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Poetry.

NEVER BE DOWN HEARTED.

Never be down-hearted;
Try always to be gay
For the troubles that round you rise,
Like clouds that dim the summer skies,
Will quickly pass away.

Never be down-hearted;
Strive something to attain—
A something that will elevate
And lift thee from thy present state,
A noble name to gain.

Never be down-hearted;
With learning store thy mind,
Aided, then, by learning's power,
In the stone or in the flower
A lesson thou shalt find.

Never be down-hearted,
But live a life of love,
To those who seek to do thee harm
Be kind, for kindness hath a charm
Which hatred cannot move.

Never be down-hearted
And never wear a frown;
A smiling face is no disgrace,
To manliness it gives a grace,
Then never wear a frown.

Minnie Mayne;

OR,

THE ANGEL OF THE WOOD.

It was a lovely evening in the height of Summer. The sun had been a half hour gone, but his beams still lingered in the clear horizon, and still the fleecy cloud was tinged with a fading touch of red.—The blue vault had not yet deepened into gray, nor the landscape become obscure in the growing twilight. And yet there was a mellowing tint upon the scene, that gave of softness, what is stole of splendor.

The flower that hath drooped, and the leaf that had withered in the noonday heat, were already recovering by the evening's freshness, while the thrush prolonged her song, and the red-breast lingered on the bough, as if unwilling to part from such a day. Peace and repose were the character of the scene, and fancy might almost picture that the task of life was done, and all things ready for an eternal rest.

Such was the beautiful aspect of a declining day.

I had just arrived at the point where two roads emerged from the main stem, having nearly completed my evening's ramble, and was just turning into the right hand prong of the road which led to my home, when my reverie was disturbed by a strange sound as of a human voice, apparently in great distress. I halted and looked around me, hoping to catch a glimpse of this object, whereby, if a human being were in distress, I could immediately render assistance.

The shadows of night fall were fast enclosing the last moments of expiring day, and soon the dark curtain of night would be drawn over the face of nature. To find the object of my search must be done quickly, or else night would shut out probably, all possibility of rescue until the coming morn.

Thus I solliloquized for a few seconds, while my eyes penetrated into the surroundings. To the right of my road fifty feet, lay a thick copse. I approached it slowly and cautiously, and when I reached the edge I hailed. Halloo! who are you? I paused for a reply, when the same sounds that I had first heard, fell again upon my ears, but much more audibly. I then knew that I was nearing the source from whence proceeded the mysterious noise.—I hailed again, and a voice within a few feet of me, answered, "Hold on! Come this way!" I turned to my left, and saw behind a fallen tree lying prostrate on the ground, a female figure. I hastened to the spot and inquired the cause of her apparent distress, and why she was thus alone and unprotected in the wood. She replied that her mission was one of mercy, and that she was under the protection of heaven, and that no doubt but that I had been sent by that way to assist her in her effort to save life and property.

She insisted that I should sit down on the fallen tree, and that she would make known to me in detail, the cause of her very strange visit to the wood.

After being seated for a few moments, she began to unfold her terrible story.

"I am not only a stranger to you, but am a stranger in the neighborhood. I arrived at my uncle's ten days ago, from my city home, and to-day while out gathering wild flowers in the wood near my uncle's house, I espied three rough looking men coming toward me, their path lay between me and the house. So to escape observation, I nestled myself closely in the undergrowth, until they could pass me, but when they arrived nearly opposite to where I had secreted myself, they halted, sat down, and began conversation with each other.—Every word of their conversation I could distinctly understand, being in close proximity to where they were seated.

I soon learned from their conversation, that they were a portion of a band of burglars, who had infested the country for many weeks, and they were plotting to take the life of one Mr. Jarvis, the only son of an aged and decrepid parent, (whose farm is adjoining my uncle's) and then they could easily rob the old folks of a large sum of money, that they knew came into their possession a few days ago. They said the son had gone from home, and would probably return as was his custom about night, and that they would lay in wait at the outer gate by the edge of the wood, and would dispatch him with their bludgeon, and then repair to the house, tie the old folks, and under threats of violence make them point out the spot, where the coveted treasure was concealed.

I communicated what I have just told you to my uncle, who feverish with excitement started to apprise old Mr. Jarvis of his approaching doom, when in the hurry he fell from the porch, and dislocated his ankle joint which rendered him powerless to do.

There being no one else to bear the news, I volunteered to do it myself. My uncle informed me, that young Mr. Jarvis would pass where the road forked, and that I had better go that way, lest the burglars at the gate might intercept me, before I could reach Mr. Jarvis' house. I had been here about half an hour, when you came along, and my object is to enquire if you know this young Mr. Jarvis, and would you assist me in conveying this sad news to him."

Great Heavens! I exclaimed, I am the young Jarvis of which you speak, come; fly with me to my home, we have no time to spare, as we must reach it by a circuitous route and it will occupy more time than by the regular road, and we must apprise father and mother of their danger and prepare to receive the blood-thirsty hounds when they come.

We started in great haste, our road lay through an unbroken forest, but soon we were in sight of the house which we could plainly see by the lighted windows.

Our road led us in the rear of the house, and we arrived unobserved, and paused to listen if everything was quiet within. Being convinced that all was right, we opened the door which led to the dining room, without the ceremony of a rap, and entered, my little angel at my side.

The old folks were not a little astonished at seeing the strange visitor, but I soon informed them of what I had heard, and left the rest of my story untold, until after we had discomfited the burglars.

Now to business, I procured an old musket, which I loaded heavily with slugs, and lashed it in an elevated position to an old chair, I then passed a piece of cord from the trigger, to a staple in the chair board, which as soon as it came in contact with a moving object, the musket would be discharged, and the contents would find a lodgment in the vitals. I then closed the door leading from the hall where the musket was placed, and then stationed my little angel (for I had not yet learned her name) at the door, leading into the back piazza, with a colt's repeater, with which she claimed to be an expert, while at the windows, my father and myself were stationed, each armed with a drawn sabre.

We are now ready for the attack, the lamps were extinguished, and my mother with matches in hand, stood ready to relight them at a given signal. Thus we waited, until the small hours of the night were being ushered in, when the faithful watch dog apprised us, that the enemy was approaching.

Silent as death, was all within the house, presently the soft tread of some one was heard upon the front porch, when simultaneously with this came a sound of footsteps on the back piazza, then a dull shake of the door was heard, accompanied by a grating sound as if it was being forced open by some flat instrument, introduced between the edge of the door and casings, but it yielded very slowly.

My little angel held her post firmly, with a nerve strong and firm ready to send the deadly bullet into the heart of the first intruder.

All again was silent, save now and then a low murmuring like some one talking in undertones. The faithful watch dog, what had become of him, his warning bark had been silenced, was he dead? this thought seemed to occupy all our minds, but it was now no time to discuss the matter.

Hark! the front door has yielded, I hear footsteps within the hall, a moment more—bang, goes the musket, and a tumbling noise is heard without the room, almost at the same time two pistol shots are fired in the back piazza, accompanied by a similar noise to that made at the front door; while immediately our watch dog sprang fiercely out from under the window and seemed to be dragging and tearing some fellow to pieces.

I called to my mother to relight the lamp, which she did in an instant.

With drawn sabre I went to the hall, and found one of the burglars cold in death while at the back piazza, my little angel had put two balls through the head of another. Our attention was now called to the dog. There he lay on his side, under the window, with a firm grip on the third, whom we extracted from the jaws of the faithful dog, and brought him into the house, and kept him under guard, until the morning.

The gray twilight of the morn began to dawn, and ere the sun had peeped above the eastern horizon, we had placed the two bodies side by side in the piazza, and dispatched a messenger in great haste for the officers of the law.

My father accompanied by Miss Mayne, (this was the name of our heroine) had gone over to her uncle Ross, to relieve the suspense of that family, with regard to the safety of their niece, whose anxiety knew no bounds, as they were afraid she had fallen a victim to the hands of the desperadoes, and that Mr. Jarvis' family and she too had all been murdered.

A few hours, and the officers of the law arrived, a jury of inquest had completed their verdict; and the dead bodies were removed and buried in a public lot, near the town of Haddam—and the one rescued from the dog was committed to jail by the authorities to await his trial.

Having disposed of the bodies,—and entered into certain obligations made necessary by the law; I wended my way to old Mr. Ross in quest of my father and little heroine, I arrived, and found them discussing the events of the past evening. I made known to my father and to Mr. Ross the eventful meeting of Miss Mayne in the wood, and the timely warning which not only saved my life, but the lives of my father and mother.

My father moved to tears, invoked a blessing upon the young girl, and offered to make her the possessor of a fine estate, which belonged to him adjoining her uncle's.

Mr. Jarvis, said she, "your offer I must reject, you no doubt feel that you are indebted to me, but it was only one of many duties, which I am always—willing and ready to perform, though they may be often hazardous, yet with a firm reliance upon the great Ruler of destinies, I launch fearlessly out, in the discharge of them.

Brave, noble girl, I shall never enjoy a contented mind, until you are fully compensated for such noble acts of heroism as you a few hours ago performed.

Bidding adieu to the family, he took his departure homeward, while I remained a few hours longer.

My acquaintance with Miss Mayne, so very mysteriously brought about, continued to grow into friendship; and my visits to her uncle Ross' were very frequent, until at length, I offered her my hand, which she accepted.

A few months rolled on, and the wedding day arrived. We were married. As soon as the congratulations of the hour were passed and quiet seemed to be restored again, a servant entered bearing in her hand a large envelope addressed to Mrs. Minnie Jarvis.

She opened it—a piece of paper with the following words, met her gaze.

"I herewith present you with a deed of all that tract of land adjoining your uncle Ross'. Accept it is a bridal present, if nothing else, and may your union with my son be full of joy and sunshine, without a cloud to obscure your pathway through life— Your father (in law,)

JACOB JARVIS."

We have now been married for several months, living at the old homestead of my father, and I am sure I shall never have to regret the hour, I met my angel in the wood.

A Boy Who Loved His Bible.

Johnny Davies, when only nine years of age, the son of a poor widow, came to my house (I am a Bible secretary) at ten o'clock on an extremely cold winter night, and, on finding my shop closed, came to the kitchen door and loudly wrapped several times. We had already commenced reading before family prayer, and for that reason I forbade the servant to answer the door; but such was the perseverance of the boy, that we at last yielded to his importunity, and when the servant inquired what was wanting, the reply was, "A Bible." I answered, "If you come in the morning, you can have one." "I cannot, sir," continued the boy, "as I work in M." (a place two miles distant), "and don't return home until late at night."—"Come in then and you shall have one;" and on inquiring how he came into possession of the money he gave me for the Bible, and how he thought of spending it for so good a book, he told me that it had been announced in the Sunday School that any little boy or girl could have a Bible very cheap at my house. "Therefore I saved it, sir," continued the boy. I replied.—"You did very right in buying one for yourself;" and wished him good-night.

The next day his widowed mother came with the Bible in her hand. I was for a moment startled, fearing the boy had done something wrong; and her first word was, "Did my little boy buy this Bible here last night?" "He did; and told me that he had saved the money for that purpose." "Yes," continued the mother; "and how do you think he saved it?" "I cannot say." "Well, I will tell you. Having to leave home very early every morning before breakfast, I cut him two very large pieces of dark bread (for I cannot get anything better), one for his breakfast, and the other for his dinner; his supper he had when he came home at night; and with this I gave him a halfpenny each day to buy some milk, and told him to divide it into two equal parts, the one for his breakfast and the other for his dinner." Here was a pause, and from her countenance the strong emotions of her soul were evident; in vain she tried to repress the feelings of a widowed mother over her child. To use her own language, "The little boy ate the dark bread and drank nothing but water for four successive weeks, without her knowledge, to have this Bible," holding it still in her hand. Such was the value set upon the word of God by this poor little boy!

The Rhode Island Prohibition Convention nominated a State ticket on Friday with Gen. Van. Sandt, the regular Republican candidate, for Governor, and the rest of the republican ticket, except Samuel Clark, for treasurer, who is a democrat.

A Contemptible Career.

How utterly contemptible in the sight of the great men of the world, would the earthly career of Jesus Christ seem to be. Of lowly birth; a dweller in poor despised Nazareth; a carpenter's son; without the prestige of education; with no political influence or office; with no ecclesiastical standing or position; wearing no titles of dignity; having no recognition, either from church or state; without wealth or honors or friends or high position; what could have been the current estimate of his character?

The style and impress of his teaching tells of his low estate. Not only his sympathy with the poor, but his parables and illustrations; his talk of putting new cloth into the old garments, and new wine into old bottles, and of sweeping the house to find the silver that was lost, as well as his contentment with the poorest fare and the humblest conditions; all testify how truly he had condescended to men of low estate, and took upon him the likeness of a servant. And so, clad in the seamless garment, weary and worn, and sometimes sad he went about doing good.

His friends were largely from among the fishermen and publicans; he was inured to toils and hardships; more uncertain in his abiding places than the foxes on the hills, or the birds that winged the air; honored by a few disciples who were themselves unlearned and ignorant and self-conceited; neglected by those of wealth and high position, while fallen and degraded ones shed their tears upon his feet;—is it any wonder that, in the presence of men of eminent dignity, spotless reputation, and typical orthodoxy, he should have been regarded as a wandering fanatic, who by turns had the name of being a glutton, a wine-bibber, a mover of sedition, a blasphemer, a madman, and a demoniac? And who can say if he should appear to-day in the same garb and guise that he then wore, that his reception would be more courteous or cordial? Those who esteem men on account of position could see nothing in him that they should desire; those whose estimate is gauged by the applause of the great, would take no note of the wayfaring teacher who was unrecognized and unendorsed; those who pride themselves in the forms of human learning, while they are ignorant of essential wisdom that cometh from God, would see in him nothing worthy of their regard; those who cling to established institutions, traditional usuages, and the ordinances of men, who would look upon him as some unpopular reformer or fanatical fault-finder; and those who estimate men according to the wealth which they have acquired or inherited, would see nothing to attract them, in the life of Him who was cradled in a wayside manger, and who at the end of a life of poverty and toil was buried in a stranger's grave.

Such would be the world's estimate of Jesus Christ; thus they estimated him when on earth; and though now his name has won the honor of the ages, still his unknown and despised disciples find that the the servant is not yet above his Lord.

But the scene changes. Rising above the clouds and mists of earthly misapprehension, and glancing through the everlasting gates that open to receive the King of glory, we see amid adoring angels and flaming seraphim, Jesus crowned with glory and honor, sitting at the right hand of God. His sorrows and his tears are past; the world's estimate of him is rectified, and God hath said, "let all the angels worship him."

Enthroned at God's right hand, far above angels and principalities and powers and every name that is named both in this world and that which is to come, he waits expecting until his foes be made his footstool, and until He, victorious over all the earth, shall be crowned King and Conqueror and Lord of all. And cannot we share his sorrow and partake his tears; who bear his cross and endure his reproach; who are like him despised, rejected neglected, forgotten and unknown, take heart and be of good cheer, knowing that whatever reproach or scorn may befall us here, "if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him."

But when that morning of eternal redemption shall break, when tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and the rebuke of all his people shall be forever removed; when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and songs and everlasting joy shall crown the heads of the ransomed of the Lord as they shall return and come to Zion; how light will our afflictions seem compared with that fullness of eternal glory which shall dawn upon the ransomed Church of God—a morn that knows no shadow, a sun that shall no more go down.

"O, t'will be a glorious morrow
To a dark and cloudy day;
We shall recollect our sorrow,
Like the streams that pass away."

—*The Christian.*

A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go'way from the stove, the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looked up demurely at his stern parent, replied: "I aint heatin' the weather, I am warming my hands."

Pettengill says that the first "returning board" of which he has any recollection was a shingle in the hands of his father.—The three—father son and shingle—used to hold frequent meetings in the back shed, but the returns came in so swiftly that a fair count was impracticable.

Providence.

We argue too much from ourselves up to the Almighty. We speak of his way of seeing and doing things by our way of seeing and doing them. Now, we know only a few things. We are conscious of it; and that there should be a Being knowing and seeing everything, we cannot very well get round that conception. Then again, we know nothing thoroughly. We are conscious of that too. All our inquiries terminate in some doubt. We come at last two the twilight, and beyond the twilight we see nothing but darkness. This is true of every line of investigation on which we enter. It matters not though it begin in the dust, though it refer to the meanest things, we find there is a point beyond which we cannot go, and that from behind yon curtain which covers the Omnipotent, a voice is crying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

This being the case, these things being so, it would be well for us to break away once for all from our present methods of judging about God. It would be well for us to receive the bare affirmation of the Word, that from the vastest form of creation to the minutest—the vastest, so vast that man cannot attain unto it; the minutest, so minute that man cannot reach it without scientific help—that in the whole range of being from its base to its pinnacle, every individual thing and being is under the direct and immediate control of the providence of God.

It is one of the sad entails of scientific exploration (we have had many grand and blessed ones) that we have got in these latter days into a labyrinthian maze of second causes. Sages go up among the stars to count and weigh them. Sages go down into the bowels of the earth to tell us what it is made of, and what treasures are hoarded in its stores. And they have come up and come down prating to us about laws and causes, and they, forsooth, would unfold to us all the mysteries of time. I have it not in my heart to rebuke scientific men; certainly not to rebuke science. Let her pursue her way, let her labor as it is given her. But let her not overlook, or let her not speak to men as if she had overlooked the Alpha and the Omega of all things. When she proclaims a law, let her remember that there is a Lawgiver, a mighty, all-pervading cause at the bottom of these phenomena with which she deals, and that that cause is Almighty God.—*A. B. Jack.*

Do It Well.

"Work well done is work twice done," says a good old adage. "Whatsoever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," says another. Nothing could be more true. This thing of slighting work either from shiftlessness or a disposition to hurry it through and get it off our hands, ruins more people than a careless thinker would be apt to imagine. It won't do. To work fast is a good thing, though we should never hurry it on at the risk of having it badly done. We should when we begin a job finish it before we begin another. We should have order and system in all we do. We should ever take into consideration the importance of the performance, and allow that to influence us—any work slighted tends to create in us a disposition to habitual neglect.

There was a time when people looked upon physical labor as something low, but that time has passed. The man who performs physical labor and performs it well is now the honored and respected of all mankind. A very few years ago we were at a political meeting where two candidates were "on the stump" as rivals for a certain office in the gift of the people. In the course of his address, one of them let fall this remark:

"Oh yes, gentlemen, my opponent has given you a great deal of law. He is a talented lawyer, now, but there was a time when he wasn't. Gentlemen, you would hardly believe it were I to tell you that I stood by when a boy and saw that gifted lawyer black my father's boots!"

In his reply the lawyer said, unabashed:

"Yes, gentlemen, I *did* black his father's boots, but he dare not tell that I did not do it well."

The round of applause that followed seemed to foreshadow how the election would go, and it foreshadowed truly. The lawyer who, as a little boot-black, had done his work well, was elected by an overwhelming majority.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach her with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride and she will not respect you or love you better for it.—Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of others. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

It would be interesting to know just what thoughts rush through the mind of a man who sits down on a coil of hot steam-pipes to rest.

The Bible and Public Conscience.

Despotisms live by means of standing armies; but the life of every popular government is found in public conscientiousness. It will not be questioned, that, as a stimulus and guide to the conscience, the Bible is unsurpassed and unapproached.—It rouses the conscience from torpor and corrects its perversions. Slowly, it may be, but surely, it prepares the downfall of the most powerful systems of wickedness. It instructs the people in those two great topics in which a self-governed people, above all others, must be taught, their *duties* and their rights. It has never yet entered any land, and reached the homes of the people, without making itself the acknowledged law of private and public morals. It has been confessed as such, and honored, even where it has not been obeyed; but it has been largely obeyed. There has been something more than authority attending its words. They persuade, they renovate, they are not like the pale precepts of philosophy, they speak to the people, and forthwith the power and life of goodness appear in the land.

In no department of morals is the influence of the Bible more more apparent than in those on which public order and quiet depend. See its effects in repressing violence and blood. No police is half so strong. In England it is estimated that there are annually four murders to every million of the inhabitants. In France, there thirty. In Lombardy, forty-five.—In Naples, and Sicily, one hundred; and I remember the statement of an old and well-known journalist, who, writing from Spain, said that in the province in which he was then sojourning, with a population of about three hundred and sixty thousand, there had been, within twelve months, nearly three hundred murders. This was before the recent civil wars.

But we need not go abroad to verify the power of the Bible on public morals.—Consult your own Chief of Police; ask him whether, in those parts of your city where there is a Bible in well-nigh every house and school, the patrolmen are not mostly idle. There is no brawls nor scenes of blood.

Whether we confine our view to smaller neighborhoods or embrace whole states and nations in our survey, we shall find that the measure of morality in any community, and especially its quiet, and order, and safety, are in exact proportion to the influence of the Bible there, to the extent to which the people are instructed in Bible schools.—*Rev. Arthur Mitchell.*

No Time.

Even Christians put aside matters of intense and eternal interest, saying we have no time to attend to these things. But *whose is the time that we have?* Who hath given time, life, health, probation and opportunity? Whose hands holds back the sword that might lay us low? Shall we live in God's world, subsisting on his bounty, depending on his goodness, having in ourselves neither strength, nor power, nor opportunity, refuse his heavenly calls, and claim that we have *no time* to attend to His commandments? We find time for other things;—time for business, time for pleasure, time for mirth, and vanity, and folly;—time for joys that flee, and pleasures that fade away;—have we no time for the service of Him who has bought us with his blood? Have we no time to be co-workers with him, in pulling men out of the fire? Have we no time to pay earnest heed to the words which he has spoken, and to give all diligence and make our calling and election sure?

May God give us to know our responsibility in his sight: to understand that we are not our own but bought with a price; and to consider that the time past should suffice us that we have wrought the will of the Gentiles, and from henceforth devote ourselves to the service of the heavenly Master who calls us to walk with him in this world, and to dwell with him in the glory that is to be hereafter.—*Common People.*

Plain Words.

When you go to church only to hear it preached to you, that self cultivation is all you want; that sin is an old-fashoned obsolete phantom: that, having got rid of the notion of a devil theology has now only to get rid of the anxiety about his works; that the difference between converted and unconverted is only the difference between more and less of manhood, or personal distinction; that retribution is a nullity, and divine justice a figure of speech, and intuition of the Grand Guide, and passion the voice of Divinity, or dying penitence an atonement of a vile life, or the redemptive work an easy acquitted and substitute for our own—then you feel, I have no doubt, that you have been debauched by the preaching. If you are a dissipated and profligate man yourself, you will yet dispise the minister for flattery and falsehood, who tells you the dissipated and profligate man is nothing but an immure style of man, a little behind his regenerate neighbor on the same road. You know that Christianity divides the world into two sorts of men. If you are a sinner, of any shape, something in you will extort your consent when you are told that God hates sin. You know that after a sinful life, the religion that cries, "Be born again," is the most natural religion; that guilt involves the perils of predition; that repentance is the only rescue, faith in Jesus Christ the only blessedness, and righteousness, springing therefrom, the only salvation.

The Eternal Abiding Place.

Where will the good dwell through all the coming countless ages? The question is interesting; the reply is legitimate.—The common answer is, "In heaven;" because this word "heaven" has come to signify in a popular sense all the good of the hereafter, whether it be of a moral or material quality. But *what* and *where* will be this heaven? Our answer is in the words of the pious William Jay, who wrote: "Heaven will probably be our present system renovated." Without hesitation I heartily endorse this opinion. And lest it be deemed a novelty, an innovation on the orthodox faith of the church, I have collected and now have before me the names of a hundred celebrated Christian writers and preachers, leaders of honor and renown in the Church of God who subscribed to his relief. It is fairly proved to have been the old faith of fathers, martyrs, confessors, reformers and elder, and divines of all orders, from Justin Martyr down through the centuries to Doctors Chalmers, Dick and Hitchcock. I confess I cannot see why any one should oppose this conclusion.

To know this as the sacred truth, we have only to accept the phrase, "*New Heavens and new earth*," four times used in the Bible, in a literal sense. This is the key to a plain understanding of the matter. This done, how can it be otherwise than that actually and really "The meek shall inherit the earth?" Matt. v. 5. I confess I love to contemplate this prospect. To me there is something beautiful and grand in the conception of a future perfect restoration of our planet to a sinless, paradisiacal condition. I believe with England's greatest poet, that one day "all the earth will be paradise." Freed from the stain of sin, from the slime of the serpent, and from the curse of death, it will roll on, an orb of beauty for the ages.—Surely the earth itself is not a sinner; sin pertains to the moral more than to the material. Sin and its dire results removed; our globe renewed to Edenic perfection;—angels visible upon it again; the tree of life brought back; our Lord, whose glorified form came out of its material substance, reigning over it; the holy city descended—this would be a heaven indeed.

The poets, Milton, Pope, Watts, Wesley, Cowper, Pollock and Heber, have all sung sweetly of that era. And He that sits upon the eternal throne decrees, "Behold, I make all things new." "Earth renewed is heaven below," wrote Wesley. "God built the world again," sang Pollock. I thank God that David's creed is mine; "The righteous shall inherit the LAND and dwell therein forever." Oh realm of beauty, Oh land of everlasting flowers, the heart years for thee!—*D. T. Taylor, in Christian.*

The Painless Death.

In a recent holiday lecture at the Royal Institution, Prof. Tyndall, speaking of the painless death by electricity, remarked that Franklin was twice struck senseless by the shock. He afterward sent the discharge of two large jars through six robust men, who fell to the ground and got up again without knowing what had happened, neither hearing nor feeling the discharge; and Priestley, too, who made many valuable contributions to electricity, received the charge of two jars, but did not find it painful. Prof. Tyndall said this experience agreed with his own, that in the theater of Royal Institution, and in the presence of an audience, he once received the discharge of a battery of fifteen Leyden jars. Unlike Franklin's six men, he did not fall, but like them, he felt nothing; he was simply extinguished for a sensible interval.—This may be regarded as an experimental proof that people killed by lightning suffer no pain. Now, the measured velocity of electricity is many thousand times greater than the measured velocity of sensation in the nerves. Hence the electrical concussion reaches the centre of life without any possible announcement by the eye or ear or sense of feeling. There is abundant evidence that death by a rifle ball traversing the brain is for the same reason entirely without consciousness or pain. A rifle-ball, however, is a tortoise compared with the electric flash.

Beautiful and Grand.

Shortly before his departure for India, the lamented Heber preached a sermon, which contained this beautiful sentiment:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hand; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at home short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal."