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Religious Miscellany.

An Evening Hymn.

Now on day's journey less divides
From the place where God resides;
If I have walked by faith, in fear,
A stranger, and a pilgrim here,
I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep:
I've one day less to rest, within,
Confit, defeat, remorse and sin.

And oh! reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou art one stage nearer to the goal—
Thou art one stage nearer to the shore
Where thou wilt give and sin no more.
If the sweet presence of thy God,
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where He will never hide His face!

If thou hast oft been led astray,
And mournfully reviewed the day,
Still strive the more that rest to obtain,
Where thou wilt never sin again.
If thou hast mourned for friends estrayed,
Whose converse once thy journey cheered,
Think that in Heaven no cause will sever
The bond that reunites forever.

Let every gift by God bestowed,
Each kind refreshment on the road,
Let every sorrow, hope and fear,
Incite my soul to persevere.
And Thou, my only help and guide,
Thou whom I have no friend beside—
Whose eye beholds me when I fall,
Whose arm supports when I prevail;

Oh, hear me! grant what I implore!
And if on earth I wake more,
Think on my last my dying prayer:
Since I on Thee alone depend,
Oh, guide me to my journey's end;
Thou, guide me to my journey's end;
Thou, guide me to my journey's end;
Thou, guide me to my journey's end.

True Devotion.

By MISS MARSH, AUTHOR OF CAPTAIN VICARS.

Not very long ago, a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman, lodging in an alley in Holborn, who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat, and on a little table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers—the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathizing countenance, smoothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face; the mouth and chin of which were covered by a handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few inquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then remembering that it must seem so easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God, but how much harder it must be for her to believe it,—lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or by day, increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death. I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind, and then I added: "If you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who, when He was on earth, healed all manner of disease with a touch of a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withholds it from you—does so for some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to hear it. If it be so, will you just lift up your finger in assent?"

She raised her pale transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face. I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, I believe that your Saviour in the sight of all the angels of heaven than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render Him in comparative health and ease; because your faith is much more severely tried. It seemed a noble and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work would glorify her Saviour, who had just meekly borne glorification as His Will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made a sign for her nurse, and wrote upon it, "This makes me so happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory for Himself out of such a poor creature as me." Soon after she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, 'My beloved is mine, and I am His.' He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing."

When her companion came down stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to relieve her occasionally of the nursing by night.

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much, while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired. "No, ma'am, we are not relations; we were fellow sufferers together at a hotel in the West End. And once when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go to any strangers, for she is an orphan; so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings which I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid!—a QUEEN?" I thought to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honor me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of disinterested self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret. "We are as good as sisters," she said; "we both know that our Saviour loves us, and we loved Him, and want to love Him better."

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Five houses were thrown open to receive her, but she preferred to

turning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.

This story was told the following day to a few young men, who were members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, and who were chiefly men of the working classes. Early next morning four pounds were sent me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer and her nurse, with those words written on the envelope,—"A token of sympathy and respect from Christian brothers."

Utterances of Jesus on the Cross.

1. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."
2. "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."
3. "Woman, behold thy son. Behold thy mother."
4. "I thirst."
5. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me."
6. "It is finished."
7. "Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit."

You will notice that the relationship is recognized in the first cry and in the last. When the wrath-breathing commences, it is "My God, my God," but directly he says, "It is finished," the statement thus made, he again says, "Father."

The first cry tells of grace—of love to enemies. Stephen evinced the same spirit.

The second of his power and willingness to save. A poor thief's soul is taken at once to paradise, fitted by the precious blood that was shed for it.

The third shows his perfectness as man—caring for his mother, and entrusting her to the beloved disciple.

The fourth tells of suffering endured, and yet man mocked his thirst with "vinegar and gall."

The fifth shows us how the wrath of God was upon him for our sins. "By his stripes we are healed." God did forsake his Son that he might not forsake us.

The sixth tells of the completed work of redemption.

And the seventh shows how fully the work was accomplished, for he again says, "Father," and gives up the ghost.

Heroism of a Missionary.

The Rev. R. C. Pether related the following incident, in an address to a missionary meeting in London: When the fort of Agra was about to be invested by the mutineers, (during the late rebellion in India,) the entire population, both of the city and in the cantonments, took refuge in the fort. There were 800 native Christians in the town, who fled towards the fort, and expected to be admitted with the rest, but to their astonishment they were told that they could not come in. There were at that moment in the fort upwards of 1000 Hindoos, and some 250 Mohammedans, who afterwards deserted the English, while these 830 Christians could not be admitted, but must remain outside in danger of losing their lives. When it was stated that the native Christians had been refused entrance into the fort, Mr. French, the agent of the Church Missionary Society, came forward and said, "My blood shall flow with theirs; if they are not admitted into the fort, I will go out to them." Here was a man that was truly worthy of the name of a missionary—one that was determined rather to perish with his brethren, than they should be left outside.—I am happy to add that, in consequence of that statement of Mr. French, the Governor ordered the gates to be thrown open to the native Christians, and they were admitted into the fort.

MOST BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING, from Dr. Thomson, of the Christian Advocate and Journal, to his readers:

"No interest in the universe compares with the welfare of the soul, and yet none is so much in peril. Here only, when every man should be alive, most are dead—dead as the sleepers in yonder marble-shafted ground. Christian, haste thy; fly, lift up thy voice like a trumpet; to the closet and to God betake thee; leave no means unemployed; let no moment be wasted; by all that is sacred in love, by all that is awful in responsibility, by every human and divine motive, delay not to rescue the perishing! Let thy cry, burn, and fold your arms; let plague and famine devastate the land, and make no effort to stay them; be indifferent any where, every where, but for the love of God stand not when souls are sinking into the gloom of a starless immortality!"

"You will not heed us. You will still be worldly and indifferent. To-morrow will find you loudest on exchange, most eager in the chase of fortune and folly, and your children and neighbours may fall into hell. And then when you shall confront them at the bar of God, what will you have to answer?"

Any Sinner may be Saved.

If the law, the sinner's own conscience, or Satan, accuse any person of having done his utmost against God, times and ways without number; and of having committed some uncommon transgressions that the person never knew any other person guilty of; and particularly of having despised and rejected the Son of God, the Saviour of the world,—the gospel history informs us that Jesus saved the thief on the cross, after he had rallied upon him, and interceded for pardon to them who crucified him.

Paul once thought it his duty to do many things against Jesus to Nazareth; he persecuted the Christian faith as heresy, and was mad against the disciples of Jesus, yet he obtained mercy!

If any should add, that they have returned with the dog to his vomit, and with the sow to his wallowing in the mire, after making an high profession and solemn vows to the contrary, yet, after much apparent fellowship with God,—and therefore dread that there is no mercy for them, so help for them—the gospel covenant admits of repentance, or rather secures repentance to all who take hold of it, so that they cannot go backward with a perpetual backsliding. For it keeps all who are in it; none of them can keep themselves, yet they cannot fall out of it, as our first parents fell out of the law covenant.

The new covenant Head is as faithful as he is almighty, therefore will seek and find every one of his people when they go astray. He has

them all graved on the palms of his hands, and their walls continually before him. We have also instances of the recovery of some who went astray egregiously after they had been favoured with distinguished fellowship with God, viz., those of Noah, Lot, Solomon, and others.

But in a word, that covenant, which is well ordered in all things and sure, is richer by far than the first covenant was. Sinners may lean to it with more confidence than Adam could lean to the first. And such is the constitution of the method of grace, as to afford a suitable and full supply of every necessity to sinners of mankind, and an answer to every objection that law and justice, a guilty conscience, or a malicious devil, can raise against them; for it is a better covenant and established on better promises. To us are given exceeding great and precious promises.

The case of lost sinners is far from being desperate. "Where sin hath abounded, grace did much more abound." The remedy is every way equal to the malady. There is hope in Israel concerning every case a sinner can be in, while not in hell. If anything had been too hard for the Lord, the work of redemption had ceased for ever; but this we see accomplished, as to purchase, and the application of it advancing every day, and good ground given to all gospel hearers to expect that they may be saved by the grace of God, as well as others.—*British Messenger.*

The Light at Home.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love and rest, and comfort all.
When wearied by the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way
Where loving lips will flap our name
Around the light of home!

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheerful is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies.
It is the light of home: he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steal
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light of home!

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary labourer to greet,
When rough toils of the day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that his joys impart—
The cheerful hope and joys that flow
Around the light at home!

Religious Intelligence.

From the News of the Churches.

England.

LONDON, April, 1861.

The new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, just published, contains an article in defence of the *Essays and Reviews*, the first opposition to which it attributes to unfair representations of the *Westminster Review*. It regards the author as responsible only for their own essays, and considers the second and fourth as the only two to which strong objection can be taken. It represents, disingenuously enough, that the clergy who did not sign the memorial are almost all favourable to the Essayists. A very able charge, chiefly devoted to this subject, has been delivered by the Archbishop of Middlesex (Standaer) in a sermon on the exclusion of God from action in His own universe, by the denial of the possibility of miracles, and reflected strongly upon the moral degradation of loose signatures to the Articles. The Bishop of London took occasion, in preaching to the largest crowd yet assembled at the Special Services in Westminster Abbey, on the evening of Easter Sunday, to point specially to the necessity of maintaining the testimony of Scripture on the validity of miracles, in connexion with that great event of all miracles, commemorated by the day—the Resurrection of our Lord.

The "Metropolitan Tabernacle" of Mr. Spurgeon has been opened, free of debt. There is no hall in London at all to be compared with it for convenience for the holding of great gatherings. There has been a communion service, participated in by ministers of different churches, at which nearly 2000 communicants partook of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Spurgeon had also a public baptism, attended by immense crowds.

The following extract from a long and interesting description by Dr. Campbell, in the *British Standard*, of the opening of the Tabernacle, gives a good idea of the dimensions and appearance of the building:—

"What strikes the stranger, then, on entering, is the vastness of the edifice. The external length of the whole structure is 346 feet, in a frontage of 104 feet. The interior is 140 feet in length, by 81 feet in breadth, and the height from the ground floor to the lantern in the roof is 91 feet. The number of sittings provided is 4200, with standing-room for an additional 2000. Each gallery has its own staircase in solid stone, supported by wrought-iron carriages of extraordinary strength. By an ingenious arrangement, each stream of people entering or retiring from the edifice, is kept from crossing the other. Sixteen doors admit of such facility of egress, that an audience of 6000 can be seated in five minutes."

Last Sabbath evening it presented three congregations of various magnitudes. The upper gallery completely no mean assembly, the lower gallery one considerably larger, and the basement one nearly as great as both united.—Never before did we see eyes on such a multitude under one roof. The mass of thoughts suggested was such as to fill, and almost to oppress the mind. The architect and the builder occupied the first place among these thoughts. The most minute survey-descried nothing defective, nothing redundant, the harmony of parts seemed complete. The component elements are so placed as to go far to conceal the real magnitude of the structure, and bring it within some manageable dimensions. This elegant decoration commences with the concave roof, which rests on pillars placed around the front of

the galleries, and rising from the basement.—The top of these pillars is so constructed as to obscure the proper roof of the building. This beautiful concave is pierced by a series of hand-made windows, admitting light by day, and each built illuminated with gas. This roof bears some resemblance to that of Exeter Hall, although more contracted, and incomparably more elegant. The effect of it merits particular notice, as preventing all echo, at the same time that it transmits sound to the remotest parts of the edifice. There is nothing angular anywhere to be seen."

The Wesleyan Methodists are making active preparations to vie with the Congregationalists and others in the extension of their cause in London. The following extract from the *Watchman* shows the need of this movement:—

"All honor to the Congregationalists for what they have done. In about ten years they have built three hundred churches, to accommodate 30,000 attendants, and with an addition of thirty pastorate to their London ministry; while we have in all the circuits but fifty-two churches, old and new, of which but thirty are capable of supporting as many preachers. In the ten years since the last census, London has increased by at least 500,000 souls, and in the same period Methodism here has provided about 6000 more sittings. The Rev. Charles Prest, in the remarkable letter which he addressed to us last week, asked, 'Is it not startling that in Paddington, with its 80,000 inhabitants there should be no Methodist chapel? Not a single resident Wesleyan minister?' It might be useful to publish a Methodist map of London, as there have been published Missionary maps of India. India contains perhaps a sixth of the human race, and London is the sixth of England. Mr. Prest states that the proportion of Methodists in the population of this city is one to every 205 of its inhabitants. The Rev. Wm. Arthur, who, it is well known, is one of the moving minds and working hands in the present enterprise, finds that in Brompton, as in Paddington, there is no Methodist chapel, that we have but a solitary, small, and obscure place in Pimlico, another little place in Kensington, and none whatever at Clapham; that large suburban tracts are left vacant, and that in the great thoroughfares of the city, a stranger might walk and wander for miles and miles without being attracted and invited by any conspicuous place of worship belonging to the Methodists. We are glad to see Mr. Arthur and Mr. Prest—Secretaries, the one of our Foreign Missions, and the other of our Home Missions—so well agreed that the best investment Methodists can make for religious purposes, is to build self-supporting chapels on good sites, and to put good preachers into them."

The Society for Supplying Home Teaching for the Blind, which was established a few years ago, held its anniversary meeting on the 19th of April, Mr. R. Hanbury, M.P., in the chair. By means of five teachers (four of them blind), this Society has already taught to read, by visiting from house to house, 500 of the 2,300 blind living in London. The books are published in Mr. Moon's embossed type. Twenty branch societies have been established in England. The chairman described the object of the Society as—"Bible missions to the blind, and to carry the Scriptures into the houses of the blind, not only in London, but throughout the world." A blind Chinese girl, in connection with a public lecture at the Polytechnic Institution, read from a portion of the Scriptures embodied in the Chinese language, thus showing that the operations of the Society are adapted to meet the wants of the blind in foreign lands.

At the annual meeting of the Malta Protestant College, and Branch Schools in the East, for the free education of natives of the Turkish Empire and other countries contiguous to the Mediterranean, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and other gentlemen, advocated its claims. A special sum of £10,000, now being raised, for the liquidation of a heavy debt on the Institution, and to provide, by the enlargement of the buildings, for the admission of an increased number of *Free Oriental* missionary students, and to secure their maintenance for a few years. France and Russia have done much to propagate in Turkey, Romanism on the one hand, and the religion of the Greek Church and the Orthodox Russian Church on the other. The Americans are now spending a large sum for the support of native schools and missions. The committee of the Malta Protestant College earnestly appeal that it may be placed on a broader foundation, enabling it more effectively to carry out the great objects in view, and worthy to represent, in the eyes of the Asiatic and African nations, the religion, the learning, and the wealth of the British Empire."

The Rev. T. Binney, of the Weigh-house Chapel, has recently stated to his congregation, that "ordinary missionary meetings were overdone. He thought it well, therefore, that in several places the wish had been expressed to return to the primitive and apostolic model. The Primitive Church naturally felt a deep interest in the extension of the gospel to regions beyond them, and so they sent forth missionaries to make known the Christian religion; and it was the custom, when these missionaries came back, for the congregation where they had proceeded to assemble, and hear what had been done by their means. And there could be no doubt that they came together for such a purpose just as readily on the first day of the week, the Lord's day, as on any other day, and felt that the day was eminently appropriate for the purpose. He thought that missionaries should have such opportunities now, instead of being limited to small public meetings during the week. They should have, also, a more prominent place in the great missionary meetings in May. He had frequently seen the whole of the best time of a great missionary meeting taken up by some eloquent orator, whom the people might have heard at any time, while a man upon the platform, who had been twenty years in the mission field, was kept back till nearly the end of the meeting. This evil might in part be rectified by missionaries having opportunity of receiving congregations on the Lord's day. The foregoing remarks of Mr. Binney were delivered after the Sabbath morning introductory devotional exercises, and were followed up by an address from the Rev. W. Harbutt, for twenty years a missionary in the South Sea Islands.—In the evening, similar addresses were delivered

by the Rev. Messrs. John Hay and J. P. Coles, from India.

Open-air preaching is now resumed all over the metropolis, as is in the suburban districts. The Open-air Mission employs none but volunteer and unpaid agents. At the same time they are tested as to their gifts and adaptation for the work previously to their being accredited and sent forth. These men pursue their work with uncommon perseverance and earnestness, and not without encouragement from numerous well-conducted audiences, and from spiritual fruits gathered.

"Mission Work among Seamen" is also making great progress, in connexion with the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and kindred institutions. English, Welsh, and foreign missionaries are employed in connexion with operations in the port of London. At a recent service held on an American vessel, 400 persons came on board, and addresses were delivered. The Rev. C. P. McCarthy, Secretary of the Naval and Military Bible Society, has lately returned from Plymouth, where he had addressed 6000 or 7000 sailors in her Majesty's fleet, and with the best results. "During the last three years," he said, "100,000 Bibles have been put into the knapsacks of soldiers, or sailors' boxes. There was now a ready access to seamen in her Majesty's ships, the desire to read the Scriptures was increasing, and a spirit of prayer was spreading rapidly."

A vigorous and united effort is being made to carry on extensively a work of evangelizing in the East of London. For this purpose the Garrick Theatre and other buildings have been hired, and on each Lord's-day afternoon a number of devoted men and women go from house to house, and from floor to floor, visiting the people, and speaking with them of sin and a Saviour, and inviting them to the public service. In all these operations lay evangelists are employed. It is especially under the guidance of Mr. John Stubb, Secretary of the Guildford Tract Society, and one of the promoters of the Midnight movement. We have had personal opportunity of examining the work, which is full of interest and promise.

The South London Branch of the Cabmen's Club, at its annual meeting, presided over by Lord H. Cholmondeley, reported a membership numbering 176, a provident fund, with 200 members, who had paid nearly £300, a penny bank, Bible classes, and a library. Of the 10,888 cabmen in London, 1000 are members of clubs, and their influence is telling on others.

The Southwark Mission to the Working Classes, of which the Rev. Newman Hall is president, has published the following summary of the winter mission work:—Visits to homes, 1000; to the sick, 400; reading, prayer, exhortation, 700; dying beds attended, 9; tracts and handbills distributed, 21,600; 24,700 persons had attended the open-air meeting of the Society.

The Rev. Justice Perkins, D.D., an American missionary in the East, has delivered a lecture on the Nestorians, at the Pilgrim's Hall, Southwark. Mr. Layard, M.P., the chairman, referred to the kindness which he had personally received from the American missionaries during his sojourn in the East, and said that "the world had never seen a race of Christian pioneers." Dr. Perkins declared that "revivals of religion of the most blessed character, had followed in frequent succession, and that still greater work is to be accomplished in the East."

Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, has preached in London on behalf of the Laington Reformatory Building Fund, and also delivered a lecture at the annual meeting in Willis's Rooms of the Refuge and Reformatory Union.

The Rev. W. M. Pugh has pleaded the cause of Israel in a sermon at the Surrey Chapel, in connexion with the work of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. It is an interesting fact that this Society has now a most hopeful mission at Leghorn, where learned Jews come to Dr. Mayer, the missionary, giving him the heartiest welcome.

The promoters of the Midnight Movement have held two meetings during the month, one in North London, the other at Ratcliffe Highway, with cheering results.

The work of religious revival is still making progress, especially in several of our Ragged Schools, as also at the West-End Branches of the Young Men's Christian Association and elsewhere.

Pervading Religious Interest in England.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Observer* thus generalizes the existing state of things in England:—

"A far greater change has come over this country in respect to religious life during the ten years I have resided here, than the Christian world know. Religious, like political, England makes great advances without excitement. Revolutions do not flourish here. I can hardly believe, as I pass through the streets of London, west after day, observing in all parts, east and west, often from ten to fourteen miles distant from each other, on posts, in windows, or carried by men on placards, notices of prayer-meetings, of preaching, of Scripture readings, and of poor-mothers' gatherings at the Bible-women's hall, (more than one hundred of which last are now instituted), that it is the same London it was in 1851. Though there is nothing here resembling in outward look your great revival of 1857-8, or the Irish revival of 1859-60, yet I am convinced that a greater or more glorious work of the Holy Spirit England never enjoyed, than that which now stirs the masses to their utmost depth. Nor is the work confined to London. Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and other large towns, are sharing more or less largely in the blessing. But greater than all, the quiet little country villages and hamlets are rejoicing in the blessing."

The two chief features of this blessed work, seen to be these, viz.: "The preaching of the gospel by clergymen and laymen in a clear, plain, and simple manner, not so much for the increase of churches, as for the gathering of souls out of this evil world to Christ; and the reality of the conversion of believers and of true Christian life. In the evening, similar addresses were delivered

greatly blessed this winter. There is a mighty faith for conversion with sinners now exhibited among believers, which is producing its true fruit, the conversion of souls. The gospel is felt to be adapted to the heart, and to tell a man that Jesus died for him, is a truth he cannot be indifferent to. There are no prostrations, oftentimes no physical effects at all, beyond the attentive ear and the tear-filled eye, but the glad tidings seem to go with a new power, a deep sense of sin is given, and then a blessed sight of Jesus, with liberty and joy through his cross and blood-shedding.

The London midnight meeting movement grows in power and influence, and while it is little more than a year since its first efforts, it has achieved large results. During that period, upwards of five hundred persons have been rescued from a life of sin. Of this number, more than one half are in service, restored to their families, or married. A very considerable number of those saved from temporal ruin, have been brought under the power of religious awakening, and are serving God in newness of heart as well as life.

General Miscellany.

Explosion of an Oil Well.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

(Correspondence of the Buffalo Courier.)

TIDOUPE, Pa., April 13, 1861.—On the Buchanan Farm, Warren Co., Pa., 17 miles from Tidoupe, where a large number of oil wells had been sunk, within the past four months with great success, on Wednesday last, occurred one of the most frightful accidents that it has ever been the province of a newspaper to record. The telegraph has furnished a skeleton of the accident but the details have not yet been made public.

A well which had been drilled over two hundred feet by Hawley & Merrick, had struck oil, but the yield being less than expected, the pumping was abandoned and drilling recommenced. Over one hundred feet further were drilled, when at half-past five on Wednesday evening, a sudden rush of oil through the five inch and a-half tubing, threw out the drills and gushed up in the air forty feet above the surface of the ground. At the least computation it was throwing from seventy to one hundred barrels an hour. Above this mass of oil, the gas or benzine rose in a cloud, for fifty or sixty feet. As soon as the oil commenced gushing forth, all the fires of the engines in the neighborhood were immediately extinguished. At about half-past seven, as a large number of men and boys were around the well engaged in saving the oil, the gas from the well which had spread in every direction took fire from the engine of a well 400 rods distant, when in a second the whole air was in a flame, with a crash and a roar like discharges from a park of artillery.

As soon as the gas took fire, the head of the jet of oil was in a furious blaze, and falling like water from a fountain over a space one hundred feet in diameter; each drop of oil came down a blazing globe of boiling oil. Instantly the ground was a flame, constantly increased and augmented by the falling oil. At once a scene of indescribable horror took place. Scores were thrown flat, for a distance of twenty feet, and numbers horribly burned; rushing blinding from the hell of misfortune, shrieking and screaming in their anguish.

Just within the circle of the flame, could be seen four bodies boiling in the scalding oil, and one man who had been digging at a ditch to convey the oil to a lower part of the ground was killed as he dug, and could be seen, as he fell over the handle of the spade, roasting in the fierce element. Mr. A. R. Rouse, of the firm of Rouse, Mitchell & Brown, of the village of Enterprise, Warren County, a gentleman largely interested in wells in this locality, and whose income from them amounted to \$1000 a day, was standing near the pit, and was blown twenty feet by the explosion. He got up and ran ten or fifteen feet further, and was dragged out by two men, and conveyed to a shanty some distance from the well. When he arrived not his vestige of clothing was left upon him except his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off as well as his finger nails, his ears and his eyelids, while the balls of his eyes were crisped up to nothingness.

In this condition he lived nine hours—made his will, leaving \$100,000 to the poor of Warren county; the same amount to repair the roads of Warren county—to be disbursed by the County Commissioners, and \$500 a year to his father—his only living relation—for life. He died, however, without signing the will. His body was taken on Friday to Westfield, Chautauque county, and buried, as requested, by the side of his mother.

In addition to Mr. Rouse the following were taken out of the flames dead.—Two Messrs. Walker, brothers, of Clarion county, Pa. Wesley Skinner, engineer of Dobb's well, from Cattaraugus county, N. Y. A Mr. Judd Mason, residence unknown. A boy named Albert Gardner, from Michigan.

The above were recognized. In addition there are the skeletons of five others visible within the circle of flame, and as many are missing—strangers who came to witness the operation of the wells. It is supposed that a number of others have been burnt to a powder, close to the mouth of the well. Some 34 were wounded.

At the time of the explosion, everything in the neighborhood—sixty or seventy rods—took fire, and the shanties, derricks, engine houses, dwellings, were at once involved in flame. The boiler of Dobb's well, 90 rods from the original fire, blew up with a tremendous explosion, killing instantly the engineer, Wesley Skinner, adding another intensity to the evening's horrors. At this time the whole air was on fire. The jet of oil rushing up forty feet, was almost a pillar of live flame, while the gas above it to the distance of a hundred feet, was flaming, exploding, dashing towards the heavens, and apparently licking the clouds with its furious tongues of combustion, the sounds of the explosions and burnings were so tremendous and continuous, that they could be compared to nothing but the rushing of a hurricane or tornado through a forest. The heat of the fire was so intense that no one could approach within 100 feet without scorching their skin or garments. It was the most frightful, and yet, the grandest pyrotechnical display ever vouchsafed to a human being. On Friday morning the well was still rushing up, on fire, with the same regularity and speed, throwing, it was calculated, at least 100 hundred barrels an hour, covering an immense space with flaming oil—a loss to the proprietors of the well of from \$20,000 to \$25,000 daily. No human power can extinguish the flames, and the oil must burn on until the well is exhausted. No pen can describe its fierceness—no tongue describe the magnitude of its horrors.

The following wells with machinery were burned, with the accompanying estimated loss of oil:—Wadsworth's well, 300 barrels daily; Dodd's well, 250 bbls. daily; Van Andon's well, 100 bbls. daily; T. Morrison's well, 250 bbls. daily; Hawley & Merrick's well, about 2,500 bbls. daily.

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Cure for Stammering.

Some years ago a famous professor came to a town where I was then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stammering in ten minutes, without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate case, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office, talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was greatly astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most proudly informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases—ladies—and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly elated, raised a hundred dollars, went the next day, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say Yes! without a single jerk.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cases, quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on my sharpest wits and wait upon the magician myself.

He seemed an honest, earnest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whosoever I would.

Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one; but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased.

And now I propose to give the readers of my journal a simple art which has enabled me to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated the cure has been complete.

The secret is simply this: The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at first to learn to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper, beating each syllable. Soon you need only beat on every word.

Our Children's Corner

Clover Blossoms

There's a modest little blossom... Blooming closely to the ground...

White and pure, a field of silver... In the sunny summer day...

Brings a calm spirit over... Sweet as music far away...

In the rich man's terraced garden... Many a fair exotic tints...

Neath the glossy foliage shines... By the poor man's lowly cottage...

Yet I love the air of freedom... Blowing from a clover field...

Likes in the valley growing... Roses in their blushing pride...

These many wreaths their regal beauty... Fifty for the youthful bride...

Laurel wreaths may suit the poet... Forest flowers may lure the child...

Meek and modest, brave and mild... Little cares my hardy flower...

Though the soil be poor and dry... Blooming by the dusty roadside...

Let me learn the gentle lesson... Even in my lowly way...

Working bravely, like the clover... In the sunny summer day...

Remembrance... Take the bright leaf...

From its home on the hill... And wherever it goes...

It will sing of the sea;... So take the fond heart...

From its home and its hearth... 'T will sing of the loved...

To the ends of the earth... If I had minded my Mother...

I went a few weeks since in jail to see... A young man who had once been a Sabbath School scholar...

The keeper took a large bunch of keys and led us through the long, gloomy halls...

One door after another until at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man...

Without all was beautiful—the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing of the birds...

As I sat down beside him and talked with him... 'O,' said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks...

'I would not be dishonest for a Halfpenny... One day a lady in London stopped at a cener fruit stand...

There was plenty of the fruit there heaped up in large and small tin measures... The lady chose what she wanted...

Now plums had that day fallen in value, but the lady did not know it... The fruiterer saw this...

'I wouldn't be dishonest for a halfpenny!... The lady turned a gentle look upon the lad...

'Well, my boy,' she said, 'what sum would you be dishonest for?'

'I don't know, I don't want to be dishonest for any money.'

'Why do you not say so, then? It would have sounded more noble...'

Hints on Starting Garden Plants

Early in Spring

Various methods may be resorted to for producing early vegetables and flowers...

First, let it be remembered, that a soil deeply dug and thoroughly drained...

The smaller seeds, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, tomatoes...

Dr. Snelling believes that the disease is produced in certain conditions of the atmosphere...

Dr. Snelling recommends, to ally the disease, the sooner a physician is called in the better...

THE WHALE FISHERY—The total whaling fleet of the United States comprises 514 vessels...

Another method which has been highly commended by some, is this: Cut turf or grass sods into square blocks...

THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM—The business of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the greatest port in the world...

What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excited or nervous in a small degree...

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Renowned Tea, Coffee & Grocery Mart

British Shoe Store

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Important to Country Buyers

Best and Cheapest

Teas, Coffees and Spices, CAN NOW BE OBTAINED AT THE LONDON TEA WAREHOUSE

Good Congo, retail 2s per lb... Fine do " 2s 3d

WETHERBY & CLARK... 120 half chest Soehung... 15 " Oolong

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R. R. R. Household Blessings

Radway's Ready Relief

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American Shoe Store

Now opened next door to Messrs W. & C. Silver, George Street

A large variety well assorted of good, cheap and substantial Boots and Shoes...

Children's wear of all kinds... Boys fine and Street Boots and Brogans...

Men's Congress Shoes, Shoes, Pumps, Slippers, Fine Boots, Brogans, and Fisherman's Boots...

Women's of English Manufacture as well as American and home made...

Great Stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes... The attention of friends through the Country...

Establishment intending to be conducted solely for Cash... Customers may depend upon getting every description much under the usual price...

Call and look round—No Credit, no goods allowed or until paid for... March 27

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Are you sick, feeble, and complaining?

Are you out of health, and do you feel languid, and do you find your health is getting worse...

Are you out of health, and do you feel languid, and do you find your health is getting worse...

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