

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Rev. E. McLEOD, {

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

{ Editor and Proprietor

VOL 8.—NO. 41

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4. 1861.

WHOLE NO. 404

Religious Selections.

Remarkable Case of A Poor Cripple.

Very seldom do the records of the world present a case exhibiting more strikingly the power of Christian faith, than does the following narrative, furnished by Dr. Dwight of Constantinople. Visiting different missionary stations in Western Asia, Dr. Dwight came to Killis, an out-station of Aleppo, and he writes:—

"I witnessed in Killis a most remarkable spectacle. We heard that a poor cripple had been brought there lately, from a place in the Taurus mountains, called Eyber, about two days' ride distant, and that he was rejoicing in the hope of the gospel. We (Mr. Goss and myself) called upon him. The hotel that he was in would not have been considered fit for animals in America. It was constructed of mud, had only the ground for a floor, and was composed of single low room. He was lying on his back, with nothing under him but a piece of coarse hair bagging; and his head was supported by a very small and thin straw pillow, resting upon a pile of stones. He was covered with rags, and filth, and his bodily infirmities were calculated to excite our deepest commiseration. His bony hands were drawn firmly together, so that he could by no means open them, and his elbows were quite stiff. The flesh was gone from both hands and arms, and I presume, in a great measure, from his whole body. If ever there was in this world an object of pity, that man was such an object. And yet, from the time we entered the room until we left it, he never uttered one word of complaint, never even spoke of his pains and sufferings, or of his poverty; but his whole conversation and his whole appearance were those of a most perfectly contented, cheerful, and happy man! For twenty years he has been in this crippled condition, unable to move his limbs; and previously he was a robber and lived by his own wickedness."

"Four years ago, while in his mountain village, he first heard of the Protestant. Subsequently, some copies of the New Testament found their way to his village, and one of them was read from in his hearing. A native Protestant first explained to him the gospel way of salvation; and two years ago, he thinks he received, by faith, the Lord Jesus Christ and ever since he has been filled with peace and joy."

"Many a king and emperor might well envy him his lot. Within the last year, notwithstanding all the disabilities and discouragements of his condition, he has actually learned to read, and now he keeps the New Testament by his side, and from time to time comforts his desolate heart by reading from its sacred pages. He appears to be somewhat over fifty years of age. Truly, here is a miracle of grace! I asked him if he felt that his sins were forgiven? 'Yes,' said he, 'by the grace of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, I have found peace. I have no hope in anything else but Christ, but through Him I have peace and joy.' He said he had no fear of death left, but was ready to depart whenever it should be God's will. Inquired particularly about the terms on which the sinner can be admitted to heaven. Said he, 'It is all by the free grace of God. Nothing that the sinner can do can ever avail to purchase pardon and eternal life. Even if he were to collect a heap of silver as high as from earth to heaven, it would all avail nothing.'"

"O what power there is in the gospel of Christ to enlighten and transform so dark a mind, and to put hope, and life, and peace into such a soul! A few years ago he was an ignorant, degraded, hardened and abandoned wretch. And now, if anybody were to look into his hovel, and see him drawn up and withered by disease, and often racked with pain, lying neglected upon the hard ground, he would feel that he was the most miserable of all human beings. And yet there are few happier men in this wide world! I went there hoping to impart some good, but I received far more than I gave. I went hoping that I might afford him some little consolation, but he became God's instrument in greatly comforting my own soul."

"We do not yet know what great results may follow the conversion of this one man. The heaven is spreading in the mountain village from which he came. It has now become an out-station of Aintab, and ten Armenian families have already declared themselves Protestants. It seems plain that this is the work of the Holy Spirit, and we have reason to expect that it will extend through all that part of the mountains. Mr. Goss was to go there from Killis with two of the members of the church-session of that place, and a native helper, whom he was to leave there; the church in Killis promising to pay fifty piastres a month towards his salary, or nearly one-third."

The Infidel's Daughter.

The following interesting episode in the life of Rev. Edward Pratt was vividly called to mind by an article in the August number of the Tract Journal.

Frances was one of several interesting daughters, whose father was a confirmed infidel, but like many others of similar sentiments he chose for his daughter's school where the Christian's God was recognized, and where morning and evening, many a lovely head was bowed in prayer.

God, in infinite mercy, poured out his Spirit upon the school, and a considerable number of the young ladies consecrated themselves to the blessed Saviour. Some of them are now, we doubt not, tuning their harps in the upper temple, and some who may read this little memorial of other days will remember the quiet closet to which they were accustomed to retire in the moments of intermission, and pour out their hearts to God in prayer. Frances was among the number who with tearful earnestness inquired of her teacher, 'what must I do to be saved?' After endeavoring to point her to the great atoning Saviour, the teacher bade her an affectionate 'good night,' and Frances returned to her home."

On the following morning, as the teacher was returning to her daily duties, she was met by Mr. Edward Pratt, who informed her that the father of Frances had been to him in a high state of excitement, and told him that his daughter had been told that she was a sinner! and, continued he, 'She is as pure as the angels in heaven, if there are any such beings. And,' said the father, 'I at first thought I would take her away from such a school, but I told her she might have her choice, play cards or be converted,' and, '(exultingly he added) 'I got her nicely to playing cards and I thought I could trust her.'"

Such was the message of Mr. P. to the teacher, and his pious heart seemed burdened with grief that he could make no impression upon the mind of the ungodly father."

The daughter continued for a few months longer at school, but no apparent seriousness ever again marked her life."

One afternoon she was missing from her seat at school, and the following day a messenger brought the intelligence to the circle who there were accustomed to greet her with warm hearts, that Frances was dead."

Our own minds cannot even now, at a distance of almost a quarter of a century, revert to that hour, and not be almost overwhelmed by its remembrance."

Frances had been suddenly smitten down, with scarcely one lucid moment, and her future, and that of the father who had loved her almost to idolatry, who shall tell!

Will not parents and teachers often inquire, as did that teacher in that solemn hour, 'And I each day educating youth for eternity? What shall be the character of my instructions?'

Cedars of Lebanon.

I left Damascus with feelings akin to those which overcame my heart on leaving Jerusalem. The conversion and character and ministry of St. Paul had impressed me as never before, and from the white limestone cliffs which overlooked the plain of Merj on the west, I looked down, for the last time, upon the scene of that stupendous miracle which gave light to his soul, and gave to the church the greatest of inspired apostles, earnestly praying for the gift of the same Spirit that impelled, controlled, and crowned with success that wonderful man. We were now on a tour to the last of Bible scenes. We had travelled from 'Dan to Beersheba,' and even beyond those proverbial boundaries, enjoying with pious delight our visit to those places rendered sacred by the occurrence of the grand facts in the history of Christianity, and it seemed appropriate to terminate our journeyings in the Holy Land on those mountains which God had praised for their strength and grandeur, and in whose forests the trees of which are the inspired symbols of so many religious truths. Our path lay along the winding banks of Abana, lined with drooping willows and brilliant clematis. Its waters are cool and sweet, and the river contracts and expands according to the nature of the soil through which it flows. Stopping over night at Suk Wady Barada, near which is the ancient Abilene, at noon next day, we entered the beautiful upland plain of Zebdany the heart of the Anti-Lebanon. In a small lake on the west is the highest source of the Abana, and a few miles beyond is the watershed between the plains of Damascus and the Buke'a. On our right the mountains rose to the height of seven thousand feet, and on one of the noblest summits of the Anti-Lebanon was the charming village of Budan, the paradise of Syria, and the Saragota of the Damascenes. That night we lodged amid the stupendous and splendid ruins of Ba'albek, the Heliopolis of Antoninus Pius, and the rival of Athens in the grand proportions of its temples and in the admiration excited in the mind of the traveller. Spending a day in examining its wonderful ruins, on which we never wearied looking, late in the afternoon we crossed the northern limits of the Buke'a, and in the shades of the evening began the ascent to Lebanon. From the little town of Dier el-Ahmar our path lay up a ravine thickly dotted with dwarf oaks and hawthorn, beyond which it lay up and down a succession of hills and dales, the former rough and rocky, and the latter green and fertile. After nightfall we reached 'Ain' Ata, a small hamlet in the mountains, two thousand feet above the sea, and upon request obtained permission to lodge in a wretched Arab hut, but which was so beset with vermin that sleep was the exception and not the rule of the night."

Starting at three o'clock the next morning, we began the toilsome ascent of Lebanon: Following a dashing torrent, we ascended sharp mountain spurs, then crossing upland plateaus, and again clambering up rugged peaks, we reached the region of snow in one hour from 'Ain' Ata. The path now became almost perpendicular, and it was with difficulty we ascended, as the mountain's side was covered with small rolling stones yielding at every step. Now, we entered a field of snow reaching to the very summit stretching north and south for miles and one hundred feet in depth. Despite our caution and that of our guide, we sank into the soft snow several feet, and one hour later it would have been impossible to have crossed. Occasionally resting in a snowbank to take breath, we toiled upward, and as the morning sun rose upon the ruins of Ba'albek we gained the summit of this sacred mountain."

Lebanon was that goodly mountain which Moses desired to see, and as a symbol of grandeur and strength was frequently employed by the Psalmist and other inspired writers. Its central ridge is smooth, barren and rounded without beauty, but vast in extent and grand of form. Rising seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, the prospect afforded is varied and glorious. Far to the west down its rugged slopes we looked upon the white shores of the Mediterranean, and a boundless sea beyond, while to the east was the green plain of the Buke'a, bounded by the long and peaked range of Anti-Lebanon, terminating in the snowy heights of Hermon. To the south was Sunnin, nine thousand feet high; to the north was Mukhel, the culminating point of Lebanon, having an altitude of eleven thousand feet, while Hermon ranks second in height of the Syrian mountains, being ten thousand feet above the sea. A strong south-west wind did not allow us to remain long upon the summit, and we soon began to descend to the plateau on which stands the remnant of the once immense cedar forest of Lebanon. Descending over a vast field of snow, already softened by the morning sun, one thousand feet below the pass, we reached the sacred grove. Here at the head of Wady Kadisha, in a vast but secluded recess, formed by the loftiest of the Lebanon summits, is the little forest of four hundred cedars of all sizes and ages. The destroying axe of the builder and the ruthless destruction of the peasant have done much to reduce these once grand forests to a little clump of trees, to preserve which the mountains seem to have gathered round covering them from the gaze of the destroyer. Their solitude strangely affected me; they stand alone without another tree in sight, or patch of verdure on the surrounding acclivities. They cover the sides and summit of a pretty knoll. Some of them are in the vigor of their growth, and others gnarled and venerable. In form they are perfect images of grace and majesty. They are tall and straight, with fan-like branches, contracting like a cone toward the top. The shag bark is coarse and heavy; the leaves small and of a sombre color; in most cases their branches shoot out horizontally from the parent trunk, one above another, forming beautiful circles."

On the summit are several patriarchal ones forty feet in girth, and on the north side of the knoll is one the very image of strength and grandeur; its branches are larger than ordinary trees, and its majestic limbs stretching out over a vast area, afforded a most grateful shade. In the heart of the grove is one more venerable than the rest. Its trunk is gnarled, its strongest branches have fallen off, and its once majestic form bows towards the earth under the weight of years. As I stood beneath its patriarchal shade, feeling of its aged trunk, I could but ask, 'How old art thou?' for it seemed to have come down from the days of the ancient sages. What visions of sacred history rose up before my mind while I lingered in the sacred grove."

Be Thorough.

If you are making efforts to promote revivals, as we trust you are, let your work be done thoroughly. A surgeon who cuts out a cancer, but, for fear of hurting the patient, leaves enough of the roots remaining to keep the disease alive, until it finally proves fatal, would be severely censured. If your own beloved child were the sufferer, you would say, 'Never mind the screams, doctor, make a perfect cure.' But few men have sufficient nerve to make skillful surgeons, none without a mighty baptism of the Spirit of God, have enough to deal faithfully with souls. It requires courage, and a large degree of disinterested love to say to those whose outward life is in the main correct, and who are making a creditable profession of religion, and yet who as you have every reason to believe, have 'lost their first love,' 'And now have a name to live while they are dead, that they are in danger of being lost. But deal faithfully with them. Be kind, but firm. Tell them, weeping, that they are the 'enemies of the cross of Christ.' If saved, they will love you. They will be your truest and firmest friends. If they reject your warning and turn away in anger, the smiles of Jesus upon your well-meant endeavors will more than compensate you for the losses you incur. Unswerving fidelity is the price which every one must pay for his friendship."

BE THOROUGH WITH PENITENTS

Do not deal slightly. One of the most critical periods in the history of an immortal soul, is when it is under the awakening of the Holy Spirit. Under such circumstances one needs help. The convicted sinner is sent for instruction to the converted Ananias. If the penitent be not dealt faithfully with, he will, in all probability, soon be in a more hopeless condition than he was before. A few years will find him either a confirmed sceptic, a Pharisee, a sectarian and a bigot. He will be too far off to be reached, or too strongly fortified to be wounded by the sword of the Spirit. As then, you love souls, and would not be held responsible for their eternal damnation, deal faithfully with them. Insist upon a repentance that goes to the very bottom, that leads the sinner to the abandonment of every sin and that prompts to restitution to every human being that has been wronged, no matter how long ago, or how small an extent."

"In the court of heaven, One may not be pardoned And retain the offence."

Confession is one of God's conditions of forgiveness. And the confession must be as broad as the offence. If we have transgressed against our fellow men as well as against our Maker confession to God alone will not answer. Humbling as it may be, we must acknowledge our fault to the persons we have wronged, and make all the reparation in our power. Insist upon it. Bring God's truth upon this point to bear upon the conscience."

Tell the penitent what God says about non-conformity to the world,—how pride will just as certainly exclude one from the kingdom of heaven, as any other sin. Ask those who evidence a desire for salvation if they are willing, in dress, as in all other things to conform themselves to the requirements of God. The issues of life and death are often suspended on very small matters. A little spark, escaping through a little opening in a chimney may kindle a large fire. A small breach in the wall may admit the enemy that destroys a powerful city. So a little sin may bring to naught the most promising beginnings in religion."

DEAL FAITHFULLY WITH BACKSLIDERS.

They may be pardoned. But they must seek forgiveness like other sinners. It is a common and fatal mistake to encourage backsliders to hope that they may, by discharging religious duties, 'grow up' into the enjoyment of religion. They commence praying, attending upon the ordinances, and supporting the church, and soon mistake the self-complacency they feel in the discharge of a duty, for the favor of God; and the greater fluency with which, from practice, they are enabled to speak and pray, as an evidence of 'growth in grace.' They feel quite proud of the dead uniformity in their religious experience which results from their destitution of the Holy Spirit, and congratulate themselves, that they do not have such 'ups and downs' as others. Their want of feeling they call 'living by principle,' and as the Devil does not tempt them as he did when they were really in the way to heaven, they conclude that they are more pious than they were in former years, when the love of God shined abroad in their hearts, 'by the Holy Ghost given unto them.' They become confirmed Pharisees, self-complacent bigots, determined opponents of the real work of God. Deal faithfully then with backsliders. The command of Jesus to one who had lost his first love was, 'Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen—AND REPENT AND DO THE FIRST WORKS.' Be thorough with your own heart, and your most devoted co-laborers. If the revival influences begin to subside before the congregation generally, except such as persistently resist the Spirit of God, are saved, persuade the labourers to humble themselves a little lower at the foot of the cross, and get a deeper baptism of the Holy Spirit. Set them the example. Just as long as that result can be secured the work of God will go on. There is nothing that converts sinners like a thorough breaking down among professors. Be thorough then. Work for eternity! God bless us!—Earnest Christian."

"DIG A WELL."

It is related that a disciple of Mohammed came to him one day, and said, 'Oh, prophet, my mother is dead; what is the best thing I can do for her good?' The prophet replied, 'Water. Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty.' The man did so, and said, 'This well is for my mother.'"

The idea was an excellent one. Not that the well could do the mother any good; but in that thirsty, desert land, it would be the best monument for her that could be erected: it would answer the twofold purpose of perpetuating her remembrance, and of giving water to the weary and parched travelers. Thus 'Jacob's well,' for so long a time, has not only reminded pilgrims of the patriarch, but refreshed them with water."

The world is a spiritual desert. But there is a Fountain from which every soul may quench its thirst. Our Saviour said, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me.'—This is the fountain; and they who labor to bring souls to Christ, 'dig a well.' The founders of the American Tract Society, for example, in this sense 'dug a well.' Thousands drink, are instructed and saved. It is a perennial fountain, a never failing well. Still, the supply of water might be

greater, if the well were deepened. Every contribution to the Society's funds helps to deepen the well, and increase the supply; and thus each one of them may be said to 'dig a well.'"

Would you perpetuate the remembrance of a precious mother? 'Dig a well.' In her name set apart a fund for the advancement of the Saviour's kingdom."

Do you wish some enduring monument of a dear departed child? 'Dig a well.' Set apart, for the spread of the gospel, that which would have been devoted to the maintenance and education of the child. Better expend it thus, than in rearing costly monuments of marble."

Would you rear a monument to your own memory? 'Dig a well.' Paul and Howard and Henry Martyn and Harlan Page each 'dug a well.' They are Artesian wells. We trust many good men and women are now digging their wells. They are laying up for themselves enduring riches; building lofty monuments which time will not crumble."

Do you wish a fountain to slake your own thirst? 'Dig a well.' The person who digs a well not only supplies others, but also supplies himself. It is an 'order of Providence' that Christian beneficence shall react for the good of him who exercises it. 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.' This is the very figure we have been using. It is God's idea. 'The liberal shall be made fat.' 'Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom.'—Facts seem to confirm these scriptures. A striking instance has just been reported. A gentleman, in 1853, gave £20 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; in 1854, he gave £2,700; in 1855 £5,600; and for 1856, he proposed to give a much larger sum.—When asked how his charities increased so largely, he replied, 'The more I give, the more I get.'"

We repeat our heaven-inspired motto, 'Dig a well.'—Amer. Messenger.

Military Glory.

What is it? A mere phantom, whose glitter vanishes on a near approach. Examine the history of those men whose military fame shines most conspicuously in ancient and modern history. Alexander the Great commenced his military career at the age of eighteen years, and immediately acquired a reputation for bravery and sagacity, which lasted him through life, and which have been with one consent accorded to him by posterity. He conquered Greece and Persia, demolished Tyre, and sold thirty thousand of its inhabitants as slaves; made himself master of Egypt; became despotic and quarrelsome; murdered some of his bravest generals; claimed that he was a god, and, in a fit of passion, burned Persepolis, the emporium of Persia and the wonder of the world, and caused himself to be proclaimed king of Asia; slaughtered hordes of Scythians; marched in the dead of winter through northern Asia to the Caspian sea, subjugating everything in his course. He afterwards marched into India and conquered a considerable portion of it, but the discontent of his army compelled him to return to Persia. From the mouth of the Indus he marched towards Babylon with a considerable part of his army, a large proportion of which, however, perished in the immense deserts he had to traverse on the way. Mutinies, rebellions, revolts and conspiracies, were constantly occurring, which it required, his constant efforts to subdue.—Much more he was planning to accomplish, that he might perfect his military fame, but died at the termination of a protracted debauch at Babylon, in his 32d year. The history of Alexander comprises the main features of the history of most other heroes."

Julius Cesar, whom history regards as one of the bravest and most intellectual of ancient conquerors, spent a life of toil, peril and anxiety. His arms were victorious everywhere, and the populace paid to him divine honors, and bestowed on him the most unparalleled adulations, which he received with a vanity perfectly astonishing to be witnessed in a man of his extraordinary intellect. But his honors and triumphs were always of short duration. Rivals and deadly enemies were constantly about him, and his life, which was always in the most imminent peril, was at length terminated by a public assassination in the 66th year of his age, by those whom he regarded as his best friends."

Hannibal, the Carthaginian, who, in his 9th year, swore perpetual hatred to the Romans at the altar of his god, whose history demonstrates that he was ever true to his pledge, after having conquered Spain, marched against Rome with an army of 80,000 foot and 12,000 horse, and spread devastation and ruin among the tribes of natives which opposed his progress. The celebrity of his movements baffled all the calculations of his enemies, the Romans, and his indomitable energy and perseverance accomplished what had been hitherto regarded as impossible; and crossing the Alps with his army he descended upon Italy. With the remnant of his army he defeated the Roman legions sent against him, and made himself master of Cisalpine Gaul. In several successive battles with the Romans he was the victor and, for a time, threatened the very existence of the Roman dominion, all lower Italy having fallen into his hands. At length, however, the tide of fortune turned against him. The Roman army under Scipio carried the war into Africa, and Hannibal, after carrying on his war for six-

teen years in Italy returned to his own country for the purpose of defending it, but was defeated by Scipio, and the country was subjugated by the Romans. After this, Hannibal became comparatively a fugitive, and finally, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, to avoid being given up to the Romans by Prusias, king of Bithynia, he committed suicide. Illustrious career."

Gengis Khan was originally the chief of a Mongol tribe. When thirteen years old he led his own armies to the field of battle, and quelled a mighty rebellion which had been raised against him, and having established his authority he scolded many of the leaders in 70 vessels of boiling water. He afterwards went to war with his father-in-law, who was the chief of another tribe, whom he defeated and slew, together with 40,000 of his men. Another chieftain, named Tayank, he met in battle on the banks of the Altai, slaughtered the chief and massacred his soldiers to the last man. The battle secured to him the dignity of the emperor of the Mongols and the title of Gengis Khan. Soon after this he invaded the beautiful country of the Oigurs, in Tartary, the inhabitants of which were then (the early part of the 13th century) celebrated for their literature and refinement. The conquest of this country resulted in his becoming the master of all Tartary. Soon after this, he conquered China and burnt Pekin, its capital; invaded Turkestan with an army of 700,000 men, and, in the first battle, slaughtered 160,000 of his 'enemies.' He then took the cities of Buchar and Samarcand, which he burned to the ground, and slaughtered 200,000 of the inhabitants. After having ravaged these countries for seven long years, he returned to his own land, where, after remaining for a short time, he marched against the king of Tangut in the dead of winter, and in one battle killed 300,000 men. He then burned Nanking, the capital, and slaughtered its citizens, and the victor, covered with the glories of conquest, having slaughtered five or six millions of men, women and children, died before returning from this campaign."

But perhaps no general that has ever led an army to victorious fight, combined more of the qualities of a successful warrior than Napoleon Bonaparte. His promptitude, his energy, his never flagging patience and endurance, always exhibited when circumstances demanded their exercise; his impetuosity and recklessness when an exigency required it; his concentrateness, coupled with his ability to change suddenly the entire programme of his operations if an unforeseen event changed the complexion of circumstances, a compact frame and an indomitable will, qualified him to accomplish wonders. His brilliant career is too well known to need a recapitulation. Armies, crowns and thrones were at his command, and he seemed at times, at least, to control the destinies of all Europe. And yet, though terribly feared and hated by those whom he counted as his enemies, he appears to have been sincerely loved by his friends, and especially by his soldiers. Whatever honor or position he courted, he took and appropriated, and with him to determine was to accomplish. Yet this brave man knew no rest, no quiet, no peace. Conquest, power, renown, were the gods he worshipped, and served. Whether he ever possessed a serious intuition or ever thought of a future respite from this career of toil and sufferings, we are left to conjecture. Of one thing we may be certain; neither he nor any other man like him, ever has found, or can find, that resting place, though he might live a thousand years. New conquests would continue to arouse his ambition, or rebellions and outbreaks require his efforts. Betwixt his unquenchable thirst for power, and his imperious demands for the most profound deference and unreserved submission, no room remains for rest. But like most other heroes, a reversal of fortune overtook Napoleon, and he spent the latter part of his days in exile. In which he finished his life. And what was his glory?"

We have searched through his history but find nothing in it to desire. Let us rather be a soldier of the cross, in whose life every wound is honor or interest, and every apparent defeat is prospective victory, and every near a harbinger of a future triumph.—[Morning Star.]

Commercial Value of Insects.

Who thinks of it? And yet, in the economy of nature, of what immense importance they are in all seasons, every naturalist knows; while in commerce, the amount derived from them is astounding. We have no figures to produce in regard to our own trade, for our statistics do not reach that high state of perfection which will admit of it; but Great Britain pays annually \$1,000,000 for the dried carcasses of that tiny insect known as the cochineal; while another, also peculiar to India—gun shellac, or rather its production—is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibres spun by the silk-worm, of which the annual circulating medium is said to be \$200,000,000. In England alone, we say nothing of the other parts of Europe, \$500,000 are spent every year for the purchase of foreign honey, while the value of that which is native is not mentioned. And all this is the work of the bee. But this makes no mention of the 10,000 pounds of wax imported every year. Besides all this, there are the galls used for dyeing and making ink; the cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In