

ARRESTING SCENE IN THE AUBURN PRISON.—We had occasion to pass through the Auburn Prison yesterday, in company with a friend who had never before visited the institution. Some eight or ten parties, gentlemen and ladies, were shown through at the same time. Among the number was a man, who, we should suppose, had reached the age of 60 years. He wore a sorrowful and downcast look, and seemed to avoid all conversation with every one except the keeper, who accompanied the visitors through the different work-shops. His demeanour arrested our attention, and it was evident, the attention of the other visitors. Upon inquiring of the keeper whether he knew the cause of the old man's sorrow, we were informed that he had two sons in the prison, sent there for the crime of stealing a horse.

The keeper stated that the convicts, who were young men, had not been seen by their father since their confinement, which was a little over a year. The old man was apprehensive that he would not be able to recognize his sons in their convict dress, and requested the keeper to point them out to him as they passed along. One of the convicts was employed in the cooper shop, and the other in the carpet room. The cooper shop was visited first, and as the company approached the part of the room where the old man's son was at work, the keeper asked him if he could point him out.

The old man gazed intently at one convict, and then at another, until he became satisfied that his recollection of his son's features would not enable him to recognize him from his fellow convicts. The keeper disappointed out the son, when the old man fixed his eyes upon him with all the love and feeling that only a parent's look could portray. It was evident that his feelings would have overcome him had he not controlled himself for the trial to which they were to be subjected. As the rules of the prison forbid any conversation between visitors and convicts, unless it is held in the hall of the prison, not a word was passed between the father and son.

When the company entered the carpet room, the keeper at once informed the old man which was his son. As he passed along, the eyes of the two met, but quicker than thought the convict placed his eyes again upon his work. The keeper asked him if he knew the other. His reply was that he "ought to know his father."

At the sight of his second son, the poor old man was overwhelmed that tears came thick and fast from his eyes, and it was with a trembling step that he passed the second room. After the company reached the prison hall, the old man solicited and obtained permission to have an interview with his sons. We had no time to witness the meeting, for we had already seen enough to sadden our feelings for the day. We knew the bitter sorrow for the sins of his children, was leading the old man down to his grave.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser.*

A melancholy case of suffering and great endurance occurred in the Lake Superior country, about the middle of December last. Three Germans who had been in the employ of the Sault Ship Canal Company, on Drummond Island, as quarry-men, took a Sunday afternoon into the woods and got lost. Not returning after a lapse of about two days, the other quarrymen set out to search for them, but every search was ineffectual. Days passed, and nothing was heard of them. At length all the quarrymen left for the winter, and all hope of the missing Germans was abandoned, every one considering them dead. At the end of two weeks, of unusually stormy weather, from the day they were first missed, a Mr. Warner, being nearly the only person who remained to winter on the island, started, at the opposite side of the river from where they resided, a fire in the woods, and some men near by immediately occurred to him that they might be the persons lost from the quarries, and on sending a boat for them he found they were none other than two of the men who had been lost two weeks previously, and more haggard, tattered, miserable, and looking objects were perhaps never seen before. They were living skeletons, bruised and torn and disabled to the last degree; so much exhausted that they could barely stand and could scarcely talk. Their clothes were nearly all gone and their limbs were frozen and bare. Fifteen days they wandered about the island with no other food than one partridge and a few beech-nuts they picked up in their wanderings.

They had a gun with them and powder, but lost the percussion caps soon after they went into the woods, and were thus left without the least means of

support, except beech-nuts and a partridge killed by a stick. They at last made the fire, that was the means of saving their lives, with a stone, which they found on the beach, and a knife. It appears from the account they give, that they soon lost their way in endeavouring to return to the quarries, and wandered for several days without coming to the water. On the eighth day their comrade left them and undertook to find his way back alone, and was not seen afterwards, and he has undoubtedly perished with hunger and cold. The two who were rescued were well taken care of, and are expected to recover.—*Toronto Colonist.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL WEARINESS.—A correspondent thus notes the observations in our last on this subject:

What a different story would the children tell you, if allowed to speak for themselves? The continuous reading of long portions of the Bible, without a question or word of comment by the teacher to relieve the monotony and tedium felt by each member of the class while looking out for his verse, and the reciting of portions committed to memory as a mere task, and passing through a routine of dull labors, the meaning of which is not understood, while confined in one spot by a teacher that never adds a word of his own, unless to restrain the active energies of the child hungering for that which he ought to supply, is the chief cause of weariness in our Sunday School.

The object of Sunday Schools is to instruct and train children in the way to serve God. While the majority of children in our Sunday Schools instead of going through "four" religious services, never go through any except those of the morning Sunday School. Many of their parents go to no church, some go where they use no liturgy, and some of our own people think it best for their children to come home after the school. So that not one-fourth of the children in our Sunday Schools on an average, attend church twice a day. And this "A. L. H. S. P." who is a Diocesan Bishop, that knows the condition of his Diocese, will not deny. Nor will a Presbyterian Bishop who knows much of Sunday Schools in our villages, country suburbs of the cities, doubt that such is the true state of the case.

If, therefore, we would carry out the object of the Sunday Schools—train the children by example as well as precept—give variety and interests to their exercises—counteract the radical tendencies of the age, and prepare them for the conservative, healthful worship of our own church,—are a Liturgy in our opening services of the School. Place our "office of devotion" in the hands of every child who can read, and teach it how to use it. We want for our Sunday Schools a short concise Liturgy, plain and simple, with a number of hymns attached to it adapted to children. Bishop Heber's "office of devotion" omitting the collects for all else but those respecting the Sunday School prayer, with some hundred or more hymns for children, printed in a small cheap form like the American Sunday School hymns, and sold at the same price, is just what our Sunday Schools need.

THE HENRIOT MINER.—A poor but pious miner in Cornwall was down deep in the earth with another miner sinking a shaft. They were blasting rocks, and their custom was, after the rock was charged, for one first to ascend in the bucket, and the other to wait until the bucket came down again, then ignite the fuse, get into the bucket, give the signal to the man above and be drawn to the top before the explosion. In the present case, the train unexpectedly took fire. The fuse was hissing, both men rushed to the bucket, got in and gave the signal to hoist; but the man above could not draw them both. They at once saw their danger; both could not escape, and delay was death. One of the miners was pious. Looking for a moment at his companion, and stepping from the bucket, he said "Escape for thy life, in a few moments I shall be in heaven." The bucket was drawn up and the man was safe.

Eager to know the fate of his magnanimous companion, he bent over the mouth of the shaft. Just then the explosion rumbled below; and a splinter struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will carry to the grave. They soon commenced laboring among the fallen rocks to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him, and found him without injury or scratch. All he could tell of the fearful scene was, that the moment his friend was gone, he sat down and took up a stone and held it before his face. When asked what induced him to let his companion escape, he replied, "I believed my soul was safe; I was not sure of his."

Now look at him who, to build a city called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men, and at this poor miner, who saved the soul of his unconvinced comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces, and say which is the true hero.

SCREAMING AND SINGING PREACHERS.—Mr. Wesley, in a list of his preachers, said: "Scream no more at the point of your soul. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice."

This advice strikes us as remarkably good and pertinent; and as applicable to many other preachers beside the Methodists. There are some, in almost every denomination, who need it. Alas! these screaming preachers, are those who sing in their preaching—singing preachers—who preach in a sing-song tone. We would say to them: "Speak as earnest as you can, but do not sing." We know earnestness in preaching. It is the soul, the life of good speaking. The preacher's manner should be earnest, solemn, and impressive—commensurate with the great and important truths he has to announce.

We have heard preachers speak, who would get into such a sing-song tone, and raise their voice to such a pitch, that they would have to put a finger into one ear—have to stop they own ears—to keep their deafening themselves, we suppose! They did not seem to think that they were splitting the ears of the audience, as well as their own—and also their own throats! (So was their auditors had stopped their ears too, what would they have thought! And yet they had as much to do it!) Such united screaming and singing! They were singing screamers.

The best tone of voice to preach in, is a natural tone—such as we generally converse in—a conversational tone. However high you may have to pitch the tone of your voice, let it depart from nature. Let your voice be natural—your tones be natural—your gestures and manner be natural.—*Christian Age.*

A SERMON FROM THE "EAST WEST."—My dear brethren it has been the usual fashion for an audience to notify their appreciation of that which has been said by the clapping of hands, but I recommend for your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous and much more pleasing. When you leave this building clap your hands into your pocket, and draw them out again, clap your money in the box which is at the door to receive it; and "may the Lord give it his blessing." It is stated that the address had the desired effect; and the audience having given the needful, as requested, clapped their hands upon their heads, and started for their homes much edified with the discourse.

MARRIAGE ON A RAIL ROAD.—A few moments after the express train from Boston to Albany, passed the State line on Thursday afternoon, the passengers were agreeably surprised at witnessing the marriage of Mr. Wirt Arnold, of Chatham Four Corners, to Miss Mary Braze. The ceremony, says the Troy Whig, was performed by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, and the passengers presented a queue to the groom for the purchase of a piece of plate for the bride. The happy couple took leave of their fellow passengers at the next station, and returned in the next train, with many wishes for a happy termination of their journey.

The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years 2,000 men had not finished the walls. It is of polished marble both outside and in, the pillars are of one piece fifty feet high, the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all is a wooden box constructed to cover it from the weather.

FOUR NAMES FOR CHRISTIANS.—Scripture gives four names for Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces so essential to man's salvation—*saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.—*Fuller.*

RAPID WORK.—At a sale of a vessel by Mr. Jackson, auctioneer at Whitehaven, at the Albion Hotel last week, one of the builders, who was at Glasgow at the time, actually made his biddings by telegraph.

A MODERN Philosopher, taking the motion of the earth, on its axis, at seventeen miles a second, says that, if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

THE DUTIES OF LIFE.—This little life has its duties that are great—that are alone great, and go up to heaven and down to hell.