

# Religious Intelligence.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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## The Missionary Spirit of the Christian Religion Illustrated in the Progress of Christianity from its rise to the present time.

It was in the 6th century that Columba, or Columbanus, passed over to the western parts of Scotland, and promulgated the Gospel among northern Picts. The Scots of Argyle, among whom he resided, embraced Christianity in Ireland, when the hostilities of their neighbors compelled them to seek a temporary refuge in that country. The little island named Icolm-kill, after this missionary, was the seat of a mission seminary, which he conducted for a period of more than thirty years, besides retaining the charge of several other institutions, which he had founded in Ireland. Columba had the happiness of baptizing the British sovereign; and the neighboring Scots and Britons held his character and person in such high estimation, that it was no uncommon thing for them to refer to him as a final umpire in the adjustment of their differences. Of royal extraction; superior talents and accomplishments; fervent in spirit; indefatigable in his exertions; unbounded in his beneficence; unmoved by injuries, and undaunted by danger: he literally overcame "evil with good," and was made the honored instrument of subduing the prejudices, and winning the affection of the most violent enemies of the Gospel. He expired in the act of transcribing the Holy Scriptures.

The monastery of Iona, in the Hebrides, founded by Columba, might justly be called a missionary college, as the great object of the institution was to prepare the residents for missionary enterprise, by previous discipline, and transcription of the Scriptures. From thence went forth several of those blessed men, by whom many parts of Germany, and the Low Countries, were first brought to the knowledge of the truth. Three ancient manuscripts, in the Irish character, probably written in this monastery or college, are still preserved.

Such was the missionary zeal of the monks of Iona, that they are said to have frequently undertaken expeditions, the object of which was to discover any land which the Gospel had not yet reached, that they might preach to its inhabitants the glad tidings of salvation. The Norwegians found Irish monks in Iceland, when they first discovered it, about the year 900. The followers of Columba obtained the name of Culdees, from certain terms implying, "The family or servants of God," and are distinguished by it, from those societies, or monastic institutions, founded by Papal authority. "From this nest of Columba," says one of his biographers, speaking of Iona, "these sacred doves took their flight to all quarters. Wherever they went they disseminated learning and true religion, and seem to have done more towards the revival of both, than any other society at that time in Europe. In fact, Iona, or Icolm-kill, was, in the early ages, a seminary of all kinds of learning, and a nursery of divines for planting churches." His disciples were remarkable for the exemplary holiness of their lives, and through the medium of their missionary labors, the northern Picts, the Anglo-Saxons of Mercia and Northumberland, and several of the northern nations of Europe, were converted, at least to the name and profession of Christianity.

To the sixth century have also been referred the conversion of the Abasgi, a people of Scythia, and the Hevuli, who resided on the banks of the Danube; together with that of Zathus, a prince of the Colchians; and Almandarus, a prince of the Saracens. About the same period the Paulicians arose in the East, and were so denominated from their making Paul's Epistles the chief rule of their lives. They were proverbial in their endeavors to spread the Gospel, in opposition to the errors of the Greek and Romish Churches; and such was the rapid multiplication of this people, and so numerous were they become in the reign of the Greek Emperor Theodora, in the ninth century, that 100,000 lost their lives during the persecution of that Emperor, by fire, sword, the gibbet, imprisonment, and other cruelties.

CENTURY VII.—Cheerless, indeed, was the commencement of the seventh century, and gloomy the scene on which the first Gregory closed his eyes, the barbarous hosts still pressing the Roman Empire on the north, and the Arabian impostor breaking forth from his sultry sands, as the avenger of the Lord, scattering the flock from field to field, and obliterating the once flourishing churches in the East, and along the African coast. But it does not appear that any of those nations who possessed the written word of God relapsed into the Mohammedan imposture. According to Yeates, there were no early translations of the Bible into Arabic.

During this century the spirit of missionary enterprise arose chiefly from the North.—From the monasteries of Great Britain and Ireland, men went forth glowing with the desire of bringing the Gothic tribes within the fold of Christ. Along the banks of the Rhine, in the Black Forest, in Bavaria and Thuringia, the church extended itself by the labors of men thus devoted, among whom shine the names of Fridolin, Gall, Rupert, Eustasius, Willibrod, and above all, Boniface, as apostles of the German nations.

CENTURY VIII.—At the commencement of the eighth century, when a considerable part of Germany was buried in the darkness of pagan superstition, Winfred, a Benedictine monk, born in England of illustrious parents,

and afterwards known by the name of Boniface, attended by two companions, went over into Friesland, to water the churches which Willibrod had planted. He afterwards removed to Bavaria and Thuringia; and throughout the greater part of Hesse, even to the frontiers of Saxony, he published the word; and in the year 719 Gregory the second made him bishop of the new German churches. In his mission from England, he obtained several assistants who dispersed themselves in the villages; and in a circular letter which he addressed to the British prelates and people, he earnestly solicited their prayers for his success. He continued his missionary labors with unabated ardor till the age of seventy-five; when going to confirm some converts in the plain of Doekum, he was attacked and killed, with the whole of his company, amounting to fifty-two persons, by a troop of ferocious Pagans, armed with shields and lances. The German Christians who had considered Boniface as the Apostle of their country, immediately raised an army and conquered the Pagans, whose lives were spared only on condition of their submitting to be instructed in the truths of Christianity.

Siefrwyn, another Englishman, was particularly distinguished among those who labored as missionaries in Germany. On one occasion he ventured to appear before an assembly of Saxons, while they were sacrificing to their idols, and with a loud voice exhorted them to turn from such vanities and to serve the living God. This interference exasperated the idolaters to such a degree that the zealous missionary would probably have been immolated on the spot, had it not been for the remonstrance of a Saxon chief named Buto, who contended that an ambassador from Heaven ought not to be treated with less respect than if he had come from the king of some neighboring nation. Siefrwyn was, therefore, permitted to retire without molestation, and he continued a useful and active laborer in Germany until his death.

Vithrad, a native of Northumberland, is also said to have been very successful among the Saxons, whose ferocious spirits were softened by his meekness, whose minds were illumined by his instructions, and some of whom, it is hoped, were eternally saved through his instrumentality. He became bishop of Bremen, and died in Friesland, after he had preached the Gospel thirty-five years with unwearied perseverance and unabated zeal. Caring this century a war broke out between Charlemagne and the Saxons, which contributed materially to the extension of the nominal Church. After a long and obstinate struggle the Saxons were subdued; and when gentle means proved unavailing to induce them to embrace the Gospel, coercive methods were adopted, and they were then baptized by thousands. What sort of converts these were, may easily be conceived. However, as schools and monasteries were founded and ministers were appointed to reside among them, some general knowledge of Divine truth must have been progressively diffused, though wretchedly intermingled with the superstitions of the age.

During the seventh and eighth centuries the zeal of British, Scotch, and Irish Christians, induced many devoted individuals to undertake extensive and laborious missions in Germany, Belgium, France, and the unevangelized parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. These benevolent toils were not unfrequently shared by princes and nobles, when converted from paganism to Christianity. As instances of this, it is recorded that when Aidan, a monk of Ireland, and a zealous and successful missionary in the north of England, undertook his missionary tours, Oswald, a British prince, who had been baptized and educated in Ireland, acted as his interpreter. About this period, Corbinian, a French Benedictine monk, labored assiduously among the Bavarians. Firmin, a Gaul by birth, preached in Alsace, Bavaria, and Switzerland.

To be Continued.

## The Sinner's Trial.

A PARABLE BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Mercy sat placidly on her throne, until there stepped in one with a fiery countenance; his head was covered with light; he spoke with a voice like thunder, and out of his eyes flashed lightning! "Who art thou?" said Mercy. He replied, "I am Law; I am the law of God." "And what hast thou to say?" "I have this to say," and he lifted up a stony tablet, written on both sides; "these ten commandments this wretch has broken. My demand is blood; for it is written, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Die he, or justice must. The wretch trembles, his knees knock together, the marrow of his bones melts within him, as if they were ice dissolved by fire, and he staves with very fright. Already he thought he saw the thunder-bolt launched at him he saw the lightning penetrate into his soul, hell yawned before him in imagination and he thought himself cast away forever. But Mercy smiled, and said, 'Law, I will answer thee. This wretch deserves to die; justice demands that he should perish—I award thee thy claim.' And oh! how the sinner trembles. 'But there is one yonder who has come with me to-day, my king, my Lord, his name is Jesus; he will tell you how the debt can be paid, and the sinner go free.' Then Jesus spoke, and said, 'O Mercy, I will do thy bidding. Take me Law; put me in a garden; make me sweat drops of blood; then nail me to a tree; scourge my back before you put me to death; hang me on the cross; let blood run from my hands and feet;

let me descend into the grave; let me pay all the sinner's debt; I will die in his stead.' And the Law went out and scourged the Saviour, nailed him to the cross, and coming back with his face all bright with satisfaction, stood again at the throne of Mercy, and Mercy said, 'Law, what hast thou now to say?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'fair angel, nothing.' 'What! not one of these commands against him?' 'No, not one. Jesus his substitute, has kept them all—has paid the penalty for his disobedience; and now, instead of his condemnation, I demand of justice that he be acquitted.' 'Stand thou here,' said Mercy, 'sit on my throne; I and thou together will now send forth another summons.' The trumpet rang again. 'Come hither, all ye who have sinned against this sinner, why he should not be acquitted; and up comes another—one who often troubled the sinner—one who has a voice not so loud as that of the Law, but still piercing and thrilling—a voice whose whispers were like the cuttings of a dagger. 'Who art thou?' says Mercy. 'I am Conscience; this sinner must be punished; he has done so much against the law of God that he must be punished; I demand it; and I will give him no rest till he is punished, nor even then, for I will follow him even to the grave, and persecute him after death with pains unutterable.' 'Nay,' said Mercy, 'hear me; and while he paused for a moment, she took a bunch of hyssop and sprinkled Conscience with the blood, saying, 'hear me, Conscience, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanse us from all sin.' Now hast thouught to say?' 'No,' said Conscience, 'nothing.' 'Covered is his unrighteousness: From condemnation he is free.'

Henceforth I will not grieve him; I will be a good conscience unto him, through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The trumpet rang a third time, and growing from the innermost vaults, up there came a grim black fiend, with hate in his eyes, and hellish majesty on his brows. He is asked, 'Hast thou anything against that sinner?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have; he has made a league with hell, a covenant with the grave, and here it is signed with his own hand. He asked God to destroy his own soul in a drunken fit, and vowed he would never turn to God; see, here is his covenant with hell!'—'Let us look at it,' said Mercy; and it was handed up, whilst the grim fiend looked at the sinner, and pierced him through with his black looks. 'Ah! but,' said Mercy, 'this man had no right to sign the deed; a man must not sign away another's property. This man was bought and paid for long beforehand; he is not his own, the covenant with death is dissolved, and the league with hell is rent in pieces.—Go thy way, Satan.' 'Nay,' said he, howling again, 'I have something else to say that man was always my friend; he listened ever to my insinuations; he scoffed at the Gospel; he scorned the majesty of heaven; is he to be pardoned, whilst I repair to my hellish den, forever to bear the penalty of guilt?' Said Mercy, 'Avast, thou fiend, these things he did in the days of his unregeneracy; but this word, 'nevertheless,' blots them out. Go thou to thy hell; take this for another lash upon thyself—the sinner shall be pardoned, but thou—never, treacherous fiend!' And then Mercy, smilingly turning to the sinner, said, 'Sinner, the trumpet must be blown for the last time!' Again it was blown, and no one answered. Then stood the sinner up, and Mercy said, 'Sinner, ask thyself the question—ask thou of heaven, of earth, of hell—whether any can condemn thee?' And the sinner stood up, and with a loud voice said, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' And he looked into hell, and Satan lay there biting his iron bonds; and he looked on earth and earth was silent; and in the majesty of faith the sinner did even climb to heaven itself, and he said 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? God?' And the answer came, 'No; he justifieth.' 'Christ?' Sweetly it was whispered, 'No; he died.' Then turning round, the sinner joyfully exclaimed, 'Who shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' And the once condemned sinner came back to Mercy; prostrate at her feet he lay and vowed henceforth to be hers forever, if she would keep him to the end, and make him what she would desire him to be. Then no longer did the trumpet ring, but angels rejoiced, and heaven was glad for the sinner, who was saved.

Thus, you see, I have what is called dramatic truth; but I don't care what it is called; it is a way of arresting the ear, when nothing else will. 'Nevertheless,' there is the obstruction taken away! Sinner, whatever be the 'nevertheless,' it shall never be less able the Saviour's love; not the less shall it ever make it, but it shall remain the same.

'Come, guilty soul, and flee away. To Christ and heal thy wounds; This is the glorious Gospel day. Wherein free grace abounds.'

Come to Jesus, sinner, come. On thy knees weep a sorrowful confession, look to his cross, and see the substitute; believe and live. Ye almost demons, ye that have gone farthest in sin, now, Jesus says, 'If you know your need of me, turn unto me, and I will have mercy upon you; and to God, for he will abundantly pardon.'

TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—Count de Persigny has obtained from the British Government the concession to France of Napoleon's house and tomb at St. Helena. The emperor intends to restore them as far as possible to their original state.

## On Mount Sinai.

In about an hour and a half from the time we left the convent, we reached the top—the 'great top' of Sinai; for while the great body of the mountain is of red granite, this is of grey. Whether from decay or the peculiarity of the original formation, I do not know, the granite appeared laminated on the top, so that we were able to split off some slices with the help of our hammers, of perhaps, an inch in thickness. With these exfoliated fragments we filled our bags or pockets, thinking it worth our while to carry home with us specimens of that mountain which 'burned with fire,' and on which Jehovah himself descended. The wind was strong and the air cold, so we took shelter under part of the low wall at the entrance to one of the chapels. While the monk who was with us was striking a light and preparing coffee, we were gazing on the scene, and writing a few short letters to friends, dated 'the top of Sinai.' I had taken with me 'the ten commandments' in the original, on a large sheet, and spreading it out, I read over the law, upon the summit of that mountain where it had been given three thousand five hundred years before. The cold and the driving wind were considerable hindrances, and more than once my tables of the law were on the point of being torn in pieces and carried away, but I accomplished my purpose. It was interesting at the time, nor is it less so in recollection. The day was not clear; mists were rising in the horizon, so that we did not see far off. But we saw the 'great and terrible wilderness' around us, and it was a vision of more utter barrenness and desolation than we had ever seen or fancied. No soft feature in the landscape to mitigate the unbroken horror. No green spot, no tree, no flower, no rill, no lake—but dark brown ridges, red peaks, like pyramids of solid fire. No rounded hillocks or soft mountain curves such as one sees even in the ruggedest of home scenes—but monstrous and misshapen cliffs—rising tier above tier, and surrounded here and there by some spirallike summit—serrated for miles into rugged grandeur, and grooved from head to foot by the winter torrents that had swept down like bursting waterspouts, tearing their naked loins, and cutting into the very veins and sinews of the fiery rock.—Dr. Bonar's *Desert of Sinai*.

## Thoughts from Spurgeon's Moss.

THE LEGALIST.

The poor legalist is like a blind horse going round and round the mill, or like the prisoner, going up on the tread wheel, and finding himself no higher after all he has done; he has no solid confidence no firm ground to rest on.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

If you want truth to go round the world, you must hire an express train to pull it; but if you want a lie to go round the world it will fly: it is as light as a feather and a breath will carry it.

THE FALL.

The fall crushed man entirely; albeit, when it rolled like an avalanche upon the mighty temple of human nature; some shafts were still undestroyed, and amidst the ruins you find here and there, a flute, a pedestal, a cornice, a column, not quite broken, yet the entire structure fell, and its most glorious relics are fallen ones, leveled in the dust.

## A Missionary Heart.

When long ago, John Nelson, a devoted follower of Christ in the days of Wesley and Whitfield, was urged to keep silence, his answer was decided and firm. "You ought not," said one to him, "to tell the people that they may know their sins are forgiven; for the world cannot bear it." "Let them quake that fear," was his reply. "By the grace of God, I love every man and fear no man; and I will tell all I can, that there is such a prize to run for. If I hide it, mischief will come upon me. There is a famine in the land; and I see myself in the case of the lepers, that were at the gates of Samaria, who found provision in the enemy's camp, and when they had eaten and drunk and loaded themselves said; 'We do not well, for this is a day of glad tidings; let us go and make it known to the king's household.' This good man said yet more: 'When I found God's wrath removed for the sake of his poor sinners, then I saw provision enough for my poor fainting soul, and for the world, too, if they would come for it.'

Does not all this apply to us, if we have discovered Christ for our own souls? Can we keep from helping Ministers, Missionaries, Teachers, who seek to tell men at home and abroad the good news of a Saviour, in whom we have redemption through his blood, and the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace?"

John Nelson said on this occasion: 'I believe it is a sin not to declare to the children of men, what God has done for my soul—that they may seek the same mercy.'

## Horrors of Opium Smoking.

Clive, in his description of China and Chinese customs, states that one of the streets of Canton is occupied entirely by shops for the sale of this deadly drug. "One of the objects in this place, that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a fearful sight, although not so degrading in the eye as the drunkard

from spirits, lowered to the level of a brute and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and death-like stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head.

The drug is prepared by some kind of conserve, and a very small portion of it is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs; being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hooka in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, the fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling, and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, gives a pallid and haggard look to the face, and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive.

In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages, some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day, and others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead house, where lie stretched those who have passed into a state of bliss the opium smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

## Let me Pray First.

A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone towards her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye. She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, father; not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears, under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will love every child that calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw stones.

Elkanah Watson, in his memoirs, states that the magistracy of Deyzees, a large market town in England, erected a monument to commemorate a striking interposition of Divine judgment. The fact perpetuated by inscription is this: A woman having purchased some commodities in the market, upon payment being demanded, an altercation ensued, and she uttered the imprecation—"May God strike me dead if I have not paid it!" She fell down and immediately expired, and in the clenched hand, which she had impulsively raised to heaven to attest her perjury, was found the money in controversy.

## Correspondence.

### New York Correspondence.

New York, April 11, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—Spring is here indeed, and never was it more welcome. The past winter has been peculiarly gloomy.

Two weeks ago in taking a short trip in New Jersey I noticed the farmers were engaged in plowing. The grass was already springing and brought to mind the words: "The tender herbs that in the garden die; Spring returns, they live again." But man lives not again. He yields his breath; no spring returns; no more after the endless sleep of death. So mourned the hearth. Thanks be unto God for that unspeakable gift that has brought life and immortality to light. That gift is our life. That gift is now hid with God. That gift, our life, is once more to appear, and, then, shall we "also appear with him in glory."

"We shall be like him," says John. We know not what we shall be. It doth not yet appear. You see the unseemly worm crawling in the dust at your feet, do not tread upon it, it doth not appear what it shall be. Soon you see it manifested as the butterfly, with golden wings, joyously soaring (not crawling now) from rose to rose, feasting upon the ambrosia and nectar of its resurrection life. There is a life beyond this for which the whole creation travels in pain.

while waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. Christ their life shall appear, and they, the sons of God, shall appear with him in glory. Then shall travelling nature cease from pain. Till then her mornings and springs must be brought forth, prophetic of the grand manifestation of the sons of God, come, Lord Jesus. Come quickly.

The early part of this week Rev. John M. Steele, of Columbus, Ohio, suddenly died in this city. He had visited this city in the hope of advancing the interests of the congregational church of which he was pastor. I went with the grave side of the young pastor how could I help feeling, the preacher dies but his message, 'the word of the Lord endureth forever.' When the tidings of his early departure shall reach those who have heard that work from him, but heard only to neglect it, may it be as moisture to the germinating seed—may the seed spring up to life eternal.

The spring brings also a new life to business. Every thing seems to be improving except our streets. Their condition is somewhat dependent upon the state of "politics" defined by our great Douglass, of infamous memory, a filthy pool. Our streets have full proof of their legitimacy. No wonder we expect this season more than a passing visit from the yellow fever.

In my last note in your paper among the "proofs" of my unsteady hand are several wrongly printed words, two of which allow me to correct. "Lofus," not Lofies; "Suziana" not "Lusiana." Yours, G.

## A Magnificent Store.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—New York is not only rapidly improving in population but in grandeur and it may truly be called "A City whose Merchants are Princes." Several handsome buildings were erected during the past year, and several more are now in course of erection. There has been one of the most magnificent stores opened this week that has ever been seen in this or any other City in the States. It was open on the 25th and not less than ten thousand people visited it from half past seven until half past ten in the evening.

This Store is built on the corner of Broadway and Broome streets, and presents a fine appearance at a considerable distance; the front is of iron in the Corinthian style of architecture, and is the most beautiful building in the whole of that beautiful street in which it is built. It is painted very tastefully, and attracts the gaze of the tens of thousands of people who daily pass by it.

The building occupies three City Lots and is five stories high having a cellar and sub-cellar.

The first floor is filled with parlor and bronze figures, silver plate, clocks, cutlery, and innumerable parlor ornaments; and the sides are fitted up with beautiful mahogany cases.

The second floor is occupied principally with China, numbers of rich dining, desert, and tea sets, vases, toilet sets, many of which are decorated on the premises; the end of the room contains a case of new patterns designed in the store, exhibiting great taste, and adapted to the taste of all parties who may be desirous of ordering.

The third floor is occupied with chandeliers of the most elegant and elaborate designs.—The walls and ceilings are frescoed and the floor is covered with a velvet carpet which cost \$1000.

The fourth and fifth floors are occupied for manufacturing purposes. The fourth contains the China decorators, silver platers, burnishers, &c.

The China decorators drew the greatest attention of any department, being a new business. The workmen, about twelve in number, were seated at a long table, having a board projecting from it to steady the arm.—The visitor's attention was attracted by seeing the workmen using so much black paint on the china, and expressed their surprise at the taste of the parties who had ordered sets that appeared to be in mourning; but that surprise soon gave way when they were informed that the black was gold, and it became black by being dissolved in acid and mixed with mercury and worked in turpentine, and that when it had gone through the furnace then it would appear like gold.

The Yankee would inquire as he watched the patient workman trace leaves and fibres, "If no machine couldn't be brought to bear upon it." The maroon, blue and green ground, are laid on by oiling the china and then dusting on the color which makes it very even. When the gilt china comes out of the furnace it is of a dull yellow color and needs burnishing, which is done by females.

There is a steam engine, for the glass cutting and cutlery departments, and for hoisting the derrick waiter which carries down from the top to the bottom articles that cannot be carried.

On the top story is a large tank, filled with water, that if fire should come the whole building may be flooded in a few minutes.—The business has been carried on for many years by Messrs. Woram and Haighwont.—Mr. Woram died a few weeks ago, and E. V. Haighwont & Co. carry on the business now. Mr. Woram was from England, but resided in this city for thirty years and was a zealous Sabbath School laborer, and held important offices in the church and the Tract Society, and was highly respected by a numerous circle of friends. G. S.