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Religious Miscellany.

The Three Missionaries.

The favorite Lines, "When shall we Three meet again?" said to have been composed and sung in an enchanting bower, and beneath a pine tree, by three Missionaries, on the eve of their departure to their different spheres of hallowed toil, will not be unwelcome to our readers. We give also "A Sequel to the Three Missionaries," composed several years since by the Rev. Dr. Richey.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in Fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When these burnished locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;—
Long may this loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When, in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again!

A SEQUEL

To the Hymn called "*The Three Missionaries*," composed on the probable supposition that *only one* of them, after a long series of years, lived to return to the land of his nativity, who, on touching his native country, hastens to the hallowed spot whence he and his companions had taken their departure, and throwing his arms around the well-remembered Pine, gives utterance to his irrepressible emotions in the following stanzas:—

Now my scene of toil is o'er,
Hail, my much-loved native shore!
To thy bosom I return,
Nor unwept shall be my urn,
But, my Friends, oh! where are ye,
Who encircled this changed tree?

Round its ivy-mant'led form,
Shattered by the lightning storm,
Must I here alone remain?
Must we Three ne'er meet again?
Ruthless Death! what hast thou done?
Kindred souls, your race is run.

Now the crown of life ye wear,
Now the victor's palm ye bear;
From your toils ye sweetly rest,
Leaning on your Saviour's breast,
While lone I, to grief resign,
Clasping to my heart this Pine.

But we Three shall meet again,
I with you in bliss shall reign:
Oh, might death unloose the tie!
Let the time-worn pilgrim die,
Let my spirit soar above,
Till we there renew our love.

Thus the hoary vet'ran sung,
While the vocal forest rung;
And his prayer was not denied,
Here he laid him down and died.
Two blest spirits swift descend,
And exulting hail their Friend.

See! they pass the ports of light,
Thrones of bliss appear in sight,
In immortal youth they bloom,
Shouting triumph o'er the tomb.
Now they sing, exempt from pain,
Ne'er shall we Three part again!

I'll Try.

BY REV. J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

As the sun rose, on one of those sweet mornings in October, which render the early autumn so delightful on the southern shore of the beautiful Ohio, I took my leave of the home of my youth, and departed for the village of ——, in the State of ——. I had been appointed by the —— Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of that little town. On the evening of the third day I arrived at the place, and found a home in a very plain, but truly pious family. After the lapse of a few weeks, an unpretending, but agreeable man called on me, and said: "I have been raised a Friend; and you know the Friends do not pray for the ministry. But my wife and only child are members of your church, and I go with them to the public meetings, as I have not much preference and no bigotry. Your society is weak, and as I do not give money for the gospel, perhaps it might be some relief to the church for me to afford you a home in my house, if it please you to accept it." I replied, I would answer in a few days.

Upon inquiry, I found he was the principal merchant in the village, much respected by the people, and that his wife was one of the excellent of earth. His daughter was about twelve years of age, a sweet, meek child, and much given to her books and her devotions. I concluded to accept his invitation, and sent him word accordingly. On Monday following I removed to my new abode, which I found to be quiet and neat, and the family very agreeable. The mother and daughter and myself, worshipped together morning and evening; but the father made a good apology by being always absent at the store. Yet, on all suitable occasions he manifested his respect for religion; and his public conduct as it appeared to me, was irreproachable.

Towards the middle of December he was engaged in filling his ice-house, which was in his yard, in the rear of his dwelling. He was in a sunken chamber, directing the stowing away of the ice, which a man slid down on a long, broad plank. A piece of the ice struck him on the foot, and he swore violently and profanely at the man above. As he uttered these imprecations, I looked in and heard him without his seeing me. If I had witnessed a flash of lightning from a clear sky, I could not have been more astounded. I had never dreamed that he had ever have uttered an improper word. I felt confounded and grieved; but passed on without saying a word. It was Saturday afternoon. After tea, as was his custom, he came up to my room to spend an hour in conversation. The first proper occasion offered, I asked, 'Mr. ——, did I not hear you swear to-day?' 'Perhaps you did,' he replied, 'for I often swear and do not know it: it is a bad habit I have fallen into, and I should be glad to quit it.' Suppose you try, said I. After pausing a moment in reflection, he said, 'Well I will.' 'But,' I replied, 'you will not succeed unless you pray for strength: the habit is too strong for you to break without divine aid.' 'Why,' said he smiling somewhat quizzically, 'I never prayed in my life but once: if that might be called prayer when I kneeled down on one knee, when Parson W. visited my family, and requested permission to pray with us. I am sure I cannot pray.' 'Well,' said I, 'Then I am sure you cannot quit swearing.' At this he seemed surprised, and a little grieved; but after a moment's hurried reflection, he said, 'If you will not tell anybody, *I will try and pray*, and quit swearing too; and I will come up and tell you next Saturday evening.' 'Very well,' said I.

Next Saturday evening, after tea, he came to my room, and seated himself in silence, apparently waiting for me to speak to him. But I determined that he should open the subject, which he did by raisng his eyes to mine, and with a slight disturbed smile, saying, 'Well I told you I could not pray: I knelt down twice, and I could not utter a word; my tongue was stiff, and my mind fainted and wavered. I had no strength or heart to pray. Besides,' said he, 'I have sworn twice since last Saturday; once when a man forced a barrel on my hand, and almost broke my finger, as you see,' (holding up the wounded limb.) 'Well,' said I, 'Mr. ——, what must be the fearful condition of the man who cannot pray to his heavenly Father!' At this he seemed sensibly moved, and after some reflection, he said, '*I'll try once more to pray*, if you will not tell any one. I smiled encouragingly, consented, and he left my room.

On the following Saturday evening he came to me, sat down, and seemed somewhat embarrassed. At length he said, 'I told you I could not pray—I cannot. But the utterance of these words gave him great distress, and afforded me an occasion to press upon him his utter spiritual destitution, and to explain to him the great need of divine aid, which I insisted he could obtain only by prayer. Then, said he with deep emotion, *I'll try again*, and he left the room.

On the following Saturday evening he sat down by me and said, 'I have ceased to swear.' 'Then,' I replied, 'you have learned to pray.' 'A little,' said he; and the tears came into his eyes, 'but O! how little! how feeble are my prayers! but one thing comes of them: I begin to feel I am a sinner, and I must be pardoned.' 'Then,' said I, 'I you must pray always and not faint.' Putting his hands firmly together, and fixing his eyes intently on the fire, he said, *I'll try again*, and departed.

The following Saturday evening I heard him approach with a lighter and quicker step, and entering he said with eagerness, and yet with a tone of sorrow, 'I have been praying; yes I tried, and tears came to my relief, and words followed tears, and *I can pray*. But I have no answer to prayer; no peace.' 'Well,' said I, 'you should not expect an answer until you have asked him faithfully and penitently. Have you prayed in faith, nothing doubting?' 'O,' said he, 'all I endeavored to do was to pray. Is not this enough?' 'No,' I replied, 'you must believe as well as pray.' Upon hearing this, I found he fell into the same desponding tone of feeling as when I first spoke to him of prayer; but I rallied him saying, 'Try to believe; prayer will give you confidence and confidence will lead to faith.' A new light seemed to break in upon him, and he exclaimed, 'I'll try.' I let him depart to make the experiment another week.

At the close of the next week he came to me, and said, 'I do believe; but only for a minute at a time, and then doubts obtrude; but *I'll try to overcome these, God being my helper.*'

I now perceived that he was not far from the kingdom of heaven, and exhorted him to lay hold of the hopes set before him. 'O!' said he '*I'll try*,' do not go: *I'll help* you now;' and we kneeled down to pray. I need not tell the reader the conclusion. In less than three months from the time I heard him swear in the ice-house, he was a living member of the Church of God. Oftentimes afterwards I heard him say, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' And when any one would complain that he could not pray, could not become religious, he would exclaim, 'O try! From the depth of the ice-house I began by trying, in the feeblest manner possible, and! I have proved that the 'bruised reed He will not break—the smoking flax he will not quench, until he send forth judgment unto victory.' Reader say to thyself—if but in the lisping accents of helpless infancy—I'll try, and God will help you.

"Let your Light so Shine."

Never break your good resolutions: stick to your integrity to the end. Though it may at times appear to you impossible to perform it, still never be frightened out of your duty without making an effort at it, even to desperation. Many times

"The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

To illustrate: Some years ago two families, on intimate terms of friendship, lived in Northwest Wisconsin, whom, for convenience and propriety's sake, we shall call severally Mr. P. and Mr. K. Both families were irreligious and paid but limited if any regard for the Sabbath or the house of God. In the course of events, Mr. P., with his family, moved to a distant part of the country and had been gone about two years, when Mr. K. and wife were converted, joined the M. E. Church, erected a family altar, and took decided Christian position. All things were apparently working together for their good, and they were sometimes unspeakably happy in serving God. Satan meantime had planned for their overthrow, as it appeared, for about this time it entered into the heart of Mr. P. and family to return to the country on a visit. Having reached the vicinity of Bro. K., their faces were turned toward his farm; and as they drove along toward the house, they were met by Bro. K's class-leader, who having formerly known the characters and intimacy of the families, began to have great fears for Bro. K's spiritual safety. It was Saturday night, and that class-leader retired to his chamber and anxiously plead with God that Bro. K. might be sustained—might have grace according to his day and trial.

The meeting of the families was a pleasant one, and all were happy enough till "the time of the evening oblation drew on," when Bro. K's heart began to fail him. He desired to perform his duty, but how could he before that man. Satan crept up close to him then, and whispered many dreadful things in his ear. In his imagination were painted all manner of jestings, scoffings and sports which Mr. P. should make at his expense. At that very hour that class-leader, away in his silent chamber, was praying for him, and would He "who heareth the young ravens when they cry," disregard him?" No; for while the great drops chased each other rapidly down his temples, and while his wife shook all over with excitement, Bro. K., as if a strength were sent from on high, brought out his Bible and read the evening lesson. Then, while Mr. P. and family listened in amazement, he knelt among the company and poured out his soul to God in prayer. When all had resumed their seats, Mr. P. broke the painful silence by expressing his astonishment at the conversion of Bro. K., and ended by declaring the glad tidings of his own conversion together with that of his wife and daughter within the last few weeks. Oh, what a triumphant hour was that! There was joy in that house that night, and even the mid-night found them telling over the wonders of His grace. But what was the class-leader's joy on the morrow to hear the whole of them tell the triumphant victory they had gained? Did not Bro. K. let his light shine at that time? Yea, and verily I say unto you many seeing that light did glorify God. "Go thou and do likewise, and your reward is in heaven."—*N. W. Advocate*

Religious Intelligence.

France.

SUCCESSUUL EVANGELISTIC EFFORTS.

Nothing is more startling than the coincident apprehensions and predictions of a time of unheard-of peril to faith, morals, and righteousness, and the converging of hatred against genuine Christianity, because almost unusually confounded with its degrading and pharisaical counterfeits. That a sifting-time has begun, there is no doubt, and if not stopped, it will pass from speculation into practice. If the foundations be destroyed, what will the righteous do? Possess their souls in patience, until the Lord himself have those in derision who set themselves against Him and His Christ. When, after doing battle with the wise, with their own weapons, the sons of God turn to the limpid stream of Gospel truth, and arm themselves with a foolish pebble and an insignificant sling, they will discover the strength which alone can give them victory. The workers among the lower ranks of society find that the turmoil on the heights is coming down in a fearful ratio, but all who act with experience of the Lord's presence, love, and living power, are continually compelled to raise the song of victory, as soul after soul lays down its weapon of resistance and sits at the feet of Jesus. It is the experience of all *faithful* labourers, that the field was never so ready and never so vast. Time, time! or more laborers, is all they ask. But the bright and glowing Christians are rare; the greater part go about mourning over present and future sterility, while they see not that the Lord is graciously suspending His judgments, and sending down refreshing showers wherever faithful men look up for them. There is a strange shyness respecting the joyous grace of God and the reviving influence of His Spirit, when it comes not in accustomed channels; and this shyness is an immense and insuperable obstacle to the energetic, bold, outspoken Christianity we want, and must have, if we would contend with the adversary, and save souls. Here and there, in Paris especially, prayer is made collectively, and lay meetings are held, some of which flourish vigorously. An increasing number of tracts are being published. No opposition is made to their quiet circulation, and when they are refused it is from a mistaken notion that they come from the clericals. The dislike to these latter is intense; and book after book derives its popularity from disclosures of the hidden life of priest and nun.

FRENCH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE—NEW CHAPELS.

The French Wesleyan Methodist Conference met at Nimes in the latter part of June. It was presided over by Pastor Hocart, who is to represent the French Methodists at the British Conference this year. The reports presented were, as a whole, encouraging. Souls have submitted to Christ, and are rejoicing in Him, in most of the stations. A gracious influence has been experienced in some of the schools. Some small towns seem moved with a sense of spiritual need, and the chapels are besieged. In others, the Lord's-day is beginning to be properly observed. A new chapel was opened by the President of the Conference at Vigan, in the Cevennes, on June the 26th, and was filled to overflowing on the occasion. Another chapel has been erected in Champagne, on a piece of ground formerly occupied by a convent, and not far from the spot where stood the castle of the Duke of Guise, who ordered the massacre of Vassy. Still more recently, last Sunday, a new Wesleyan chapel was opened at Thernes, having removed from rather an obscure part into a populous neighbourhood, where souls are already seeking the truth. As usual, members of all other Evangelical churches were present to join fraternally in asking for a blessing on the work.

A Negro Bishop.

Under this head, the London *Record* has the following notice of the recent consecration of Rev. Dr. Crowther to the bishopric of the native church on the Niger:

It reminds us of the period when the African Church was presided over with singular wisdom and fidelity by such men as Cyprian and Augustine, and of the noble army of confessors who endured the bitterest persecution in its several dioceses with the heroism of faith. There is, indeed, a long and dismal map between those ages and the present, which tells of gradual apostacy and awful deeds of darkness; but it is needless to harrow our minds by dragging them forth in the light of day at a time when we are full of hope and expectation for the future. In the providence of God we seem approximating to that blessed era when Ethiopia shall stretch out its hands in supplication, and the swarthy races emerging from the captivity of Satan, shall prove their title to be reckoned as of one blood with ourselves. No nations have suffered such cruel wrongs from the human family as those who belong to the negro type. Every man's hand has been against them until recently, and their country has been desolated by sanguinary wars and an atrocious traffic. Although volumes have been written upon the misery which slavery had occasioned, we doubt whether any one who has not been an eye-witness of its detestable inhumanities has any adequate idea of its curse. It sanctioned every wickedness, however loathsome and revolting, and prevented the regeneration of the regions subject to its influence. Those who contend that civilisation must precede Christianity before Heathendom can be subjugated to the mild yoke of the true faith, must remember that the aggravated agony of the negro races was inflicted and continued by the civilized Powers of Europe, who regarded the black man as a degraded creature, who might be bought and sold as freely as a chattel.

God, however, who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, has over-ruled this abhorrent practice for the furtherance of His glory. The founders of the Church Missionary Society were led to commence their evangelistic labors among the liberated slaves at Sierra Leone, and notwithstanding all the difficulties and bereavements by which their faith was tried at the first, the work has been so graciously prospered that the native church there is now in a state of complete efficiency, superintended by its own clergy, and actively engaged in prosecuting a distant mission. Dr. Crowther was one of the first fruits of the Society's efforts at Sierra Leone, and, as a catechist, gave full proof his fitness for the ministry. The affecting details of his early life and subsequent labors are so well known that we need not recapitulate them; suffice it to say that he was ordained by the late Bishop of London, more than twenty years ago, and has discharged the responsible office of a minister with great assiduity and zeal, as well as undoubted piety. In his proposed diocese, churches have been formed and settled congregations gathered together by his influence, who have manfully endured persecution in consequence of their religion. The chief of the district, on his dying bed, commanded his subjects to "suffer nothing to harm the Christians."

We might dwell on the practical refutation afforded by Dr. Crowther's merited elevation to the Episcopate to the taunts of certain professors who maintained that the cerebal development of the negro shows that he is disqualified for intellectual pursuits, and that he cannot be lifted out from his congenial dullness; but we pass on to entreat the prayers of our readers for him and his diocese. He will need much wisdom, peculiar grace, and constant strength. Humanly speaking, the future of the native church depends on the manner in which its first Bishop shall administer its polity, and organize its laws. It will be necessary for him also to exercise great discrimination in conferring holy orders to his brethren, and to take heed that he magnifies his office in the estimation of all by the exemplary consistency of his life, and the holiness of his conversation. That he will do so, we are assured by past experience; but the slightest consideration proves how much he needs to be supported by the sympathy and prayers of the Church at home.

General Miscellany.

Dr. Lyman Beecher.

The life of Dr. Lyman Beecher is made up of the letters of the family, built upon a skeleton of the Doctor,s narrative of his life. Reminiscences of the life in their old home are also contributed by the children. The most interesting part of the work naturally is that furnished by the Doctor himself, and taken down from his lips by his children in the sitting-room of his daughter, Mrs. Stone. When the Doctor's memory flagged his children would ply him with questions. These places are marked by the initials of the questioner. The following extracts are taken from these personal recollections:—

HIS BIRTH.

My mother was tall, well proportioned, dignified in her movements, fair to look upon, intelligent in conversation, and in character lovely. I was her only child. She died of consumption two days after I was born. When the woman that attended on her saw what a puny thing I was and that mother could not live, she thought it useless to attempt to keep me alive. I was actually wrapped up and laid aside.

But, after a while, one of the women thought she would look and see if I was living, and finding I was, concluded to wash and dress me, saying, "It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother." So you see that it was but by a hair's breadth I got a foothold in this world.

HOW HE FARMED IT.

Then follow some reminiscences of his boyish experience in farming:—

Raised an acre or two of flax, though it was impossible to keep Aunt Benton's niece in spinning for the winter. We raised our own breadstuffs, and fodder for stock, and cut salt hay on the marsh.—Flax-pulling was hard enough to break your back the first day, the second lighter, the third easy enough. We had about three day's pulling for Uncle Benton and me, boy and man. Then we rotted it, beat it, and bleached it. I knew my business about flax.

We built an inclosure of rails, and drove the sheep in. The old ram we boys used to drag in and souse under. He would come out and stand dripping. Then after a day or two we sheared them. The only difficulty with me was, I used to cut in and take out a little piece of skin now and then. Then the fleece was washed, salted, carded and spun. Aunt Benton spun it all in the house. Flax in winter, wool in summer; woman's work is never done. They made all sorts of linen work, table-cloths, shirting, sheets, and clothe. If it hadn't been for this household manufactory we never should have succeeded in the Revolution. I remember in those days how the select men visited the farm-houses, and took an inventory, and set a price upon the articles. We paid in beef. The kitchen was full, and they came with carts and carried it to the army.

H. B. S. "Was there no complaining?"

No complaint; not a word.

THE LIVING.

H. B. S. "How did they live in those days?', Tell us something about Aunt Benton's kitchen.'

I can see her now as plain as I can see you. She and Annis got breakfast very early. We had wooden trenchers first, then pewter, and finally earthenware. Our living was very good. Rye bread, fresh butter, buckwheat cakes, and pie for breakfast. After the dishes were washed, Annis and I helped aunt milk. Then they made cheese and spun till dinner.—We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies; corn beef also; and always, on Sunday, a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's use, and they lasted till March.

After dinner aunt put things "to rights," Annis (his nurse) spun, and I worked at flax and foddering.

In the evening we visited, chatted, ate apples, drank cider, and told stories. On Sunday nights the boys went a courting.

WHY HE WASN'T A FARMER.

H. B. S. "Well, father, how did it happen that you did not become a farmer?"

I should, if Uncle Benton had not cleared a fifteen-acre lot, and I driven to plow over the whole three times. He always meant I should be his heir, and have the homestead, and be a farmer as he was. I wish you could see his old plow. It was a curious thing of his own making—clumsy, heavy, and patched with old hoes and pieces of iron to keep it from wearing out. That plow is the most horrible memorial of that time.

If that plow could tell the story of my feelings it would be a development. Uncle Lot, however, thought a great deal of it. One day I drove the ox-team so as to graze it with the wheel.

"There, there, Lyman, you've run over that plow, and broke it all to pieces."

"Why, Uncle Lot, I haven't touched the plow."

"Well, I'd a great deal rather you had than to have gone so plaguy nigh it."

Now I am naturally quick, and that old plow was so slow—one furrow a little way and then another—and the whole fifteen acres three times over, some of it steep as the roof of a house. I became inexpressibly sick of it. What should I do, then, but build castles in the air.—First I knew I would be a rod ahead, and the plow out, and Uncle Lot would say, "Whoa," and come and give me a shake.

Not long after the job was finished Uncle Benton and I were walking together over to Toket Hill, and I had got so used to driving that I fell in a brown study, and kept saying, "Whoa!" "Haw!" "Gee!" as if the oxen were along.

"Why Lyman, said Uncle Lot, did you think you were driving the oxen?.'

It was then, I believe, he gave up.—Next day we were out behind the barn picking up apples.

"Lyman," said he, "should you like to go to college?"

"I don't know, sir," said I. But the next day we were out picking apples again, and, without his saying a word, I said, "Yes, sir, I would." So he drove over to New Haven, and talked with father, and they settled it between them. Uncle Lot was to clothe me—Aunt Benton could make nearly everything—and father was to do the rest.

The New Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

The following description of the telegraph cable, which is proposed to be laid across the bed of the Atlantic ocean, is from the London *Observer*:—

In the construction of the telegraph cable, the great and difficult problem to solve was how to arrange the various parts so as to prevent any strain upon the "core." There are some portions of the Atlantic where the depth is more than two and a-half miles, and the mere weight of such a length of cable as would extend from the bottom of the ocean to the ship, would be sufficient, unless proper precautions were taken, to stretch and probably to break the communication. The line which was first constructed failed in consequence of this point not having been kept sufficiently in view—its specific gravity was much too great for its strength, and it was the strain upon the inner core which was no doubt the cause of the failure. The new cable, like the first one, has a centre or core formed of seven copper wires—six laid round one. The weight of copper in these wires is however, 300 pounds for each nautical mile as against 106 pounds in the first cable. The guage of the wire to be used is that known as No. 18. These conducting wires are to be insulated by four layers of gutta percha, laid on alternately with four thin layers of the material known as Chatterton's compound, the diameter of the core thus covered being rather less than half an inch, the exact figures being 464 of an inch, and the circumference 1,393 inch. In the first cable the core was protected by three coverings of gutta percha, weighing 261 pounds per nautical mile—the difference between the nautical and geographical mile is in the proportion of 1,126 to 1,760 yards—the weight of the insulator in the first cable was 261 pounds; in the one now about to be constructed it will be 400 pounds per mile.

The next important point to be considered is the protection to be afforded to the core, and the insulating portions. In the first place there will be a "padding" or coating of soft jute yarn, saturated with a preservative mixture, which will be wound round and next to the insulating outer surface of gutta percha. This will help to resist the strain which will be brought to bear upon the cable when a great length is paid out in deep water. Outside of this padding is the coating, employed only for protective purposes, and forming of course, no part of the telegraph proper. This consists of ten solid wires, of the guage 095 drawn from homogeneous iron. Each of these wires is surrounded separately with five-strand tarred hemp, the whole of these ten strands are to be laid spirally round the padded core, and they are formed in such a manner that when a heavy strain comes upon it the wires will lend their strength to the cable. The improvement which the present cable offers over the first one is very great. In the first cable the protection of the core was sought to be effected by eighteen strands of charcoal iron wires. These were laid spirally round and upon the core. In paying out the cable the whole strain came upon the core or inner portion, and not upon this outer coating of wire, which really served only to increase the specific gravity. The first one weighed in air 20 cwt.; the present one will weigh 34 cwt. to the nautical mile. In water, however, the weight of the first cable was 13.4 cwt. per mile; the specific gravity of the present one, notwithstanding its greater strength and increased diameter weighs but 14 cwt. When it is considered that probably some eight miles of the cable will be suspended in water between the points on which the cable rests at the bottom of the ocean, and the ship from which it is being paid out, it will be seen at once how important is this great increase of strength, obtained as it is with so small an addition to its specific gravity. The weight of the respective cables in air is as 20 to 34 cwt., while the specific gravity or weight in water, is only a few pounds greater. Buoyancy combined with strength appears, therefore, to have been obtained in a very satisfactory manner. The hemp which surrounds the protecting covering of the iron wires is much lighter than water, hence the comparatively low specific gravity.

Another important point is the strength or breaking strain of the cable. The breaking strain of the first telegraphic cable was 65 cwt., that of the present one is 155 cwt., or considerably more than twice that of the former. The new cable is equal to eleven times its weight per nautical mile in water. In other words, if the cable were suspended in water it would bear its own weight for a depth of eleven miles. Now, as the deepest part of the Atlantic, between Ireland and Newfoundland, is 2,400 fathoms, or about two miles and a half, it follows that the cable will bear a strain equal to 6.64, or nearly five times its own vertical weight, in the deepest water in which it will be submerged.

The distance to be traversed between Ireland and Newfoundland is 1,640 miles. The first cable was laid with 15 per cent of "slack" over and above the actual mileage. If the whole of the line be taken on the Great Eastern, as is intended, it is probable that this amount of 'slack' may be considerably reduced. It is intended, however, with a view of providing against all contingencies, to manufacture 2,300 miles. The total weight of the cable to be laid will be 4,122 tons, a burden which to the Great Eastern will be a very trifling affair. The actual cost of the telegraph and the expense of laying it are to be defrayed out of the new capital of £600,000, upon which there is a joint guarantee of the British and American Governments of 8 per cent.

Substitute for a Night Cap.

In a conversation with Rogers there were given some striking illustrations of the influence of imagination over the physical organs, which, though they seem paradoxical, we believe are strictly in accordance with facts: "Once, at a large dinner-party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of the inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate glass: it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, 'Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on, consequently I catch no cold at all.' This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but, odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited."

Presence of Mind.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Did you ever cross the Catskills by the old-fashioned mail-coach? Did you ever sit out with the driver just as the summit was gained, and the stage began to rattle down the dizzy descent? You laid tight hold, I'll warrant you, of the side strap, and braced both your feet on the foot-board, and, if you were a little inexperienced in mountain travel, you said, somewhat nervously, "Now driver, go carefully down here."

The driver smiles, changes his quid coolly to the other side of his cheek, rings a loud crack with his whip on the break, as much as to say *festina lente*, and away the coach swings down the mountain. Presently the driver with a slight catch in his breath, says, "I declare if the reins on that off-leader sin't broke!" Sure enough the lines are unloosened from the bit of the gay skittish creature, and he tosses his head with an airy motion, very suggestive of a runnaway. Your first impulse is to scream to the inside passengers; your next one is to make a break-neck leap from the box of the coach. "Keep quiet, keep quiet!" says the driver, and then swings his long whip around the legs of the two dancing leaders, as if he too were in a plot to send the coach and its precious cargo to Davy Jones' locker in the shortest possible time. "Driver, what do you mean?" "Keep quiet," he says, with another touch of the whip to the leader's white fetlock. "I know what I am about; those leaders are full of metal, and I want to make them think that I am giving them the loose rein; if they only knew they were loose, they would dash us all into kindlin' wood in less than five minutes." We try to believe that Jehu is right, but secretly we give up all for lost. We look down at the narrow thread of the Hudson winding ten miles beneath us, and then across to the distant Green Mountains of Vermont that gleam in the October sun as the Delectable Mountains gleamed before Bunyan's Pilgrim. It is astonishing how vividly the mind seizes objects when in great danger or when expecting death. A culprit listening to his death-sentence notices every button on each juryman's coat.

With this intense study of the scene before us, and with our hand so numb that we do not feel the strap, we whirl down a half mile of the declivity. Before us is a slight rise in the road of four or five feet. Just as the leaders gallop up it, the driver jumps with his whole weight on the break—gives a tremendous pull on the reins of the wheel horses—shouts *Whoa* with a startling explosion—and in the instant that the coach halts, he leaps from the box, and is at the leader's heads! It is all done in a twinkling. And before the frightened inside passengers have had time to shout "What is the matter?" the quick-witted driver is fastening the rein buckle again into the bit.

Now there was *presence of mind*. Had that driver been 'out of his wits' he would probably have dashed himself off his coach, to be followed by the coach dashing itself over the mountain-side. But he has his wits within reach—or what the Greeks called nearness of mind. As the shrewd Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, says in one of his essays, "It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know—they just *did it*. It was in fact done, and then thought of; not thought of and then done, in which case it would likely have never been done at all. It is one of the highest powers of mind to act; it is done by an acquired instinct.'

Obituary.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MORTUARY NOTICE OF MRS. ELLEN SMITH OF HALIFAX.

Of our deceased friend, Ellen, relict of Mr. Peter Smith, the following particulars have been collected and recorded for the occasion of her funeral sermon. They are but few, considering that her life was extended to the enviable age of 79 years. But their character stamps them with incalculable value, inasmuch as they prove that she early became a subject of like precious *faith*—the faith whereof cometh Salvation; and this pearl of great price she was enabled by grace to retain through all her subsequent vicissitudes, even to the last, when it proved to be "a faith which pain and death defies, most vigorous when the body dies."

Mrs. Smith was accustomed in the meetings of the Wesleyan Methodist Church for the edifying relation of Christian Experience, to relate the circumstances of her conversion to God. She is well remembered to have often said, substantially as follows: "At a very early age I was visited by the drawings of the Holy Spirit, by whose gentle influence I was brought to feel myself by nature and by practice, a most miserable sinner." So deep and powerful was this conviction at times, that, like many others, she would be afraid to close her eyes in sleep at night, lest she should awake in hell; and yet, she would say, "so great was the pride of my heart that I would let no one know of my spiritual distress; in the day time, among my young companions, I appeared as gay and as trifling as any of them." The respected parents of Mrs. Smith, were deeply pious. They were comprised in that heroic, gracious band who formed the original Wesleyan Methodist Society in Halifax. They with true parental fidelity, took pains to train their daughter in the ways of God, the right way. They endeavoured to restrain her from evil of every kind, and especially from wordly vanity. It was not, however, until Mrs. Smith was sixteen years of age, that she fully yielded herself to God. This memorable and blessed occurrence she has been heard thus circumstantially to describe:

"A young female of my acquaintance, invited me to accompany her to a prayer-meeting. I had a struggle as to whether I should comply with her invitation, or refuse to do so, but this consideration most solemnly impressed my mind, 'If this young woman, whose religious advantages are not equal to my own, should in that prayer-meeting obtain the grace of conversion—should she live and die in the favour of God, and at last get safe to heaven—and I, by wilfully disregarding the things which belong to my eternal peace, should finally become a *cast-a-way*, O, how terribly awful would be my just condemnation.' Through mercy, I went to that prayer-meeting, and my soul became so deeply distressed on account of my sin and guilt, that I sweetly said unto the Lord, that if He would only bless me with a sense of His pardoning love, I was willing to receive it on any terms; even if I were constrained to shout aloud. And, O, the kindness of our gracious Lord, just as soon as I was brought to this point, He did indeed manifest himself to my soul, as the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful. For a brief season I was in a rapture. On regaining my self-possession, I found myself standing up in that prayer-meeting, and, it appeared to me as if another voice (not mine own) was aloud praising the God of my Salvation, for having thus redeemed my soul from guilt, and death, and hell, for plucking me as a brand from the unquenchable fire! O the gladness of that happy hour!"

As then became the duty and privilege of Mrs. Smith, she at once joined the Methodist Society. The offence of the Cross had not then ceased among the people, and the Methodists were much despised. From that period until her happy death was sixty-three years. Afterwards she continued an esteemed and greatly beloved member of the Church. In referring to this she has been heard to say, "the blessed Jesus has never failed me, nor forsaken me! I am deeply conscious of much unfaithfulness on my part, and very many imperfections, but blessed be the God of all grace who has not suffered me wilfully, nor wickedly to depart from him, nor to bring a reproach upon his cause or his people. Blessed be God."

Our late friend was married at the age of nineteen years to Mr. Peter Smith, who, as before mentioned, was a member of the Methodist Society. They dwelt together as heirs of the grace of life, and their mutual prayers were not hindered for 43 years. They were the parents of eleven sons and daughters; eight of whom have preceded their mother to the world of spirits.

The vicissitudes of Mrs. Smith's extended pilgrimage were numerous, but she always seemed to possess her soul in patience. She was not dissatisfied with her lot in life, nor did she murmur even, when, by uncontrollable circumstances of Providence, she was reduced from a state of comparative ease and comfort, to one of adversity and poverty. She has been known to say, "these losses were sent to cure me completely of a rooted pride."