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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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School Hymns for the Times.

HYMN I.
Lord, in this dark and stormy day,
We children for our country pray—
Stretch forth Thine own Almighty hand,
And shield, O shield our native land.
We love her, for our homes are there,
We love her for the house of prayer—
Her faith reformed—her martyr band;
O save, O save our native land.
In the sun, and moon, and stars,
Tumults, alarms, and bustling wars,
These speak the dreadful day at hand,
Then guard, O guard our native land.
Lord, we are called by Thy name,
Give not this heritage to shame;
For Thine own glory may we stand,
Then spare, O spare our native land.
Around our Queen Thy buckler spread—
On our loved Church Thy spirit shed;
Through high and low let love expand,
And bless, O bless our native land.

HYMN II.
Lord, in Thy mercy hear our cry,
We children meekly sue,
Look on our land with pitying eye,
And send us Peace anew.
Long was the precious boon our own,
Oh, had we prized it more!
But now the gentle dove is flown,
And who shall Peace restore?
Correct us with Thine own kind hand,
But leave us not to men;
O, save us from the bloody brand,
And grant us Peace again.
Oh, Prince of Peace, Thy grace impart
Till every flag be furled,
Till love be shrined in every heart,
And Peace pervade the world:
Till the devouring sword be still,
The din of battle cease;
Till man no more his brother kill,
But all embrace in Peace.
—Rev Hugh Stowell.

Farmer Burrit and his Library.

Farmer Burrit was a plain, honest Pennsylvanian husbandman, who had been brought up very much as his father and grandfather had been before him—that is, with just enough knowledge to make him a respectable tiller of the soil. For several winters, when farm work was slack, he had been sent to a country school, having some aptitude, he learned to read and write tolerably well, and to cast up simple accounts. There his liberal education ended, and henceforth his energies were devoted to that kind of labour which is so necessary to make a practical farmer.—On the death of his thirty father, he entered into the possession of a large and good farm, and in due time married. At the time to which we now refer, he had six children, all young, who had come into the world boys and girls, and their father never dreamed of being brought up in any other way than he and his ancestors had been. Each one was destined to receive a little schooling, and to do a good deal of work suited to their respective ages. As is unhappily the case with too many farm-boys, there was but a dim gleam in that dwelling. There was no thought of cultivating the higher faculties of its inmates. They were to go through the dull, plodding life of those who had preceded them; and although the farmer had a good family Bible and Psalter, his library consisted of some few ragged elementary school-books, with the necessary annual almanac. It was in this state of affairs that an intelligent neighbour, who had turned his attention from city business to farming, with the view of recruiting his health, became acquainted with Mr. Burrit, and deeply interested in his family.—The confidence he inspired, and the kindly feelings he manifested, made him a welcome visitor, and gave him no small influence. In the course of many conversations, he threw out occasional hints about the proper training of children, and the advantage resulting from cultivating their mental faculties and moral powers. Although he found farmer Burrit and his wife rather dull scholars, who with difficulty could look beyond the narrow sphere in which they themselves had been educated, he was nevertheless encouraged to give them line upon line, and precept upon precept. Taking advantage of what he supposed a favourable opportunity, he engaged one day in the following conversation with the farmer:
“Neighbour Burrit, I was thinking to-day that you were one of our most substantial and thriving farmers.”
“Thank you; I am pretty well to do in the world, but it is because I work my way. I have no idle folks about me.”
“True, friend Burrit; and it is commendable in you; but you excuse me if I say I have felt some surprise that you have not all the implements which a good farmer should have.”
“Have not I, though? I guess if you will look about, you'll find I have all I need.”
“Well, I have been looking about, and I have not found a half dozen good books in your house.”
“O! that's it; and what do I want with books? What's the use of them? I guess they can't teach me farming. Your book farmers ain't worth much—always trying something new, and coming out with short crops.”
“Ah! but, friend Burrit, books teach many good and useful things, besides farming; and to tell you the truth, I really think they might be very useful to your children, whom I know you love, and would like to see a little more intelligent than their neighbours. Now, if you would only spend fifty dollars in good books, I will make such a selection as I am sure will be instructive to your children.”
“Whew! fifty dollars laid out in books! Why you must be joking!”
“No, I am not; I never was more serious in my life. My only motive for suggesting it,

is the interest I feel in your family; and I will promise you, that if at the end of six years you repent of the purchase, I will refund the fifty dollars, with full interest for the whole time.”
Farmer Burrit looked puzzled. He respected his neighbour; he knew him to be a good friend, and although he thought the suggestion a foolish one, yet he was touched at the kind interest expressed in his children. After a silence of some minutes, as if he knew not what to say, he replied, “Well, well, I will think of it.” A day or two afterwards, the same friend visited the farmer, and before he had time to return to the conversation, the farmer said, “I have been thinking of what you said, and out of respect to you, here are the fifty dollars for the books; it's a foolish affair, and I wouldn't like to have it abroad; but,” added he, laughing, “I'll hold you to the promise of paying principal and interest at the end of six years. I can't lose much by the investment.”
His friend took the money with great pleasure, and he saw that a new light was about to dawn on farmer Burrit's household. The books were purchased; besides some good religious books, including several biographies, he had selected a choice volume or two on agriculture and gardening, several on general history and natural history, a few good books of travels, and various other books, some to entertain and others to awaken thought. In due time they were properly disposed in a little case, and the kind friend, already familiar with the children, now carefully showed them how books were to be used, enticed them to read, and even made them promise to spend some of their leisure time in finding out what the books contained. After some difficulty, he got things into a right train; both boys and girls began to be interested.
We pass over two years. The seed had been sown, was there any prospect of a harvest? No one can pass Mr. Burrit's farm without perceiving some improvement. The external aspect of the old homestead has a more cheerful and comfortable appearance. Instead of the struggling and unsightly objects which used to be seen around the house, every thing has a tidy look. The grass is growing, the flowers and shrubbery creep up the walls and adorn the pathway, the vegetable garden is in better taste, the ornamental accompaniments are useful, and give evidence that the youngsters of the family have been studying the books on gardening. A glance inside shows a better regulated family, and more obedient and well-dressed children. Farmer Burrit acknowledges that Thomas, his eldest boy, has got something out of his books which have saved labour and improved his crops.
Other years pass, and the improvement is still more visible. Mr. Burrit, rather ashamed of his deficiencies, has been reading, and, marvellous to tell, has spent an additional fifty dollars in books. His conversation has become more intelligent. He knows something besides farming, and his whole manner has undergone a favourable change. The religious books have accomplished their mission. Religion dwells in that household, and has its altar there. There can be no complaint that books have rendered the children idle, for they have been a new stimulus to industry.—The farm prospers more than ever, and the farmer has abandoned his prejudices against the various improvements in agricultural implements, and has obtained a good insight into the advantages of agricultural chemistry.—Mrs. Burrit has become proud of her girls and boys; and well she may be, for there are none like them in the neighbourhood—so sensible, so refined in manners, so attentive to their studies, so anxious to excel.
We should mention that the kind friend who had been the cause of this improvement, had so far recruited his health, that he had returned to his city business; but he never lost sight of the Burrits. Some twelve or fourteen years after the time when our little narrative begins, he spent a week or two with his old friends. How did he find things there?—Changed, most agreeably changed. James, the third son, was obtaining good practice as the best physician in the neighbourhood; Thomas, the eldest, was a lawyer, and looked up to as an oracle in all agricultural matters, and had exerted a happy influence in raising the character of all the farmers around him; and Robert, the second son—what was he? It is the Sabbath; many vehicles are on the road that leads to the stone church; the house becomes crowded. In the front pew sits an anxious father—it is the Burrits; the cause is soon apparent—Robert is to preach for the first time in the old church, in the presence of many a one who knew him when a little boy. Although with some signs of timidity he commenced the service, before he had closed, there was many a moist eye in that assembly. He had spoken to them in an earnest, affectionate, and impressive manner—one of the most promising young ministers of the day. Elder Burrit, for he was now so officially designated, and his kind-hearted wife, were almost overcome with emotion, as many a strong hand grasped theirs, accompanied by hearty congratulations.
Next day, the city friend smilingly inquired of farmer Burrit why he had not called on him for the fifty dollars with interest in full?—With a tear in his eye, and a strong grasp of the hand, he replied, “Look at these sons, look at these beloved daughters, look at the old couple, look at my prosperous business, look in upon our own minds and changed hearts, and you will get the answer.”

Civilization before the Flood.

We have few facts on which to found our theories in relation to the state of civilization in the antediluvian world. All therefore, that we can learn, must be gained by inference, from the slight data which the works of Moses afford. That a love of knowledge is one of the earliest instincts of the human mind, is shown by the conduct of Adam and Eve, who were induced to partake of the fruit of the forbidden tree, because they saw that it

was “to be desired to make one wise.” Doubtless, in their filial intercourse with God in the garden, much useful and practical knowledge was given them, which many years in their childlike experience would not have enabled them to acquire. Adam evinces an immediate acquaintance with natural history, by giving to all the animals names derived from their character and habits.
After the expulsion from Eden, being thrown on their own resources, and obliged by the “sweat of their brow to eat their bread,” labor was forced upon mankind. This we know to be one of the most efficient causes of civilization, for where food grows spontaneously, and no labour is required, there man, having no motive-power, lives on for ages without improvement, in a state of ignorance and indolence. Cain with the wickedness parroted also of the wisdom of the serpent. Tired of wandering under the curse of God, when his descendants became sufficiently numerous, he built a city. This fact is evident of an immediate understanding of the arts and sciences. For how can a city be erected without tools, without hewn materials? This city was probably made strong, because a man of Cain's fierce passions could not have roamed so long over the earth without creating enemies, whom his cowardice would lead him to fear, and against whom he would desire to protect himself. Though God had set a mark upon him, lest any finding him should kill him, we cannot suppose that he had any faith in God, or trust in his fellow-men, therefore we may believe that he would provide himself with warlike instruments. It is said by Josephus, that “Cain changed the habits of simplicity wherein men lived before,” that “he was the author of weights and measures,” and that “he first set boundaries about lands.”
Nothing is given us about Cain's descendants, but a list of their names, till the sixth generation. Then Jabal is mentioned as “the father of such a dwell in tents, and such as have cattle.” His brother Jubal is called “the father of such as handle the harp and organ;” and their half-brother, Tubal-Cain, said to have been the “instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.” Thus we learn that Jabal taught men to make and pitch tents, by the use of which they could move from place to place, wherever they found pasture for their flocks. The employment of the second brother indicates a high state of refinement in society. Where music is cultivated as a science, and the making of musical instruments is pursued as an occupation, the other arts must have reached a similar state of perfection. Music is one of the most refining agencies we know, and its culture shows that the earth was reclaimed from its wilderness state; that mankind, no longer dependent upon daily toil, had become rich, and sought by the elegant arts to find amusement for their leisure. A fragment of song is given to us in the address of Lamech to his wives, which shows that poetry kept pace with the sister art.
Inasmuch as the useful arts always take precedence of the ornamental, the progress of the latter gives conclusive evidence of the advancement of the former. But we are not left in ignorance on this subject. The making of implements used in the building of houses and ships, and in all the peaceful warlike arts, gave employment to Tubal-Cain, and the artificers who wrought out his inventions. The process of smelting and refining metal shows a knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy, and the invention of metallic instruments manifests the artificial wants of an advanced state of society.
The building of the ark gives us decided proof that shipbuilding was understood, for we find that God gives Noah directions as to the wood to be used, and the dimensions required; but he lays down no first principles. He only appeals to Noah's previous knowledge, and furnishes him the outlines in which he, as a skillful workman, must fill up the particulars. If shipbuilding were known, then commerce must have followed, to add its share to the wisdom, and to bring its riches to increase the wealth and corruption, of the human race. It is evident that the antediluvians were familiar with the science of numbers, from the figures in which God gave Noah the dimensions of the ark; and that they divided time by years, from the ages ascribed to their principal men. We can see from a variety of circumstances that they had a regular system of chronology.
Josephus says that “the children of Shem were the inventors of that peculiar sort of wisdom which is concerned with the heavenly bodies and their order.” Tradition generally attributes the rise of astronomy to the years which preceded the flood, and there is no doubt that the Zebian idolatry was generally practised.
The longevity of mankind at this period is another means of conducing to the improvement of science. Hundreds of years passing over the head of an individual, gave him time for testing his experiments and perfecting his inventions. Even Job, who is one of the most ancient, if not the most ancient, writer whose works are extant, alludes in the highest terms to the wisdom of his predecessors, and assigns this cause—“With the ancient is wisdom, and in length of days is understanding.”
We have examples in the magnificent ruins of Mexico and Central America, of what can be achieved by human skill, with no tools but the stone hatchet and chisel. What may we not believe was accomplished with the use of metallic implements in the days when so much of the pride and ambition of man was expended in the erection of costly temples and stupendous monuments, and when a life of nearly a thousand years gave the mighty architect space to carry out his noble designs.
The aggravated wickedness which was the cause of their destruction, is another proof of their high state of luxury and cultivation.—Communities which are simple in their habits are comparatively pure in moral character; but where luxury abounds without a restraining religious influence, there may the greatest depravity be found.

The building of cities and living in communities is another proof of the advanced state of the useful and ornamental arts. In a wild and wandering life all the more refined arts are dispersed and lost, but the collection of men in cities tends to concentrate and bring them to maturity.
Thus it conclusively appears that the antediluvians were familiar with many of the inventions and improvements which pertain to the arts of peace and war; and that they planted the seeds of knowledge, of which we are reaping the fruits, in all science, philosophy, and the arts.
“The Day of Small Things.”
Who hath despised the day of small things?
From little seeds sweet flowers do spring,
And perfume o'er our pathway fling;
The noble oaks derive their birth
From atoms buried in the earth;
And the bright corn, on waving plains
Rose from the tiny scattered grains.
And infant hands may plant the seed,
And from that small and simple deed
Rich produce shall adorn the ground,
And gladden ev'ry heart around;
For God will send the sun and shower
To cherish and refresh the flower.
How small the seed of truth appears—
Oft sown with trembling and with tears;
And that precious germ imparts
Fragrance and life to barren hearts;
Nor shall its progress stay until
It branches the wide world shall fill.
And a child's soft and earnest prayer
Rich blessings may to others bear;
And a child's purity, rightly given,
May aid in guiding souls to heaven;
And hushed accents may proclaim
The sweetness of a Saviour's name.
Dear children, God is kind indeed,
To let you help to plant his seed!
O! cast it with a liberal hand
On every dark and heathen land;
And He who dwells enthroned above,
Will send upon your work of love.
From the Colonial Presbyterian,
History of Churches.
BY THE EDITOR.
I. RICHIBUCTO.
With a view of guiding the Christian community in carrying out its duty, and in the exercise of rendering substantial aid to New Brunswick, and also in order to interest the Church at home in the spiritual condition of those who have homesteaded for principles in this province, it was the enlightened determination of the late esteemed Deputation, to supply himself with such statistical and other facts as might prove suitable to the end in view. Although there are not wanting those, ourselves among the number, who feel deeply disappointed by the disheartening results which have been executed, yet, having commended our labours with feelings of good-will towards the world, which we hope long to retain, our present reference to the subject is intended, less as an expression of our grievances, real or imaginary, than as an introduction to the more immediate subject of this paper. Having had occasion to aid in collecting the information above referred to, and other facts of a kindred nature since, and believing them to be generally interesting, we propose to submit some of them to our readers, making a beginning, for the present, with the congregation above named.
Although the old church of Richibucto was erected without limitation as to its exclusive use by any section of the Presbyterian Church, yet, the effort of a pastor naturally determined, at least for the time being, the ecclesiastical relations of the congregation; and through the choice of the Rev. Mr. McLean, as its first minister, the congregation became connected with what we presume was then called, “The Secession Church,” of Nova Scotia. It was about the year 1824, Mr. McLean was himself a native of that Province, and had pursued his studies at Pictou. With great acceptance, and encouraged by many pleasing tokens that his ministry had been blessed to the conversion of souls, he cultivated assiduously his new and interesting field of labour for a period of upwards of seven years. The depths of the people's attachment to their first pastor may be judged of by the fact, that to this day, his memory is sweet and precious, not only amongst those survivors who were privileged to sit under his faithful and affectionate ministry, but also their descendants. Nor were the esteem and attachment of the people either misplaced, or exaggerated. In every relation of life, the walk and conversation of Mr. McLean were in beautiful harmony with his high and holy office. Indeed, it was often remarked in regard to him, that it was impossible to mistake his profession. The minister was as readily discoverable in the man, on the week day as on the Sabbath; in his intercourse with the world, as in the solemn services of the sanctuary. Nor did he confine himself to the ordinary duties of the minister, and pastor, in preaching, visitation and catechising. The advocacy of Temperance and its advancement by means of Total Abstinence were then things almost unheard of. Although some 10 or 12 years previously, namely, 1811, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Rush had presented to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church then in session in Philadelphia, 1,000 copies of his “Lantern into the effects of Ardent Spirits upon the human body and mind,” yet, it is well known, that the progress of the Temperance cause was then and long afterwards very slow. Very mild and inoffensive were the resolutions frequently passed against the gigantic evil of Intemperance, and not unfrequently recourse was had to the law of the land, to arrest the free discussion of the

subject. It may be remembered that so recently as 1836, the present Dr. Cheever, of New York, then of Salem, Mass., at the prosecution for libel of Deacon John Stone, was sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, which sentence was carried into effect. The “libel” consisted of an article published in the “Landmark” in 1835, containing “A Description of Deacon Giles' Distillery.” In the Temperance Reformation, Mr. McLean had the honour to be far in advance of his age. And the way in which he was led to originate a movement, wholly new in the British Provinces, was eminently worthy of the practical christian philanthropist. It was not on theoretic grounds that Mr. McLean espoused the cause of Temperance. It was not because it was fashionable to do so, for it was the very reverse. The subject was painfully forced upon him, and the only remedy, at once immediate and adequate, was made apparent. At that time spirituous liquors were deemed as needful in the prosecution of every sort of business, as was water for purposes of navigation. Excess was the natural result. Innocent youth, and hoary age, were ever and anon becoming the victims of the sad destroyer. Mr. McLean often found his labours hindered, and sometimes completely frustrated by the prevailing evil. The tide of intemperance, which he saw setting in amongst those “for whose souls he watched,” was such as to threaten to sweep away every landmark of morality and religion; and to fill their vacant places with tears, and misery too deep for tears; with crime of many a shade, and ignorance and beggary. This lava-flood of death, Mr. McLean, amidst much opposition, resolved to stem. He did so by the formation of an abstinence Society, whose adherents were pledged to abstain from the use of distilled liquors, as beverages, and to discourage their sale and use by all moral and lawful means. Single-handed and alone, in the first instance, Mr. McLean fought the battle of Temperance, and even triumphed in the conflict. The good fruit of his labours, eminently blessed as they were, speedily appeared. The minister of this greatly honored servant of God, Richibucto, was brought to and by his declining health. He was obliged to resign the charge of his beloved flock, and not long after he was called to take his place in those “who rest from their labours, and whose works do follow them.”—He died in the present place, leaving his minister and member of society, as faintly indicated, to be pointed out to our readers.
Religion in Hard Times.
It is not easy to say whether prosperous or unprosperous seasons in the business world are most favourable for the cultivation of piety, and the exercise of religious agencies and influences. Both have their value, and are wisely ordered by Providence as means of discipline, and both, doubtless, as to their ultimate results, work for good to those who love God. But the question relates to their immediate effect. In prosperous seasons there is a temptation to worldliness arising from “the deceitfulness of riches.” The activity of pursuit, the eagerness of competition, the passionate energy of desire to gain wealth, make sad havoc with the heart, and cause too many to lose sight of those treasures in heaven that once appeared to engage their supreme solicitude. But, on the other hand, in seasons of business depression, the mind is liable to be overwhelmed and surcharged with “the cares of this world,” that come in an overmastering flood. The rich are trembling for the security of their wealth, those struggling and hoping to be rich dread lest they should find themselves suddenly poor again; one is in alarm for his accumulations, the other for his sobriety and credit; while the poor are buffeted with the painful questions, What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? As the result of this state of things, valuable impressions may be made respecting the vanity of all earthly expectations, tending to draw the soul to a more earnest seeking for some permanent and unchanging good. But while the trouble is present and strong—how is it then?
After all, the operations of the Spirit of God are not confined to any times and seasons. He works as he will, even as the wind bloweth where it listeth. We can call to mind times of spiritual refreshing that wrought with power in the height of worldly prosperity, giving a moral beauty to the walks of business and to every department of activity,—blessing the full garner of the husbandman and the board of the day-labourer, and turning the busy counting-house into a sanctuary where merchants and clerks prayed and rejoiced together. And we have seen, also, in a time of calamity and dismay, that tired the stoutest votaries of trade, men turning from the desire of all things which perish with the using, to seek durable riches and righteousness. The circumstances of our outward condition, then, though they may be abused to become the occasions of evil, are not and cannot be an excuse for it. To say this would be to declare that the providence of God is in opposition to his grace.
The pressure which troubles our community ought to do something towards loosening the hold of this world on the hearts of all. It is surely a time when there should be humiliation and a turning to the Lord. His ear is open to our cry; it is always open to those who make Him indeed their trust. His grace is certain to be bestowed in answer to prayer, for the great Intercessor “ever liveth.” The god of this world never rests, no matter whether his votaries are at ease or not. In prosperity or adversity, the resorts of simple pleasure are frequented, and ruin of souls goes on apace. How shall the evil be stayed? Must a deeper religious declension follow the decline of business? Or may not this be a time when the churches shall find their strength renewed,—that while nations are “in distress and perplexity,” the kingdom that cannot be moved shall make new conquests?

Parental Exercises of Mind, IN VIEW OF BAPTISMAL OBLIGATIONS AND PRIVILEGES.

Sabbath, Nov. 25. This day, in the kind providence of God, have I been permitted and enabled to dedicate my little offspring to my covenant God in baptism; and for this I give thanks. O what a privilege is it! I trust I have had communion with the Lord in this deed, if ever I had it. Many encouragements have I felt, and no misgivings as to infant-baptism in its faithful form. Yes, I praise God for such an ordinance. I know that He did of old receive them into His covenant by seal. I know also that infants are capable of enjoying the blessings of the covenant of grace—that the want of faith in those who are incapable of faith is just as applicable to salvation as to baptism, and therefore constitutes no argument against it. I believe that the seal of the covenant will be just as valid to the child as it afterwards believes, as if baptized when adult—that it is a great privilege to have it externally united with the Church, and for a parent to say, “This my child has been solemnly and publicly given to God—it is federally holy.” I believe that the communion of Christ included the children of believers, and that the Apostles baptized such; and I know that the holiest of men in all ages have had communion with their God in this ordinance. But why enlarge? Oh! my Lord! I bless thee for saving me from falling into the cold and forbidding doctrines of anti-paedobaptism! O give me grace to improve this ordinance! Look in mercy on my little Catherine. Oh! Spirit of the Lord, inhabit her, regenerate her! I have given her to thee—make her thine own! Bless mother, father, and daughter.—Oh! bless us! All glory be to God!—From the Life of the Rev. John Macdonald, late Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, at Calcutta, p. 337.

A Word to Mothers.

The humble, weary and anxious toils of the nursery sometimes need glimpses of the future, to impart to them their true dignity and value. Let any mother who feels that she is of small value, and that her duties and cares are of little account, ponder over such incidents as these. On the east of Long Island, in one of the most secluded spots in this country, more than thirty years ago, a mother, whose rare intellectual and moral endowments were known to but few, made this simple record:
“This morning I rose very early to pray for my children, and especially that my youngest son should be a minister and missionary of Jesus Christ.” A number of years after, a friend who was present, thus describes that mother's dying hour: “Owing to extreme weakness, her mind wandered, and her conversation was broken; but as she entered the valley of the shadow of death, her soul lighted up and gilded its darkness. She made a feeling and most appropriate prayer, and told her husband that her views and anticipations had been such that she could scarcely contain them, and if they had been increased, she should have been overwhelmed; that her Saviour had blessed her with constant peace; and that through all her sickness, she had never prayed for life. She dedicated her five sons to God, as ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ; and said that her greatest desire was that her children might be trained up for God.”
“She spoke with joy of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and of the glorious day now ushering in. She attempted to speak to her children, but was so exhausted, and their cries and sobs were such, that she could say but very little. Her husband then made a prayer, in which he gave her to God, and dedicated all they held in common to him. She then fell into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke in heaven.”
The prayers of this mother have been answered. All her eight children have been trained up for God. Her five sons are all ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ. And the late Rev. George Beecher is the first of her offspring whom she has welcomed to heaven.—Presbyterian of the West.

The Earth's Ring.

The Boston correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says—In one of my letters I gave you some account of the earth's ring, discovered, or rather identified by Lieutenant Jones of the Navy—as I called him. I have since learned that the fortunate finder of our planet's ornament is not a Lieutenant, but a Chaplain. He is the Rev. George Jones, I believe; certainly he is the Rev. Jones. He was formerly a clergyman at Annapolis, Maryland, and was appointed a Chaplain in the expedition to Japan. By the advice of some scientific friends, he devoted himself during the voyage to observations in the Zodiacal Light, a phenomenon of the natural history of the heavens which has puzzled astronomers for a long while, and of which the only theory previous to that of Mr. Jones, was the unsatisfactory one that the light was a ring around the sun at the earth's orbit and the orbit of Mars. By a series of observations carefully made, morning and evening, for two or three years, in all the latitudes, traversed on the voyage to and from Japan, Mr. Jones has come to the conclusion, supported by a chain of apparently irresistible reasoning, that the Zodiacal Light is a ring around the earth inside of the moon's orbit and probably in the same plane with that orbit. It is not so dense as the ring of Saturn apparently, though on that point, as well as on its breadth, thickness, and exact distance from the earth, it is not possible at present to form a reliable opinion.”

THE MODESTY OF TRUE SCIENCE.—Sir Isaac Newton compared himself to a little boy on the sea-shore finding a few valuable pebbles and gems, while the whole ocean of truth lay unexplored before him.