

Gleanings.

OUTLINE OF A PITMAN'S SERMON.

[I can only give a brief outline of the sermon, and a portion of one head, by way of illustration of Peter Joblin's genius. I Anglicize and make plain the style and verbiage, and I omit the use of sacred names.]

"Now, my brethren," said the preacher, "you know well enough that the Psalmist here refers to the *pit of affliction*, a 'low pit' indeed, as everybody finds out when they come to the bottom of it. As there are pits of various depths in this part of the country, so there are pits of affliction of various depths; some only a few fathoms, out of which a man may scramble somehow; but there are others deeper, and some dreadful deep; and there's some called the *lowest pits*. In these there are troubles on every side, and none to deliver. Why, some of you have been in a pit of affliction as low down as Hetton's great upcast-shaft; and you never got out of it either till you cried aloud to Heaven for help, and confessed who it was that laid you down that lowest pit. Ah, it was awful deep and awful dark! But now, *secondly*, there's the *pit of sin*. I call that the *lowest pit*. A man can't fall deeper, and every one falls down such a pit often and often. Why, there was Adam, who walked upright—what must he do, but one day, while he is listening to his wife's chafing (seducing) talk, over and down into the pit he goes, and drags she after him, and they never stops till they get down to the bottom, bang!—yes, down to the bottom, bang!

"Well, now, to apply this idea to you, I'll go bail there's many of you down at the bottom of the pit now, at this moment. Yes, clean as you are in your Sunday clothes, you're at the bottom of the pit, at the bottom, bang! and black with sins! Well, and some of you know it—you can't see the light of heaven—you know you're in the dark, and ne'er a low (light), and ne'er a rope, and ne'er a bait (food), and ne'er a can of tea or coffee, and no Davy (Davy-lamp), and nothing to make you happy! Don't you want to get up? (Audible assent by groans and "amens!") Well, I'll tell you the history of one man's getting up from this lowest pit. I know it well, for I helped him up. It was one Joseph Renwick, known to some of you dear saints, and a right-walking man he is now.

"Well, one day I was walking along at bank (the edge of a pit or brink), and I heard a terrible moaning and crying down pit, and I looked over and cried out, 'Anybody there?'

"Yes," says a voice from the bottom.

"Who is it?" says I.

"Why, it is I, Joe Renwick. O, Mr. Jobling, do help me up and out! I have been here so long, and I be so miserable!"

"Well, Joe," says I, 'there's but one way of getting you up, and that's by the *gospel-rope*! If I send it down will you lay hold of it?'

"Ay, that will I, Mr. Jobling! O, dear Mr. Peter, do send down the rope! O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"

"Well, Joe, if you will promise to lay hold of the rope, with all your might, and cling to nothing else, why, look out! here goes with the rope!"

"So, brethren, I let down the *gospel-rope* over the windlass; and a beautiful strong rope it is, six strands to every flat (alluding to the flat ropes in use in coal-pits), and every strand as strong as steel; then, after a while, I cried, 'Now, Joe, has't got rope?'

"Ay, ay, Master Peter," says he, 'I got 'im! Draw, draw! wind, wind!'

"Now, Joe," says I, 'mind you do not lay hold of anything else, and don't attempt to bring anything up with you; cling to the rope, and don't load it with

any more weight than yourself and your sins!'

"So I began to wind, and felt Joe at end of rope heavy enough, with all his sins; but up he is coming, and soon he would have been up to bank, when, all of a twinkling, slack comes the rope, and no Joe!

"Why, Joe!" I cried, 'where are you?'

"Down again, Master Peter!" says he; 'down again! bang at bottom!'

"How's that, Joe!"

"Don't know, Peter; but I think my sins be too many for rope to bear up.'

"No, no, Joe. Try again man!"

"So I let down rope again, and Joe takes it, and I winds up, and all is coming up right, till again, all in a gunpowder twinkle, down falls Joe, and up comes rope like an empty cowe (coal-basket).

"What! *Joe Renwick* down again?"

"Yes, Master Peter! It's no use. I see my sins be too many and too heavy; I shall never be saved."

"Well, but, Joe, tell us truth—down and up truth; hasn't thee been bringing up some things with thee, some things which I told thee to leave behind?"

"Why, Master Peter, you see, I was just bringing up a few things of my own, only a few!"

"Ah, Joe, there it is! You were bringing up *your own works of merit*!—Ah, Joe, *gospel-rope* cannot bear them! why, your own works is as heavy as lead! I knew you wanted to make them like Jeremiah's clouts when he was drawn up out of pit. But, Joe, all our own righteousness is as filthy rags—rotten rags, too; and they won't hold, and they won't do! Your own works, Joe, is heavier than you are! Now, Joe, try once more, without anything but yourself."

"So I lets *gospel-rope* down again, and I feels Joe grab at 'im; and I winds and draws—heavy and taught comes rope—and I feel Joe hanging on and as heavy as a ton of Hetton seam-coals. But I winds and winds, and now he's near to bank! [Here Peter Joblin leaned over the pulpit, and suited his manipulations to his description, drawing up visibly laboriously. Breathless suspense marks the congregation, and agonizing anxiety as Joe is made by Peter to come near to bank!] Now, brethren, one or two more winds and up comes Joe safe to bank, and out of loop (a loop of the rope (he jumps and stands at bank, and falls down on his knees and thanks God for his salvation by the *gospel-rope*!)" Loud cries all around of "Glory to Joe Renwick!" "Glory and praise for the *gospel-rope*!" "Amen!" "Glory for Joe and praise for Peter!"

"Thirdly and lastly, brethren, having shewn you something of the pit of affliction and the pit of sin, I turn to the pit of perdition. Ah! that is the lowest pit. Anybody laid there is regular done up. It's no use o' calling to banksman there, 'banksman, aboy, pull up!' No, no; once there always there. O, brethren, that is the worst and the wildest, and the darksomest pit that ever a man see'd. No towy there; no good high main ways; no trams (railways); no ponies; no galloways; no sleek mares to help you do the work. No, do it all yourselves. And precious heavy and drowthy work too! Why, any of you putters, and half-marrows, and foals (all persons who push or draw the coal-wagons underground) have easy work of it here to what you will have down that pit. Oh, I wish I could make you afeard on it! Only just think!—never come up; never stop work; never have a moment for a bit of bait; never sit down a bit; never stand upright; never a draught of cool air; never nothing that you like! (Great sensation.)

"And what's worse than all this, the *pit always a-fire*! (Jobling rakes and thumps) pit always a-fire! Not a chance of dowsing them flames; all flame, all furnace! Why, look half a minute to-morrow morning at furnace at bottom of Hetton-shaft, and see it roaring and rush-

ing, and bellowing, and blazing; and just fancy whole pit like this, and no water, no sump, no shaft. This is the pit of perdition. And I won't say how many of you is going to it. I sees some of you looking at me as if you'd say, 'Don't believe you, Peter!' But I can only tell you it's true as you are there and I am here. (Uncontrollable emotion.) Yes, I know what I'm a-saying, and where you're a-going—a-going as fast as a rattling, banging train of coal-wagons down the incline—ay, and faster too; and some of you will be there afore next year, or perhaps next pay-day, or next Sunday.

"Well, but here's the *gospel-rope*; lay hold on 'im; that will draw you up out pit of sin, and then you'll never fall into pit of perdition. And as to pit of affliction, why, that's nothing to 'tother two, though it feels deep enough when a body's in it, as I know well enough, for I be in it now, having buried my second daughter, Nancy, last month. Dear little angel as she was! with eyes as black as a coal, cheeks as brown as a berry, hair as fine as silk, and in other particulars for all the world like her father, as they say! Well, she's gone, (sobs and tears amongst the women,) and her mother's going stark crazy about her, and greeting (crying) all night. And the worst on it is, the doctor's bill and the coffin-carpenter's bill is n't paid yet, and I'm sure I know no more where money's to come from than you do. Ah, I might well say, '*Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit.*' But, as I was saying, the *gospel-rope* is the blessed, strong, long, saving rope. Let's all lay hold on 'im, and he'll draw us up, not only out of all the three pits to bank, but a vast higher than bank, right up, not over the pulleys, (pulleys of the winding-engine over the pit, a common accident,) not over the pulleys, brethren, to break our necks, but right straight through up to the skies, straight through the clouds, right up to heaven! Never come down again; ne'er another pit there; no more work, no hewing, or putting, or marrowing, or fadling. All work done then; all enjoyment to begin, to end nevermore, forever and forever, and as much longer as you can think on!

"Well, it's all along of the *gospel-rope*. Then, I say, just to finish up, cling to *gospel-rope*; put your foot in loop, wind your arms round it, hold on tight for your life; kick down all your own works, your few things and your many things, your lumber and your cumber—kick them down pit, and never heed swinging about, but hold on, and I'll go bail, you and I will be wound up at last! As for me, sooner the better; I want to go to my Nancy! I'm ready now! Well, dear brethren, bless you! bless you! Amen.—Please to take notice there will be a collection at the doors."

"Oh, sir," said Mat. Simpson's wife, on coming out, to me, "wasn't he beautiful about the rope? and didn't he talk pretty of Nancy?"

"Hush, missus," said Matthew. "Well, sir, I'm afraid our Peter aint fine enough for you. He aint none of your Greek and Latin parsons; he's one of God's calling!"

I leave the reader to judge of Peter Jobling's genius. I find I must leave my notes of the schools to another time.

JOHN DEAN AND MISS BOKER.

A few years ago the marriage of Miss Boker, of New York, with her father's coachman, John Dean, set all the scandl-mongers of Gotham in a fever. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* thus continues the "strange eventful story." "After the marriage, the couple, notwithstanding their different 'bringing up,' lived happy enough together, in a small cottage over in Williamsburg. The husband obtained an office in the custom-house, and saved money enough to open a public house, at the foot of Grand Street, Williamsburg. But alas! for John Dean, he could not keep a hotel. It is said 'he was his own best customer,' and, as a

natural result, he commenced treating his wife badly. In a short while all their money was spent, and with poverty coming in at the door, love, as usual, flew out of the window. John beat and abused his wife, but all this she put up with, until starvation stared her in the face, when she was compelled to ask admission in the alms-house. The petition was granted, and the beautiful, elegant and accomplished belle of the Fifth Avenue—a few years ago—is now the associate of beggars and paupers."

BETTER BUILD OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

In a remarkably practical and well written article by Dr. R. T. Trall, published in the 'Hygienic Teacher,' he discusses the comparative 'vital stamina' of the two countries thus sensibly:—"The better vital development of the English, particularly of the women and children, has long been a subject of remark with travellers; and we have been in the habit of alluding to this subject in our lectures on the health and diseases of women. Hence, when the opportunity presented, we could not help studying this subject with much interest. We trace the great difference which exists in this respect—and it is even greater than we had supposed—to two sources, the greater amount of sleep and the more exposure to the fresh air. English mothers expose themselves and their children to the air often and freely as a matter of habit, while American mothers exclude themselves and their children from the fresh air as much as possible. On the cars, on the boats, in the omnibuses, in the hotels, everywhere, we noticed the almost universal attention paid to ventilation. Nowhere, did we see an Englishwoman shut a window for fear her baby would 'catch its death of cold,' and none of the babies seemed to have colds. All that we noticed seemed to be remarkably good-natured. It is almost impossible to travel on a train in America where there are several young children, without hearing continually the cry of distress from some of them. But we heard nothing of this kind in England. We do not absolutely know, from actual observation and experience, that an English baby ever does cry, or can. English women are generally less irritable, less morbidly nervous, than American women, for the reason already assigned—more rest, more sleep, more quiet—and this circumstance, of course, has no small influence on the organization and temper of their offspring. And we think this view of the matter is fully confirmed by a comparison of the waists of American women. The effect of early and abundant exposure to and exercise in the open air, is to promote free breathing, enlarge the capacity of the respiratory apparatus, develop the vital organs, expand the chest, and enlarge the waist. And the vital resources of any woman, or any man, or any animal, other circumstances being equal, may be measured by the dimensions of the lower part of the thorax. The English woman, as a general rule, will out-measure the American several inches. This rule is well exemplified in the German women, who exercise much from early childhood in the open air, and who do not lace their vital organs out of all symmetrical proportions to the rest of the body. On board the *Bavaria* were half a hundred women and girls from Germany, not one of whom had not a round, full, well-developed chest, so much so, perhaps, as to be regarded as decidedly ungenteel, by the wasp-waisted fashionables of upper ten-ness in new-York. Another circumstance that tells in favor of better digestion and more enduring vitality with the English is, a habit of eating more slowly. So far as diet itself is concerned, there is not very much to choose. But the American people eat almost as soon as out of bed in the morning, swallow their food with very imperfect mastication, and then hurry to business, all of which tends to a precocity of brain and muscular activity, with the inevitable consequence of early decline."