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WHOLE No. 629.

Religious Miscellany.

Resting in God.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;

When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is his.

Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;

If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand

Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.

Though thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;

Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear:

In his love if thou abidest,
He will guide.

Fearlest sometimes that thy Father,
Hath forgot?

When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.

Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken.

Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoever be thy
Night or day,

Know his love for thee provideth
Good away.

Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;

To each Christian soul that liveth,
Peace at length.

Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;

Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

David Stoner.

"Lord, what is it that I think if Mr. Bramwell were somewhere within fifty miles I would go to him that he might teach me and pray for me. But how foolish is this! Christ is here! I am with him, and in him! Why then do I not enter into the promised land? Lord, I beseech thee remove the hindrance out of the way!" So wrote a young man, two years after the famous Bramwell's death, while preaching, and struggling for entire purity of heart, on Bradford Circuit, England; he was to be a second Bramwell during a brief ministerial career. Two weeks later he writes: "Glory be to God! My soul is happy in his love. I feel that Christ has my heart. Whether this is sanctification or not, I have not the clear assurance; but my soul is full of love and joy." He obtained the "clear assurance," and the name of David Stoner has ever since been precious throughout the Methodist world. The history of his Christian life has stimulated his ministerial brethren at the frontier wilds of America, and neared the missionaries of Fiji and New Zealand to wrestle with the principalities and powers of darkness amid the horrors of cannibal barbarism.

He was born at Barwick-in-Elmet, near Leeds, in 1794, of Methodist parents, who trained him early to a religious life. He was converted when about twelve years old. By diligence in study he qualified himself for the office of a teacher, which he creditably sustained during some years. As his youth advanced, his sensitive mind was troubled with the impression that it was his duty to preach the Gospel. About his eighteenth year, rising from a dangerous illness, he yielded to his conscience, and began to labor in the local ministry. In 1814 he was sent out to aid the "travelling preachers on the Leeds circuit, and the Conference of that year received him on probation, appointing him to Holmfirth, near Huddersfield. Entirely devoted to his work, and seeking the perfect consecration of his soul to God, he could not fail of immediate usefulness. The recklessness was smitten under his word, and the Church was kept alive with zeal. From the beginning to the end of his ministerial course he was an evangelist in the fullest sense of the title, and "revivals" could hardly be called extraordinary, but rather ordinary results of his labors. Holiness, sanctification, was his theme, and from the time at which we have introduced him, when it became a distinct subject of his experience, he went through his course as a "flame of fire." Even before this period his usefulness was remarkable. His second circuit was Huddersfield, where he began his labors in 1816; during three years that he spent there four hundred and ten members were added to the Church, and the largest Methodist chapel in the world, except one at Leeds, was erected in the town at Huddersfield, the former scene of the faithful ministry of Wm. W. Bramwell, the Methodist and friend of Wesley. In 1819 he was removed to the Bradford circuit, where also he had great success, reporting when he left an increase of more than one thousand communicants. Accompanied by three of his itinerant colleagues, and by three or four zealous leaders and local preachers, he held watch-nights in nearly every country appointment on the circuit. His word (writes his colleague) was indeed with power, producing an immediate and visible effect. He travelled on Bristol and York circuits with unusual success. His labors were excessive, for the York circuit included two or three of the present adjacent circuits. He preached in nearly fifty villages within a range of ten miles around York. At the conclusion of almost every evening service he held a prayer-meeting; it was often a scene of thrilling interest, but hardly ever of clamor and confusion, for he disliked noise "for his own sake," and never tolerated, never allowing stamping or violent gestu-

lations, which, "if they do not come of evil, do not tend to good." He endeavored to promote recollection in penitently awakened minds, that they might present themselves rightly before God in prayer, and distinctly apprehend his gracious promises. A brother itinerant testifies respecting his labors on York circuit, that "a multitude, both of men and women, believed; a great proportion of whom continue to hold fast their confidence. At least four hundred persons were added to the Lord; and though not exclusively by his instrumentality, yet he was an eminent instrument in the good which was done."

In 1825 it was deemed necessary to divide the circuit, and the work deepened remarkably. Such was the intense earnestness of Stoner's spirit that his appeals were almost irresistible. The value of a single soul was to him worth the labour of a lifetime. "Praise the Lord for one," he exclaims, "I'd want thousands. It is my daily prayer: Lord lay on my heart the burden of souls. Let me feel for souls. Give me souls. The good Joseph Entwistle shared the labors of Stoner on Bradford circuit. "The work of God still goes on," he writes in the beginning of 1821, "in this circuit; more and more are heard to enquire 'What must I do to be saved?' More and more are enabled to rejoice in God our Saviour. The dry bones are moving through the whole circuit, and in every place the savour of the knowledge of Christ is spread abroad. To him be glory." Wherever he passed on the circuit, he reports triumphs of the Church, the effects chiefly of Stoner's preaching; at Bradford, "the Lord is making his arm" at Forsley, "the Lord is also reviving his work;" at Mornington, "the Lord is carrying on his work;" at Low Moor, "surely the Lord is doing wonders at this place;" at White Abbey, "here, too, sinners were awakened and turned unto the Lord;" at Horton, "God is at work here." At almost every appointment he sees the demonstrative effects of Stoner's fervent ministry. "Since I began to travel," he writes, "I have not known one man under whose preaching so many souls have been converted as under Mr. Stoner's; a significant testimony from a veteran who had been a colleague of Bramwell, and had known most of the ministerial giants of Wesley's last years. "He gives himself continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word; he minds nothing else, and his profiting appears unto all." When Entwistle left the circuit in 1825 he could look back upon extraordinary successes. "More than a thousand persons had been converted, and the piety of the Church had been everywhere deepened. It had been a time of refreshing from the Lord, which could not soon be forgotten."

The labors of the devoted David Stoner have been narrated down to the year 1825. The obituary of 1827 records his death. In 1826 he was appointed to the Liverpool circuit, where, in a few weeks, he closed his useful career, but not till he had made a deep impression on the circuit. Twenty-six times he preached in Liverpool and its vicinity, and visible good was accomplished, it is said, by every discourse. He encouraged band-meetings, promoted preaching in private houses, and enforced everywhere the importance of direct labours for the salvation of souls. All who had familiar intercourse with him at this time observed a remarkable elevation of his spirit, a sublime earnestness and spiritual power. They could not, says his biographer, refrain from thinking that he was preparing for some great event, though they little supposed it would be his translation to heaven. His last sermon, perhaps, the most powerful he ever delivered; outlines of it remain; they are overwhelming in their solemn persuasiveness. His sickness was painful; but his faith triumphed in the consuming fire. "Jesus, thou art my hope and confidence for ever and ever!" he exclaimed a few hours before his departure. His last words were characteristic of his whole ministry: "Lord, save sinners! Save them by thousands! Lord, save them! Conquer them!" Thus praying, he expired on the 23rd of October, 1826, in his thirty-third year. His intellectual powers were above mediocrity, his education liberal, his assiduity in study extreme, his piety extraordinary. Entwistle, his colleague on Bradford Circuit, says, "His eye was single, he was the most popular preacher of all I have known in his circuit; but I could never perceive that his popularity gratified him." "He was little, very little in his own eyes," says M'Allister, "self-abasement was with him habitual, and from a certain constitutional sadness, would have sunk him into despair, but for the great measure of grace with which he was blessed." He was a "burning and shining light," says the Conference Minutes, "the favored instrument in the conversion of many hundreds of sinners." To every Methodist preacher who wishes one of the best models of his blessed work, we say, send to the Book-Room and procure David Stoner's Memoirs.—N. Y. Methodist.

A Holy Heart.

What a satisfaction must it be to any person to feel the blissful assurance that the heart is holy. That all sin is not only forgiven, but all its stains are washed away. That the heart which is by nature "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and "full of all uncleanness," is now, by grace, made pure and free from all its defilements. That the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed it from all sin. That now it is no longer as "a cage of unclean birds," but as a vessel holy unto the Lord, sanctified and fitted for divine service.

How pleasant and joyous must be the reflections of the one whose heart is made pure. Such can say: "Now by divine grace I am saved from all that is displeasing in the sight of God. All my foes are conquered, cast out and slain, that one gave me such constant alarm and disquietude, each disputing the other's right to reign, and turbulent to be supreme, now Christ my precious Saviour, reigns without a rival—" "The Lord of every nation thou art," O, blessed be God! I am now fully saved, I have the gift "of power." Power is Christ's living witness, even to the ends of the earth. I am ready to live or ready to die. Ready to do or to suffer. Ready for all my Saviour's righteous will. Ready for earth and ready for heaven. My heart is fixed, trusting in God. Whom have I in heaven but God, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside him. Glory, glory to

his holy name. Halleluiah. Now I am what the Lord would have me be. Just what I have been striving to be. My prayers are answered, my soul is satisfied, the divine image is diffused through all my soul, and shines to the perfect day."

In this blessedness, dear reader? Are you in possession of this glorious treasure? If so, praise God with all your heart. Let your soul make her boast in the Lord and be glad. But if you cannot say your heart is holy, do you desire it? Are you praying for it? Are you making the requisite effort to obtain it? Are you groaning after it?

Just let Jesus take that heart of yours. Let him take it now. Don't wait to make it any better. You can't make it holy if you try. If you could make it any better you might make it entirely holy, and then what need would you have of a Saviour? But it is Jesus only who can save his people from their sins. They cannot save themselves. If this be so, and who can dispute it, then the sooner you give up your whole heart to Jesus to be fully saved by him, the quicker and the easier will this great salvation implied by a holy heart be yours. Don't say you are unworthy; this is the very reason you should come to Christ now for this full salvation. He determined to do it. Be resolute till it is done. Delay not. Make haste. Trust in the cleansing blood. Believe, believe, and this great gift is yours. May God bestow on all our dear readers a holy heart.

Where was Tarshish?

Sir Emerson Tennent, in his recent work on Ceylon—a work by the way, of great value and interest, both to the scholar and to the general reader—addresses strong grounds for the belief that Tarshish was in Ceylon, and probably at or near Point de Galle. Malacca, it is well known, was the golden Chersonese of the late Greek geographers, and in the Malay language Ophir is the generic term for gold mine. We read in Chronicles that "King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Elath" on the shore of the Red Sea—and that his ships traded with Tarshish and Ophir. "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks."

In a Persian poem of the tenth century, which describes an expedition from Jerusalem to Ceylon, the outward voyage is stated as occupying a year and a half—a coincidence which the regular occurrence of the monsoons, and their effect on the unscientific navigation of the East, renders important. Gold and silver have been for ages, and still are, produced in the island of Malacca, and in the present mineral quantities and peacocks are the most prominent article of export from Ceylon, and are spoken of many times in the Tamil books, in the same order as in the Scripture narrative.—*Examiner*.

Suffering Wrongfully.

A young man, a professor of religion in a college, had given offence by the disapprobation he had expressed of the conduct of some of his fellow-students. In revenge, they formed and executed a plan which charged the charge of theft to be brought against him, and to be supported in so plausible a manner, that it was believed by many even of those who had felt perfect confidence in his integrity. He contented himself with a simple denial of the charge. The tide of opinion set in so strongly against him that his friends advised him to leave the college. He hesitated, and in opposition to his own judgment, he yielded to their advice. A cloud rested on his good name for several years. One of his protectors then confessed the deed.

"I deserved it all," said the wronged man, speaking of his sufferings, "I deserved it all at the hands of God, but not at the hands of man. But I don't think it ever does one any harm to suffer wrongfully. If God permits it, He will make it up to him in some way. I trust that, through grace, I am a much better man in consequence of the affair at C—"

No Unnecessary Miracles.

When the angel brought St. Peter out of prison, the iron gate opened of its own accord; but coming to the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, he was fain to stand before the door and knock! When iron gave entrance how could wood make opposition? The answer is easy. There was no man to open the iron gate; but a portress was provided, of course, to unlock the door. God would not, therefore, show his finger when men's hands are appointed to do the work. Heaven will not substitute a miracle, where ordinary means were formerly in peaceable possession. But if they either depart or resign, (ingeniously confessing their insufficiency,) then miracles succeed in their vacancy.—*Fuller*.

What of the Day.

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky,
Far-ringing over the downright lightning glare,
The hills blaze red with warnings; fays draw

Treading the dark with challenge and reply,
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision,
The gathering hosts—the Valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling 'round,
Day of the Lord, of darkness and no light!

It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let thy will be done—
Turn and return, end what thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy; as for me,
If but the least and faintest, let me be
Evermore numbered with thy true free
Who find thy Service perfect liberty!

I am would thank thee that my mortal life
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and pain)
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close din and van on angelic plain;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive hither back the spirits of the night.
O! for the faith to read the signs aright,
And, from the angle of thy perfect sight
See Truth's white banner floating on before;
And the good cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends,
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
And, thro' its cloud of dust, the threshing floor,
Flailed by the thunder heaped with chaffless grain.

Religious Intelligence.

Progress of the Revival in Jamaica.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. William T. ...

As you are doubtless anxious to be furnished with full information as to the progress and prospects of the good work of God in this land, I will endeavour to furnish you with such as concerns this Circuit up to the end of the March quarter.

Our Quarterly Meeting was held at Brown's Town on Monday, the 15th inst. The schedules showed an increase in members at Brown's Town of 43, with 30 on trial; at Stewart-Town of 102, with 22 on trial; and at Tabernacle of 80, with 41 on trial. You will remember that our number of members at the end of December last was 418. The number since received, with those on trial, is 308, being an addition of about 214 to the original number. New inquirers are still coming in. On Sunday last I put down upon the class-papers eight or ten at Tabernacle. And you will be glad to learn that the increase in Circuit income has more than kept pace with the increase of members.

Our chapels are still crowded every Sabbath, when the weather is at all favourable; but much of the intense excitement has passed away, and we have had no prostrations for six or eight weeks past. At Brown's-Town we have had none (except the solitary case of a little boy) in our chapel, from the commencement of the movement; yet I was impressed with the fact, when renewing the quarterly tickets, that a larger proportion of the new-comers could give a satisfactory account of their conversion and present religious state at Brown's-Town than at either of the other stations where there had been several cases of prostration, though the results at each place are truly encouraging.

Two of our chapels—that at Brown's-Town and that at Tabernacle—have become far too small, and must shortly be enlarged. I am sure that our people and friends here will do what they can towards meeting the needed outlet; but they will not be able to collect the whole amount required to make the enlargements without incurring or increasing debts; and I hope that the Committee will be prepared to help us with some portion of the amount allotted, or to be allotted, to this District for chapel purposes. But we cannot proceed without due authority; and when I have secured a more accurate account of the probable cost, you shall have from me a more specific application.

I need not trouble you with individual instances of awakening and conversion. The great majority of cases, though sufficiently interesting, have not been characterized by other than the ordinary features of conversion. One is to this effect:—A man on his way home on Saturday night, is seized with strong convictions of sin, and stricken down on a neighbouring house. Some persons got him removed to a neighbouring house. But they are not accustomed to public prayer, or who know what exactly to do in the case; and therefore send off to some distance for a young woman, a member of our Society, to attend to him. She comes, she speaks a word of exhortation and encouragement to the struggling penitent; she prays with him; but he begins to feel that it is not right with herself; that she has not been living up to her privileges; that she does not enjoy a clear sense of acceptance; that her heart is not absorbed as it ought to be by heavenly and eternal things. She, in her turn, becomes distressed; she goes into a room and wrestles with God in private prayer, nor ceases till she has obtained a blessing; and now she can exhort and pray with a new fervour and power, and becomes useful to many.

Another is this:—When the people were so anxious to meet together, at any hour, and in any place, to hear the word and unite in prayer, I opened my house for services on nights on which I was not elsewhere engaged. Upon one of these occasions I gave a short and pointed address on the words, "Will a man rob God?" A week afterwards, when I returned home from some Missionary and other services, I was told of a neighbouring young woman, formerly living with a man as concubine, that she had been awakened and found peace. That address had touched her conscience; she had carried about her grief, deeply hidden in her heart, for nearly a week; but it became at length too heavy to be borne. While engaged in the kitchen about cooking breakfast, she had begun to overcome, and, falling down, began shrieking aloud for mercy. The neighbours soon collected, some to help by singing and prayer, and some to look on with wondering curiosity. The poor woman's cries for mercy are said to have been truly heart-rending; but she soon obtained peace and joy through believing, and ever since has given proof of her attachment to her merciful Saviour.

I might relate many more instances, but the above will afford a true notion of the general character of the work. A little smaller for his years of age, came to me after service a few Sundays ago, at Tabernacle, to tell how he had been made happy in the Lord Jesus, requesting that her name should be entered upon a class-book, and insisting that a *quittance*, (a silver coin worth three half-pence), which she had brought with her, should be received as her class-money.

Yet, in connexion with the movement, there have been many extravagancies, as I presume there always will be in connexion with any excitement, from whatever cause, which thoroughly pervades and moves to its very depths the general mind of the uneducated multitude, who are not habituated to watch over and control their emotional impulses. It may be said, and no doubt quite truly, that much of this excitement was produced by mere natural causes. The tidings of the wonderful movement went before the movement itself. The facts that one and another previously hardened transgressor was suddenly arrested and stricken down, that multitudes were simultaneously impelled to seek religious counsel and to unite in prayer, that profane and beginning to commend that religion which hitherto they had neglected, if not ridiculed and blasphemed, being reported from village to village, with expressions and looks of wonder, awe and joy—sometimes with additions of the marvellous and supernatural, which had a very slender foundation in fact,—caused an

amount of preparatory emotion. In some were indefinite apprehensions of something portentous, in some of guilty fear and alarm, and in others of joyous exultation and hope, which broke up the chilling indifference, and prepared the way for better and more glorious results. And however the prostrations and other principal manifestations may be accounted for, though it may be said, and said truly, that some were the simple results of sympathetic excitement, that some were produced by a strange dread of the presence of some mysterious supernatural power, that some were caused by a more definite sense of sin, guilt, and urgent danger, and that others resulted from a severe internal struggle between the powers of good and evil, though some might deny the exercise of any immediate supernatural power or influence whatever in producing these results, and others may account for them as being evidently miraculous; still, the effect produced remains the same. An amount of attention to the things of the kingdom of God, of moral and religious thought and feeling, of real awakening and true conversion, together with a still greater amount of outward reformation of manners and attendance upon the duties of Divine worship, has been accomplished by this mighty movement, which no man, or set of men, could have hoped to accomplish by ordinary means, and in which every believer in Christianity must confess the finger of God. The predominant results, so far, are manifest and undeniably good. "The revival," says the editor of the "County Union," himself a Jew, "sobered down to rational devotion, has carried with it the White, the Coloured, and Ethiopian humanity of Jamaica to the shrine of the Almighty on so powerful a tide, that all of Christianity in the island flows with one mighty stream to the altar of its Saviour, and to the temple of the living God. . . . That most wonderful spell which mastered the multitude (dwelling in huts and cabins, spread its insinuating power into higher habitations, the lowly leading the exalted to worship on one platform, and with one assent."

Some persons have been so affected, and have acted in such a frantic manner, and seemingly without any intention to deceive, as to lead one to suspect a Satanic influence; beating themselves, tearing off and into shreds their garments, foaming and howling, running fiercely about, rushing up trees and balancing themselves in a most marvellous manner upon slender branches, performing desperate feats, gnawing at wood of eating grass, becoming dumb, also, and having their physical strength ultimately prostrated. (One who had taken part in services in which such cases had occurred, (for I have not myself been witness to these great extravagancies), and who himself professes to have been converted during the revival, stated to me in conversation some weeks ago, that there were two spirits working among the people; one, the Spirit of Jesus, a meek and quiet spirit, who convulses of sin, fills with sorrow and distress, but soon brings his subjects to find peace and joy through believing. The other, a violent spirit, which, when it seizes hold of the people, they become frantic and scarcely know what they do. He seemed unwilling to say whether he really thought that to be a good or a bad spirit. However, it does not seem to me to be either unreasonable or unscriptural to suppose that the devil and his associate fiends, being alarmed at the prospect of dispossessed, should put forth their power, as far as permitted, in such a way as to inflict physical injury upon their previous subjects, to lead the credulous astray, or to bring discredit upon a great work of God.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of America, have commenced Revival services in the Wesleyan Chapel, Banbury, near Oxford. The work bids fair to exceed anything they have witnessed since they left the north of England. On an evening six or nine names were given in of those who professed to be made partakers of pardoning mercy, besides the names of several who sought and found the blessing of entire sanctification. The two previous evenings about fifty names were recorded, and during the first week two hundred and fifty-two conversions had taken place. The ministers, the Revs. Walter Coates and John Locke, are entering most heartily into the work, and say that they are expecting at least one thousand souls to be brought into the fold of Christ.

The Norwegian Boy at the Prayer Meeting.

A small boy arose, appearing to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, and small for his age. He was a Norwegian by birth, and spoke very imperfect English. He had been four years at sea—had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister.

"I found out," said he, "that I was not too little to go to hell, nor too big to go to heaven. If I have got nothing else, I have got a Saviour, and that is more than father or mother or houses or lands. I have got Christ. I love him. I stand up for him—glad, glad, I am. Shippers, all you must stand up for Jesus. Why don't you? O! how can you help it?"

His bright flashing eye and his face all aglow spoke the intensity of his emotion. His address was not lost. There sat a little boy before him overwhelmed with tears. That little boy said to the speaker, on leaving: "O! Father, I am so glad I went. I never shall forget it. I want to be a Christian. I hope God will keep me, and be my God."

The Syrian Massacre.

According to information supplied by the Turks themselves, sixteen thousand Christians, including women and children, lost their lives in the massacre committed by the Druses in Syria; three thousand women and young girls were carried off and sold to the Turks; seventy thousand Christians of all sects were reduced to ruin; and one hundred and fifty towns and villages, with their churches, schools, and monasteries, not including the houses destroyed at Damascus, were pillaged, burnt, or destroyed. An American missionary in the midst of these horrors gratefully acknowledges that God fulfilled his promise to be with in trouble, to deliver and honor them. He says not a Protestant house on Lebanon was robbed during this fearful war, and with a single exception, the whole Protestant community kept aloof from those scenes of violence. The Druse governors treated them and all in their employ with kindness and con-

sideration, even in the days of highest excitement and terror, sending to them by night and by day, assuring them that no harm should come to them.

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR ROME.—The famous Romish Concordat was agreed to by the King of Wurtemberg in 1853, without consulting the Chambers. A change of ministers occurred in 1857, who again settled the relations between the state and the Romish Church according to it. As there had been no meeting of the Chambers for a year and a half, the people impatiently called for it, and they were convened February 28. The concordat question was immediately discussed, six hundred petitions being presented against it, and only twenty in its favour, several of which had only a single signature. After an earnest debate, a motion that the Chambers should reject the Concordat, and send a protest against it to the government, requesting that the ordinance of 1857 be declared null and void, was passed by a majority of, sixty-seven against twenty-seven.

General Miscellany.

The Empress and the Veteran.

A letter from Berlin relates the following interesting anecdote:—A few days ago a hale old man, in a peasant's costume, but decorated with several orders and crosses, was seen to ascend the flight of steps leading to the terrace of the palace of Sans Souci. A sentinel posted there stopped him, saying that he could not be allowed to go further, as the place was inhabited by the Empress of Russia. "Why, that's the very reason why I must go on," replied the veteran, sturdily. An altercation ensued, which was interrupted by the arrival of Col. Count Von Alvensleben, first equester to the empress, who asked what was the matter. The old man replied that he had walked nine German miles to see the empress before his death, he having saved her in her youth from a watery grave. On learning this, the count bade him wait, and on informing the empress of the occurrence, was ordered to introduce him. The veteran approached the empress with a firm step, and said: "I recognize her well, though she is much changed." He then reminded her Majesty of an occurrence which took place in 1806, in the park of Charlottenburg, where the late king used to pass the summer, living there in the style of a private gentleman. The Empress of Russia, then Princess Charlotte, and only seven years of age, was one day playing near the ornamental little stream, called the Carp basin, with her little sister, the Princess Alexandra, and her brother, Prince Charles, whom she was drawing along in a Bath chair, in which exercise she happened to go too near the water's edge. A young guardman on duty not far off, called to her, warning her of her danger, but in vain; the little princess laughed at her adviser, and continued to draw the Bath chair close to the brink. The soldier, on seeing this, stepped forward, held his sword before her, and cried, "Halt!" The princess, in a fright, stepped back, slipped, and fell into the water. The sentinel instantly plunged in after her, got her safely out, and dragging the Carp basin along with him, Princess Alexandra running by his side, and crying all the while, carried her, dripping wet, as she was to Queen Louise, who was sitting before her palace, reading. The queen, on learning what had happened, bent over her child, took her from her neck a small medallion containing a lock of her (the queen's) hair, and gave it to the guardman. The same medallion the veteran now showed to the empress, who, immediately recollecting the occurrence, with deep emotion requested him to restore to her the medallion with her mother's hair; and turning to Princess Gagarine, her lady of honor, detached her own portrait, set in diamonds (an ornament which the ladies of the Russian court generally wear as a mark of special affection), from the bosom of that lady, and gave it to the old guardman, who went away delighted, and in passing by the sentinel who had stopped him, showed him the trinket, saying, "Do you see that, you stupid fellow?"

There is no doubt about it—Fort Pickens is a dreary place. It has all the elements of discomfort, and not a solitary attraction. The island on which it is located is all sand, every bit of it. Not a grain of corn or "hand of grass" will grow on it—not a vegetable, not even a daisy. Not an animal could live on the native productions of the soil, excepting perhaps the hog, which they say eats rattlesnakes. Dig down into the earth as deep as you please, and you get sand. Let the wind blow, and your eyes and ears, your nostrils, and the vacuities of your teeth, are filled with sand. Take an evening promenade on the ramparts, or walk ten rods on the beach, and your boots and your stockings, even unto your toe-nails, are all filled with sand. You cannot escape from this into the water for a ten-minute's sojourn without running the risk of being devoured by sharks. If it is calm, the air is impregnated with fever, and alive with ticks. To escape the burning hot sun, go into the damp casemates and acquire rheumatism.

Whether it rains or shines, you have flies by day and mosquitoes by night—besides all the time. There is only one species of the omnivorous rodent which does not prey here, namely, bed-bugs; and this is a deficiency which can easily be provided for. The heat is intense and almost intolerable. It scorches the few tufts of grass that aspire to grow on the desert soil, and bakes the moistened sand as solid as a brick. It is steady and persistent. It continues all day long, and all night, and thereby gains accumulative force, and adds to its next day's intensity. If you put a musquito-bar over you, you roast—if you don't do it you are pestered by flies, bitten by musquitos, and become nervous and irritable. Beside all this, the water is bad. Its taste is indescribable, and its smell disgusting.—*Letter from Fort Pickens, in Tribune*.

About Oil-Cloths.

Oil-cloths make an admirable Summer covering for kitchen floors, and for rooms, generally household use. They are cool, neat, easily cleaned, and if of good quality very durable. In selecting a cloth, give preference to those of plain pattern. High-wrought figures in glaring colors not only give a tawdry effect, but will wear sooner than the surrounding park. The papers will aid in the durability of the cloth, and keep it from sticking to the floor, if it be not perfectly "rimmed." It is better to let the edges lay in laying the cloth. A plain strip is left on one side, on which the other edge, with the pattern carried to the outside, is to be laid to match with the next piece. If this plain strip be cut out, and the pieces be laid with the edges meeting, dust will work into and under the crack, and look uncleanly, and wear the cloth more rapidly. Always pass the tacks through a small bit of leather before driving them; otherwise the edges will be badly torn by tacks being pulled through when the cloth is taken up. A coat of white copal varnish, applied when the cloth is first laid, and renewed every Spring, will add many years to the wear. Take up the cloth when carpets are put on for the Winter. Spread three or four thicknesses of paper, lapping the edges, to keep dust from working through, lay the carpet on these, and the oil-cloth, after a good washing in Spring, will come out as bright as ever.—*Agriculturist*.

Cellar Walls and Floors.

Most cellars are built without adequate provision being made for keeping moisture from passing through the walls from the outside; and up through the eastern floors inside during rainy weather. The cellar of a house should be dry so as to render it comfortable and healthy, as moisture in the lower part of a dwelling generally makes the upper stories damp and chilly, and causes mildew in clothes, books, and all household articles made of cloth and leather.—Cellars can be easily built so as to have dry walls, and hard dry floors; and the latter are invaluable to prevent rats from burrowing, as well as dampness from coming up from the soil beneath. To render the cellar wall dry they should be coated on the outside with hydraulic cement, mixed with sand. Houses in our cities have their cellar walls thus treated in many instances, but their floors are neglected. To make a cement floor, the surface should first be rammed down and levelled; then hydraulic cement, mixed with sand, of about the consistency of thick

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Electrical Spirit-Rappers—Interesting Development.

We have seen a spirit, "and such a spirit!" It was none of your airy, impalpable spirits; but a substantial spirit, seen with the eyes and handled with the hands. It consisted of a thin wooden box about six inches square, containing an armature and magnet, which had been connected with wires to a galvanic battery. When the electric circuit was broken and closed by a button key, the magnet produced a rap in the box, and, according to the formula of those who are skilled in the interpretation of spirit language, these raps were read off as a message from the spirit-world. A distinguished professor in New York was once a frequent visitor to the establishment where such spiritual manifestations occurred, and the box which we examined had been called the "professor's mother," as he communicated through it so frequently with his beloved and departed parent.

Not very long ago, a certain house in one of the fashionable streets of New York city became distinguished for spiritual visitations.—Great numbers of the curious were nightly attracted to its parlor—the fee was one dollar for each visitor—for the purpose of receiving messages from that unseen borne from whence, it is said, "no traveller has returned." Many visitors went away quite satisfied, while others were not quite so delighted at having paid their duty to the ambiguous answers that were given by the spirits. But among all the visitors none was so frequent and so satisfied as the professor alluded to. He always paid his dollar with a cheerful spirit, and felt comforted with the entertainment. But the illusion came to an end at last. The managers of the establishment had contrived to get into debt, and after due process of law, the sheriff came one day and exorcised the spirits in the form of little boxes, for upon the carpets being taken up, about forty spirits were dislodged in the form of little boxes as we have described. These were placed at certain distances apart under the boards of the flooring, and some were concealed in the partition walls. The wires of the boxes formed an electric circuit, communicating with a galvanic