaning, on purpose to have the skins of a more delicate texture, than after its exposure to the air.

The coarsest shawl from the loom will fetch about a pound sterling, but the finest sometimes sell for £100 each.—*Wallace's Memoirs of India*.

AN ACTUAL SCENE AFTER BATTLE.—The battle of Soldin, between the Russians and the King of Prussia, was warmly contested; and after it was over, a clergyman went upon the ground, and afterward wrote the following account of what he saw:—

"At one o'clock the cannonading ceased, and I went out on foot to Soldin, to learn in whose favour the battle had turned. Toward evening seven hundred Russian fugitives came to Soldin. It was a pitiful sight; some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing; others praying, and praising the king of Prussia, without hats or clothes; some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up; some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the tails of the horses.

"When the battle was decided, and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading had been. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed toward me: I mounted him; and on my way for seven miles and a half on this side of the field of battle I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, and sadly cut to pieces. The farther I advanced the more of these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another.

"The scene I never shall forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out 'Water! dear Sir, water! water!' Gracious God, what a sight! men, women, and children, Russians, and Prussians, carriages and horses, oxen, chests, and baggage, all lying one upon another to the height of a man; seven villages all around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or thrown into the fire.

"The poor wounded soldiers were still firing at one another in the greatest exasperation. The field of battle was a plain two and a half miles long, entirely covered with dead and wounded! There was not room to set my foot without treading on some of them. Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that they lay heaped up one upon another as high as ten feet, and appeared like hills to the even ground.

"I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, 'Sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy; pray show me some compassion, and dispatch me at once.'"

Just reflect for a moment on the spirit of those combatants. Even in death they retained their insatiate thirst for revenge, and kept "firing at one another in the greatest exasperation." Here is the genuine spirit of war. Is it like that of the gospel? Do we find it commended in the Sermon on the Mount? Yet, war never did, never will, never can exist without it. Mark also the murderous desire of the officer—a suicide in purpose. Can such a murderer have eternal life? Yet this is the mildest form of the war spirit.—*New York Observer*.