

Selections.

WHY I LOVE MY CHURCH.

1. I love my church because I find in her services everything that is requisite to kindle devotion, and give life to prayer. I never join in those services in a proper spirit, but I find myself more raised from earth than I do through any other means of grace whatever.

2. My church is the house of God; there he meets his waiting people; there he answers prayer; soothes the aching heart; gives relief to my burdened conscience; and there it is I have more near and close communion with him through Jesus, and therefore I love my church.

3. My church is just adapted to the wants of man; her forms in remembrance that he is spiritually weak and needs assistance, while, by her discipline and spirituality, she seems the best fitted and most likely to send through all the earth the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ; for this reason therefore, I love my church.

4. Wherever my church flourishes, there the cause of God and of true religion is sure to flourish; while, whenever and wherever she decays, ignorance, bigotry and sin, raise their hateful heads; for this reason, therefore I love my church.

5. My church is always the same—the same solemn services—the same spiritual prayers. I at once recognise in my church the church of better and by-gone days. Everything about her seems to say, "No novelties in religion here," and I immediately receive in such a church an apostolic simplicity prosperous times would both suggest and approve. I know and feel that in communion with her I am not on the sea of uncertainty, driven by every wind of doctrine.

6. My church still retains the apostolic order of bishops, priests, and deacons, and sees no reason why these primitive and eminently useful orders should be altered for more novel practice: again, therefore, I love my church.

7. My church is the church of my forefathers; within her sacred walls they used to meet for the hallowed exercise of prayer and praise; their bones now moulder beneath the green sod, but my church remains the same. Within her gates I was solemnly dedicated in baptism to the service of my Lord and Saviour, and near her I hope, when my work is done, to lay this my earthly tabernacle, quietly to await the call to judgment. Many a hallowed feeling crosses my mind when I thus think, for which I bless my God, and pray that I may ever love with truest affection my own and my father's church.

COMMON MERCIES.—A gentleman was once stopped in the streets of London by a stranger, who asked him "Did you ever thank God for your reason?"

"I don't know that I ever did," the gentleman replied.

"Do it quickly, then," said the stranger, "for I have lost mine."

Though this was spoken by one who had lost his reason, it certainly contains a very rational sentiment that should impress every rational mind. Our common mercies are often disregarded, merely because they are common. And we rarely make a due estimate of them, until we are deprived of them.

These mercies are very numerous; and though small, when separately considered, are great in the aggregate, and deeply involve our well being. We are very apt to think that happiness depends on great blessings; but it must be evident to every reflecting person, that our daily comfort is largely derived from ten thousand little conveniences with which we are constantly surrounded. "If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. Psal. cxxxix. 18. —*N. Y. Observer.*

AN ADVENTURE OF THE MOSCOW CAMPAIGN.

Among the guests of the Grand Duke Constantine at the dinner of the Russian Embassy, was General Oranov, Governor of the Invalides, and a strange adventure which befell the General in the campaign in Russia, in 1812, was related to the Prince. The General's horse was killed by a cannon ball, and he was thrown to the ground with such violence that he remained insensate, and was supposed to be dead. He was placed on a second horse to be conveyed from the field to be interred, but at that moment the horse was also struck with a cannon ball and killed. In falling heavily to the ground the general made a movement which proved that he was still alive. He was accordingly placed in the cart of a *carinière*, and carried

some distance, when the cart could advance no farther; he was then carried in a litter to the bivouac of the Emperor Napoleon I., who, having been informed that he was dead, had given orders for his interment. His Majesty (to whom he was related) learning that he was still alive, caused him to be placed in his own landau, the sole carriage which remained, and continued the route on foot. The Grand Duke Constantine manifested great interest in this narrative.—*London Morning Post.*

HOW LEECHES ARE FED.—At the village of Men-tiguy-la-Mare, near Paris, M. Languid, a druggist, lately established a nursery of leeches, for medical purposes, in a marsh or pond, where he was accustomed to feed them by driving an old worn-out horse, purchased at a knacker's yard, every morning into the muddy water, and allowing the leeches to fix and gorge themselves with blood at the expense of the horse's legs. His son, a boy of thirteen, used to ride the horse into the pond; but a few days ago, the boy having gone upon that errand, the family were terrified by the horse coming back without its rider: its legs were bleeding profusely, and covered with leeches that stuck to their prey. People went to the pond to look for the child, and found him immersed there, struggling feebly to extricate himself from the mire, and defend himself from the hundreds of voracious creatures which had crawled under his clothes, (for he wore no shoes or stockings,) and had fixed upon every part of his body. He had probably been thrown off the horse's back by the restlessness of the tormented animal. The poor boy was quite exhausted and speechless when he was got out and died in a few hours.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRINTING.—Mr. Charles Knight, one of the jurors at the Paris exhibition, in his report to the President of the Board of Trade, makes the following observations:—"I think, upon a candid examination of the average work of the French printers, that, on the whole, it is superior to that of the English, as regards the evenness and clearness of the impression. The use of improved cylindrical machines has much to do with this. But there is another cause of inferiority not so easily to be overcome. Our paper is inferior, taking the general quality of printing paper. It is not made of good material as the French; and, although considering the difficulty of obtaining good material, the manufacture has been greatly improved, yet an English sheet of paper has not that substance and surface, without which the most careful printing cannot be effective. The paper duty, compelling the use of expeditors for keeping down price, produces that delusive article of commerce, which bleached, sized, and glazed into a sheet of white paper—a product of much rubbish and little rag—is rotten or harsh—has one rough side and one smooth—resists ink, unless saturated with water—has to be vamped up again, after printing, with rollers and hydraulic presses; and, when formed into a book, requires to be handled with a tenderness that pre-supposes books not made for use."

THE SCULPTURED STONES OF SCOTLAND.—At the head of Lochf., near Danderar, the grim tower of the Macnaughtons, which from decorations on it, looks hugely like as if it had been built in the seventeenth century with the stones of an old church—we find a tomb of trees with a dyke round it, called Kilmorich. It is a graveyard evidently, though it may not have been recently opened; the surface is uneven and several rough stones, which may have been placed there at any time, stick through the earth. There, after a deliberate inspection, are found to have nothing of a sculptural character. But a small piece of rounded stone appears above the grass, and a little grubbing discloses a font, faintly decorated with some primitive fluting, on which a stone mason would look with much scorn; and a scratching of a galley, the symbol of two Argyll family, or some others of the races descended from ancient sea-kings. This gives encouragement, and a sharper glance around betrays a singular looking, rounded headstone, with two crescent shaped holes. There are corresponding holes on the portion under the sod, which thus completes the rounded head of an ancient Scots-Irish cross. The next point is to find the shaft—it lies not far off, deep in the turf. And when we take the grass and moss from its face, it discloses some extremely curious quadrilateral decorations, quite peculiar, and not in conformity with any type of form which would enable its date to be guessed at within a century or two of the reality.

Passing through the rich woods of Ardinkles, in a few miles we reach the burying-ground, called, of old

Kilmaglas, but now the well kept churchyard in which stands the modern church of Strachar. The answer made to our enquiry about the mode of entrance to the churchyard, would have gratified an ethnologist in search of evidence of the Irish origin of the Highlanders. We were recommended to get over the wall and remove the stone behind the gate. The interior well rewards the exertions made to reach it. Here are several fine specimens of sculpture. Some stones, not of the oldest type, have the crossed sword, a symbolical alike of the warrior character of the deity and the religion of peace in which he rests. One has a shears—emblematic that it is dedicated to a woman. There is one, with a figure in full chain armor, and others, again, of an older date, are ornamented with the geometric knottings and reticulations which some antiquaries are in the habit of calling runic or mystic knots—it is much the same which—and of associating, as we have seen, with the Druids. Descending a few miles farther, in the small fertile delta of the Lachlan, and overshadowed almost by the old square castle of the Lachlans, there is a bushy enclosure, which may be identified as the old burial place of Kilmory. A large block of brown stone, with a square hole in it, sets one in search of the cross of which it was the socket. This is found in the grass, sadly mutilated, but can be recognized by the stumps of the branches which once exfoliated into its circular head. Beside it lies a flat stone, on which a sword is surrounded by graceful floral sculpture.

At Kilmichael, about three miles from Lochgilp, the churchyard is extremely fruitful in sculptured stones of various kinds—some floral, others geometrical, with wild beasts, monsters, and human figures.

At Kilmartin, the graveyard is graced with many sculptured stones—twenty-five may be counted, conspicuous for their rich carving and excellent preservation. On one or two of the latest in date there are knightly figures, clad in chain mail.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT BURNS.—Robert Burns, the eldest son of Scotland's national poet, died recently at Dumfries. He had been ailing for some time, and Colonel William Burns and Lieutenant Colonel James Burns were both in Dumfries in anticipation of the melancholy event. Early in life the deceased entered a government situation in London, from which he retired on a pension, and has been resident for a number of years in his native town. He was to be buried within the fine mausoleum at Dumfries which covers the remains of his illustrious father. The deceased was in his 77th year.

News Department.

Extracts from latest English Papers.

ENGLAND.

The christening of the infant Princess took place yesterday, in the chapel within Buckingham Palace. She was baptized in water brought specially for the occasion from the river Jordan, by the names of Beatrice Mary Victoria Fedora, the sponsors being the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted in the service by the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Chester. The chief Ministers of State, the diplomatic corps, and Royal family, were all present in full dress.

Her Majesty has signified her gracious pleasure to receive the address of the Convocation of the prelates and clergy of the province of Canterbury on Saturday the 26th inst., at Buckingham Palace, at 3 o'clock.—The Procurator and clergy of the Lower House will assemble at the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, to attend his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of the province, who will proceed to Buckingham Palace at three o'clock.

Yesterday afternoon the 156th anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was celebrated by Divine service with a full choir at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop of Winchester represented the Archbishop of Canterbury, the president of the society, and was accompanied by the bishops of Manchester, St. Asaph, Sodor, and Man, the Dean of St. Paul's, and a large number of the clergy. There was a vast congregation, including the Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs, in state. After anthems had been sung by the full choir, and prayers, and lessons had been read, the Bishop of Salisbury preached a sermon from the 6th verse of the 22nd chapter of Joshua, "So Joshua blessed them and sent them away."

In his discourse, the Bishop adverted in eloquent terms to the valiant and enterprising spirit which had induced missionaries to go to foreign lands to preach