

the employed stand everywhere arrayed against each other, he finds himself surrounded by a contented and industrious people, who are blessed with comfort and abundance, and daily add to his enormous wealth.

FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.—The whole number of languages spoken in the world, amounts to 3084—387 in Europe, 396 in Asia, 276 in Africa, 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a facility refused to one-half the human species. Of every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of age; in every hundred only six reaches the age of 65; and not more than one in 600 lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,300,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 333,333,333 die every year, 91,334 every day, 3,730 every hour, and sixty every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 76 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.—*English Quarterly.*

BECOMING A MEDIUM.—The fascinating spiritual rapping is without a doubt gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it. At times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones. A few nights since, says a contemporary, a young friend of ours, who, from a sheer skeptic, had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would become a medium. He was in his first comfortable score, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was going on—very like the raps of the spirits of the air, indeed. "Who is there?" he asked. There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped. "Anybody there?" No answer. "It must have been a spirit," said he to himself, "I must be a medium. I'll try." (Aloud), "If there is a spirit it will signify by saying 'yes'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three different raps were given in the direction of the bureau. "Is it the spirit of my sister?" No answer. "Is it the spirit of my mother?" Three raps. "Are you happy?" Nine raps. "Do you want for anything?" A succession of very loud raps. "Will you give me communication if I get up?" No answer. "Shall I hear from you to-morrow?" Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, leaving down into the hall, and his great coat off altogether.

PAPER HOUSES.—A paper village for exportation recently set up in the grounds of a factory. It consisted of ten houses. It is not the simple *papier mache* ordinarily used, but contains an admixture of rags and reduced to pulp, which enables it to solidify as hard as a board. The walls are double, to ensure ventilation, and the partitions have a strength and durability which will put to shame the lath and plaster walls of too many of the London houses that Jack built. It was found on trial that one of the smaller houses could be pulled down and built up again in four hours.

THE AMERIGINES.—The whole number of Indians within the limits of the United States, is estimated by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to be 400,000. About 18,000 yet linger in the states east of the Mississippi, principally in New York, Michigan and Wisconsin; the remainder, consisting of Cherokees, Choctaws, and Seminoles, being in North Carolina, Mississippi, and Florida. The number in Minnesota, and the frontiers of the Western states of Texas, being mostly emigrated tribes, is estimated at 110,000; among the plains and Rocky mountains, not within

any organized territory, at 63,000; those in Texas, at 30,000; in New Mexico, at 45,000; in California, at 100,000; in Utah, at 12,000; in Oregon and Washington territories, at 23,000. The whole amount to be expended on account of the Indian service the present year, is \$1,115,755; of which \$582,907 is for money annuities, \$130,876 for goods and provisions, \$61,962 for education, \$34,319 for agricultural and mechanical assistance, and \$180,870 for miscellaneous purposes for the benefit of the Indians.

GROWTH OF PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM IN CANADA.—*Mackenzie's Weekly Message* says on this subject, that in 1820 the population of the Canadas may have been 520,000, of whom perhaps 380,000 were Papists, and only 140,000 Protestants—exhibiting 19 to 7 of the whole country as in favor of the Popish Church, its doctrines and worship. In 1853 our people may be assumed to number 2,000,000, of whom 940,000 belong to the Popish religion, and 1,060,000 to the Protestant, showing nearly eleven Protestants to every nine Papists. The latter have gained 600,000 in thirty years, the former 920,000. The Papists have more than doubled their numbers; but the Protestants have increased theirs more than seven-fold. The tide of Popish immigration, Mr. Mackenzie goes on to say, has chiefly flowed into the United States, whether from Ireland, or Germany, or France; and the chief difficulty their prelates have, in that land of free discussion, is to prevent their flocks from doubting and calling in question, in true Protestant style, principles and doctrines which, among Popish congregations in Lower Canada, and the Popish districts of Ireland, are always taken for granted, or believed, and held sacred and beyond discussion.

A SCRAP OF NATURAL HISTORY.—According to Owen, the highest living authority on such subjects, we have three species of the crocodile tribe, and three only, which, although confounded by ordinary observers, are readily and certainly distinguished by the comparative anatomist.

One of the aforesaid species—the one longest known, and the one that has given its name to the whole class—is the crocodile of the Nile; the second is the gaviol of the East Indies, and the third is the alligator or caiman of our country. In Europe nothing of the kind is found, the climate there not affording the amount of heat requisite to sustain a reptile whose blood is so cold and whose circulation is so sluggish.

In the present day, then, notwithstanding that these creatures are so nearly alike, yet are they uniformly separated from one another by thousands of miles, the African, the Asiatic, and the American being constantly confined to its peculiar quarter of the globe. It has not always been thus, however, for Owen has ascertained that the fossil remains of all three have been found in the island of Sheppy, at the mouth of the Thames, the only locality in the world where such a phenomena has hitherto been observed. And what a field for reflection do such facts open to the mind disposed to speculate upon the condition of our planet, long, very long, ere man had been called into existence! But the inquiry is too complicated and vast for the columns of a newspaper, more particularly for one especially devoted to the cause of religion.—*Protestant Churchman.*

WILLS, WANTS, AND WANTS.—Somebody, more wise than his fellows, says there are three kinds of men in this world—the "wills," the "wants," and the "can'ts." The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy. There is a profundity of philosophy in his words which should profit the rising generation of workers.

I think one of the most eloquent texts in the Bible is, "Jesus wept." If some one near, dear, and beloved has been borne away from this world to yonder better world, is it not impossible to forbear to weep? If you are called in to comfort some such weeper, say not, in the first instance, "Do not weep;" this is the language of stoicism or of ignorance of human nature. There is a period in human sorrow when the soul needs to be relieved—when grief needs an echo or a response, not repression. It is inhuman at such a moment to shower down commonplace maxims, such as "Do not weep." Jesus wept—humanity must weep; but the regulating principle, the proper contrast, is, to weep as though we wept not, feeling that there are sleeper sorrows, urgent duties, instability—nothing to us and devoting upon us. If, then, some dear one has been taken away—if the gem that shone so beautifully by your fireside, and in the rays and sparkles of which you rejoiced so long, has been removed out of sight, and you weep at the recollection, but as though you wept not, when you know that what was a bright gem at your fireside is now fixed a brighter star in the celestial firmament for ever. If you weep in such a case, another angel, or the same angel that appeared to Mary, will appear to you at the grave of your beloved dead, and will say, "Weep not; he is not dead; he is risen." Beautiful as it is, that God is making heaven less a strange land to us, and casting over its majestic glories, by the numbers of our relatives He takes there, every day a more home-like aspect; so that when we follow, and are admitted within its precincts, we shall find friends, and brethren, and children, and

fathers, and mothers—all the constituents of faded firesides; and it will be only exchanging a cold, bleak, and precarious home for a bright and joyous, even an unchangeable one. And if we only felt more than we do the blessedness of that home that will be, and compared it more than we do with the trials of this home that now is, we should exclaim with the poet:—

"How happy

The holy spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine were the gardens of earth and sea,
Though the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!"

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute in heaven is worth them all."

Then let us weep as though we wept not.—*Dr. Cumming, "Voices of the Night."*

By the expression, "Take up his Cross," is meant the appointed dispensation, or trial, that is a Christian's way to the kingdom of Christ, whatever it is.—The Christian will find he has a daily cross to take up. He must not say, I will follow I will go, and no farther, but he must count the cost: he must draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard, if he would be Christ's disciple.—*Cecil.*

We are so much the children of sense, that when we lose the well known countenance, and well-known form, we think "He is gone," as if there were an end of him. But it is not so; he is not dead; he has only begun to live; he has struck his tent in the desert, and has entered into the palace not made with hands; he has laid aside the incumbrances of life, and now lives and rejoices forever.

As the snow-drop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald of the rose, so religion comes amid the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, when the bright sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

THE greater portion of our time we give to God, the more we treasure up for ourselves. No man is a better merchant than he who lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ILL-CONSIDERED OPINIONS.—When men first take up an opinion, and then afterwards seek for reasons for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity of it will afford.

THE DANGER OF BEING IN THE RIGHT.—It will sometimes be found, in struggling with superstitious, that, although they will readily pardon your being in the wrong, they will never forgive your being in the right.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH TIMES.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. &c."—*Heb. xii. 1, 2.*

O KING OF SAINTS, with hearts elate,

We meet the chosen band,

Who round Thy throne of glory wait,

Redeem'd from every land:

The thousands sealed with Thy name,

Who clothed in white and wing'd in flame,

Obeys their Lord's command.

Cloud-like they compass us around,

A bright and countless throng,

And make the place a holy ground,

In fellowship of song;

With all who 'neath the altar stones

Have not yet cry'd in suppliant tones,

"Thy name and True, how long!"

The saints who to their rest have fled,

Who in the Lord have died,

The erquest martyrs who have bled,

And many a pure devotee,

Prophets and Kings—the wise and great,

Who swell this retinue of state,

Whom sinners men denied.

To their imperial abode

They beckon us to rise,

To tread the pathway they have trod,

And meet them in the skies?

To walk, by faith and not by sight,

To look to Jesus in the light,

The light that never dies.

They guide and guard our erring steps,

And watch around our bed;

And fill the space that intercepts,

The living and the dead:

O speed this time when we shall meet,

And find our fellowship complete,

In Christ our living Head.

W. D.