

His mercy lead you to see your conduct in its true light, to repent of it, and to act and feel hereafter in a different spirit from that which you have in the present case exhibited.

"Mr. Lamb—I feel bound, my lord, respectfully to submit to your lordship's decision, and to thank your lordship for the terms in which you have spoken of my character; but, while submitting to your lordship's decision, I must, in my conscience, solemnly protest against its justice.

"The Bishop objected to the word 'protest,' and suggested, by way of advice, the impropriety of its use, since it might place him (the Bishop) under the necessity of resorting to an unpleasant proceeding, which he would willingly be spared.

"Since Mr. Lamb did not seem to understand wherein the impropriety of the word consisted, Mr. Judge remarked that, in any judicial court, it would be held disrespectful in any one to protest against the decision of the bench; that a protest was admitted in the House of Lords from none but members of that house; and that Mr. Lamb might fully express his meaning by a better and less offensive word. To this Mr. Lamb assentingly consented; and he thus shaped the concluding words of his answer:—But I feel called upon respectfully and solemnly to state that I cannot, in my conscience, fully acquiesce in its justice."—*London Guardian*.

Selections.

THE TWO PICTURES IN CONTRAST:

Now look at this, then at that.

In the latter part of September, on one of those cloudy days which often, at that season of the year when the sun was obscured by a thick and hazy atmosphere, while a gentle, drizzling rain was noiselessly falling, the curtains of night seemed prematurely drawn over the horizon, shrouding nature in the gloom of night ere the sun had left the western horizon—on such an evening might have been seen a weary traveller wending his lonely way through the dark forests of the South on the road towards Charleston. Far from home, in a strange land, anxious to find shelter from the drizzling rain, which seemed to increase as night drew on, he quickened his pace, hoping to find some human habitation where he might rest for the night.

While thus pressing onward, peering through the gloomy mist, he described a splendid mansion a little distance from the road. Oh, how his heart was lightened, how his face beamed with joy as he approached the long wished for object.

On arriving at the gate the way worn traveler hallored; a negro made his appearance, and the following conversation ensued:

Traveller—How d'ye do, uncle—who lives here?
Negro—Massa, sir.
T.—Is he at home?
N.—Yer, sir; he's in de house.
T.—Will you please open the gates?
N.—What you want, sir?
T.—I wish to stay all night.
N.—Massa no let you stay, sir; he nebber let trabler stay wid him.
T.—Open the gate; I must see him.
The darkey opened the gate, the traveller proceeded to the house and entered the piazza.
The landlord made his appearance.
T.—Good evening, sir.
Landlord.—Good evening, sir.
T.—I wish to stop with you for the night, sir.
L.—Can't do it, sir; don't keep public house.
T.—But, sir, it rains; the night will be very dark, and I'm a stranger in these parts, and don't know the road.
L.—Can't help it, sir; you must go to the tavern.
How far is it to the tavern, sir.
L.—About eight miles.
T.—That's too far off; myself and horse are both weary; besides it rains, and will be very dark.
L.—Can't help it, sir—can't be troubled with travellers.
T.—Well, sir, let me have shelter for myself and horse, and I'll trouble you for nothing more.
L.—I have told you I could not do it, nor do I wish you to trouble me further.
T.—Well, sir, just give me a shelter for my horse, and let me stay in your negro house until morning, and I'll trouble you no further.
L.—Sir, you must leave my premises, and the sooner the better, for you are only loosing your time.
The traveller said no more, but with a keen, dis-

cerning eye, cast one long, piercing look at the human form before him and left.

Here ends the first picture. Now let us look at the other.

On a beautiful and bright morning in June, when the sun had reached the summer solstice, and many of the wealthy inhabitants of the Southern States were seeking the cooling breezes of more northern latitudes, there were seen on the road leading to the Virginia Springs, a splendid carriage drawn by four beautiful grays, accompanied by a postilion. In the carriage were seated a wealthy Southern planter and his lady, on their way to those delightful watering places.

Suddenly an axle-tree of the carriage is broken, and the carriage and its contents fall gently to the ground, without further injury.

The postilion is sent onward to seek assistance—he had not gone far before he came to a neat farm house, and made known to the master of the house the sad catastrophe which had just happened.

The farmer immediately called together several of his servants, ordered his own carriage, and with a few strong hands, was soon on the ground where the accident had happened, rendering timely aid to the unfortunate travellers.

The contents of the injured carriage being transferred to the farmer's vehicle were soon conveyed to the house, and while a substantial dinner was in the course of preparation for the travellers, the broken axle-tree was detached from the carriage and sent to a blacksmith's to be repaired; in the meantime, the farmer's family were doing all in their power to render their guests as comfortable as possible.

Late in the afternoon the broken axle-tree neatly mended, was refitted to the carriage and in readiness for the road, but it was now late, and the kindhearted farmer insisted on his guests tarrying until morning, and then, after an early breakfast they could make a good day's journey. To this the travellers readily consented; and while "mine host" was showing the gentleman over parts of his neat and fruitful farm and orchards, his wife and daughters were amusing their lady guest by a walk in the tasteful garden, then to the spring, showing her the neat and clean springhouses, through which the spring water was passing, keeping the milk cool and sweet. The Southern lady became so pleased with the place and the family, that she expressed herself willing to remain with the farmer and his family, instead of going to the springs; but they had engaged to meet some of their friends at the springs, and therefore they must go.

The guests were now summoned to the dining room, where they sat down with the farmer and his amiable family, to a supper, such as a wealthy farmer can provide; whilst it was being discussed, the time was enlivened by that easy flow of generous conversation usually found among the F. F. V.'s when in company with friends.

As the time for rest was now drawing on, all the family and their guests being seated in the parlor, the 'good man of the house' opened the 'good old book' (as he was wont to call it,) and read, for the instruction of all present, the hundred and fourth Psalm. Then, in a short but appropriate address to the Throne of Grace committed his charge to the care of Him who never sleeps. After which, all retired to enjoy "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Next morning, the guests rising from their comfortable resting place, found waiting their appearance a breakfast, composed of a rich variety of the good things of life, prepared *a la mode*, 'Old Virginia never tire'; and while our guests were engaged in doing ample justice to their breakfast, servants were engaged in harnessing the horses now rested, well fed, and smoothly curried and rubbed down.

All things now ready for motion, our travelling gentleman approached 'mine host' with—'my bill, sir, if you please.'

'Your bill? Sir, I never made a bill against a traveller in my life. I don't know how to do it, sir. God bountifully provides for his creatures, and while we have enough, and to spare, I believe it our duty to express our gratitude by obeying his word, especially the injunction 'Be not forgetful to strangers,' and therefore I have never charged a stranger calling at my house, for the bounties God has graciously given me.'

'But, sir, I have been both trouble and expense to you, and being abundantly able to compensate you for your extraordinary kindness, I insist on paying you, and am resolved on doing so, before I leave your hospitable roof.'

'Well, sir, as you insist upon it, though I never before charged a traveller anything, I will charge you something.'

'That's all, sir, that's all—now give me my bill, sir, and I'll pay it.'

Well, sir, this is your bill. As I lack in competency for what I have done for you, is: 'That you will do unto others as you would have others do to you, and if ever a poor weary traveller calls at your house, on a dark, gloomy, rainy evening, and begs for shelter, say in one of your negro houses, don't turn him away. All I ask is that you take him in and do by him as I have done by you. If you will do this, we are even.'

The traveller was dumb—almost suffocated; and for a time could not utter a word. Then recovering himself, said, in a subdued and mortified tone, 'are you the man?'

'I am; and I know you the moment I saw you; and acting on principle taught by that same good old Book, from which I have already given you a few quotations, I felt bound to render good for evil. I have done only my duty; I am satisfied, paid in full, and wish you a prosperous journey, a long and happy life, rendered useful by acts of kindness to your fellow man whenever you find him in need.'

'Oh! sir, I am mortified, I am abashed, and I promise never again to withhold good from my fellow man when I have it in my power.'

'Then, sir, I am more than amply compensated for all I had so gladly done for you, and rejoice in bidding you Good speed.'

'But, sir, you will accept this from me,' holding in his hand a \$100 note.

'No, sir, not a farthing, I am already more than fully paid.'

The traveller then approached the side-board, from which he had several times during his sojourn at the farm-house, partaken of the 'wins that wakeeth glad the heart of man,' and laying down the \$100 bill, he placed a tumbler on it, to prevent its being blown away,—then turning to 'mine host,' offered his parting hand, while his eyes were suffused with tears of mingled shame and gratitude.

The farmer cordially took the proffered hand, and never was there a more feeling farewell passed between strangers, than here passed between the guest and the family of 'mine host.'

We will say nothing of the feelings of our lady guest during the above conversation between her husband and our Virginia farmer; nor will we follow them in their carriage to hear their conversation as they left the farm-house—suffice it to say, they never afterwards forgot to entertain strangers.

At Killee, the Sunday before Christmas Day, Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper and Miss Smithwick, with a party of mutual friends, agreed, after church, to go for a visit to the "Puffing-hole cavern," on the coast close by. The sea was very stormy, and on such occasions the cavern throws up a fountain of sea-water in the most fantastic fashion; and if the sun happens to shine, the successive jets d'eau exhibit the varied hues of the rainbow. They had reached a rock close by, when Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper and Miss Smithwick were in advance, and the former urging the others to move on, when a Coast-Guard man on the cliff warned the party of the danger of venturing out, and Capt. Fisher observing a huge wave rolling in, called out to Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper to mind himself, when the sea broke on the rock with a thundering crash, saturating Captain and Mrs. Fisher, and completely overpowered the unfortunate Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper and Miss Smithwick, who were both dragged together by the receding swell into the shaft of the Puffing-hole and there disappeared, to the horror and amazement of those persons who were providentially saved from a similar fate, though dripping wet and exhausted by the violent shock. The alarm of this tragic event was promptly given. The police, fishermen, and Coast-Guards hastened to the fearful scene, but no human being dare approach the Puffing-hole, which had just engulfed two victims in the prime of life, and probably mutilated their bodies in a short time by the maelstrom action of the maddening waters in its gigantic cauldron. The remains of the unfortunate lady and gentleman have not since been found. Part of the overcoat that Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper wore, and the sleeve of Miss Smithwick's dress, were cast ashore in the vicinity of this awful catastrophe. Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper had a large sum of money on his person when he fell a prey to the merciless element. He served for years in the India Company's Bengal army, and returned to his native country not long since. The lamented lady was granddaughter of the late Rev. Robert Gabbett, D.D., and we are informed by mutual friends the arrangements were in progress for their matrimonial union when this terrible calamity occurred.