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# THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE, AND CHRISTIAN COMMUNIONIST

A  
Monthly Interdenominational Journal.

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"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, *even* CHRIST: AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

## Moral and Religious Miscellany.

### CHURCH CURIOSITIES IN LONDON.

One of the principal business thoroughfares in London is Cheapside, a straight street of about half a mile in length, passing through the heart of the city, of a width which was no doubt considered extraordinary some five or six hundred years ago, but which modern improved taste pronounces to be narrow. At the western end of Cheapside stands the General Post-Office and St. Paul's Cathedral; at its eastern extremity are the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange, with its unrivaled facade.

Just in the middle of this busiest and most thronged of all thoroughfares, over whose well-worn stones two hundred thousand foot passengers and thirty thousand vehicles pass and re-pass every working-day in the year, in the very heart of London's commerce, stands Bow church, a beautiful edifice, built by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, richly adorned with tracery, carved work, stained glass, and a magnificent organ, and capable of accommodating, with comfort, about three thousand persons. It may be interesting to your readers, and it may assist them to form a judgment of the working of the Established State Church in the city of London, to narrate a few facts relative to this church and parish as at present existing; premising, however, that this gives the unfavorable side as regards the Church Establishment. There is a favourable side, which we may illustrate at a future time; both sides ought to be made known, in order to form a fair estimate.

The living of Bow parish is in the hands of a rector, and its worth £1,200 sterling per annum, and this income is derived from the tithes, the payment of which, is, of course, compulsory on persons of every creed. A short time ago the rector of the parish died, after having held the "cure of souls" there, and received this handsome income for more than 20 years. Yet at the time of his death not more than about twenty people of the whole parish knew him even by sight; and, being six feet four inches in height, and stout in proportion, when once seen he was not soon forgotten. He never came near his church, never either preached there, or attended divine service there. He employed a curate at £100 a year to do the whole duty, and quietly put the other £1,100 in his own pocket, without even condescending to look at the parish whence this revenue was derived; and no man had the power to compel him, either to do the duty or refund the money.

Yet this worthy man was a dignitary of the Church, an arch-deacon, whose duty it was to go up and down in the diocese of London, see to the churches being properly kept up, and deliver periodical charges to keep them to their duties. This office brought

him an additional large salary. On one occasion the pastor of Bow parish invited the two church-wardens—lay officers, chosen yearly by vote from among the householders of the parish—with two or three parishioners, to dine with him. After the port and sherry had been pretty well discussed, he rose and said, "Gentlemen, I shall be happy to take champagne with you; and forthwith his livery servants placed a quart bottle of champagne to every man. For himself, he poured out his wine into a half-pint tumbler and drank it in that style. It is not for me to say in what condition the guests went home.

During all these years the average congregation on the Sabbath day in Bow church was from forty to sixty persons, in a building capable of holding 3,000. This is partly to be accounted for, of course, by the fact that most of the merchants, whose warehouses are in that vicinity, reside in their villas out of town, like the worthy rector himself; still there is a large population of clerks, servants, and small tradesmen in the neighborhood. The week-day service is held on the Wednesday morning, if we are not mistaken. On one occasion, a musical friend of ours, who had some acquaintance with the organist of Bow church, thought he would attend the weekly service, to hear the instrument played. He accordingly went into the organ loft. There were the organist and about twenty children from a school, who were paid to come and sing. There was the clergyman in the desk, and the clerk to say amen—in all about twenty-four persons engaged to conduct the service. Besides these the congregation consisted of two old women in a far corner of the church.

There is an ancient endowment which affords five pounds to a clergyman to preach in Bow church on the anniversary of King Charles' assassination. Lately, the two church-wardens for the year, both of whom happened to be Non-Conformists, thought it their duty to go on the occasion. They formed the whole of the audience. Parson and clerk, and their two selves, and not a soul else came; no organist, and no singers; there was no fund to pay them for coming to church on extra time. The clergyman gave out a hymn, and the old clerk commenced a tune. After a verse or so had been sung, our Methodist church-warden thought that a little more life was very desirable, so he and his brother official began to sing lustily. The poor old clerk, who in all his years of office had never heard such a thing in the church before, lifted up his spectacles from his wide-opened eyes, turned pale, and was unable to sing another note; he had been so put out of his way! To these two persons the preacher read an able historical discourse of an hour long; it was the curate of the parish. They went afterward into the vestry to thank him for his sermon. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am much obliged to you for coming. Fourteen years have I come to this church on this day with this very

sermon in my pocket, and this is the first I have ever had an opportunity of preaching it and earning my five pounds. There has never before been a soul come in to hear me!" To the surprise of the wardens, he handed them a £10 bank note. "The endowment," said he, "gives this to you—five pounds to the clergyman for his sermon, and ten pounds to be distributed among the congregation to drink the parson's health!"

Since the death of the rector—who, by the way, was a director of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and it was a standing joke in the parish that the parish of Bow was more "foreign" to him than most other "parts," for he was a great traveller—a more efficient man has succeeded him, and things are now somewhat improved. But the above is a fair sample of the church curiosities of London. There is nothing in this account which may not be matched in many other city parishes. What with the suburban residence of the city merchants, and the indolence of the rich rectors, the congregations in the ninety-seven parish churches belonging to the Establishment, within the city bounds, do not average above sixty or seventy persons, yet, when a proposal was lately made to transfer some of these church funds to other localities, where the baptized heathen—if indeed they were ever baptized—never see the inside of a place of worship, and live in crowding myriads without pastoral care, it was unsuccessful. Interest prevailed against reason and justice. The Established church in England is a great institution, with great excellencies and great blemishes; but she has little or no power to remedy the abuses which have crept into her sanctuaries.

W.

London, October 12, 1855.

### CHRIST NO WRITER.

BY REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is, that he left no writings behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything is in the case where "he stooped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground." What he wrote then and there, no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." Hearer, did this strange fact ever occur to you,—that the greatest reformer that ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now command the credence, the respect, and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world; and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of a great system of faith and practice, has left behind him no sentence of his writing, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand constitute the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account.

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even rude hieroglyphics, any such thing as a system of religion, whose founder did not take special pains to reduce his teachings to writing, and thus give them the most exact and permanent form?

The Brahmins have their Vedas and Pouranas, their Ramayan, and their Laws and Institutes of Menu, and these are all written and preserved with the utmost care. The Chinese have their books of Fohi, their founder, as opened and expounded by

their great Confucius. The Persians have their Zendevesta attributed to their leader, Zoroaster, containing the doctrine and laws of their religion. The Jews had their sacred books, and Moses and the prophets, and David and Solomon put their teachings in writing, that they might be preserved.

Plato and Pythagoras, and Cicero, and Demosthenes, wrote much. Mahomet wrote the Koran, and gave it to the faithful as their guide. The writings of Swedenborg are voluminous; and in our day even the Mormon impostor wrote his book of Mormon. But here comes one who claims precedence even to Moses and Abraham, and especially claims that a greater than Solomon is in his own person, and announcing himself as a herald of a new dispensation from God, which is to cast Moses and the prophets in the shade, and prevail over all other systems, and subdue our entire race, and yet this great teacher wrote never a word save only the characters in the sand, which the next breath of wind might obliterate. Who can account for this strange procedure? Will it comport at all with the idea that he was an impostor? Did ever an impostor pursue a course like this? Never! And it seems to us that in the single fact to which we have alluded, there is the impress of truth, and proof that his mission is all divine. He stands out before us as one who knows that his mission is from God, and that it can stand upon its own merits. So confident is he of its power, that he is content to breathe it out upon God's air, and leave it to live by its own inherent and self-perpetuating immortality, or live not at all. And so he goes about doing good, now teaching in the synagogue and temple, now talking to his disciples as he sits on Olivet, or by the sea of Galilee, and now dropping a word as he walks by the way. And there is not manifested the slightest apprehension that what he says will be lost. He writes it not on stone or parchment. Nay, he writes it not at all. He seeks only to give it a lodgment in the hearts of the few disciples that followed him—to make them comprehend it, and feel its power, and love it; and is willing to leave it there to produce its fruits, and to be written by the hand of affection, if it should be written at all. And on those hearts he did impress himself; and they, for the love they bore him, wrote the scarce sketch we have of his life and teachings.

### JOHN BUNYAN.

At seventeen, Bunyan enlisted in the Parliamentary Army, and served during the campaign of 1645. Then it was that his imagination became stored with those impressions of the pomp and circumstance of war which furnished afterward so many of his illustrations, and supplied him with his Great-Heart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence. The campaign over, he went home and married. He joined a Baptist society at Bedford, and after a time began to preach; yet we are told it was long before he ceased to be tormented with an impulse which urged him to utter words of horrible impiety in the pulpit.

With the Restoration there came persecution of Dissenters, and Bunyan's well-known imprisonment in Bedford jail lasted, with intervals, during twelve years. He was told that if he would give up preaching, he would be set free; but not even his strong domestic affections tempted him from the path that seemed to him the path of duty. He had several small children, and among them a blind daughter, whom he loved with peculiar tenderness. "He could not," he said "bear to let the wind blow on her;

and now she must suffer cold and hunger; she must beg; she must be beaten; yet," he added, "I must do it."

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words,—quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales sunny pastures, a gloomy castle, of which the courtyard was strown with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners, a town of all bustle and splendor like London on the Lord Mayor's day, and the narrow path—straight as a rule could make it—running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In 1678, came forth a second edition with additions; and the demand became immense. In the four following years, the book was re-printed six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copper plates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the Pilgrim was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his Dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland, and among the Huguenots of France. With the pleasures, however, he experienced some of the pains of eminence. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered him. He continued to work the gold field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures—not, indeed, with such ease and with quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success, which left all competition far behind. In 1684, appeared the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was soon followed by the "Holy War," which, if the "Pilgrim's Progress" did not

exist, would be the best allegory that was ever written.—*Macaulay.*

#### A STRIKING CONFIRMATION

One of the most interesting of the monuments of ancient Rome, is the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, who after the destruction of the temple made a triumphal march to Rome, bringing with him a long train of captive Jews, and the spoils, among which were the sacred vessels of the temple. This procession is represented in the sculptures on the beautiful arch; which thus furnish an illustration of the Bible nowhere else to be found, these being the only representations that exist of the sacred vessels, the table of the show-bread, the golden candlestick with the seven branches, and the silver trumpets used by the priests to proclaim the year of jubilee. The Roman Senate and people little thought, when erecting this monument to a deified emperor, that they were erecting a monument to the true God, in the verification of prophecy and divine history. A recent traveller says, not one of the Jews of Rome, of whom there are about 5,000, will even at this day, pass under the arch of Titus, although it spans one of the thoroughfares of the city; they shun it as a memorial of the subjugation of their nation, which has never been retrieved, and regard it with aversion.

#### THE SCOFFER CONVERTED.

God is sometimes pleased to convert men at the height of their impiety. Omnipotent grace can accomplish its own ends at the most suitable moment, and the ungodly are often arrested when abandoning themselves to unrestrained sin, and their startling conversion confirms the faith of saints, and compels the wicked to feel that there is a God who ruleth in the earth. Paul was converted on the road to Damascus, and Dr. Cheever furnishes a striking illustration of the same truth in the life of Mr. Thorpe:

"He was one of Whitfield's most insulting opposers; and possessing an unusual talent for mimicry, he not only interrupted his sermons in public, but ridiculed them in private—in convivial theatrical circles. On one occasion of such a gathering for pleasure, revelry, and wit, he and three of his companions laid a wager, for the most effective imitation of Whitfield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random, and preach an extempore harangue from the first verse that presented itself, and the audience were to adjudge the prize after hearing all. Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with infamous buffoonery, and then it came his turn. They had the table for their rostrum, and as he stepped upon it, confident of his superior ability, Thorpe exclaimed—'I shall beat you all.' They handed him the Bible, and when he opened it, the invisible Providence of God directed his eye, at the first glance, to these words—'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' He read the words; but the moment he uttered them he began to see and feel their full import. The sword of the Spirit in that passage went through his soul as a flash of lightning, revealing and consuming. An instantaneous conviction of his own guilt, as a sinner against God, seized hold upon him, and conscience was aroused, as it sometimes is, suddenly and unexpectedly, and always will be when God sets our sins before us in the light of his countenance. The retribution in that passage he felt was for himself, and its terrors glared upon him in array against his own soul. Out

of this rapid and overwhelming conviction, he preached to his comrades.

"The truths of guilt, death, eternity, and the judgment to come, were never proclaimed in gloomier aspect, for there was no mixture of grace with them. Yet he frequently afterwards declared, that if ever in his life he preached by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was then. The whole subject was revealed before him—the necessity of repentance, the threatened perdition of the soul, the terrors of the second death; and he preached to his companions, guilty, reprobate, and dying, as himself reprobate and dying. His terror and fire increased as he went on, and the sympathetic gloom of his audience deepened the convictions of his own soul; the sentences fell from his lips with surmounting and burning majesty, and such point, pungency and power of language, that, as he afterwards related, it seemed to him as if his own hair would stand erect with terror at their awfulness. It was as a blast from the lake burning with fire and brimstone. Yet no man interrupted him; for all felt and saw, from the solemnity of his manner, what an overwhelming impression there was upon him; and though their astonishment depended into angry and awful gloom, beneath the horrid glare of his address, yet they sat spell-bound, listening, and gazing at him; and when he descended from the table, a profound silence reigned in the circle, and not one word concerning the wager was uttered. Thorpe instantly withdrew from the company, without uttering a word; and it is needless to say, never returned to that society. But after a season of the deepest distress and conflict passed into the full light of the Gospel, and at length became a most successful preacher of its grace."

#### THE TIDE OF GRACE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

Let me now urge on you the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favorable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers—which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean? The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbor, when, through a favorable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring-tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring tides; the husbandman has his spring-time; and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barn yards depends. If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us? She was a fair enough professor, yet had been living a careless, godless, Christless life. She awoke one morning, and most strange and unaccountable, her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn, and what more natural than that she should say, there is time enough—meanwhile 'a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep?' As she was sinking

back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm—this desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, this the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return. She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and, like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow Him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.

#### DESPAIR OF FRANCIS SPIERA.

Rev. Dr. Schaff is publishing in the German Reformed *Messenger*, a history of the celebrated Francis Spiera. The terrible despair and anticipated doom of the wretched man is thus described in one of the chapters:

'Daily, many learned men of different nations visited him; and often from thirty to forty curious ones stayed around his bed. To every proffered ground of comfort, he would oppose the lamentation,

'I am damned by the righteous judgment of God! Already, now, am I shut up in hell! My torment no tongue can tell—and this awaits me too in all life to come. All hope—every mercy of God is forever gone. I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven either in this life, or that which is to come. Whoever is guilty of this blasphemy is delivered over to the wrath and punishment of God. I am not able even, to love God, but I hate him with a perfect hatred! Soon will the measure of my deserved punishment be full, and shortly will I see my awful end. God will show me to the elect, as an example against the denying of his name!'

'Touching the 'blasphemy against the Holy Ghost,' he is said to have spoken frequently in moving eloquence and with impressive kindness; but invariably with pointed application to himself. On one occasion, his friend from Citadela, the Presbyter, Antonius Pontanius, visited him—who had been in company with him perhaps several months before, and indeed on the day when he journeyed to Venice. As soon as the miserable one saw him, he sorrowfully groaned,

'O, that cursed day! O, that cursed day! O, that I had never gone, or died at the time!'

Hereupon they directly questioned him in reference to his former faith; whether he ever really believed, and in what way he had fallen from it—seeing that it is not to be looked for in the regenerate indeed. He answered:

'I verily believe that Christ is the atonement for our sins, and through him only can we gain Redemption and Justification, this I never doubted. Yet never did I contemplate aright the benefits of Jesus Christ, to a confession of the truth. I never with the heart entire loved him in return. Yea, I even turned the gospel faith into a license for the flesh, and abused it in presumptuous sinning, neglecting all striving after sanctification.'

Turning to a company of bye-standing youths he addressed them in the following words:

'My sons, listen to my words. I speak these things not in the least to detract from the holy gospel which you believe to be incontrovertible; but that you may not so rely upon your faith as to regard good works to be unnecessary! Trust in my experience!'

He then, with sighs and tears recommended to

their chief regard St. Peter's letter, an Apostle of the highest rank, in which it exhorts the faithful unto piety, charity, sanctification, and a life unspotted. He then continued,

'Nevertheless, I, who boasted of having attained unto a perfect faith, preached bold and held the saying of the Scriptures in readiness, still continued living a godless and unholy life, on which account my sins remain so fearful! Behold stretched out before you, the manifest judgment of God, who goeth hold on me, not unto repentance, but unto complete damnation.'

#### REMORSE.

Not long ago the papers announced the death of an officer in the navy who had been distinguished for a certain wild, indomitable courage, which never quailed before any number or kind of obstacles, and also for a reckless spirit of insubordination, sometimes so strangely manifested as to awaken suspicions of his entire sanity. It seems to us that the word at the head of this article explains the matter. Many years ago a respected minister of our Church residing for a time in a neighboring city, observed every night on retiring that the occupant of the room overhead seemed incapable of sleep. He would pace his apartment hour after hour, and not unfrequently the sleeper below would hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp, the livelong night. At first his curiosity and then his sympathy were awakened. He felt certain that mental distress was at the bottom of this continuous restlessness, and accordingly sought and obtained an interview with the unhappy man. It was the officer referred to. When his confidence was won, he confessed that the blood he had shed in a duel, long years before, lay heavy upon his heart and conscience, and he could not rest. Our friend, of course, pointed him to that blood of sprinkling which is able to wash away the stains of all other blood, and to still the most tumultuous, raging heart into peace like a river. But for some reason not now recollected, the victim of remorse could not or would not lay his burden at the foot of the cross. He carried it through life, and what a life it has been! A succession of outward storms, with the enemy, with his superiors, with the press, but none, nor all together, to be compared to the tempest within.—*Fugitive*.

#### ON THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

The witness of the Spirit is a thing that we cannot express; a certain inexpressible assurance that we are the children of God; a certain secret manifestation that God hath received us and put away our sins. No one knows it but those who have it. I confess it is a wondrous thing, and if there were not some Christians that did feel, and know it, you might believe there was no such thing; but it is certain there is a generation of men that know what the seal of the Lord is.—*Preston*.

The testimony of the spirit is immediate—by his secret influence upon the heart, quieting and calming all distrust and diffidence concerning its condition, by his own immediate power. Fear is banished by a soft whisper from the Spirit of God in the heart; and this in such a way that, though the spirit of man is calmed by it, yet it cannot tell how it comes to pass.—*Susan Ford*.

God has been pleased to give us the witness of the Spirit in the way of an immediate impression. The Spirit, as a 'Spirit of adoption,' testifies to the believer's soul that he belongs to God. As, by the

'sealing of the Spirit,' he stamps his own image on his children for the conviction of others, so by the 'witness of the Spirit,' he testifies to their adoption for the more immediate comfort of their own souls. Do not condemn the witness of the Spirit because you cannot comprehend it; rather pray to God that you yourself may be his children. In this way you may hope that the Spirit will testify of your adoption.—*Charles Simson*.

It is the office of the Holy Ghost to assure us of our adoption as sons, to create within us a sense of the paternal love of God towards us, and to give us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance. As, therefore, we are born again of the Spirit, and receive from him our regeneration, so we are also assured by the same Spirit of our adoption; and because, being sons, we are also heirs, heirs with God, and joint heirs with Christ by the same Spirit, we have the pledge, or rather the earnest of our inheritance.—*Pearson*.

#### EFFECTUAL PREACHING.

We have received the following from a distinguished minister, and commend it most sincerely to the attention of all ministers, but especially those who are troubled with anxiety in regard to the success of their pulpit labors:

In preparing for the pulpit I have sometimes desired that my sermon should be a good one, rather than it should bring sinners to Christ; and have labored more to give it this quality than I have prayed for the divine blessing to give it success. I must avoid this error, for without God's grace what will human efforts avail towards saving souls.

I now see that I have relied too much on the simple power of truth to convert sinners, and too little on the influences of the holy spirit to give effect on that truth; hence my sermons have often been addressed to the intellect, rather than the heart. It has followed that I have not expected nor enjoyed the presence of that spirit in the act of preaching. What is the divine truth but the sword of the spirit? In preaching, I have not generally looked for immediate results in the way of conversions, but have endeavored to satisfy myself that I was sowing seed that, at some time, would produce a harvest; but if God is always willing to save sinners, and if the preaching of the gospel is his chosen instrument for this purpose, why might I not always have looked for immediate results?

When I had done what I could, both in my study and in my pulpit, I have not been, as I now think, anxious as I should, to see the fruits of my preaching; and, therefore, have not followed my public labors with much earnest closet prayer. I must avoid this error. How can I expect God to give me success if I do not ask it of him?—*Fugitive*.

#### ALL IN CHRIST.

Man, woman, or child! Do you want anything? Are you anxious about the matters of your soul. Are you disturbed, are you ignorant? Do you feel 'it is wisdom I want.' Well, it is all in Christ. In the knowledge of him is eternal life. And do you understand it is 'with Christ? 'He that hath the Son, hath life.' There is no salvation out of him. We become bound with Him by faith, and then all that belongs to Him is ours. As it is all with him. Once, more, it is all for Christ. Did you understand that everything we receive is to go back to Him. It is given to us, that we might glorify His holy name. Are you justified? Are you sanctified? Are you

temples of the Holy Ghost heirs with God? It is that we may have liberty to serve God, and glorify the name of the Redeemer. Thus, all that salvation implies is in Him, all that salvation implies is with Him—and all that salvation implies is for Him, in time and eternity. My brethren, Christ is a rock. He is a root out of which flows the sap of grace, through the branches, and the soul that is united to Him, as a branch, receiveth it. He is the Rock of Ages; and the soul that is based on Him, the gates of hell cannot prevail against; it shall rise up a mighty tower unto the skies, a building that shall manifest the wisdom, the grace, and the glory of God throughout eternity.—*Molyneux.*

#### WONDERFUL INCREASE OF BIBLES.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling, of New York, in his recent address in National Hall, at the Anniversary of the Philadelphia Bible Society, stated the remarkable and encouraging fact, that more than ten times as many Bibles have been printed and issued in the last fifty years, than had ever been issued in the whole world, previous to that time. It has been ascertained, said Dr. D., by the most accurate data, that previous to the present century, all the editions of God's word then printed, amounted to less than four million of copies, in about forty different languages, while, in the present century, more than forty million copies have been issued by Bible Societies alone; exclusive of the millions of copies that have been printed by private publishers. "Since the epoch of modern missions," added the speaker, "this blessed volume has been translated for the 360 millions of China, for the 100 millions of Hindostan, for the twenty or thirty millions of Burmah; and has been printed in not less than 160 different languages and dialects, into 120 of which, the Bible had never been translated before. Of these forty million Bibles, the British and Foreign Society, established in 1804, has issued about twenty-five millions, and the American Bible Society, established in 1816, the noble society to which yours is auxiliary—about eight millions. Of the remaining seven millions, about one million have been issued by the American and Foreign Bible Society, established in 1837. The other six millions have been issued by about sixty other Bible Societies in different parts of the world. Of these societies six are in India; the Calcutta, the North India, the Madras, the Bombay, Colombo, and the Jaffna Bible Societies. What an interesting fact, remarked Dr. Dowling, "that six societies in India—that land, till so lately enveloped in Pagan darkness—have alone issued over sixteen hundred thousand copies of the sacred Scriptures!"—*Christian Chronicle.*

#### BEGUN CROOKED.

One cold morning last week, I heard the following conversation between the child and a friend who spent the previous night with the family to which she belonged. Said the girl to the visitor,—'were you cold last night?' The visitor pleasantly replied that 'it was very cold when he put his feet down in the bed, and he had to lie very crooked all night.' Immediately the child replied, 'That was because you begun crooked.' Probably most persons understand the truth and fitness of the remark, who have slept in a cold room and 'spare bed,' on a winter's night. But the remark, so expressive as originally applied, is capable of a still wider application, and is suggestive of some moral lessons. Look at the youth who is irregular in his habits, and crooked in all the paths which he marks for his feet, and who is

even now so near destruction as to be past recovery; He has lost his regard for his parents, lost his self-respect, lost the confidence of his friends, lost all reverence for sacred things, and has approached to the very verge of ruin. And as you look do you ask the cause of all this? We answer 'He began crooked.' There are straight men; the Bible calls them upright men—so erect in all their moral bearings, that a plumb line would touch them all the way from head to feet. These began straight and have continued as they began. Very much depends upon the beginning. And you may know, when you see in any department of life crooked men and crooked women, it is because they began crooked.—*Zion's Herald.*

#### THE OTHER SIDE.

Once, in a happy home, a sweet bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered around their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest said,

'Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother who took her on the other side?'

'On the other side of what, Alice?' said her mother.

'On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little and helpless she could not go alone?'

'Jesus met her there,' answered the mother. 'It is he who took little children in his arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven! He took the baby on the other side.'

#### POWER OF PRAYER.

Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in his rapid race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of man, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven? What has not prayer done!

#### PAUL'S SALARY.

At the meeting of the American Board, Dr. Bacon made a spicy allusion to this topic. Perhaps our readers would like to see the thought as first stated by grand old *Saurin*. (Sermon on 1 Cor. ix: 20, 27:) "It was in this light, God set the ministry before Paul at first: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Show him how great things he must suffer for my name sake! What a motive to engage a man to undertake an office! Now-a-days, in order to give a great idea of a church, it is said: It has such and such advantages, so much in cash, so much in small titles, and so much in great titles. St. Paul saw the ministry only as a path filled with thorns and briars, and he experienced through all the course of his life, the truth of that idea which was given him of his office. Hear the catalogue of his sufferings: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered his p-

wreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Good God! what a salary for a minister! Hunger, thirst, fastings, nakedness, peril, persecution, death.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

From the Evangelist.

#### A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

Fifteen years ago there lived in the town of P.— a lawyer by the name of C.—, who had arrived almost at the age of 70. He was naturally of a strong mind, and had been well educated. Many years before he had embraced the doctrines of Universalism, and was a most determined and bitter opposer of evangelical religion. It was his delight to get into argument with a professor of religion, and when by cavil, ridicule or blasphemy he could induce him to withdraw, he would gloat over it and roll it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. For a long period until six months previous to the time at which this narrative commences, he had indulged habitually in the free use of intoxicating drinks. At that time he joined the Washingtonians, and was ever after entirely temperate. His wife was a member of the Methodist church, and a godly, praying woman. She had suffered long and bitter persecution from her husband, he having more than once expelled her from the house for praying with and for her children, which he had forbidden. At the time above mentioned there was a very interesting state of feeling in the Presbyterian church at P.—, and many signs that God was about to visit his people. At a meeting of the church it was resolved to send committees two by two to visit the church and others who might be willing to receive them. On these committees was Deacon H—. When they passed the house of C.—, H. and his associate, after a short consultation, decided that such was C.'s character it was not best to call.

A few days after, Deacon H— met the wife or C.—, and she asked him why they had not called. He frankly told her the reason. She replied, "I know more of my unbelieving husband than you possibly can, but I have strong faith that he will yet be converted; God will hear my prayers. Now, my brother, I want you to come and visit us, and make it your chief business to talk with him."

A few days after the same request was repeated. But Deacon H— did not go; he did not feel equal to the attempt. Some two weeks later, being on business with a person who lived in a part of C.'s house, he was met by Mrs. C.—, and she again renewed the request, saying that for a long time she had had a peculiar desire that he should see and converse with her husband. "If you have love enough for the Saviour," she said, "to endure persecution and insult in his service, do come into my room; come now. But I will be honest with you; perhaps you will be turned out of doors." He went. Altogether contrary to what he expected, Mr. C.— showed an unwillingness to enter into conversation on the subject of religion; when introduced, he adroitly yet politely waived it. Finally, Deacon H— said, "Esquire C.—, you and I have been acquainted for many years. I suppose that we differ very much in our views of the Bible, and of future rewards and punishments. I expect in a little while to meet you

in eternity, at the judgment-seat of Christ. I have called for the purpose of conversing with you on the necessity of a change of heart as a preparation for heaven. Will you sit down and hear why I believe as I do? and I am perfectly willing to hear your reasons." After walking the room for some time, C. resumed his seat and said, "Your proposition is fair and gentlemanly. I will do it." Deacon H; then endeavoured, in Scriptural language as much as possible, to give him a brief statement of his reasons for believing as he did, and the ground of his hope for salvation. He declared that he never before felt such freedom either of thought or language. To any cavil or objection brought up there seemed to be an answer ready, and just the answer demanded. After more than two hours of earnest conference, C. finally gave up making objections, and even asking questions. He appeared in a deep study. The opportunity was improved to press home the necessity of personal piety, repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the sinner's only hope. At the close of the interview of more than three hours the believing wife ventured to speak for the first time, and in a timid tone asked her husband if he would object to a season of prayer. He hesitated; there was evidently a strong conflict passing within. But finally he answered "No." All knelt down, and it was prayer with many tears; the agony of that sister can hardly be told. God was there, the Saviour was there, the Holy Ghost was there, and it was a solemn place. On leaving, Deacon H. took him by the hand and said, "Will you endeavour to lay all your former prejudices aside, take your Bible, sit down and study it, to see whether these things are so? Try and be honest with yourself; seek the truth. Will you do it?"

They did not meet again for a month. But when they met, C. was rejoicing in a Saviour's pardoning love. Seizing the hand of Deacon H. he exclaimed, "Brother H., I shall have reason to thank God through all eternity that he ever sent you to P." "I don't know how it was," he continued; "you told me nothing that I had not heard many times before, yet in a short time after you commenced talking to me I found that the foundation which I had been so industriously building on for forty years was beginning to tremble. Before you had done talking I found myself in deep water, trying to find something to which I could cling. I tried to gather up the fragments of my old hope, but something told me it was all a lie. I looked forward, and it was all dark. I read my Bible as you requested; I tried to study it. But the more I read, the more I felt. I tried to pray, but it seemed as though an awful cloud hung between God and my soul, which my prayers could never penetrate. Finally I gave up in despair. It seemed that I had been so great a sinner that there was no mercy for me. During all this time my past unkindness to my wife lay heavily upon my heart, but I had not said a word to her. Finally it occurred to me that there was one thing I could do; I could ask her forgiveness, and ask her to pray for me. I accordingly went into her chamber and tried to do so, but was so overcome that I could only stammer out a few words. But she understood me, and while tears were streaming down her cheeks, she threw her arms around my neck, saying, 'Dear husband, I long ago forgave you; come let us kneel, and peradventure God will forgive you likewise.' We knelt. How long that much abused but faithful wife prayed I know not. I only know that while she was yet speaking my soul was set at liberty, my load of sin was gone, the black cloud was gone. My tongue was loosed; I tried to pray, but it was all



praise, and I could hardly refrain from shouting Glory to God!"

Esquire C. lived but about six months after this. But he lived long enough to give evidence that his conversion was of the Holy Ghost. Just before his death he requested his wife to shed no tear for him, but, when she saw he was going, to sing the hymn, "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" The faithful wife was not long in following her husband to the world of rest.

We learn from this narrative, 1st, that there is hope for the most hardened, and for the sinner, at the eleventh hour; 2nd, that prayer, and especially a wife's prayer, will be heard; 3d, that a Christian may decline no labor for Christ, and a perishing soul; and lastly, that often when a Christian goes to warn and beseech the impenitent, and perhaps most of all when the sinner is most hardened, the Holy Ghost goes before him and works through him.

#### PAUL'S ESTIMATE OF HEAVEN.

In speaking of the glories of the eternal world, the rapture of the apostle does not escape him as a sally of the imagination, as a thought awakened by the sudden glance of the object; he does not express himself at random from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in this spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, "that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

No man was ever so well qualified to make this estimate. Of the sufferings of the present world he had shared more largely than any man. He had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the Almighty, and the result of this privileged experience was, that he "desired to escape from this valley of tears; that he was impatient to recover the celestial vision, eager to perpetuate the momentary foretaste of the glories of immortality.—*Hannah More.*

God reveals himself in his word as the never-failing friend of his people, the determined enemy of the wicked, and the willing Saviour of all those who humble themselves and seek his mercy.

#### REPROOF.

To give reproof in such a manner as to convict the offender of his error, without exciting his anger, is a very difficult and delicate art.

And yet were favourable opportunities sought, and admonitions more frequently given in a proper manner, much good might be accomplished. Go to a man in private, show him by your words, actions, and the very expression of your countenance, and the tones of your voice, that your intentions are kind, and then frankly but affectionately state your objection to any part of his conduct—and even if he is not convinced of the justice of your *animadversion*, so far from being offended, he will respect you the more. Those who rebuke unseasonably, or harshly, often throw the admonished party into a great rage, and meet with a rebuff more harsh than the correction—but, with proper management, the whole affair generally ends in the thanks of the reprovèd, and making him a friend for life. How often has a serious and friendly warning led to sober reflection, and prevented curses which would have ended in many sorrows. A word spoken in season—how good is it. Solomon never compared an ill-timed word to apples of gold in pictures of silver—it will only prove vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes. The same au-

thority declares that "He that rebuketh a man, afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with his tongue." "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Open rebuke is better than secret love." Of course the reprover will not only observe a proper time and manner, but he will have some regard to the person he deals with. "He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself shame," and "though thou should'st bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Many illustrations might be given of happy and successful reproofs of various vices, and objectionable habits—but it will be sufficient to cite a few directed against that very common, yet vulgar and ill-bred practice of using the name of God irreverently.

It is related of Dr. James Waddell, that being in a store where a gay young lady hearing the price of some article, exclaimed "Lord have mercy on me"—thus addressed her in a most serious manner—"That is an excellent prayer, my young friend, if offered up with proper spirit." She was much abashed—but the words made a deep and salutary impression on her.

Mr. John Howe dining with a company of gentlemen, one expatiated largely on the virtues of Char. 23 I. Howe hearing many oaths mingled with his praises, remarked to the gentleman that he had omitted one great excellence in his character, but at first declined mentioning it—but when earnestly pressed to state what it was—"It is this" said Howe, "the King was never known to swear in conversation." The gentleman made a handsome apology and promised to amend.

On another occasion a nobleman conversing with Mr. Howe about the Conformity bill, speaking of those who opposed the dissenters, said "—the wretches, they are mad." Howe expressed his satisfaction that there was a God who would overrule the whole matter—and who will make a just retribution according to the characters of men. "And he has declared, my lord, that he will make a difference between him that sweareth and him that feareth an oath." The nobleman was struck with the hint, and said, "I thank you, sir, for your freedom; I take your meaning, and shall endeavour to make good use of it." "I have more reason to thank your lordship," said Mr. H.—"Why so, sir?" "Because you have saved me the most difficult part of a discourse, the *application*."

Mr. Romaine, hearing a man call on God to curse him, offered him half a crown, if he would repeat the oath. The man started: "What, sir, do you think I would curse my soul for half a crown?" Mr. Romaine answered, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose you would refuse to do it for a reward." The poor fellow was struck with the reproof, and said, "May God bless you, sir, and reward you, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul. I hope I shall never swear again."—*Central Presbyterian.*

#### THE FAMILY ALTAR.

It was Sabbath evening, the most quiet and precious of hours, when the following incident occurred:

Having taken our evening meal, and every thing pertaining to the table having been removed to its proper place, the family formed a circle for the reading of God's word. Each read in his turn, till more than one chapter had been gone over, by which time the volatile feelings of the little ones had been chastened into quiet, and all seemed prepared for the prayer that was to follow.

The father of the family knelt, and with him the mother, and two precious little daughters, close by

his side. As he fell upon his knees, and saw these little delicate forms taking the same position, his own heart was moved at the sight. His prayer grew fervent as it progressed, and so deep became his sense of sin, and so humble his confessions, so earnestly did he pray for himself, his wife, and little ones, of whom there were more than have been named, that something unusual was observed in the little circle. There was unwonted stillness there. And presently a sound like the sobbing of a child was heard, by the praying father's side. It only increased his own emotion, and this increasing, the prayer became more solemn and earnest. These childish sobs were now accompanied by weeping, so that the prayer was drawn to a close. Suspecting the cause of this, the dear little child, of six or seven years, was involuntarily embraced in her father's arms. Not a word was spoken, the father's heart was too full to speak; a tear started in the mother's eye; every other child seemed all but ready to weep, while this dear child, leaning on the bosom of her father, wiped her tears, and sought in vain to suppress her sobs. It was one of those touching scenes which a parent will not soon forget.

No one asked, for all well knew, the cause of emotion. Such is the power of prayer, of prayer that is prayer,—the feeling utterance of an earnest, humble heart. It is no unusual thing to see the feelings thus tenderly affected, either in the old or young, when it is offered. How did that father's heart reproach him that he had so often prayed ineffectually, because less fervently? Have not other parents similar cause for reproach?

#### PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

The fact that Bruat, the late admiral of the French navy, was a Protestant, and that General Pelissier, the hero of Sebastopol, is also said to be a Protestant, has led Dr. Baird to present a brief view of Protestantism in France. Though in two centuries and a half, ending in 1786, oppressions and persecutions caused the death of over two millions, and the expulsion from the country of half a million more, yet there are now a million and a half of French Protestants in France, besides half a million in the part which Bonaparte took from Germany. Many of her most distinguished citizens have been and still are Protestants.

In the last years of the reign of Louis Philippe, when the Jesuits had gained great power, the *Journal des Debats* announced that if the Protestants did not like the state of things, "they might emigrate as their ancestors did at the revocation of the edict of Nantes," in 1685. The next day, Gabriel DelleSSERT came out in the same journal over his own name as a deputy of France, and told the editors and all France, that the Protestants of that country were one million and a half in number; that they had done as much, and were ever ready to do as much as any other equal portion of the population to uphold the honor and advance the interests of the kingdom; that they knew their rights, and would maintain them. The effect was immense. Not another syllable was published in that journal about the emigration of Protestants.

"When Admiral Ver Huell, a Protestant, of whom Bonaparte entertained the highest opinion, went over to London, a few years after the battle of Waterloo, to represent the Protestant Bible Society of France at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he and Admiral Gombier met on the platform. The last time they had met was in

deadly battle on the ocean. Then they met as enemies, amid the roar of cannon, and all the accompaniments of bloody contest. But now they met as friends, as brethren in the faith of a common Savior, and to advocate and promote his glorious reign—a 'reign of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' The scene was deeply affecting. They rushed into each other's arms, and wept greatly, and that in the presence of an immense concourse of people."

#### DEATH OF QUEEN MARY, WIFE OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.

At length the infection (the small pox) spread to the palace, and reached the young and blooming Queen. She received the intimation of her danger with true greatness of soul. She gave orders that every lady of her bed-chamber, every maid of honor—nay, every menial servant who had not had the small-pox, should instantly leave Kensington House. She locked herself up during a short time in her closet, burned some papers, arranged others, and then calmly awaited her fate. During two or three days there were many alternations of hope and fear. The physicians contradicted each other and themselves in a way which sufficiently indicates the state of medical science in that age. The disease was measles; it was scarlet fever; it was spotted fever; it was erysipelas. At one moment some symptoms which in truth showed that the case was almost hopeless, were hailed as indications of returning health. At length all doubt was over. Radcliffe's opinions proved to be right. It was plain that the Queen was sinking under small-pox of the most malignant type.

All this time William remained night and day near her bedside. The little couch on which he slept when he was in camp, was spread for him in the ante-chamber, but he scarcely lay down on it. The sight of his misery, the Dutch envoy wrote, was enough to melt the hardest heart. Nothing seemed to be left of the man whose serene fortitude had been the wonder of old soldiers on the disastrous day of Landen, and of old sailors on that fearful night among the sheets of ice and banks of sand on the coast of George. The very domestics saw the tears running unchecked down that face, of which the stern composure had seldom been disturbed by any triumph or by any defeat. Several of the prelates were in attendance. The King drew Burnot aside, and gave way to an agony of grief. "There is no hope," he cried; "I was the happiest man on earth, and I am the most miserable. She had no fault; more, you knew her well, but you could not know, nobody but myself could know, her goodness."

Tenison undertook to tell her that she was dying. He was afraid that such a communication, abruptly made, might agitate her violently, and began with much management. But she soon caught his meaning, and with that gentle womanly courage which so often puts our bravery to shame, submitted herself to the will of God. She called for a small cabinet in which her most important papers were locked up, gave orders that as soon as she was no more, it should be delivered to the King, and then dismissed worldly cares from her mind. She received the Eucharist and repeated her part of the office with unimpaired memory and intelligence, though in a feeble voice. She observed that Tenison had been long standing at her bedside, and with that sweet courtesy which was habitual to her, faltered out her commands that he would sit down; and repeated them till he obeyed.

After she had received the sacrament, she sank rapidly, and uttered only a few broken words. Twice she tried to take a last farewell of him whom she had loved so truly and entirely, but she was unable to speak. He had a succession of fits so alarming that his Privy Councillors, who were assembled in a neighbouring room, were apprehensive for his reason and his life. The Duke of Leeds, at the request of his colleagues, ventured to assume the friendly guardianship of which minds deranged by sorrow stand in need. A few minutes before the Queen expired, William was removed, almost insensible, from the sick room.

From the (Am.) Morning Star.

#### DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.

The late steamer from Europe brought the sad and unlooked-for intelligence of the sudden and violent death of Hugh Miller. For the last twelve years he has been engaged in preparing a work on the Geology of Scotland, which he intended should be the great work of his life, and on which he desired his fame principally to rest. At the outset he thought he would be able to complete it in twelve years, but he found it to grow upon his hands and brain, until, at the end of the twelve years, he declared to a friend that it seemed but just begun.

He accordingly worked early and late, with all the possible intensity of his mighty brain, concentrating his energies on this single work, that he might bring it to a speedy and successful termination. His time was precious. The period allotted to this undertaking had expired, and it was not yet done. His name, too, already stood high among the writers and thinkers of the age—few, if any, stood higher. To bear even a favorable comparison with his former works, this one must be such a book as the world sees only now and then, seldom more than once in a generation. But to make it the master work of his life, surpassing and overshadowing all the rest, required the utmost effort of his highest energies.

Under such circumstances, no wonder that every energy was taxed to the utmost—that the day knew no relaxation and the night found little rest, until the pulse grew feverish and the brain wild. An old habit of somnambulism, once largely overcome, returned fearfully upon him. On the morning before his decease, he remarked at the *Witness* office—of which paper he was editor—that he awoke very cold, and must have been walking, (in a somnambulant state.) Moreover, some one had attempted to break into his house; at least he thought that to be the case. But whatever real cause there may have been for apprehension, his disordered mind evidently magnified and distorted it; and he kept in his room a dirk, a heavy cutlass, and a revolver.

After retiring, on the fatal night, he seems to have fallen into a somnambulant sleep, under the influence of which he arose, took his revolver, passed into another apartment, and there surrendered his life to his own hand. The noise of the pistol did not awaken any one, and the corpse lay unnoticed in its blood until morning. On a table, by its side, the following lines to his wife were found:

"DEAREST LYDIA:—My brain burns. I must have walked; and a fearful dream arises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me! Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell! My brain burns as the recollections grow. My dear wife, farewell!  
HUGH MILLER."

We cannot contemplate these terrible and fruitless struggles of a giant mind and a noble heart in the

unyielding grasp of mania, without tears. But they are not the tears we shed over fallen virtue. The evidence that the mind was not its own master, is too strong to leave a single shadow resting upon the character of the man. Hugh Miller died by his own hand, but not his own will. He is no suicide. After a post-mortem examination, the physicians came to the following conclusion: "From the diseased appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity."

Standing on the very brink of his grave, and amid the blinding tears of our regret and affection, it is no time for an adequate estimate of his character. But we cannot forbear a few words.

His was evidently a giant mind. It worked its way up from the most unfavorable circumstances to a position of rare culture, as only an extraordinary mind could do; and when that position was attained, he made it the fulcrum for producing such effects as few produce who enjoy such a position at the outset. The stonemason's boy of Cromarty hammered and chiselled out for himself achievements that compel the homage of his generation, and which no one supposes will be less highly estimated by the generations to come. This is the highest and most unquestionable of all evidence of power. Semblance cannot accomplish it. It is a test that counterfeits cannot stand.

His mind, too, was singularly well balanced—so strikingly so, even, as to go far toward disproving the popular impression, that great eminence can be attained only by the disproportionate and monstrous development of some one faculty or class of faculties. Moreover, while fame will no doubt persist in handing him down to the ages to come as a Geologist, yet no such exclusive devotion to one department of thought existed in fact. As a reformer, as a controversialist, as a civilian, and particularly as a theologian, he exhibited equal excellence as in the direction of geology.

And all this apparent many-sidedness was really but the unity of completeness. Hence one of the most striking peculiarities of his productions is, that there is nothing peculiarly striking about them. Each object receives its just prominence, and therefore no one is so over-prominent as to arrest particular attention—to be, in the comparison with its fellows, striking. And yet each part is really so fully exhibited, that if it alone were presented, standing out by itself, it would be most striking.

He also possessed a strong and glowing imagination—sometimes warring with his common-sense plainness, but always imparting a fascination to his pages, almost equal to that which attracts the midnight oil to the highest creations of the novelist. In this respect he stands near to Macaulay and D'Aubigne, while he greatly surpasses them in naturalness and completeness. The body of his conceptions is not crippled or monstrous—the bones are no dry—the skeleton is not fleshless—the form has almost faultless proportions—the whole breathes and glows, and is inspired with a vital fire.

Towering above all these, is the crowning glory of man—moral purpose and excellence. The triumphs of his genius are surpassed by the achievements of his moral nature. He walked through the fields of Science—a Christian, not only when he entered them, but more a Christian when he had explored them; emerging from his explorations, not only a Christian himself, but bearing the hand-writing at which infidelity slinks back affrighted, and the Christian heart is doubly assured. We do not hesitate to express

our firm conviction that Hugh Miller has accomplished more for religion than any professed theologian of his age—his influence all the more powerful because his zeal was not professional, and because his conclusions were not sought to establish or sustain a preformed theory. And yet he had never reached his results—had never perceived the significance of the hand-writing he deciphered—had never reached those conclusions, but for his large moral calibre, and his strong moral purpose—but for the greatness of his moral excellence.

Religion may therefore well shed a tear at his death. We mis-spoke; he is not dead. Moral excellence never dies. Though dead, he yet speaketh. All that made him more than a brute, yet lives—savouring the power to achieve new results. All that he was, still is, and is with us; what he is to be, belongs to heaven, and not to the earth—to the celestials instead of to us.

We cannot close without expressing a hope, to which every lover of science, of truth, and of God, will say Amen, that the work on which he was engaged at his death, is so far advanced that it may be given to the world. Though we cannot have the perfected beauty, we hope to see the great and noble design—the conception, shadowing forth the accomplishment, and to the eye able to catch its whole significance, equal to it.

#### PRESENT MOHAMMEDANISM.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, D. D.

Meanwhile, the other great form of anti-Christian faith, Mohammedanism, gives similar evidence of internal decay and disorganization, if not similar tendencies towards Christianity. My observations in the Levant were very limited on this subject, but I have had documentary and personal information which has interested me profoundly. One of the most interesting men I have met in Europe, was a Mohammedan officer, connected with the Turkish government, a gentleman of good education, and of very extensive observation in his own country. Repeated conversation with this intelligent Mohammedan, afforded me a more intimate view of Turkish character and Turkish religious views than all the books I ever read. He acknowledged that Mohammedanism had its "rationalism," as well as Christianity—that a rapid revolution was in progress in the religious opinions of all the better classes of the empire, and that natural religion—Deism—was becoming the creed of the intelligent. It is clear that Mohammedanism is giving way before the progress of European ideas. The priests and the lower classes of the people adhere zealously to the faith, but among all others a great change is preparing.

We need no such testimony to confirm our opinion of the decay of Mohammedanism. Its declension, in Europe at least, is one of the most manifest doctrines in modern history. The doctrine of Fate, which once sustained the Moslem, now depresses him. When he succeeded Fate was evidently for him, and thus was he inspired for still greater success; now that he succeeds no more—now that he is dependent upon "Christian dogs" for protection against his enemies, and must receive their dictation in his very court, he believes Fate to have turned against him—and who can fight against Fate! His creed, therefore, unnerves him. The crescent is the device on the Moslem banner; the crescent moon lingers often above the horizon when the full light of the sun surrounds it; but it sooner or later melts away in the

effulgence of day, or sinks palely beneath the horizon: so fades and sinks now the crescent before the cross.

Turkey is the only great political power of Mohammedanism in the world, and Turkey is now but a dependence of Western Christian Europe. She is even at this moment emancipating entirely her Christian subjects by making them equal before law with Mohammedans themselves; and if the popular violence will admit, she will also abolish the old penalty of death against the conversion of a Mohammedan to Christianity. It is my opinion that no country in Europe has advanced during the last quarter of a century more rapidly in civilization—especially in the conquest of its traditional evils—than Turkey. Her regeneration even, is not hopeless, though such a fact is almost if not quite unknown in the history of nations.

#### "LITTLE MATTIE."

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the sky,"

sang a sweet, childish voice. I looked within. The little maid of my adoption was busy with the brush and dust-pan, her curly pate bobbing up and down as she thus gaily went the round of her every-day task.

Mattie was a bright-eyed, happy creature, always singing the good evangelical hymns of the olden time; and I had boasted to my friends of my treasure, till they had almost envied me the possession of the honest little serving maid; and I went up stairs to my toilet, and thanked God that I too could sing in the blessed language of faith,

"I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The blinds were all closed, to shut out the hot sun. A soft and agreeable dimness pervaded the large, old-fashioned room, and a faint ruby tinge glowed through the heavy crimson curtains. Seated in an easy chair, I was reading sleepily, and the words were fast blending into that strange prismatic confusion which precedes unconsciousness, when I heard a light step trip by, and, almost without thought, I found myself following a little girl up the winding stairs.

In my boudoir stood Mattie, looking at me, hand-ling, a small diamond brooch, which I had often observed her gaze at with childish admiration. Evidently some struggle was going on in her hitherto innocent mind. She placed it down, lifted it up again, held it at arms length, and finally—O how my heart sank—cast a hurried glance about her, concealed the brooch in her bosom, and then guiltily took up her simple sewing. She had always sat there to sew in the afternoon.

At first I felt like confronting her, for my temper is quick; but better thoughts prevailed. I returned to my sitting-room, and sent for Mattie.

She came in slowly; her ingenuousness was gone. The vivacious sparkle of her eye had faded, and, without intending it, she assumed a sidelong position.

"I am lonely, Mattie, bring your sewing here; sit on this little stool and keep me company. You were singing a sweet song when I came down this morning; who taught you to sing?"

"My mother, ma'am," came in a low, faint voice.

"Yes, I remember your mother; she was a sweet woman, a good christian, and is now an angel. I don't believe she would willingly have done a wrong deed, do you Mattie?"

"No ma'am," murmured the child, and her cheeks crimsoned painfully.

"I remember," I went on as if to myself, 'how very

beautiful she looked as she lay wasting away, and how quiet and happy she felt when she came to die. Ah, Mattie, you and I may have just as sweet a dying pillow if we never do anything wrong—if we only try to obey the commandments of God.

I saw the flush deepening, the lips beginning to quiver. The little fingers shook violently as they passed the tremulous needle through; the little bosom heaved;—I had touched the right cord.

'Mattie, I love to hear you sing. Now sing me that sweet hymn beginning with the words—

"Alas, and did my saviour bleed."

The poor conscience stricken little creature obeyed my request with a faltering voice. She conquered the first verse; but when she began on the second—

"Was it for crimes that I—

her voice failed, her frame quivered all over, and she burst into a passion of grief, burying her face in my lap.

Tears were running in swift streams down my own cheeks, as the heavy sobs told her sufferings.

'Mattie,' I said, as well as I was able for emotion. 'what have you been doing my child, to make you weep thus?'

She dashed the guilt out of her bosom, with the brooch, and throwing it wildly from her sobbed.

'I stole it—I meant to sell it—O—,' and her deep, prolonged moan was anguish itself.

I took the struggling child to my heart; I laid my hand upon her burning temples, and let her hide the wet, shame-covered face in my bosom. God knows I felt fully at that moment something of the divine forgiveness, and the compassionate pity for sin, yet love for the sinner, which, methinks, in their perfection, proved Jesus' divinity. In my mind's eye, I saw a long and sorrowful procession of unfortunates, headed by Mary Magdalene, forgiven and sanctified by the precious intercession and holy benediction of the Savior of sinners; and my prayer was, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us!'

Mattie is still sitting by me at this moment, saved.—*Olive Branch.*

#### PASTORAL VISITING—AN INCIDENT.

In the year 185—, the writer was stationed in the town of S—. According to his custom, he drew off the names of all the members in that charge, and carried them in his pocket, until he had visited and formed the acquaintance of all. Just one mile from the square he found a family, the lady of which belonged to the church, but was so afflicted that she seldom got to church. The gentleman had joined the church at the same time with his wife, but had discontinued. On entering the house the pastor announced his name to the lady who met him at the door, when the following conversation took place:

LADY.—I do not believe that I know you.

MINISTER.—I suppose not. I have recently taken charge of the Methodist Church in town, and, finding your name on the class-book, have called to get acquainted with you.

L. (With a little embarrassment.)—I had heard your name, and ought to have remembered it; but I am so afflicted that I seldom get to church, and the name of our preacher had escaped my memory. I am truly glad to see you. I have been a member of the church four years, and you are the first preacher who has ever been in our house.

It is useless to disguise the fact that the writer felt a degree of pleasure at the cordial reception he met, and with the reflection that he had not been among

the number of those pastors who had neglected this afflicted child of God. Yet reflections of an unpleasant nature were mixed with these. How, thought he, will those ministers who have neglected this Christian woman answer to Christ in the day of judgment? Might not her husband have been in the church and on the way to heaven still, but for this neglect of those who were appointed to watch over the flock? And he went away, resolved to be more faithful in this matter than he ever had been.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

From the Commonwealth.

#### GOOD NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

We cannot lay down the pen without saying a word touching the progress now being made by temperance principles in the Scottish churches. In the last report of the Free Church Temperance Society, there occurred these words—"The Society's prospects were never so bright as now. Begun only seven years ago by three or four individuals, and when perhaps not a dozen ministers in the church were known to hold similar views, it has already gained about one-sixth part of the ministry, and one-half of the rising classes of both the preachers and teachers." Of ordained ministers and probationers there are in all the denominations of Scotland, above five hundred who abstain. Among Free Church divinity students, abstainers are almost two to one, and among those of the United Presbyterian body nearly three to one. In the Established Church the proportion whether of ministers or students, is not, indeed, so great; but this cannot invalidate the general fact that a most influential portion of the public opinion of Scotland is becoming favorable to temperance principles.—Coupling this circumstance with the compliment recently paid to Scotland on the score of advancing temperance, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the vast decrease in the consumption of spirits during the last year, we may well rejoice in the success of the cause, and look forward to the day when, by the Divine blessing, the great evil of intemperance will no longer obstruct in Scotland the spread of Christianity and the diffusion of happiness.

#### LET US ALONE, AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

DR. BURNS, OF ENGLAND.

I cannot let the traffic alone. I have never sold, bought, given, tasted, or recommended, or sanctioned it in one form or another. And yet, sir, this traffic won't let me alone. It attacks my pocket. Who pays the increased taxation of drunkenness? The sober and the virtuous. And it is a shame that the whole community should be taxed for one class. I know some persons have said, 'why don't you let our traffic alone? We don't interfere with you; you may go on with your teetotal speeches, only don't come out in this prohibitory law manner.' I might also say in reply, 'If you had let me alone, I might be tempted to let you alone; but unfortunately you won't.'

Where is the man in the country who has his eyes to see and ears to hear, and a heart to feel, and bowels to yearn and sympathize with moral wretchedness, that must not be disturbed beyond utterance every day at the calamities produced by the strong drink traffic? It moves me in every power of my mind. It distresses every emotion of my soul. Am I a man, and can I see the manhood of my fellow creatures annihilated out of them? Am I a Christian, and can I see the mouth of hell gorged with drunken

victims? Is not every man in the community my brother? Is not the drunkard my brother? [loud cheers.] That degraded wife of his is my sister; those orphans have a claim upon my sympathies; and I do not deserve the name of a man—I should be put down as a monster—if I were not shocked and distressed, and grieved, and pained, and martyred by this traffic. Therefore, though I am a teetotaler, and have no connection with the drinking habits of the country, I suffer in body, pocket, mind and conscience and all the powers of my soul, by this evil and destructive thing.

#### A BOY'S EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said that boy would make something. He had been clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eyes hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"Have the headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed. "As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"How do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"O, sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears starting in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make him or break him."

#### DYING WORDS OF MELANCTHON.

It is related that Melancthon, just before he died, expressed a wish to hear read some choice passage of the Scriptures; and this desire having been met, he was asked by his son-in-law, Sabinius, whether he would have anything else—to which he replied in these emphatic words:

*'Alinda nihil nisi cœlum.'* (Nothing else but heaven.)

Shortly after this he gradually breathed his last. Well did one who sought to embalm his memory in verse say,

His sun went down in cloudless skies,  
Assured upon the morn to rise  
In lovelier array.  
But not like earth's declining light,  
To vanish back again to night:  
No bound, no setting beam to know,  
Without a cloud or shade of woe,  
In that eternal day."

From News of the Churches.

#### SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

'And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.' John x. 4, 5.

'Fifteen minutes after, we passed another fountain called 'Ail Hil-Jerabek,' the fountain of the opening

of the knapsack.' This, it appears from the name, which is not uncommon in these mountains, is a favorite resort of the shepherds, who are great epicures in water. They here collect their flocks in the heat of the day, and opening their srips, in which each one carries his humble fare, they eat their meals with a relish, which those only can realize, who breathe the pure mountain air, and are braced by vigorous exercise. Often in my wanderings have I sat beside the bubbling fountain, in the midst of these simple and wild-looking shepherds of Antilibanus. I have seen their flocks gather round them, in one dense mass; and I have been not a little astonished and pleased to observe that this mingling creates no confusion. Each shepherd, when he has finished his repast, or when the time of rest is over, rises from his place, and walks steadily away, calling his sheep or goats, and immediately his own flock separate themselves from the throng and follow him. His companions do so too and each flock follows its own shepherd.'—*Rev. T. L. Parr.*

#### NOAH AND BREVITY.

Many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those interior limits which were better accommodated by the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event—to write without the fear of the deluge before their eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of a book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.—*Sydney Smith.*

#### BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.

Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.—Some one says: The fountain of mercy rises in the Godhead, flows in the channel of the atonement, and is open for the most unworthy; none can change its course, dry up its stream, or have a right to impose any conditions; the poorer the wretch the more welcome here.

## Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

LINES WRITTEN ON A SECOND VISIT TO THE FALLS OF  
NIAGARA.

BY D. J. WALLACE.

As in the days of "long ago,"

Again I linger here ;

And listen to the wild deep tones

That thunder in my ear !

Again with awe-struck soul, I gaze,

Niagara, on thy brow ;

Thou art as when I saw thee last,

Though I am changed now.

Time, on my brow hath set his seal,

And years are numbered there ?

Man is the creature of a day,

And changes everywhere.

And like himself, the pany works,

He rears with inborn pride,

Crumble before the hand of Time

Into Oblivion's tide.

Here the Omnipotent his name

In firmer lines hath placed,

Although 'tis with a finer pen

Upon his creatures traced.

Here, from the "hollow of his hand",

He poure this mighty sheet,

With never-ceasing thunders down

The gulf beneath my feet.

This ceaseless roar, this deaf'ning sound,

That echoes far abroad,

And calls up fear within the soul,

Is but a voice from God.

Yet when his mighty voice shall wake

The nations of the dead,

'Twill fall on many ears with twice

Ten thousand times the dread !

Mortal be still, acknowledge God,

And in his love rejoice :

Justice is an o'erwhelming sound,

Mercy a still small voice.

No more from Sinai's clouded brow,

God's laws terrific roll ;

He speaks with that still voice, and thou

Mayst hear it in thy soul.

And loud above this mighty crash,

May its soft tones be heard ;

Dark fears like mountains melt away

Before that sovereign word.

IONA, C. W.

## IMPROVEMENT AND GOVERNMENT OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM DICK, A. M.

In examining the constitution of man, we find him to have been endowed by his Creator with certain innate faculties or powers of action, all fitted, by their proper exercise, to promote his happiness and improvement. These are sometimes divided by philosophers into three great classes called the moral, intellectual, and animal ; and it is a fact which has often been noticed in relation to them all, that their relative strength depends very much on cultivation.

They may be strengthened by activity and weakened by inactivity as readily as the physical constitution of man.

Every one knows this to be a fact in regard to the physical powers. Where does the husbandman go for assistance to reap down his harvest field ? Does he go to the counting-desk or the drawing-room ? No ! he goes to the man who has cultivated his physical powers—to him who is accustomed to the labours of the field, and who is consequently prepared to endure its toils.

That the mental faculties are also strengthened by activity and weakened by inactivity is evident to every reflecting mind. Custom produces habit, which is like the consolidated rock, that is never moved from its foundations, unless shattered by mechanical violence or the wild convulsions of nature.

Do you wish to behold an exhibition of the animal propensities in all their gigantic strength ? Go to the abodes of wickedness and crime. See that drunkard, as he reels to his accustomed place of gratification ! What is it that impels him onward to his own destruction ? It is his animal appetite, which he has strengthened by the use of the intoxicating bowl. Goaded by the cravings of this appetite, he rushes forward like the ox to the slaughter, regardless alike of the wise counsels and kind entreaties of relatives and friends. See him at last overcome by the demon of intemperance ! now sacrificed at his altar, and descending dishonored to a drunkard's grave !

Look further into the abodes of wickedness and crime. See the murderer prowling around for his prey ! What is it that urges him onward in his bloody course ? It is his animal appetites, uncontrolled by the moral and intellectual powers. Perhaps he was once kind and tender-hearted, beloved by his friends and endeared to society ; but yielding to his animal propensities, he descended from that moral elevation, and now inhabits those dismal abodes. Behold him now raising the dagger about to be plunged into the heart of his unsuspecting victim ! Now the awful deed is accomplished ! His spirit of revenge is satisfied. See the smile of fiendish satisfaction.

These are but faint representations of the awful reality. Read the history of past ages, and there you will find a record of the animal appetites reigning in all their malignant power. How often has the world been deluged with blood, its wretched inhabitants bereaved of all that is dear and lovely, and sunk to the lowest depths of wretchedness. And all, perhaps to gratify the vain ambition, the unbridled lust, or the mad revenge of some ONE of its inhabitants.

The same law is found to operate in relation to the intellectual faculties. The attainment of knowledge is their proper object, and nothing else can satisfy their cravings. As soon as the intellect begins to dawn in the child, and the faculty of speech is acquired, the questions flow in quick succession. Every

new object suggests new interrogations, which, when properly answered, increase the fund of useful attainment. Thus the intellect acquires strength by continued exercise, until, able to grapple with the most intricate questions in the abstract sciences, it ranges the world in search of knowledge, and goes beyond its bounds to explore the immensity of space. But when the intellectual powers of the greatest mind lie dormant, their keen edge is quickly blunted. The labour formerly performed with ease and pleasure becomes a burden, and the mind recoils from close application. But as the intellectual faculties rise above the animal propensities, so the moral powers of the soul rise above the intellectual. By the moral powers man is prepared to form a correct judgment of right and wrong, of his duty towards God and man, and of the right performance of all the relative duties of life. Their proper exercise leads the missionary to leave his friends and country, to preach the gospel to his fellow-men—causes him to undergo all the toils and trials of missionary life, and to spend his days in leading back guilty men to their Maker's service.

Without the moral feelings we should be utterly incapable of loving and serving our great Creator. Never could we raise our eyes to God in the heavens, and acknowledge with gratitude the mercies received from His beneficent hand; never could we perform an act of kindness and love; never could the feeling of sympathy arise in our bosoms at the sight of another's woes. Without these how sad would be our condition! Let an individual whose moral powers have been active once turn aside from the path of virtue—let him refrain from acts of kindness and love, his heart will soon become like the flinty rock, untouched by other's woes, and utterly unprepared to perform the relative duties of life.

But let us next contemplate the importance of cultivating the mental powers. This will appear evident from the fact that each class of our faculties becomes prominent and influential in proportion to its degree of exercise. The supremacy is generally held by the moral and animal, in conjunction with the intellectual, seldom by the intellectual alone. For it is by the aid of those faculties which enable us to reflect and to reason, and to adapt means to the accomplishment of appropriate ends, that the moral and animal powers exert their influence. Like two belligerent powers, they often stand arrayed against each other, and contend for supremacy in the empire of the mind. In this conflict the intellect often holds the balance, and gives the preponderance to man's moral or animal nature, according as its faculties are enlisted in support of the one or the other. We may hence see the necessity of cultivation to our mental powers, that they may be made to occupy that place, and exert that influence which properly belongs to them. It is important that the mind should be trained readily to discern the truth. It should be

habituated to recognize its prominent beauty and loveliness, and its paramount claims upon the hearts and lives of men.

Were the minds of all men thus trained, how soon would the aspect of this world be changed! Instead of war and bloodshed, there would be peace and harmony; instead of hatred and confusion, love and order; instead of licentiousness and crime, purity and virtue; instead of robbery and servitude, benevolence and freedom.

Then would the world become like the garden of Eden: unalloyed joy and happiness would dwell with men. But, the battle is yet to be won; the mighty conflict must take place in the breast of every individual. The moral powers must gain the ascendancy over the animal propensities, ere that happy period can arrive. Here, then, is a conflict in which all should engage, differing from all other conflicts—a conflict which God approves and enjoins—a conflict on which the eternal destiny of every soul depends.

It is evident not only from the principles of that government which the Creator has revealed for the control of the mind, that the moral powers should hold the supremacy in man; but it is also evident from his whole constitution. Yes, man, though fallen and depraved, still exhibits the design of the Almighty in his creation. Why that aching void while the moral powers are inactive? and why that calm and peaceful joy while they hold the ascendancy in the mind, unless the Almighty has intended that our animal propensities should be curbed and held in subjection? These propensities are blind, and unless restrained, their path will be marked by devastation and ruin. All that is lovely and of good report will be swept before them. Every link that binds man to man will be severed, and the earth itself become a place of torment. But on the other hand, if the moral and intellectual faculties always maintained the sovereignty over the animal nature, man would always be on terms of peace and good will with his fellow-men. Every endearing tie would be bound with the golden chain of love; every faculty of the soul would act in accordance with the design of heaven, and man himself would be prepared for the regions of eternal bliss. How important, then, that the moral faculties be properly trained. The work should commence in childhood and continue through life: every thing demoralizing should be carefully avoided—while every thing calculated to promote moral improvement should be eagerly cherished and cultivated.

The readers of the *Tribune* will bear with its conductor in publishing in connection with the preceding paper the following:—

#### OBITUARY OF THE REV. WILLIAM DICK.

*Abridged from the Morning Star.*

One of our best men has fallen—after an illness of only four days, on Monday the 7th of March, 1853,



the Rev. William Dick closed his mission on earth, with those words "ALL IS WELL." He died in Danielsonville, Conn. His disease was erysipelas in the head; by which he was attacked so violently on Thursday, that on Monday he was a corpse. At the time he was attacked, he was doing a good, and even a great work. He had possessed himself of the hearts of the people. We could not have expected a stronger expression of sympathy, than was evinced by the vast assemblage at his funeral, even though he had been their pastor for twenty five years. But he is gone. Strongly were we impressed by the sentiment of his favorite hymn, one which he always sung:

"I would not live away," &c.

Yes he is gone, but who will fill his place?—Alas! our young men are living for honors, for pleasures;—what are all these, to those who died yesterday. O! that at least one may be led into the ministry, by way of the *new grave of Brother Dick*.

The funeral services were attended on Wednesday the 9th, by a large and sympathizing audience. About twenty ministers were in attendance, drawn together by their regard for the deceased, and his afflicted family. He whom we loved, is now buried out of our sight, and we are sure his dust will rest in peace till the resurrection morn.

The deceased spent about twenty years of his life in Canada, and those who have listened to his instructions in science, morals and religion, are found in nearly every section of the Province. To the moral and social reforms of the day, he was ever ready to lend his influence and support. The Temperance cause he espoused in Canada, before he ever saw a pledge; and in the order of the "Sons," his name stands first on the charter of the first Division established in Canada. These facts but indicate his promptitude and decision of character in promoting whatever he considered to be for the benefit and improvement of society.

In his piety he never dissembled. A mask would not stay on him. With him pious talk was not cant, nor could any one who heard him, think so. He spoke what he felt and what he was.

As a preacher, his great native energy of character was ever prominent. His subject animated his heart and thence was thrown upon the auditory with great force and power. His words burned their way into the soul. No one could hear him and sleep. But now, we hear only the voice from his silent grave, "Be ye also ready;" mingled with his dying accents "ALL IS WELL."

### CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

The following objections have been urged against the applicability of the *Tribune's* "Twenty-four Propositions" to church building and fellowship:—

*Objection I.* A CHURCH ACTING ON THESE PROPOSITIONS, WOULD RECEIVE EVERY KIND OF RUBBISH!

Answer.—If the objecter has examined the propositions, he knows that they provide for the reception of none but christians. And if he wishes to be understood as saying, that he considers those christians who differ from him in judgment, as deserving no better name than rubbish, we tremble at his temerity; and would in the most affectionate manner say unto him—"What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Speak not contemptuously of those "whom the King delighteth to honor"; lest he say

unto thee, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the LEAST of these MY BRETHREN, ye have done it unto me." "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness; and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee." The weakest christians deserve, at thy hands, a better name than rubbish—Christ himself "is not ashamed to call them brethren." But if thy heart be so full of pride and arrogance, as to prevent thee doing likewise, then it is manifest that thou hast not the spirit of Christ, and hence none of his.

*Obj. 2.* A church acting on the principles under consideration, would be compelled to receive members differing widely in sentiment, but the text "CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED?" forbids all such amalgamations.

Ans. There is not a denomination in existence, whose members do not differ widely in sentiment; fake, for example, the Close Baptist, whose members are the most ready to ask "can two walk together except they be agreed?" They are agreed that baptism is immersion—but on all other points they differ as widely as christians can differ. They are not agreed on the doctrine of Atonement, Redemption, Justification, Sanctification, Election or Reprobation; and not even on the subject of Communion. We speak advisedly on the point, knowing that satisfactory evidence can be produced in proof that thousands in the denomination are free or christian communionists in full—known to be so to their brethren—and many of them known to be so when received into the church! In short, it would be next to impossible to find a man anywhere that we could receive as a true christian, who entertained a single sentiment that is not indorsed by members of the Close Baptist denomination excepting this one, that baptism may be scripturally administered *without* immersion. And we hazard nothing in saying that an equal amount of disagreement exists in all the leading denominations; from whom, if they urge this objection, we demand an answer to the question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" They have tried the experiment thoroughly, being composed of Calvinists and Armenians of every grade. And—but we forbear to enumerate. The retort we know is just, yet we wish to meet the objection fully on its own merits, and therefore proceed to examine the text on which the objection is based.

That the agreement demanded in the text, is that of the HEART, is placed beyond all controversy by the context. In the verse preceding the text, the Lord says to the Jews, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities"; and then adds, "can two walk together except they be agreed?"—thus plainly declaring that HE could not walk with the JEWS—but was this on account of their shortcomings in knowledge, or because of their iniquities? Let the passage answer. That the text does not *immo-*

*diately* refer to agreement in doctrinal theology, is further proved by the declaration of Paul. "therefore though I understand *all* mysteries and *all* knowledge, and have not charity, I am nothing": showing that the head may be perfectly sound in biblical knowledge, where there is no communion with God; because the heart is not right in his sight. On the other hand, knowledge may be exceedingly defective—theological sentiments crude, and in many cases exceedingly erroneous, yet the God of heaven will not refuse to walk or dwell with the man if he be of an humble and contrite heart. Let knowledge and sentiments be as they may, whenever the door of the heart is thrown open to Christ, he enters in and never departs while he is permitted to sit on the throne of the soul's affections. While, then, the Lord, the God of glory is willing to walk with a man, I shall ever rejoice to be found worthy of being one of the company; and should I thereby be found in fellowship with the *most* ignorant, yea, the *most* perversely instructed christian on earth, I shall fear no evil; for "God is with me," would be the ever ready response of my soul to every objector. If blamed for not rejecting the humble, erring christian from the church, I should answer, Christ agrees with me in the matter, for he "will in no wise cast him out." When reprimanded for sitting with such an one at the Lord's table, I reply, Christ sat with him, and supped with him, and he with Christ; and I with them. Christ did not commune with either of us because of the correctness of our theological views, because we held all truths as He held them, but because of a positive agreement of heart—a *oneness* of spirit, that secured the most delightful fellowship while we walked together with Christ in gospel ordinances, notwithstanding the immense—the immeasurable disparity that existed between our appreciation of truth and His. Close communionists, of every grade, know, that if God walks with them at all, it must be on the basis of the agreement herein set forth. And if God can walk with them—notwithstanding their (comparatively) almost entire destitution of biblical and Divine knowledge, simply because of their "right" state of heart; is it not strange—surpassing strange, that they will not see the propriety of walking together with their brethren on the same basis? and also to the full extent to which they admit, that God walks with all his children? Let them, however, persist in their singular course, if they will, but let them no longer pretend to find an apology for it in the text, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

#### VISION A BLESSING.

BY DANIEL CLARK.

"How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose!"

—MILTON.

In the theory of vision there are many curious

phenomena, some of which have perplexed the most learned of our physiological philosophers. They inform us accurately of the different tunics or coats which envelope the eye. They are scrupulously nice in pointing out the *iris*, with its radiating and its concentric muscular fibres. The muscles which are attached to the surface of the eyeball do not escape their notice. The aqueous and the crystalline humours, with the double convex lens, share with their fellows a critical analysis. The retinal expansion of the optic nerve passes beneath the field of microscopic investigation. But in Physiology, as well as in the other branches of Natural Science, there are mysteries. A boundary is set to the boasted wisdom of man. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther" is inscribed upon all his enquiries. Look at the eye alone. How is it that a sensitive retina communicates with the mind? Whence comes it that all external objects are painted invertedly in the "camera obscura" of our earthly tabernacle, and that we see them, nevertheless, in their real situation? Whence is it that objects of the most colossal magnitude are delineated on the eye with extreme minuteness, and that yet we perceive every thing in its proper size? We look from the steeple of Knox's Church upon the bustling throngs beneath us—we behold many thousand houses, the intersecting streets, and the surrounding country, each painted exactly in our eye, in a space not larger than a quarter of an inch. Millions of rays enter by a small aperture, the pupil. They are united on the living retina, without confusion, and constantly preserving the same order which the points of the object had that emitted them. Move the eyes about, and we have a living, portable panorama. We shall see the river rushing down, like a white Arabian steed, from the mountain heights, and meandering in the plains; birds hovering in the air with reluctant wing; flocks frisking about in innocent glee, and cropping the green herbage of the meadows; fish sporting on the surface of the white-crested billows; every tree and every blade of grass, all sending their quota of rays to form the inimitable picture of living and existing creation. Is it not wonderful, too, that we do not see objects double; and that, although we have two eyes, each object still appears but one.

"The beams of light had been in vain displayed  
Had not the eye been fit for vision made;  
In vain the Author had the eye prepared  
With so much skill, had not the light appear'd."

The sense of sight is the most important of the senses, whether we view it in the wonderful extent of its range, or the construction of its individual or collective parts. With the senses of touch and taste we come to the knowledge of many of the objects of our perceptions. With the organ of smell the odiferous particles of the rose, or the less agreeable floating effluvia is perceived. The ear, almost with instinctive knowledge, measures the vibrations of the

air, and through this medium hears the rolling thunder. The sound of the troubled ocean is heard from afar. The gale that disturbs its rest has its echo in the auditory apparatus of man. But the eye reigns peerless among its fellows. It carries us to the encircling horizon beyond. It glances upward and onward, through the silent and voiceless air—through the planetary expanse where worlds are but twinkling stars, whose sole end at first seemed to be to illumine the mirky night of earth. It beholds the sidereal zones, whose orbs have not been numerically distinguished, and where, in solemn silence, they move round some great attractive centre, being guided in their course through the trackless regions of space by the finger of Omnipotence. The visual organs may bid adieu for a time to the planetary systems, and turn the spirit-lighted windows of the soul to the contemplation of the organization of the microscopic world, or the form and functions of atomic life. In its tour of exploration *here* it stands matchless above its sensitive associates. The ear is deaf to the cry and wail of that life which covers animated nature. How many of the fabrics of the lower world does man overthrow! How many tiny minarets and pseudo halls does our thoughtless tread shake and dash into ruins! How secure have the little mortals thought themselves, on the sunny side of some miniature hillock—or in the silky folds of the leafy plant—or in the pure and limpid stream, which gives drink, and also confers the boon of life upon them! But man with his restless mind and stalwart arm snaps the strings of their existence asunder. Yet he hears no notes of woe from their desolated cities when ruin's plough-share has passed through them. No; man's ear hears not the appeals and remonstrances of the injured millions beneath his proud feet, nor the joyous anthems of the living myriads which sport in the sun-beam. So much for human hearing. The senses of touch and smell do not add one iota to our knowledge of this animalcular world, and the rude touch of the human finger would fail to distinguish either the outlines or the properties of the infinitesimal world. It is for the eye to explore the fruitful granules, nuclei and cells of vegetable and animal structure, because it is only the optic inquirer who can unfold the mysterious and wonderful tabernacles which wrap up and envelope the fountains of intellectual and organic life. It is the eye alone which spreads before the mind a new world, more wonderful by far than the pen of fiction could paint, or Arabian tales could depict. A living and dying world hitherto beyond man's boasted knowledge. There is also a negative idea in connection with this view, viz:—Conceive this world tenanted with occupants sightless and revolving in space upon the surface of this "terrestrial ball", with no bright sun to lighten the gloom—whirling round and round in the "moonless air," with darkness as a pall hanging its sombre folds over the world. Were our food and our

drink tasteless, and no fragrance breathed from the beauteous flower or plant, hunger and thirst would still be assuaged, and the lily and the rose and the geranium would delight the eye. Were the chords of the harp or the lyre struck in vain by skilful fingers—and the old familiar melodies of earth—and the jocund glee—and the voice of love which soothes, and even the startling sounds of alarm, *mute forever*, the harmony of colours would replace, however imperfectly, the symphony of sounds, and the varied expression of the face would still utter the language of reproof, or the gentle accents of seraphic affection and heaven-kindled sympathy. Without the ear man might have held communication and interchanged his tasks with his fellow. Though the rattle of the iron wheel were inaudible and the watchman deaf to the warning cry, the coloured beacon or the waving banner would have guided him in his course, and the mariner might have conducted his ship round the globe, though the lullaby of old Ocean might not woo slumber to his hammock, though he heard not the howl of the gale which shattered his rigging, nor the roar of the waters which threatened to engulf him; Let him only see the white-crested billows, and his faithful compass, and the light that streams afar through the cloudy night to save the storm-tossed wanderer, and he will reach the desired haven in safety. But if man were bereft of the powers of vision, with the external world in the same relation to his animated organism as it is now, how far would his explorations extend? How many noble pillars would he erect in the temple of Science? How many trophies would he cast ground the shrine of Fame?—Could a blind man catch, as a Franklin, the forked lightnings which flash athwart the fearful gloom of the darkened clouds, and with his puny arm say to heaven's artillery "come" and it obey him—"go" and it hasten to fulfil his mandate? Could the vacant stare of the sightless eye-balls trace fiery Mars in his course? or meek eyed Venus, or thundering Jupiter, or Saturn with his zones of light? Would the hollow sockets with inquisitive search dive into the depths of the sea, and explore the coral reefs and the wrecks of man's proudest fleets, which sway hither and thither in the fluctuating waves, while their requiem is sung by the wailing tempest? Would anything in man save the heaven-kindled eye, detect the finger of—"Nature's God" in the strata of earth—pointing out the outlines of animal and botanic creation in the indurated rocks, which slept the sleep of death before Eden bloomed? The eye has its satellites in the other senses, but it reigns monarch in our physical system. It is a beautiful emblem of that mental and moral eye which can pierce the veil that hangs between time and eternity,—of that eye of faith which beholds the river of life, and the wreaths of immortality, and the trees that ever blossom, and the snow-white banner of celestial liberty which waves over the citadel of Heaven, and

whose ample folds have inscribed upon them with the crimson blood of Calvary "It doth not yet appear what ye shall be"—emblem of that eye which will behold in quenchless gaze and with love-lit vision a beloved Immanuel throughout a long eternity.

Toronto, Feb. 13th, 1857.

An esteemed friend suggests the propriety of inserting in the *Gospel Tribune* a paragraph from the pen of the late Rev. Mr. Simmons, found in his *Laconic Manual*, page 499; it is as follows:—

#### SLAVERY AMERICAN.

*American Slavery* originated in man-stealing and murder. Without authority or provocation, its founders demolished every human right, and infringed every law, in capturing and enslaving the poor Africans. Should any one attempt to paint the *Form* of slavery, the non-descript images of Daniel would fail to exhibit all its lineaments. One foot would be on the statute-books of heaven and earth, and the other on the neck of humanity. In one hand would be a sword, and a scourge to enforce unrequited labor; and in the other, a code of perverted law, ethics, and religion, to impose upon the benighted understanding, conscience, and fears. With a heart of adamant, and the visage of a demon, the licentious, cruel monster would be envied in the paraphernalia of war. This system, thus originated, has been continued by force of arms. It has lost none of its diabolical characteristics, nor can they be essentially mitigated short of absolute revolution. The lapse of time only augments the guilt of the system. Nothing but its guilt can equal its impoverishing, corrupting, degrading, and ruinous tendencies and effects. They are all so abominable, so manifestly outrageous, and evil, as to create a necessity among slave-holders, in their moral, educational, and political councils, to act in firm union, in order to maintain slavery against God, against conscience, against the world. Here lies their power. Whosoever practises, defends, or apologizes for this system, relinquishes all claim to moral and Christian principle. Who asserts that it is authorized or winked at, in the Bible, assails its divinity. Who asserts that genuine slaveholders were admitted into full communion by the apostolic churches, degrades Christian fellowship to the fellowship of devils.

#### "THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE."

This old and trusty champion of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, is still exerting a powerful influence by its steady and unflinching adherence to the staunch and never-failing principles of sobriety, which it has so warmly advocated through evil and good report for upwards of *twenty* years. As a new volume has just commenced, *now* is the time to renew old subscriptions and send in the names of new patrons. The price is only 2s. 6d. per annum. It is really a cheap and valuable paper.

#### REVIEW.—BARRETT'S GRAMMARS.

After making every deduction from the avowed claims of this work which reasonable criticism can demand, there still remains enough of excellence to warrant a hearty recommendation of the volume. The author deserves approbation and respect for his

earnest efforts to simplify and render more easy of acquisition the perplexing details of grammatical knowledge. This he aims to effect, not by any revolutionary movement, but by a rigid system of classification, assisted by a variety of mechanical contrivances, symbols and indices, designed to enable the learner to thread his way through all the intricacies of the science, with precision and certainty. To every student of grammar the book is well worth its price, (\$1 50,) but to those whose minds are of a highly constructive or mechanical order, the grammars of Mr. Barrett must be pre-eminently useful.

#### IMPORTANT POSTAL ARRANGEMENT.

A *Circular* has just been issued to the postmasters of Canada, by the Hon. Robert Spence, *Post Master General*, which among other instructions, contains the following much needed order:

"2. Referring to Articles 11 and 13, of Department Order of 18th June, 1855, No. 23, Post Masters will observe, for the future, that bound volumes of any Periodical or Newspaper published in Canada, if bound in a form to come within mailable dimensions, that is to say, not exceeding two feet in length, breadth, or thickness, nor four pounds in weight, may be sent from the Office of Publication to any place in Canada, at a charge of One Penny per 8 oz., or fraction of 8 oz.; and this rate will apply to such Volumes, whether the separate numbers of the Publication or Paper be free from Postage or otherwise. Also, Packets unbound of such Periodicals or Papers may be returned by a Subscriber to the Office of Publication, at the same rate of charge, viz: One Penny per 8 oz.

The announcement of this postal arrangement may be viewed as the commencement of a new Era in the history of the periodical literature of Canada. Subscribers need no longer allow their papers to be destroyed because of the difficulty of getting them bound; let papers that are valued, be carefully kept till enough accumulates to make a volume,—then send them in to the office of publication to have them bound and returned that they may be permanently useful. *Three Pence*, each way, will pay the postage on a volume of the *Gospel Tribune*, and from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. will pay for the binding, as per published terms.

Let those who send in their *numbers* to be bound be very careful to have the name and post office of the sender clearly written on the Packet that the volume when bound may be correctly returned. When the numbers sent in to be bound are clean and in good condition a volume ready bound will at once be posted in return.

When the numbers returned for binding are much soiled, the sender will have to wait till his numbers can be bound, that he may receive his own, unless a volume, similar to his, should happen to be in readiness to send, which, it is not improbable, may be very generally the case. The price of binding can be sent in the same letter with the yearly subscription. All who send in, advance payment for Volume IV. (with arrears, if any) and a Quarter Dollar for each volume they want bound, may send in their volumes,—they will be bound, even though cut into leaves, and *all returned, post paid*.

## Political and General Miscellany.

### THE MILL PRIVILEGE:

OR, HOW MR. T. OVER-REACHED HIMSELF.

In one of the new towns of Maine some thirty years ago, lived a man named John Tatnall. He was a close-fisted, digging man, and never scrupled to make the best end of a bargain at all points within the limits of written law. He never hesitated to make capital of other people's necessities, and any event that could put a dollar into his till was all right to him.

Once a neighbor lost a fine ox just at the time when he was fulfilling a contract for cutting down and hauling out timber. The contract was worth a thousand dollars, and he was to forfeit one half of it if he did not have all the logs in the river before the snow melted in the spring. The loss of his best ox would ruin him if he could not make his place good. He knew that Tatnall had plenty of oxen, and he went to him and stated his case. Now John Tatnall had a number of oxen which he had bought to place in a drove which he meant to drive to market; so he could have sold one just as well as not. But he saw his neighbor's necessity, and he meant to profit by it. He would not sell unless he could sell a pair, and not then without an enormous price. The poor lumberman begged and entreated, but it was of no avail. There was not another ox for miles and miles about, for Mr. Tatnall had bought them all up. The neighbor could not allow his work to stand still, so he paid Tatnall full double what they were worth, and took them away.

Then it was he happened to think of his odd ox. He knew it was better, by far, than either of those he had bought of Tatnall, and he drove it over to the cattle dealer's to sell it, as he had no use for it. Tatnall offered him twenty dollars for it—just one-fifth of what he had obtained for the yoke he had sold! We will not tell the conversation and bantering that followed. Suffice it to say that Tatnall got the ox, and that in the end he made a profit of just seventy-five dollars off his poor and hard-working neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and all the neighbors knew it. Yet he was respected: for he had money, and many perhaps depended on him for work, though their pittance for such work was begrudgingly in the extreme. Mr. Tatnall's farm was situated upon a large river, and he owned to a great extent on both sides of it. When he bought there he had some faint idea that at some time there would be a mill put up there, and thus greatly enhance the value of his lot, for there was quite a fall in the river where he owned, and a most excellent mill privilege was thus afforded. But he never could build the mill, for he had not the money to spare, nor had he the energy. About two years previous to the opening of our story, some men had come to examine the river, and they talked some of buying and building extensive mill works. Tatnall knew that if such were done, the value of the good land about him would be advanced, and he bought up all he could, so at the present time he owned not less than a thousand acres.

One day, in early spring, just as the ice had broken up, a man called on Tatnall, and wished to examine the mill privilege. His name was Lemuel Farnsworth, and he was a man not more than thirty years of age, full of enterprise and integrity. Mr. Tatnall accompanied his visitor out to the river, and after

examining the premises, the latter expressed himself much pleased with them.

"Oh," exclaimed Tatnall, "this is about the finest privilege in the State. The water power cannot fail, and you see there would be power enough to drive a dozen mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth, but he did not express all he thought. He merely acknowledged that the privilege was good. "If I buy here," he continued, "I should want some forty or fifty acres of land to go with the water-lot, for I should want lumber enough to put up all my buildings, and some besides, of my own, to commence work on."

"You can have all you want," was Tatnall's reply, and shortly afterwards they returned to the house.

"Now what is your price?" asked Farnsworth, after he had declined to take a glass of rum which had been poured out for him.

"Well," returned Tatnall, thoughtfully, "I haven't thought much of selling, for I have had some idea of getting up a mill there myself."

This was a falsehood; but then Tatnall said such things as naturally as a child laughs when it is pleased.

"But you will sell, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then what would be your price?"

"You mean for the mill privilege and fifty acres of woodland?"

"Yes."

"Well, the water lot is valuable, and we all know that the land is excellent, and then the lumber on it is of the first quality."

"I have seen all that, sir. Now for your price."

"Well, I have thought that if some one would put up a mill there, I would sell the privilege, with land enough for a garden and necessary buildings—say about six acres—for a thousand dollars. And then if you wanted the fifty acres, I should say about seven hundred dollars more."

"But, my dear sir," uttered Farnsworth, in surprise, "do you consider how this mill will enhance the value of your other property? We mean to put up not only a saw-mill, but also a good grist-mill, and a carding and clothing mill, so that we can saw the lumber, grind the grain, card the wool, and dress the cloth for people who come to settle here."

"Then you mean to do it all?" said Tatnall, really surprised, but without showing it.

"Yes sir."

Now Tatnall knew this would be a vast benefit to him. The nearest mill was now six miles off, and even that a poor flimsy concern, put up on a small brook that was dry nearly half the year. From this circumstance people had not settled down upon the rich lands by the river; and the huge trees yet stood upon the finest alluvial soil in that section of the country. Such an establishment, Mr. Tatnall at once saw, would draw quite a village together in a few years, and then his land would make him independently wealthy. But he believed he had the power all in his own hands, and he meant to use it.

"I cannot take a cent less," he said, after a moment's thought. "To be sure, the establishment you speak of will be a benefit to me, but that is no reason why I should sacrifice now. It will also be a benefit to you, for which you can well afford to pay. If you will take the whole for seventeen hundred dollars, you can have it."

"Well," said Mr. Farnsworth, "I have a partner engaged with me in this business, and I must see him first. I will explain the case to him, and next day after to-morrow I will see you again."

Mr. Farnsworth then left, and when Tatnall found himself alone, he began to meditate upon the plan he had entered upon.

"If these two men have got their minds made up on this mill," he said to himself, "they won't stop at trifles. Of course they have got money enough, or else they would not go into such an extensive business. *I'll feel of 'em.*"

Mr. Tatnall said this with a sort of chuckle, and he clasped his hands together just as though he had a helpless man within his grasp.

At the appointed time, Mr. Farnsworth returned, and with him came his partner, a man of about the same age as himself, named Ridgely. They went out and looked the place all over, and at length they concluded they would pay the seventeen hundred dollars. It was a heavy sum—much more than the property was worth, but they had set their hearts upon building the mill in that section, and they wished to give it up!

"Ah, gentlemen," said Tatnall, with a bland smile, after their offer had been made, "that price was not a fixed one; that was only a sum named two days ago for the acceptance or rejection then. I gave no claim or refusal. I cannot sell it for that now."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Farnsworth.

"I am, most assuredly."

"And for what will you sell now?"

"You may have the whole for twenty-two hundred dollars."

"But, sir," said Ridgely, "that is monstrous. The mills may not return us a cent for years. Why, sir, for six years, at least, you will certainly make more by the mills than we shall."

"This is looking farther ahead than is needed," replied Tatnall; "the property is worth what I ask."

"But you will take off something?"

"No, sir."

"Not a single cent less than twenty-two hundred!"

Both the young men saw that Tatnall was trying to over-reach them, but they did not give vent to their feelings, for they wanted the mill privilege much. They had examined the nature of the land up and down the river, and they had found that for many miles it was a rich, deep intervalle, and that such mills as they meant to put up, would surely make a large village there in a few years. And then the circumjacent upland was good, being beautifully undulating and bearing a heavy growth of oak and maple. But they were not prepared to pay a sum which they knew was only forced upon them through their necessity.

Many men would have almost given them the privilege in consideration of the benefit that would thereby accrue to the other property. But he cared not for that.

The result of the conference was that the young men wanted a week in which to consider upon the matter and make a final decision in regard to it.

"Very well," said Tatnall, "you can take as long as you like."

"But you will not rise on your price again?" added Farnsworth.

"Don't know about that!" was the response. "The offer I have just made is only open for today!"

The two partners conversed together in a whisper, and for a few moments they had a mind to accept Tatnall's offer. They saw that they were completely in his power, and they had seen enough of his character to be assured that he would rob them of every penny they had if he could do so under cover of law.

But the mill privilege would be valuable to them—very valuable—and of this Farnsworth spoke.

"I know it," returned Ridgely; "but you must remember that it is our energy and perseverance that will make it valuable. Let us think awhile."

So they went away, and left the matter for settlement one week. Mr. Tatnall rubbed his hands when they were gone, for he felt sure they would come back, and he had made up his mind that he would have just twenty-five hundred dollars for the lot he was to sell!

The next day the partners took a stroll down the river, and at the distance of seven miles from Tatnall's place, they came to a place where a sort of bayou, or inlet, made up into the shore. From curiosity they followed this up, and found it to run in only about twenty rods, and then turn and extend down some quarter of a mile, almost parallel with the river, and there it ended in a deep basin. Opposite this point in the river was a steep fall of water, but no thoughts of building a mill there had been entertained on account of the rocky, rugged nature of the shores. But this inlet seemed cut out by Providence for a mill. By expending one hundred dollars, at the outside, the bayou could be cut on to the river, striking the bank about fifteen rods below the fall, and three mills could be built, and be not only free from danger from freshets, but with enormous power. In fact, the water power could be made as extensive as necessary. And then there were other advantages. In the first place, the building spot was superior to that of Tatnall's, and then it left a splendid growth of intervalle pines above, which could be easily cut and run down.

As soon as the two young men had fully realized the splendid nature of the discovery they had made, they fairly danced with joy. They set off at once to find the owner, and they found him to be a Mr. Simon Winthrop, a poor, honest man, and the one whom Mr. Tatnall had so imposed upon in the ox-trade. Winthrop owned enough land on the river, and the circumjacent upland, for quite a township. It had been left him by an uncle, and he had moved on to it, cleared a small farm, and had begun now to make quite a comfortable living by cutting off the timber, though he had not got off a thousandth part of it.

The two partners found him in his house, that very evening, and they commenced by informing him of the trials they had with Mr. Tatnall. Winthrop smiled as they finished their account, and for the amusement of the thing he related the story of the ox-trade. The mill-wrights were very soon assured that they had an honourable man to deal with now, and they frankly told him of the remarkable discovery they had made, and at the same time explained to him that the mill privilege upon his land was worth more than double that of Tatnall's. And then they asked him how he would sell the water power and a goodly piece of land. He first wished to know all their plans, and they freely told him, for they knew he was not the man to attempt to over-reach them. They told him of the saw-mill, the grist-mill, the clothing-mill, and that they should probably put up a store, if people enough moved in to support one.

"Now, how much money have you got?" asked Winthrop. "That is, how much can you raise to put into this place?"

"We can raise just eight thousand dollars," said Farnsworth.

Simon Winthrop got up and walked across the

floor several times, and then he came and sat down again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will put up a good mill and saw my lumber well, and at fair prices, I will freely give you the mill privilege; and what land you take, you shall pay me somewhat near what the land is worth for it. But I have another offer to make you. My old uncle is one who went into this land business, a few years ago, and when he died he gave me all the land he owned here. It is very valuable land, though so far I have only gained a bare livelihood on it. I have between two and three thousand acres, all told,—my lot adjoining Tatnall's above here, and running down four miles below here. Now, what do you say to making me the third man of your party? You put your energies, and knowledge, and money, with my stout hands and broad lands. We shall all share alike, whether in fields, mills, or stores. What think you?"

"We must think of that," uttered both the young men in a breath.

"So do. But remember the mill privilege is yours if you want it, and you may put up a mill upon it without cost, provided my offer does not suit you."

The two young men went away about nine o'clock, but they felt sure that they should take up with the last offer, though upon a thing of such extent they wanted time to reflect.

On the next morning, early, Mr. Tatnall was at Winthrop's door. He wanted to buy a large lot of intervalle woodland which lay next to his on the river. But Mr. Winthrop would listen to nothing of the kind. Mr. Tatnall held on, for he felt sure of the mill being built on his own land, and he wanted all the neighbouring lumber. He swore at Winthrop for his "obstinacy," but the latter only laughed.

That afternoon, Messrs. Farnsworth & Ridgely called upon Tatnall, and informed him that they had concluded not to buy of him.

"Very well, gentlemen," coolly returned he, for he thought that they were only trying to bring him down.

So they turned to leave, and as they bade him "good bye" Mr. Tatnall turned pale. He began to think they were in earnest.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, "are you really in earnest? Aint you really going to put up the mills?"

"Not here, sir."

"But—but,—don't be in a hurry! Perhaps we can—come in, come in! Let's talk the matter over!"

"There is no need," added Farnsworth, "for we have made up our minds."

"But perhaps I might take up with your offer of two thousand!"

"No, sir."

"But hold on a moment! I declare, rather than have the thing blow over now, I would come back to my old offer of seventeen hundred dollars!"

"No, sir. It is no use, for we don't want your land."

"But the mill privilege?"

"Nor do we want that either."

"But," cried Tatnall, in a frenzy of alarm, "let the land go and take the water privilege, and give me what you like for it; only put up a good mill there, even if you take it—for nothing!"

"You are too late, sir," returned Farnsworth, with a look and tone of contempt. "Had you at first acted the part of a man, you would not only have got a good round price for your water privilege and your land which we wanted, but all your other pro-

perty would have been enhanced in value one hundred per cent. You thought you had us in your power, and you would over-reach us, but you will find in the end that this time, at least, you have over-reached yourself."

John Tatnall shrank away into his house, and he had a bitter pill to swallow.

The two young men returned to Simon Winthrop's house, and informed him that they should accept his offer. So papers were at once made out, and "Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgely, & Winthrop" commenced business in good earnest. The saw-mill was commenced upon immediately, and at the same time men were set at work cutting out the canal. No less than eighty men were thus employed, and the store was built at once. The greater part of these men took pay for their work in land, reserving only enough of the timber on it for their own building purposes, and by the next summer those of them who had families moved them in. The grist-mill was put up in due time, and by the second autumn quite a village of snug, warm log huts had gone up. After this, the colony flourished and grew. Great numbers of hands were employed during the winter in falling timber, and when it was sawed it could be rafted and run out to sea by the high tides of spring and fall. Those who came to cut lumber, saw the nature of the soil when the snow was gone, and they took up lots for farms.

At the end of eight years, the wilderness was changed into a village, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgely, & Winthrop were wealthy and respected. A flourishing village had grown up about them, all upon their own land; their own three mills were in full operation; their store did a good business, and their land was yielding them immense profits. A school-house had been put up for three years, and that fall saw the finishing touch put upon a handsome church.

And where was John Tatnall all this while? He still lived upon his farm, seven miles up the river, and he had grown poor in flesh almost to a skeleton. His power of pinching his neighbours was gone, for no one was obliged to do business with him. He saw that village grow up, and he saw poor, honest Winthrop become wealthy and respected; and he knew that all this might have been his had he been a honest and honourable man.

But it was too late now. He could only look upon his own wilderness, and then upon the smiling lands of his neighbour, and the canker ate into his soul and made him miserable. In time the settlement extended on the river, and the stout trees upon John Tatnall's land began to give place to houses, barns, and farms; but John Tatnall did not live to see it. His chagrin and envy killed him; and in the last hour of the man who had all his life-time made a rule of practice to over-reach all with whom he had any dealings, was himself over-reached by power against which no art of earth can prevail.—*Fugitive.*

From the Morning Star.

#### THE WEATHER.

It seems that the excessive cold of the 24th ult., was very extensive. In the region of Montpelier, Vt., the mercury froze, and then sunk 4 or 5 degrees below the point of congelation, which the best judges supposed would make 50 degrees below zero. This it was thought was the coldest weather ever known in the United States. At Franconia, N. H., the spirit thermometer indicated 49 degrees below zero.

At Norwich, Ct., the mercury congealed at 40 degrees below zero, while the spirit thermometer indicated 43, which was said to be the coldest weather known in that place.

At the residence of the Hon. Elijah S. Hamlin, on Court Street, Bangor, at sunrise, the thermometer stood at 44 degrees below zero! At some other places not below 33.

In the Middle and Southern States, the cold seems to have been as severe, in proportion to the climate, as it was in New England.

Baltimore harbour was closed with ice so long that there were lying at the mouth of Patapsco river two hundred vessels unable to reach port, and the crews exposed to great suffering from cold. Some of the Baltimore merchants purchased the steamer *Susquehanna*, fitted her up as an ice-breaker and tow-boat, and re-christened her *Sea King*.

Boston harbour was frozen over, and the old ferry between Boston and East Boston was obliged to suspend her trips on account of the ice. The People's Ferry was, however, able to keep one boat running, which furnished a means of communication between the two places. Labours were commenced at the lower end of the ice on Monday of last week, to cut a ship channel seventy-five feet wide, from Cunard wharf to the sea; but as the channel was not wide enough for the steam-ship *America* to turn her prow in it, she did not sail last Wednesday for Europe.

Casco Bay was so skimmed over that steam-tugs had to be used to open a passage to the Portland wharves.

Seneca Lake was frozen over for the first time in three generations: For the first time there was solid ice from the Connecticut shore to Long Island.

#### SUGAR: ITS QUALITIES; AND WHICH IS THE CHEAPEST.

If cane sugar was the article intended by Hebrew *Renè* (translated calamus and sweet cane)—and this is at least quite doubtful—then the oldest mention of this now common sweet is to be found in Exodus, thirtieth chapter, and twenty-third verse. But the first mention of sugar, relative to which there can be no question, is found in Herodotus, about B. C., 445. The Greeks called the article at first the *honey of canes*, *Indian salt*, and *saccharon* or sugar. The term "Indian salt" is noticeable. It seems, besides pointing to India as the original country of the cane, to show that sugar had been in a high degree clarified and crystallized even then; as it could not otherwise be compared to salt. Galen very gravely prescribes sugar as an internal remedy in some diseases! It was not known to Germany and Britain until the Crusades; nor was it considered a necessary of life until tea and coffee had come into general use.

The Arabs have the credit of first concentrating the juice of sugar by boiling. And the process of sugar-refining was communicated to the people of Europe, in 1503 by a Venetian—probably borrowed by him from the Chinese. The lovers of candy will be surprised to hear that, in the present sense of the word, it did not exist until more than a century after the discovery of America by Columbus! Our ancestors had not the privilege of killing time by mumbling gum-drops, lozenges, and cream-sticks, minus the cream; but then they saved their teeth, temper and stomachs for more substantial occasions.

There are many species of sugar—some of them obtained from a variety of sources. The most common—cane-sugar—is found also in the beet, and some other roots; in the sap of the maple, walnut and birch; and in small quantity in grains. What is this sugar? Chemistry kindly steps in and in-

forms us that it is made up, in its purest forms, of twelve parts coal-dust, combined with eleven parts water—nothing more, and nothing less! A great heat drives off the water, leaving the coal in a black mass.

Grape-sugar is that found in rasins, and of course in the juice of the grape, as well as in other fruits, and in honey. It is coal-dust twelve parts, water twelve parts, and is less sweet and crystalline than the former variety. Another form of sugar is found in the drug manna; a fourth in the licorice root; a fifth in mushrooms; a sixth in animal muscle, and so on.

The juice pressed from the sugar-cane is a solution of sugar in water, with various vegetable and mineral impurities, such as would naturally be found in the sap of plants. The process of manufacture has two objects: to get rid of the water not held in combination in the sugar itself; and to get rid of the impurities of the juice. It is seldom that either of these ends is attained on the sugar plantations. Owing also to the speedy fermentation of the juice, if neglected, to too long and frequent exposure to the air, and to burning, much material which might afford an article of the first quality, is turned out deteriorated and greatly inferior; so that a writer has styled the common boiling process "an elaborate and effectual means of converting pure sugar into molasses and rum."

It is generally known that molasses consists of the drainings from the sugar after it has undergone crystallisation. It necessarily contains a larger share of impure matters than any sugar; although many of the lower grades of the latter, as is easily seen, are still full of molasses, and are very far from being pure. The improved methods now adopted by some of the planters, both secure a larger percentage of sugar from the juice, and that of a better quality. The following is a good rule for judging of the grade and value of the article as it is imported, that is, of raw or muscovado sugar; namely, "The more coarsely granular, the harder, drier, and whiter the greater the value of the sugar." Of all the grades the white Havana is best, being almost as pure as that which has been refined.

In refining, the sugar is re-dissolved, purified by filtering through bones burned and crushed, then again concentrated, but by means of a "vacuum apparatus," and therefore at a low degree of heat. The syrup is then poured into moulds, crystallises, is drained (the drainings furnishing the syrups now so much in vogue), and the crystalline mass is dried; when it is ready for the market.

If it be sold as loaf, the mass as it comes from the mould, is wrapped in purple paper, and then forms one of those pendulous cones of sweetness that in days of yore were wont to ornament the grocer's ceiling; though, now, alas! rapidly giving place to the barrels of "coffee," "crushed," etc., that disfigure his floor. Much of the loaf is now broken up in a coarse mill, thus forming the "crushed" article. If this is cracked up into its individual crystals, and then sifted free from the finer dust, it gives the "granulated" sugar; if ground to a fine flour the "pulverized." The first of these two is certainly a pure and convenient form for use; the second looks as if it afforded an excellent chance for adulteration. "Coffee" sugars are made from poorer stock,—that which can not be made into a dry and perfect-grained sugar,—or from such stock mixed with the heaviest portions of the syrup obtained from previous processes. Its value is according to its whiteness and "grain."



Since we took up our pen on this subject, our attention has been called to a *novelty* in the way of refined sugars, in which doubtless the public will be interested. The common "crushed" article has always proved quite intractable to the sugar-tongs. To remedy the inconvenience, a member of the firm of Havemeyer & Moller, N. Y. city, has invented and patented what may be called a *blocking*—instead of a *crushing* apparatus, and which the firm have now in operation. In this, a loaf is first cut up by a number of circular saws into slices of a suitable thickness. These are then passed between two roller-studded with knife-blades, which cut the whole into tolerably regular and squarish blocks of different sizes, but averaging cubes of about *three quarters of an inch* in each dimension. The product they have denominated "*block crushed*." Its introduction to the tea-table will, we think, be marked by an "era of good feeling," and by a largely increased security in—the management of the tongs. Discreet house-keepers, we are sure, will not fail to be furnished with the genuine "block crushed," that is, as soon as the market is supplied.

We are now prepared for a speedy solution of the question as to which is the most economical sugar. It has been seen that no sugar is *pure* until it has been refined; and even then only the *best* refined article is so. This forms a clear, dry grain, is strong—is sugar, and nothing else. *Pure sugar is pure white, never of any shade beneath this; and this, and this only, is pure sweet.* "The raw sugar of commerce," says Tomlinson, in his "Cyclopedia of Useful Arts," "really consists of a crystalline flour of pure sugar, moistened throughout with molasses, often to the extent of one third of its weight, and often more than the crystals can contain;" and elsewhere he adds, "mineral and vegetable impurities." But molasses is more than half water and impurities. Now water is not sugar—it is not sweet, and cannot be. Impurities are not sugar—dirt has no sweetening property.

The smallest insight into the chemistry of sugar, and into its relation to all forms of foreign matter with which it may be intermixed, would convince the "old ladies" of both sexes that they are wholly self-deceived when they assert that brown sugars are more sweetening than white. They are deceived in this way: the brown sugar is part molasses, hence part water, and also contains a little acid from the original cane-juice. So it is already partly dissolved and imparts its taste at once to the tongue; in addition to the fact that that taste is a rather strong one, for sundry good reasons already shown. But pure sugar-crystals, which are sweetness, and nothing else, still do not dissolve instantly: they are slow when taken on the tongue, to yield the sweet they possess; and therefore they have been set aside on the plea that they are destitute of sweetness? As well pronounce impure salt the more salt, as impure sugar the more sweet. But the housewife says the "strength" is "taken out" of the refined sugar; and so she uses a mixture of sugar, and water, and filth, because pure sugar is not sweet enough! And so, too, she buys water and filth in her sugar, because she lacks faith in the real sugar itself! Is she ready to apply the same principle to her flour, and prefer that which is liberally compounded with cockle-chess, and dirt, because—pure flour is not strong and nourishing enough? Wax can add nothing to the sweetness of honey, and therefore honey can lose no sweetness by being freed from wax. Sugar, so long as it will crystallise perfectly, can no more lose its sweetness, than gold can cease to be gold. But as never so much copper in gold is no addition to its

value, so is never so much of foreign matters in sugar wholly unavailing to increase its strength or sweetness. The cheapest sugar is therefore the driest, the purest, the best quality.

Finally, sugar, pure or impure, may easily be used too freely, especially in the warm season, and by persons of bilious habit, or those who take too little active exercise. Many dyspepsias, liver complaints, bilious attacks, fevers, neuralgias, rheumatisms, urinary and cutaneous disorders, are mainly the product of too free use of sugar and other concentrated foods, for the exercise and the air that are taken by the consumer.—*Life Illustr.*

Believing that the following sketch of political manoeuvrings, drawn by a member of the United States Congress, now assembled at Washington, is a fair representation of occurrences in Canadian latitudes, which are damaging to an alarming extent the foundations of public virtue and honour, the sketch is reproduced in the *Tribune*, in the hope of awakening influences that will tend to crush the evils complained of:—

Washington Correspondent of the Morning Star.

January 6th, 1857.

The record of the doings of Congress for the past week may be written in few words:—met Tuesday and adjourned to Friday—met Friday and adjourned to Monday; though we should say a few private bills were passed on Friday, as that is private bill day. But such members as do their work,—a large portion of the members have a clerk to do *dir* writing, directing, &c., for them,—have been busy for their constituents in different ways, such as directing deeds, documents, &c., and at the various Departments, looking up pension and patent, and post-office cases, and in answering letters of correspondents, some of which cover *seven pages*, when they ought to have taken but *seven lines*; and probably these men at home are the *longest*, if not the loudest, in denouncing the prolixity and extravagance of Congress! We denounce both! There are other evils in this government besides slavery and polygamy. Among the most gigantic and alarming, is the extravagant, loose, and excessive legislation of Congress. Then, on the other hand, the neglect of Congress to act upon just and equitable claims, is a perfect outrage upon the rights of those interested in such claims. As an illustration of the way business is *not* done here, we give below the substance of a paragraph in a letter written by a member to a friend at home, a few days ago. He said,—“I have been this evening three or four hours examining the papers in a case, which has been before Congress *twenty-two* years. The papers are quite voluminous, but the case when once looked through and understood, seems to me so clear that no jury in the country would leave the jury-box to decide it. The claimant is probably an honest man, and has put his claim at what is justly his due, and perhaps has not the means to pay outsiders for looking after his case. Now, there is little doubt but if he had made his claim four times as large,—employed agents here to cry up his claim and clamor about the ears of members as they know how, the claimant would long since have had his money in his pocket,—how much of it in his own, and how much of it in the pockets of others, is not for me to say. I will say, however, if I had a claim of small amount against the govern-

ment, I would rather take fifty per cent. of it than to attempt to get it through Congress."

As to the manner in which claims are rushed through Congress *sometimes*, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, in a recent speech in the Senate, said:—

"Why, Mr. President, does anybody suppose that this whole structure does not rest upon the efforts of agents? Have they not been engaged on this subject for years? Have not members of Congress been importuned time and again by agents to vote for this bill? What is the *modus operandi*? They write in the first place to the heirs, to the person to be recipients under this bill, and they secure their claim. What then? They tell them:—"Write to your Representatives in Congress; get all your friends to write to your Representatives; urge upon them the propriety of voting for this bill. You must bring something that looks like public sentiment to bear on Congress, or you cannot pass it." Does not anybody and everybody know that this is the operation of this and everything else of the kind? Talk about agents! Why, sir, their hands are in this matter up to their elbows."

Now, that we are upon this subject, we will also give an extract from a letter of one of the most able and experienced correspondents of the *N. Y. Tribune*. He says:—

"These brief extracts are of themselves sufficient to show any intelligent man how it is that bills are passed by Congress allowing pure robbery of the public treasury. Stealing measures are introduced, and members are beset from all quarters not to oppose them, but to give them a vote, and where they cannot do that, to make no opposition, and at least keep out of the way. What is a member to do? We will begin by making the very violent supposition that every member is honest. He is beset on the spot by parties interested, by agents, by lobbyists, by brother members. He is written to from the cities, from the country. He is appealed to by influential persons from his State, from his Congressional district, from his county, from his own town. If he yields to the soft solicitations, he pleases everybody; if he does not, he offends everybody. How much pleasanter to do what will satisfy all, and produce a delicious glow of satisfaction on the faces of all, than to refuse to do it, and in consideration thereof get nothing but frowns and kicks. In one of these big bills, involving millions, unsophisticated people cannot imagine what pressure is brought to bear to secure their passage. Think of the social entertainments on one side, and the social exclusions on the other; the egg-nog, and the wine, and the oysters, lubricating and titillating vast surfaces of Congressional mucus membrane, fairly slucing the willing member in a river of sensuous delights, during what may be called the sap season of the bill. How does it contrast with the frigid, icy, gloomy way of him who refuses. No egg-nog, no wine and oysters, no charming re-unions, no delicious commendation from the fair or unfair sex. Where is a man to get his consolation for an honest and manly vote, when nothing but a sense of rectitude backs him or knows of his temptations?"

"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where!"

Men's votes, even where there is no venal culpability in the case, are fairly screwed out of them by these and kindred processes. But where the scent for plunder is keen, how glib the movement! In such circumstances, everything favours,—nothing opposes."

This depicts an alarming state of things, but we have told you there are other evils in the country

beside slavery and polygamy. There can be no doubt that the intense political excitement here and throughout the country, together with an overflowing Treasury, have afforded an opportunity for prodigal and loose legislation, without its attracting public scrutiny as it should.

We might allude to the remedy. Not only honest and temperate men, but *working* men should be elected to Congress. Men who will take the trouble to do their duty and look into the business, private as well as public, which comes before Congress, that they may know for themselves what should pass, and what should not pass, and not leave the appropriate work of legislation to be done by agents and outsiders, while they are making speeches upon the politics of the country in general, and to secure their own re-election in particular!

We can do no less than say that some speech-makers, whose tongues go by steam, or rather by gas, have very little influence here; while some of the very best and most influential members never speak, except in few words to some practical point. The former are never listened to by the House; the latter, always. As to agents and outsiders, it is no use to talk of a remedy. They elect themselves, and if the present swarm should go away, a more hungry swarm might come in their stead.

The holidays are passed, and we shall now be put under double quick time. Indeed, during the holidays steam has been getting up, and we shall, for the remainder of the session, "go by express." If we do not run into the "milk train," we shall probably run into the Treasury quite as deep as the good of the country requires.

#### THE TERROR OF THE SOUTH.

Such is the state of the Southern mind, that the shaking of a leaf sends terror; and terror is as cruel as death. Not a white has been murdered; no plan has been disclosed to the world, nor do we believe that any has been found out, of a revengeful or murderous kind. But the mere intent of the slaves to rise for their liberty naturally brings up the most terrible spectres of crime and mischief, so that Southern men seem beside themselves. What but panic could have dictated such a paragraph as this from the *Clarksville Jeffersonian*:

"The crimes contemplated should be atoned for precisely as though those crimes had been attempted and consummated. Fearful and terrible example should be made, and, if need be, the fagot and the flame should be brought into requisition to show these deluded maniacs the fierceness and the vigor, the swiftness and completeness, of the white man's vengeance. Let a terrible example be made in every neighborhood where the crime can be established and if necessary, let every tree in the country bend with negro meat. Tempourising in such cases as this is utter madness. We must strike terror, and make, a lasting impression, for only in such a course can we find the guarantee of a future security."

Where now is all the fine talk about the contentment of slaves; their happiness; their unwillingness to take liberty, even if offered? For years past, Southern papers have been filled with new doctrines. Slavery, we are told, is the very foundation of Republican society. What do they think of these foundations, just now, in Tennessee? There can be no comment upon the wild disgraceful articles in Southern papers for some months past, so effectual as the temper and terror which they now exhibit. A little while ago, the happiness and content of the slaves was chanted and Northern operatives derided in

contrast. Now, they are hunting, shooting, and hanging these contented creatures! Then, it was the African's singular good fortune to be a slave; to receive the amelioration of the gospel, and the inestimable privileges of the plantation. But now, "we must strike terror, and make a lasting impression, for only in such a course can we find the guarantees of future security." The slave's fear is the only guarantee of the master's safety!

In such a state of things, it is not wonderful that there are sometimes revolts; it is wonderful that there are so few! There is not a month in the year in which a rising might not be presumptively expected. Society in the South stands upon a false and hollow basis. Time will not make it better. It is wicked, corrupt, degraded, unstable, and always liable to fatal downfall.

Whatever it may be thought expedient to do for party purposes, none know so well as those concerned that they are in perpetual jeopardy. It is a state of society which is obliged to resort to measures which the worst tyrannies in Europe use but sparingly. No where on earth is free speech so punishable as in Carolina or Alabama. In Austria, it is the government that dreads it, not the people. But in the South, the whole people rise to mob or drive out any one who speaks openly the doctrines of human rights. To read the Declaration of Independence to a company of slaves, would cost a man his life. To read the Bible to slaves, for the purpose of producing in them those results which have been produced in us, and which we have no occasion to laud or glorify, would be an offence putting a man's very life in peril. The justification of this violation of fundamental rights of freemen is, that it would induce discontent, and bring on servile insurrection. We think it more than probable that it would. But what must be that state of society which requires for its existence the sacrifice of such interests as free speech and freedom of the press?

The unnatural union of free society in the South with slavery, is the modern solution of Minotaur—a monster with human body and bull's head. The Athenians were exempt from rage only upon condition of sending to Minos, in Crete, their fairest youth and maidens, upon which the monster fed. The South feed and appease their Minotaur by casting into its maw liberty of speech and liberty of the press. But there is this difference in the cases: the Athenians mourned their calamity, and made Theseus a god, when he slew the monster and set them free. The South put rhetorical garlands upon their Minotaur, and parade him before the world as the rarest creation which civilization has bred.

We, who live securely in the North, can scarcely understand what are the feelings of men reared amid such a population. They do not exercise the common liberty of speech. Nothing betrays this so forcibly as the sensitiveness of the South to freedom of speech or of the press. A book was found on a bookseller's shelf, in Mobile, containing the life of a self-emancipated slave. The people rose with a paroxysm that shows panic rather than prudence. But it was a panic that could never have been felt, except where men were startled, like lone inhabitants of a haunted house, by the crockly sound of the sighing of a whispér!

If a clergyman dares to make religion sympathetic with human liberty, he is summarily ejected. If a citizen dares to speak, though himself a slaveholder, in favor, remotely, of liberty, he is visited, threatened, dragged to silence, or driven out.—*New York Independent.*

From an American Paper.

### AN OPINION ON THE DAY "FRIDAY."

From time immemorial Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen; and, though the prejudice is less prevalent now than it has been of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many even in this matter-of-fact age of ours who would hesitate on a day so suspicious to begin an undertaking of momentous import. And how many brave mariners, whose hearts unquailing could meet the wildest fury of their ocean home, would blanch to even bend their sails on Friday? But, to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the important facts in connection with our new settlement and greatness as a nation, and we will see how little cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day:—On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived in Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII, of England gave to John Chabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, by more than 40 years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Province Town, and on that day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday July 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States Colonies were, and ought to be, free and independent. Thus, by numerous examples, we see that, however it may be with foreign nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.

From Correspondent of the Western Episcopalian.

### PRIESTLY INTRUSION.

Mr. Sherwood, of Cincinnati, married twelve years since a nominal Romanist. He was married by a Romish priest. The effort was made by one priest to induce him to promise that, if children should be born, they should be trained in the Romish church. This he utterly refused. Another priest married him without requiring such a pledge. At the same time he received from his wife a promise that she would not go with him to the Protestant Church, and in the mean time would not go to confession. Soon after, she joined the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city. All her children were baptised in this Church, both parents being sponsors. About a year since a sister of Mrs. Sherwood, a Romish zealot, visited this city, as is now evident, for the purpose of winning her back to the Romish faith. She suc-

ceeded. The new convert felt it her duty to train up her children in the Church, out of which, she was taught to believe there was no salvation. The father, an earnest Protestant, and communicant of the Church, firmly resisted this proceeding. The wife yielded. She promised that the religious training of the children should be in the hands of the father. But this her Romish advisers would not allow. They would not permit her to remain in the Church, except upon the condition that she should educate her children in the Romish Church. Yielding to the power which she had adopted as her infallible guide, and dreading the anathema of the Church, she felt constrained in conscience to obey. Under this state of things a collision of wills was inevitable. It was likely to be a strong collision; just in proportion to the strength and sincerity of religious feeling and conviction on both sides. That it never led to scenes of outrage or personal violence, or anything more than those verbal encounters which were inevitable, we know on the most satisfactory evidence. But it was a state of things that could not last.

On the 8th of May a card was published purporting to come from Mrs. Sherwood, in which the statement was made that she was compelled by her husband's personal injustice and unkindness to leave him. Several specifications were given of threats and alleged ill-treatment. No allusion was made to any religious differences. This was followed by a card from Mr. Sherwood, in which the true cause of her departure was indicated. The card deals tenderly with his wife, and with dignity and calmness assigns the misguided step which she has been induced to take to its true influence. Mr. Sherwood says:—

"The charges brought against me are false in every particular. The true difficulty is not between Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, but between the Roman Catholic Church and myself. When I first became acquainted with her, she was a member of that Church, but on her engagement with me promised to leave it and attach herself to mine. I have not the smallest doubt of the sincerity of that promise. She kept it religiously for more than twelve years, in spite of persecutions and threats which I have never known equalled. She has at length given way, and been persuaded to disolate my home, by leaving it, and taking all my children with her. But for this I do not consider her responsible. She struggled for the above period against influences and threats, which none can realize except those who have been the subject of them; and I am persuaded that, when she comes to her senses, she will regret the step as much as I do."

Mrs. Sherwood and her children disappeared; and for months Mr. Sherwood was unable to trace them. It is unnecessary to state the measures by which their hiding-place in Paris was found; and by which Mrs. Sherwood was enabled most gladly and gratefully to rejoin her husband. But some of the facts connected with her abduction as they now appear, in part, in the communications of Mr. Sherwood and the Archbishop, and in part as they are known to the writer, ought to be made known and pondered.

The card published in the name of Mrs. Sherwood was never written by her! By whomsoever written, not a syllable of it came from her! Mr. Sherwood believes it was the work of the Archbishop. He pronounces all its statements utterly untrue. Mrs. Sherwood most reluctantly signed it in the tumult and excitement of feeling on the eve of her hurried departure without fully comprehending its contents. She did not wish any card to be published. In case one were, she wished that the real reason for the

step should appear. The most prominent reason was the belief which her adviser had induced her to entertain, without the slightest foundation, that her husband was about to remove her children from her. Nothing short of that would ever have induced her to take the step. But she was overruled. She was in the hands of masters. They induced her to believe that unless she fled with her children they would be taken from her; and they would not aid and enable her to flee, unless she signed a card in which they would not allow the real reasons of her departure to appear. Under this constraint she consented,—but only in case that its publication should be necessary to vindicate the Church. The Archbishop denies that the card was prepared by him. He says that the original document, in Mrs. Sherwood's handwriting, has been sent to him; and that it will be sent to the office of the *Enquirer* for the inspection of the curious. No such paper has been sent to the office of the *Enquirer*!

The agency of Archbishop Purcell in this shameful proceeding, is not obscure. He was, throughout the whole affair, her adviser and guide. That he advised and assisted in her abduction is perfectly clear. The writer of this has seen a letter from Mrs. Sherwood, written in Paris, in which she states that it was by his advice that she left her husband. To this charge made against him by Mr. Sherwood, he makes only the general admission,—“That he gave her letters that might procure for her friends among strangers.” It was by the aid of these letters that she was secreted in a nunnery at Montreal until she sailed for Europe, and was enabled to secure a secluded and almost impenetrable retreat at Paris. The sister was but a mere tool in the hands of the Church!

The course afterwards pursued towards Mrs. Sherwood was of a piece with that which had preceded it. Her husband states that he found his wife and children in Paris almost in a state of destitution. The Archbishop denies it. He states that she was in comfortable apartments, and had in her possession drafts for seventeen hundred francs, at the time she was found by Mr. Sherwood. The Archbishop wisely omits to mention that they were made payable to the order of her sister; and therefore worth as much to her as so much blank paper! Mrs. Sherwood was left in destitute circumstances! She was left to earn scanty bread by her needle. This we know on the best authority. She was so straitened at one time as to have been on the eve of writing to her husband to come for the children because she could not support them.

## HOW LONG SHALL WE LIVE?

(From N. E. Farmer.)

There are probably few men who are so wholly lost in the whirl of business or pleasure as never to put this question to themselves. It may be a dreaded and hated question, but there are serious moments in the experience of most of us, when it will come up in the mind, and insist upon being heard.

Though nothing can be more uncertain than life, yet the chances or probabilities of its duration may be calculated with mathematical accuracy, taking a number of individuals into the account. Thus we have carefully constructed reliable tables, showing the expectation of life at any given age. The business of life-insurance, the value of annuities, reversions, dower rights, &c., are based upon these calculations. The "expectation of life" may be explained as the mean number of future years which

individuals of a given age, one with another, actually live; those who live longer than that period enjoying much more life in proportion to their numbers as those who live a shorter time enjoy less. For instance, it is proved, by a careful study of the laws of mortality in the northern part of the United States, that, at the age of 50 years, the expectation of life is 21.17 years. In other words, a man who has reached the age of 50, and is free from disease and the habits that shorten life, is likely to live to the age of 71 years and seventeen-hundredths. In a given case, the individual may fall short of that period, or pass beyond it; but if several persons are embraced in the calculation, the average duration of their lives will be as above stated.

We copy below, from the *American Almanac* for 1836, the Life-Expectation Table of Dr. Wigglesworth, constructed for the United States, and, we believe, generally accepted by our Life-Insurance Companies as the basis of their operations. These calculations are valuable and interesting, and the study of them may not be altogether unprofitable, in connection with the close of the year. Let us not blind ourselves to the fact, however, that death is not governed by mathematical tables, but often comes in a moment when least expected, "sending the dreadful tidings in the blast."

Age. Years.	Expectation. Years.	Age. Years.	Expectation. Years.	Age. Years.	Expectation. Years.
0.....	28.15	32.....	29.43	64.....	13.05
1.....	36.78	33.....	29.02	65.....	12.43
2.....	38.74	34.....	28.62	66.....	11.96
3.....	40.01	35.....	28.22	67.....	11.48
4.....	40.73	36.....	27.78	68.....	11.01
5.....	40.88	37.....	27.34	69.....	10.50
6.....	40.69	38.....	26.91	70.....	10.06
7.....	40.47	39.....	26.47	71.....	9.60
8.....	40.14	40.....	26.04	72.....	9.14
9.....	39.72	41.....	25.61	73.....	8.69
10.....	39.23	42.....	25.19	74.....	8.25
11.....	38.64	43.....	24.77	75.....	7.83
12.....	38.02	44.....	24.35	76.....	7.40
13.....	37.41	45.....	23.92	77.....	6.99
14.....	36.79	46.....	23.37	78.....	6.59
15.....	36.17	47.....	22.83	79.....	6.21
16.....	35.76	48.....	22.27	80.....	5.85
17.....	35.37	49.....	21.72	81.....	5.50
18.....	34.98	50.....	21.17	82.....	5.16
19.....	34.59	51.....	20.61	83.....	4.87
20.....	34.22	52.....	20.05	84.....	4.66
21.....	33.84	53.....	19.49	85.....	4.57
22.....	33.46	54.....	18.92	86.....	3.90
23.....	33.08	55.....	18.30	87.....	3.90
24.....	32.70	56.....	17.78	88.....	3.67
25.....	32.33	57.....	17.20	89.....	3.56
26.....	31.93	58.....	16.63	90.....	3.73
27.....	31.56	59.....	16.04	91.....	3.32
28.....	31.08	60.....	15.45	92.....	3.12
29.....	30.66	61.....	14.86	93.....	2.40
30.....	30.25	62.....	14.26	94.....	1.98
31.....	29.83	63.....	13.66	95.....	1.62

MAIL TO HUDSON'S BAY.

In view of the rapid settlement of the country between the head of Lake Superior and the Canadian line, a monthly mail has been established by our government between those points. This service is gratefully appreciated by the pioneers along the lake shore, and aside from this it bids fair to be of important service to our country. Between the boundary line and Hudson's Bay is a country abounding in various and valuable minerals. It is represented as

embracing very extensive silver deposits. The Hudson's Bay Company has several stations between the lake and the bay, and quite a number of traders and trappers inhabit that region. The mails to and from the stations, we believe, are carried overland from Quebec, via Hudson's Bay, and wholly at the expense of the Company. The recent establishment of our lake shore route having been viewed with favor by the agents of the company at these posts, we understand that some of our citizens re-communicated with them upon the subject of extending the route to Fort Albany, a post at the south-western extremity of the bay. The project, we are happy to state, met with a favorable reception, and promises to be successful. An effort will be made the coming winter, to obtain from the Canadian Parliament a charter for the route, and as a portion of it passes through our own territory, we hope our government, ever ready to open and encourage friendly and commercial intercourse with our Canadian neighbors, will contribute its proportion to this undertaking.

The distance from Superior to Grand Portage (the termination of the present mail service) is 150 miles; from Grand Portage to Fort William, (Hudson's Bay Company's post,) 25; Thunder Bay Neepigon House, 75; Neepigon House to Henly House, on Albany River, 50; Henly House to Fort Albany on Hudson's Bay, batteau navigation, 150—total from Superior to Fort Albany, 450 miles.

From Fort Albany to Quebec there is a regular mail carried, and the establishment of the route proposed would give us an overland mail from Superior to Quebec, and by the shortest but probably not for the present, the quickest route. It is not our purpose to dwell upon the beneficial tendencies of this enterprise. That it would aid in settling this vast area of country, represented as the most beautiful and fertile of the Northwest; in developing the rich and inexhaustible treasures now hidden beneath its surface, and in uniting the people of Canada and the United States, as one brotherhood, by the strong bonds of commerce and intercourse, no one will question.—*Superior Chronicle.*

STRYCHNINE.

From Dickens' Household Words.

In Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate sized tree, with thick shining leaves, and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins; the rind is hard and smooth, and covers a white soft pulp, the favorite food of many kinds of birds, within which are the flat, round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash grey in colour, and covered with very minute silky hairs. The Germans fancy they can discover a resemblance in them to grey eyes, and call them cow's eyes, but the likeness is purely imaginary. The tree is the *Strychnos nux vomica*, and the seed is the deadly poison nut. The latter was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos, and its nature and properties understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog-killers and Fishscale are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindostan often take it for many months continuously, in much the same way as an opium eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth of a nut a day, and gradually increasing their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect this precaution, spasms result.