

"NEW YORK SUN,"—RAPID PRINTING.

The Sun Monster Press [which may be seen in operation between two and half-past five o'clock every afternoon] when in full operation throws out nearly twelve miles of sheet per hour. If those sheets were divided and the pages placed one after the other, they would reach more than sixteen miles per hour. If they were cut into strips of the length of a column and the strips placed one after the other, the person placing them if he keeps pace with the evolutions of the press, must travel nearly one hundred and fifty-two miles per hour. Cut the same sheets into strips half an inch wide, and a sixty-miles-per-hour locomotive would need a ten fold speed, or it would be unable to keep up—the speed must be more than six-hundred and seven miles an hour. Place the letters printed in a single hour the one after the other, and they will reach from New York to London, three thousand five hundred miles, or nearly five times the distance which sound travels in the same time. The same letters written by telegraph would require a strip of paper forty two thousand miles long—long enough to reach around the globe once, and through it more than twice.

To read two pages of fine type in the Sun requires, ordinarily, not less than two hours and forty minutes, and to read them as rapidly as they are printed by the Monster Press, would require fifty three thousand three hundred and thirty three readers. To read the number of copies printed in one hour would employ one person reading eight hours per day, for eighteen years six months two days, five hours, and eighteen minutes. To write what is printed on these pages would occupy a good writer for twenty-two hours. Hence four hundred and forty thousand writers would find employment in multiplying copies as rapidly as done by this one press, and it would take a single person writing eight hours per day, one hundred and fifty-two years, nine months and one day, to write what is thus printed in one hour. There is such a thing as printing by lightning, and a very perfect machine for that purpose has been invented, but under the most favourable circumstances for the lightning operation the Monster Press prints fifty thousand times faster than the lightning.

## JOSEPH DENHAM OR THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

A TEMPERANCE AND RELIGIOUS TALE.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening, the last rays of the setting sun brightened the dark tops of the forest trees, and threw a cheerful gleam on the neat and comfortable dwellings which at that time composed the little village of S. The merry songsters of the grove, that had, all day long, made the woods vocal with their music, had warbled forth their last song, and were seeking the distant boughs for shelter, to resume, at the dawn of another morning, their song of praise to him who created all things by the might of his power. The busy hum of labour had ceased for the day, the husbandman having completed his toil was returning from his fields, from which he had reaped a most abundant harvest, to enjoy around the social hearth the domestic comfort which to the eye of the beholders appeared to reign among those New England homes. Bands of happy children were enjoying their evening sport, romping on the green in all the glee and exuberance of spirit so natural to their age; others were reclining underneath the grateful shade of the noble elms which grew around and afforded them a most delightful retreat; but which have since been levelled by the sacrilegious hand of improvement. Happy children, would ye could remain always as unconscious of the many vices that have contaminated our world; that have blasted the hopes and withered the prospects of so many. The village to which I have before alluded, and which has since become a flourishing town, is situated on the Connecticut river, between Northumberland and Hillsborough, occupying a slight eminence; it commands a fine view of the river as it rolls majestically past, while

the numberless boats that dot its bosom heighten the scene and render it more attracting. Aloft above the rest of the dwellings was the spire of the village church, a proof that there too dwelt some who loved and feared God, and had reared that temple in honour of his name, where they could meet to worship him from Sabbath to Sabbath; behind it was the churchyard with its grassy mounds and humble monuments, erected to the memory of beloved ones who lay slumbering beneath the sod till the trump of the Archangel shall summon them before the tribunal of Heaven. The parsonage, an humble whitewashed cottage stood a little to the east, while beyond was the orchard and a pasture for a few sheep and the house of the worthy pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gillson, who had for a number of years presided over the little flock, and who was a most undetachable labourer in the vineyard of his master. He was not one of those men whose piety shone alone in the pulpit; but his daily walk and conversation were such as to convince his people that he was indeed an ambassador from God. This venerable man regarded his people with a shepherd's love; he sympathized with them in all their afflictions, in many an hour of darkness and doubt he had been their counsellor and comforter, and when difficulties of any kind arose among them, he was prompt to investigate the matter, and peace was most assuredly restored. He was revered by them for his piety while their temporal and spiritual welfare was, in fact, the chief desire of his soul. The gleam of departing day as it stole in through the open lattice, rested upon the benevolent features of this good man, who had been surveying the scene around him. He arose, and closing the window, drew his arm chair nearer the hearth, upon which blazed a cheerful fire. Memory was busy with the past, and again he was forming plans of benevolence for the future. Wrapt in thought, he heeded not the passing hour, when his reverie was disturbed at the announcement of a visitor. Hastily arising and wiping his spectacles, he immediately recognized Mrs. Denham; the widow of one who had, in life, officiated as deacon in his Church.— He was convinced she was in trouble, and most deeply did he feel to sympathize in her case. As he gazed upon her care worn countenance, he observed traces of recent tears visible upon her cheeks where grief had stamped many a furrow. After a few brief ceremonial inquiries, he kindly asked the cause of her present dejection. With a voice choking with emotion she informed him that her son, who through the agency of Mr. Gillson had been placed in a good situation, was about leaving his employer and home, with a couple of young and dissipated fellows who had been employed in a factory, and with whom he had formed a late but sad companionship. "I have" said she, "used every art and blandishment to divert him from his purpose, but all in vain; he only answers me surlily and mocks at my fears. Flattering inducements have been held forth to him by those young men, that business will be more prosperous with him in a larger place. Their influence over Joseph is indeed very great, so that I fear for the result; but perhaps the word of his old Minister may have more weight with him; my errand, therefore, was to request you to visit him, and who knows but under God you may be the means of saving him before it is alas too late." "I was informed, Mrs. Denham, in the early part of the week, of his fatal determination, and I immediately sought Mr. Ashton, we entered into conversation about him; he told me that he thought it more than probable he would remain in his shop, that he had offered him higher wages with which he appeared perfectly satisfied, and I am sure no young man could desire a better guardian or a truer friend than Ashton. It must be those young men who are at the bottom of the affair, not content with being evil them-

selves, they would fain ruin all that would yield to their poisonous influence. However, I will see him if possible, (he avoided me of late, I have scarcely seen him twice in the last month,) and I will endeavour by the help of God to show him the folly of the course he is pursuing; but in the meantime I would say to you not to despair, but go to him who has promised to be the widow's God, and make known your case to him, and be assured he will not turn a deaf ear to your petition, but will hear and answer to your satisfaction." The widow's tears fell like rain drops. "Oh Mr. Gillson, think you I have not pleaded his case at the Throne of Grace? You know not how anxiously and fervently I have prayed for my loved but erring boy, and I have prayed God to dispose of the heart of my son towards him, and that I might yet live to see the full realization of all my hopes and prayers." Mrs. Denham, 'the Lord's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.' Do not become discouraged or disheartened because your petitions are long in being answered. The Lord's time is best, and I am convinced that no prayer offered up in faith for the spiritual welfare of a beloved relative, will eventually be cast out by him who willeth not the death of a sinner, but would rather all would turn unto him and live. God's ways are often mysterious to us poor short-sighted mortals, and we are so prone to murmur at his providence, and in our fancied view imagine our lot so hard, as we contrast it with others whom we consider more mercifully dealt with. But could we draw aside the veil with which these mysteries are enshrouded, we would see very differently, and in the fullness of our heart, would at once pronounce it wisest and best." "I know, Mr. Gillson, his chastisements are ever intended for our good, to wean us from the world, and draw us closer to him, that we may appear before him as gold seven times refined, and I have wished and prayed that in all things I might be resigned to his blessed will." "We should ever, Mrs. Denham, feel to cast our cares upon him who alone careth for us, knowing well he will not try us above what we are able to bear, and in his own good time will prove to us that

"Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

I know you have been a woman of many sorrows. I know it all; yet remember how many mercies and blessings have been blended with them; how his preserving grace has sustained you and supported you amid all your trials, and kept you from falling, and now when another dark cloud hangs over the horizon of your hopes, he is the one who can dispel the gloom; he who has been with you in six troubles will not desert you in seven." They continued their conversation until the evening was far advanced, when the man of God drew from the table the blessed volume. After reading a portion, he with his family knelt with her in prayer, all was hushed and quiet save an occasional sob that would burst from the widow, as he breathed forth his prayer to God, and interceded for her and her family at the throne of Grace, and perhaps a more fervent petition never ascended to the skies than was that night offered up in that humble dwelling. When they arose from their knees, he kindly assured her that he would visit Joseph on the following morning, and exert all his influence to have him remain with Mr. Ashton. He then bade her good night, and as she left the room he said to his wife, "She is indeed one whom the Lord loveth but chasteneth." As she pursued her solitary walk homeward how many recollections crowded upon the memory of that anxious mother. The sunny years of his childhood came vividly before her imagination as he stood a prattling boy beside her, while she listened to the lisping of his infant tongue. Then as manhood approached, all her fond anticipations and garnered hopes were remembered, and she