

# 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. X.—No. 8.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1863.

Whole No. 476.

## THE INTELLIGENCER.

### THE RESURRECTION.

BY THE REV. WM. DRAKE, A. M. GLASGOW.

"How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" (1 Cor. xv. 35.) This was the question which, in the days of Paul, the philosophers urged against the Scripture doctrine of a resurrection, as though they had said: "If what you taught were that the body is to be raised again so as once more to dwell upon the earth; or that the deceased person is to return in the body to a life the same as this present life, and to be under an economy similar to that which he is under now—then we should not see much difficulty in the doctrine of a resurrection. But you say that the resurrection body is to enter on quite a different life—is to be under altogether a new economy—and is to dwell in a greatly higher sphere, even that spirit-home of angels, where God Himself has His heavenly abode." Now this is our difficulty, which could a body, especially such a body as man's, supposing it to be raised again, find itself at home in that celestial land? How, for example, is it to breathe its ethereal air? or how to walk its virescent plains? or how to find nourishment on its ambrosial fields? Either heaven must be a very different place from what we have ever figured it to be, or man's body would be ill adapted to dwell in it. We see not, indeed, how there can be material bodies in heaven at all; or even if there were, still we would be at a loss to conceive how our animal, earthly bodies, are ever to be so fashioned as to be fitted for it. "How then are the dead raised up? and with what bodies do they come?"

Now observe how Paul sweeps away this specious objection. First, let those objectors watch the familiar processes in nature; the striking transformations from a lower to a higher life—and all these by means of death—which are to be seen in the vegetable economy. "Thou folt, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare (nude) grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body." (1 Cor. xv. 36-38.) Can you not then read and understand the great parable which is written on the ground? You drop a seed, and see it spring from it when dead; first a green blade, then a way stalk, then fluting ears of corn; so that when the reaper puts his sickle into the yellow harvest, what you gather for your one seed are perhaps sixty, or it may be even a hundred seeds. Now, argues Paul, may it not be with our bodies as it is with this seed-grain; that in their case also, death is but a preliminary step to their being quickened, and decomposition only a process of advancement to a superior condition? Nay, does it not seem to be a general law or principle in this present state of things, that when matter has been worked up into organized bodies, it passes through death into a higher kind of life; and by means of decay, comes forth with a corresponding higher organization. Take a piece of unorganized matter, say a clod of the valley, and pound it into dust, it will always remain dust; or if its particles get cemented together again it will become simply what it was before, a clod of the valley. But take a piece of organized matter, however small, a seed-grain, for instance, and bury it in the ground; dust, but see what becomes of it next—a beautiful plant, with fan-like leaves, pensile stalk, and rounded ears, springs from it. This is your seed, in the higher form of life, and it is through a process of death and decay. Hence does not Nature herself teach us, by her parable of the fields, that the death of the body, and its decomposition in the grave, so far from being an obstacle to its living again, would seem rather to afford a presumption that it is to live again; that, in common with other organized substances, with this seed-grain, for example, it is not only to be quickened by its dying, but shall spring forth from its own decay, possessed of a new nature, a new structure, adapted to the new sphere into which it is to be introduced.

Then, again, let those objectors cast their eyes round on the various animated tribes which people this present earth. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of man, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." (1 Cor. xv. 39.) Here are four varieties of flesh, yet, as we know, they were all formed out of the self-same primary matter, or elementary substances. Taking, as it were, a handful of virgin dust, the Creator formed out of it the flesh of fish; out of another handful of the same dust, He formed the flesh of birds; out of another handful of still the same dust, He formed the flesh of beasts; and out of another handful, the flesh of man. Thus out of the same primary ingredients, or, so to speak, out of one and the same raw material, God fashioned four kinds of flesh, each generally different from the other, and adapted to different elements—one to swim the liquid regions; another to cleave on the wing the aerial regions; another to walk the solid land, ranging forest and field, and desert waste; another to form the body of a creature who was made after the image of God Himself. Now it will not be said that Omnipotence had exhausted itself, or had reached the end of its possible achievements, when out of the dust of the ground it formed the highest of these four kinds of flesh. But you will admit that, if God had so pleased, He could, out of another handful of the same virgin dust, have gone on to form a fifth transformation—even a body so refined and glorious as to be fitted to dwell in those very heavens where He Himself has His celestial mansions. Now where is the difference—except that an interval of time elapses—if at the resurrection God shall gather together a handful of dust, and out of that dust shall fashion at the beginning of time—that higher state of body, which is fitted to dwell in the spirit-home of angels. Ah! but you will say, this handful of dust which God is to collect at the resurrection has already formed a body. But what, I ask, of that? if it is dust, then it is precisely the kind of material with which He had to work at the beginning. Corruption has made that dust at the beginning. It is nothing to Him what has made it; for being dust—it will be but carrying His creative agency on to its fifth and crowning achievement, to fashion out of it that glorious body which He could have formed at the beginning, only that the time was not then come for it.

Or, yet once more, let those objectors look up to the starry skies. "There are also celestial

bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory." (1 Cor. xv. 40, 41.) See here, again, what varieties of form, and what gradations of glory, among these shining spheres, the Creator has formed out of the same elementary matter, or planetary stuff. Here a satellite which shines with borrowed rays; there a star of self-luminous. Here a sun of unchanging lustre; yonder a crescent moon, which waxes and wanes. Now, if God could thus, out of the same matter, fashion these several spheres so as that each shall fit its place in the galaxy of the firmament, shall it be thought a thing impossible for Him out of the very matter which formed man's earthly body, to adapt it to his new position in the universe; when (to carry out the Apostle's illustration) he shall no longer shine a terrestrial planet, but a celestial star in God's own immediate firmament?

We may say, then, with Paul, away with all objections raised upon the question, "How are the dead raised up? and with what bodies do they come?" For we may safely leave it with Omnipotence, in whose hands matter assumes every plastic form, to fashion such a body for man out of the remains or ashes of his present body, which, without losing its identity, shall yet be so gloriously transformed, as to be a fit inhabitant of heaven, glorious as heaven is.

### A SIMPLE BUT TRUE STORY.

Two years ago, there lived in the village of S—, a very wicked man. His lips were full of oaths and cursing, his passionate temper was the misery of his family, while his understood occupation was that of a poacher. Some eighteen months ago, the sexton of the parish being ill, this man was employed to dig a grave. It was that of a young lady, cut off suddenly, though not unprepared. Often had she spoken to this man of his sins, and of the sinner's Friend. Often had she longed and prayed that the hearts of many in that village might be touched by the Spirit's power. Whilst digging the grave, the thought crossed his mind, "She is safe, I know; but what am I? If my grave were being dug this day, where should I be?—in heaven or in hell?" The thought which came to him then suddenly was a nail in a sure place; the man could not escape from it; a dangerous illness which followed made him feel still more his sin and danger. Nothing for a time could give him comfort—the feared his sins were beyond pardon. Could such a one as he ever be saved? By-and-by the light dawned. The promise, "I will be a father to the fatherless, and a merciful saviour to the needy," brought him in faith to Jesus; and now his very look told of the peace he had found. For a time his life hung in the balance; but, in answer to prayer, God restored him to health, that he might bear witness, by a new life, to the grace which had sought and found him. His former practices he can no longer follow. He becomes an episode, real and known of all men. Morning and evening he has prayer in his family. He loves the public means of grace, and is now a regular communicant. The change in his home, too, is very apparent—his children are sent regularly to school, his wife attends church, and declares she has now a happy home. One incident deserves special mention. As a poacher, he had netted some thirty shillings. What should he do with them? Should he sell them? He resolved not to do this, lest others should use them as he had done. Though but a poor man, with seven children dependent on him, he burned the nets which had been the instruments of his unlawful gains.

Reader! learn from this simple but true story two or three lessons.

1st. The sight, by anticipation, of our own grave may be of use to us. In the case of this man it was the first step to conversion. Does the thought ever cross your mind, "Where shall I be when my grave is being dug? When my body lies cold and still within the chamber of death, will my spirit be in peace, or entering upon an eternity of woe?" Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live" (2 Kings xx. 1). "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whether thou goest" (Eccles. ix. 10).

2nd. The Saviour's free promise is the sinner's sweet comfort. Here is the promise; "I will be a father to the fatherless, and a merciful saviour to the needy." This man tried it, and it did not fail him. Why should not you? Cast yourself entirely on Christ, as a bankrupt, for free pardon through His blood—as helpless, for the strength and power of His Spirit. Say thou to thyself,

Ah, wherefore do I ever doubt?

Thou wilt in no wise cast me out;

A helpless soul that comes to Thee,

With only sin and misery.

3rd. Sin forgiven will be sin forsaken. The saved sinner hates and forsakes his old sins. This man lived a new life, put away former sins, even burned the nets which he had used. If you profess to have found mercy, do you show it in the same way? Are old sins loved or hated? cherished or despised? "Every one that hath this hope in him (i. e., in Christ), purifieth himself, even as He (i. e., Christ) is pure." Oh, reader, be sure you burn your nets; that besetting sin, that unholy temper, or whatever it may be, cast it away, and for ever.

Lastly, Christian reader, let it be your comfort to remember that your efforts and prayers for the good of others may bear fruit when you have gone to your rest. It was so here. Words spoken during life were useful when she who spoke them was no more. Labour in prayer, faith, and hope, and you shall not be disappointed. "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). "They that be vigilant shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever." (Dan. xii. 3).

### RENEWING THE CHRISTIAN COVENANT.

At Surrey Chapel London, on New Year's Sunday, it is the custom of the Church, Members to renew, at the Sacrament service, the profession of consecration to Christ. This interesting ceremonial took place on Sunday, Jan. 4. The Lord's Supper is administered according to the Church of England service, except that the communicants receive the bread and wine in their pews. Additional interest was given to the occasion by three

being upwards of seventy new members admitted to the Church on that day. The communicants, upwards of 1,200 in number, stood, while the minister, the Rev. Newman Hall, read the following "Covenant," at the close of which their united voices uttered an emphatic "Amen!" The minister explained that no sacredness was attached to the precise wording of the Covenant: all that was intended was an utterance of that reliance on Christ alone, and entire dedication to Him, which were essentially involved in every consistent profession of Christianity.

On this first Sabbath of the new year, and assembled round the table of our Lord, we do hereby, before God and one another, renew our solemn Covenant. We humbly acknowledge ourselves to be guilty, ruined sinners, who have in a thousand ways broken the law of God, and deserved his righteous punishment. But we declare our confidence in His mercy, as revealed by Jesus Christ, who is "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." We do hereby again cast ourselves on that atonement, which we placed only in the merits of the Redeemer. By Him, the only way to the Father, we draw near, with penitent yet confident hearts, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And we desire anew to yield up ourselves entirely to our Triune Jehovah. We would look up with filial love, and say, "Our Father, who art in heaven—hallowed be thy name!" We would live as his adopted children, trusting, obeying, rejoicing in Him! By His assisting grace, we hope never to leave our Father's house, but ever to dwell in Him, as the soul's true home. We hereby yield ourselves to the Son of God. As our Prophet, we would be taught by Him; as our Priest, we rely on His sacrifice; as our King, we desire to obey His commands, and extend His dominion. We would come to Jesus—we would follow Jesus! To aid us in this, we depend on the influence of the Holy Spirit, the giver and preserver of the life of godliness in the soul; and we declare our sincere desire and intention to give heed to His counsels—not willfully to grieve Him—but daily, through the year, to cherish His presence in our hearts.

We declare that we are not our own, but bought with a price. We desire to present ourselves—spirit, soul, and body—time, property, influence—a living sacrifice unto God. We will endeavor in all things to prove that we love Him, by obeying His commandments. We will endeavor, in private and public, in our households, in our business, in daily life, in all places, in all companies, to act as becometh the Gospel. We will exert ourselves to promote true religion in the hearts of others, and to diminish vice, ungodliness, and misery in the world. We will try to be living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men. We will endeavor, every day of this year, to live in preparation for the second coming of our Lord—and, looking for that blessed hope, to live soberly, righteously, and godly. We will endeavor to take heed to ourselves—to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. And knowing, from innumerable past failures, how unable we are of ourselves to do anything that is good, we do earnestly implore the help of Him, without whom we can do nothing—but who has said, "My grace is sufficient for you."

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to this our solemn covenant, we do now severally and unitedly assent—with a solemn and a hearty—Amen.

### HEAVEN: HAVE YOU A TITLE TO IT?

It is nearly certain that multitudes read, hear, and speak about heaven, and discover a great curiosity to know all about that unseen world, who never think of asking themselves whether they have good reason to believe that they shall ever enter its portals. Now, individuals may have but a very limited knowledge of what goes forward there, yet a very clear and blessed title to enter there. Others there are whose intelligence is deep and piercing, yet clear and cold like a rational and sound, yet clear and cold like a winter sky, who have not a particle of title to expect that they shall ever see the scenery which their imaginations can sketch.

Many have got into easy ways of speaking about "home" and "a heavenly home," quite as a matter of course, never dreaming of the barrier thrown down in the death of Christ, and the preparation going forward in the soul of the man who shall inherit the kingdom of Christ, as matters about which they need concern themselves. Our current phraseology, grafted on early education, has had a most mischievous influence among us. All are expected to go to heaven when they die, except some few atrocious wretches whose outrageous infidelity has even astonished the wicked themselves.

Any man would become the subject of burlesque who was known to cherish the hope of an inheritance on the earth on a title as baseless as these who, without serious investigation or satisfying proof, conclude for making "a happy change," as the phrase is, when they die. Look at the earnestness of the man who would secure himself to an earthly estate. See with what ardour he sets about turning over dusty parchments, with what patience and care he reads every document. He makes assurance doubly sure, lest some astute wily deep road in legal lore, should clutch from him the prize. Where even death hangs on certain turns of expression, what learned counselors are advised with, and what labour and expense are put forth to expound the old and make up new titles to the inheritance which may admit of no further question or dispute with the succession. And yet how the same man who cannot sleep till possession of a bit of earth is secured to him and his, how he can comfort his poor soul with a hope of immortal happiness on the merest haphazard to which he would not commit so much as the life of his dog, if he could do better. Ah! what a road for the deadly slumber into which the love of the world has rocked the hearts of miserably perishing sinners.

It is therefore of prime importance that we plant the question deep in your consciousness, and that we drive it home as "a nail in a sure place," yet, into every heart, irrespective of all the sanctities of an outward profession. "I speak of a heavenly home; is there any such place waiting for me? where is my title to it? and where my preparation for it?" And O we beseech you to

set about the inquiry with all the pains and prayers of men and women fully apprised of the tremendous fact that on the right or wrong solution of this inquiry hangs the eternity of every soul of the human family.

Inconceivable the calamity that must overtake a man who has always blinked this inquiry as he opens his eyes on the spiritual world, and finds, however was a fond illusion exploding in the outer darkness of the nethermost hell. O how the easy-going professor, who went comfortably through Zion's aisles to perdition, will stare and wonder and perish, when, instead of the effulgence of heavenly light breaking on his vision the darkness of the pit surrounds him. What confounding confusion will be his! What horrible surprise! What bitter self-reproach! What an end to false peace! What a breaking up of long cherished confidence as these words break from the lips of inviolable truth and holiness, "I never knew you—depart!" Not all the imagery that we could array before you, nor all the eloquence of men and angels too, can depict the horrors of that hour—an hour which has no succession of time, for eternity reigns! Do then, O do "give diligence to make your calling and election sure."

### A SUNNY LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A PREACHER.

Every good picture always exhibits strong contrast, high light and deep shadow. The life of a preacher of the gospel, too, has its light and its shade, its joys and its sorrows, and its middle ground and its medium tints. At one time he stands on Pisgah's top, and gazes in rapture across Jordan's dark waters, feeling he is a life-boat that shall land him safe on the other, the immortal shore. The silver gospel trumpet discourses sweet music, and his heart is made happy as multitudes hear its solemn peal, and alarmed to Christ. Toils and dangers are all the same, as he goes to his appointment, miles and miles away; love's glowing fire in the heart softens the cold blasts of winter to pleasant spring time. The very spirit of his mission is the shadow of a great rock in the weary land, a cool retreat from the scorching suns of summer, a well-spring of gladness in the thirsty land, and joyfully he listens to the soft words of his Redeemer, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." The gathering of the congregations is a solemn, yet glorious sight, and he feels, as he gazes upon the faces of those he has met, perhaps, for the first time, "O God, this dealing with the souls of men is responsible work. I must be long met all these at the judgment seat of Christ."

Now the light is lifted to God for help.

"O Lord, how weak thy servants are,"

Arm me, O God, with mighty power."

Shall I today battle manfully for the souls of men? Shall I today have grace given that shall win one soul that in the day of the Lord Jesus shall be a shining star in my crown of rejoicing? Already he is, with his congregation, brought into judgment. Am I clear from the blood of all these souls? O God make my tongue to-day as the pen of a ready writer. Let the arrow be in the word to-day. Perhaps before a word is spoken he is in tears, feeling as his Master felt, a compassion on the multitude; the deep fountains of the heart are broken up, and he loves to weep the word he feels in him like fire shut up in his bones, and he longs to speak that he may be refreshed.

How precious to him now is the gospel! He stands behind the cross, and presents a crucified Saviour, Meekness and humility are the elements in which he moves. Although he trembles to stand in so sacred a place, yet he is firm as the rock of ages. Gold could not purchase the strength he feels, or more him for a moment from his duty. Already the congregation are in tears, and, like a good general, he presses the battle. Here a sinner, with head hoary for the grave, drinks in the word as the thirsty curd drinks the milk rain. There the sunny curls of a fair miss tremble underneath her hat like a re-shaken in the wind. Here the honest face of Christ's disciple, glowing with love, is turned toward heaven, where, for long years, he has been laying up his treasure. There the thoughtless young man has wiped the moisture from his eyes, and tries in vain to appear unconcerned. Here the honest matron wipes the untroubled tear-drop from her eye, and thanks God she sits beneath the sweet sound of the gospel.

The amen is spoken—the hymn and benediction are over. With peace like a river, a brimming cup of happiness, the preacher returns to his humble home. No blast from fame's brazen trumpet could add a title to his happiness. He has done his duty, and hope has been sown that shall in future yield a golden harvest in the garden of God. It is true he may be poor; but no matter, if by God's grace he can make many rich. He remembers it is no crime to be poor, and is consoled by reading, he that called me here and where to lay his head. Perhaps some of his former friends have forsaken him; but no matter; God has given others dearer and truer, and no parting; He perhaps has infirmities; but he fears not, knowing if this earthly house of his tabernacle were dissolved he has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. These lungs are weak, and may falter; but his voice in immortality shall be by and by heard mingled with the great throng whose voices shall sound like mighty thunderings, when they shout hallelujah. His temples may throb and ache now; but soon this aching head shall wear a crown more bright and glorious than earth's mightiest monarch ever saw. He may go forth weeping now; but glory to God, they that turn many to righteousness shall soon shine as the stars of the firmament forever and ever. His cheek may here grow pale; but there the rosy blush of immortal beauty shall glow upon his face forever. His garments may grow old, and uncomfortable; but he soon expects a donation of a robe from the Lord of lords and King of kings, that shall rival in its pure whiteness the snow-drift that in winter slumber lies on his humble cottage door. Yes, more; he can say with the prophet, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labors of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the field, and the herds shall be no herd in the stall; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

P. S.—There is a shady side to this picture.

### THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

The Parsees are the fire-worshippers of Persia, who have been exiled from their country by Mohammedanism, and are to be found scattered in all the Eastern ports, great numbers residing in Bombay and Calcutta. They are generally merchants and wealthy. They are the handsomest race in existence, the men being tall and well formed, with high foreheads, magnificent eyes, and aquiline noses. In complexion they are a high olive, almost white, very different from the Hindoo, who is dark, small in stature, effeminate in figure and characteristics, and deficient in mental development. A Parsee woman I have never seen (they being strictly secluded from stranger's eyes), and can only speak of the men. The Parsees are generally intelligent, many of them eminently literary, some possessing the most extensive libraries to be found in the East. Little is known of them, because they are exceedingly exclusive, their religion forbidding them to associate with others of different belief, and particularly to eat with strangers, or to eat food prepared by strangers. The name of Karsandas Madhavadas is not so peculiarly Parsee as to render it absolutely certain that he belongs to that race, but those names ending in "jee," many which appear in Bombay and Calcutta newspapers, are invariably Parsee.

It is said that a Parsee was never converted to Christianity, and the missionaries at the East have no intercourse with them: the principal reason is that the personal pride and haughtiness of the Parsees, and their fancied mental superiority, have baffled every attempt of the missionaries to make any impression upon them. Brought up with entire fire faith in the Unity of Deity, they reject with scorn any intimation of a Trinity of persons in that Unity. As a manifestation of Deity they worship Fire, repudiating the grosser idol-worship of the heathen by whom they are surrounded, and fire is kept perpetually burning in their temples. The sun, particularly, as the celestial and eternal embodiment of fire, and the source of every terrestrial good, is an especial object of their adoration, and a principal canon of their religion requires them to prostrate themselves before it, each morning, at its rising. Flowers, too, they regard as the peculiar creation of the sun, and as such reverence them with almost sacred estimation. Therefore, their gardens, both public and private, are much patronized by the Parsees as race-grounds for the English. I have known a wealthy Parsee to rent a house and garden to an Englishman, but insist on the conditions that he should be permitted to cultivate the flowers in the garden, and to walk in it at sunrise, and to make his customary prayers there to the Rising Sun.

As a class, the Parsees are very wealthy and very cleanish. "All consider themselves disgraced if one of their number be known to have solicited charity from any one who is not a member of their fraternity." A Parsee is never a beggar or a pauper. Their history, their personal cleanliness, their intelligence, their exclusiveness, and reticence in all that concerns themselves, and even their pride, tinge the character of the Parsees with something almost like romance and excite great interest in them as a people.—N. Y. Observer.

### THE OIL WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The following interesting account of the oil wells of Pennsylvania, we abridge from a lengthy article in the *Morning Star*.—[Ed. Int.]

PETROLEUM.

This word signifies rock oil, as most people who read the papers already know, whether they can read Greek or not. It is identical with the famous Seneca Oil, of which something has been known (not much, however), for many years as a remedy for rheumatism. It is said that the Indians had used it for many hundred years for this purpose before it was put to any other use. It is an undoubted fact that they had used it for some purpose, as there are almost innumerable pits sunk in the ground in the oil regions, many of which are partially overgrown by the main roots of sturdy trees.

The writer visited this oil region in October last. The oil diggings which we visited, and which constitute the principal ones, are situated on a small stream called Oil Creek, which empties into the Alleghany river in Venango county, Pa. The head quarters of these diggings is a place called Titusville. This town is situated seven miles from the oil wells, and there lies between it and them seven miles of as rough road as can readily be found, a considerable portion of it being through a dense forest. Through this road nearly all the product of the oil wells is transported by teams to Titusville, to be put on board the cars—a railroad having been opened to the point while we were there. The surface of the road for this seven miles is partially covered with oil, mainly from the leakage of the barrels transported over them.

Another method by which the oil is carried to market is in boats made oil-tight, and which will contain from 100 to 400 barrels of oil each—a barrel being from 42 to 43 gallons. Into these boats the oil is run without being put into barrels or other vessels, and at high water is floated down the creek into the Alleghany, and so down to Pittsburgh—that is, provided it does not get wrecked or fast aground on the way. To prevent the astonishingly rapid evaporation, as well as other disasters, these boats are covered. Some fifty of them were lying about when we were there, waiting for a freshet.

Before the process of boring for oil was commenced, oil was collected in small quantities from the surface of the creek and from springs by carefully dipping it off. Flannels were sometimes spread on the surface of these springs, and when they became saturated with oil they were wrung out into vessels. A Mr. Drake, a resident of Titusville, some eight years since, conceived the idea of boring for oil. At the depth of 60 or 70 feet he struck a vein, from which he obtained by pumping eight or ten barrels per day. Others followed his example, and obtained a more copious supply at 170 feet. Others bored still deeper, and at a depth of 400 to 500 feet some were so fortunate as to strike veins that with proper tubing threw a stream of oil high into the air. Of course pumping oil soon became an unprofitable business, and pumping wells were mostly abandoned, except a few of the most profitable ones. The pumping is done by steam. There are now supposed to be about 200 wells in the vicinity of Oil Creek, though we found no one able to give the exact number. Many of these, however, are not in operation.

There is a vast difference in the quantity yielded

by these flowing wells. One we saw (Sherman's well) which had been flowing constantly ever since March at the rate of 800 to 1000 barrels per day. When this well was first opened the stream of oil discharged was perfectly uncontrollable. It ran down a small creek, on the margin of which the well was bored, for perhaps 100 rods. The people threw a dam across the creek near its mouth, and dipped off some thousands of barrels of oil.

In the vicinity of these wells the proprietors have constructed a great number of tanks and vats to receive the oil. Sherman's well has some 75 of these receptacles, which will hold in all from 25,000 to 30,000 barrels, the most of which are built of huge staves in the form of cylinders, varying from 10 to 20 feet in diameter, and from 5 to 16 feet in height. It is estimated that a tank with a bottom 16 feet and staves 8 feet in length, will contain 265 barrels. The other receptacles in this yard are vats built of heavy plank, some 16 feet long. The plank constitutes the breadth of the vat. The vats are of various lengths and heights, and are strengthened by timbers. The height is perhaps ordinarily some 10 feet. The length of some is over 100 feet. One in Funk's yard we noticed, which was over 130 feet long, and was nearly full of the crude oil. A vat 8 feet deep, 16 wide, and 62 long, is allowed to contain 1500 barrels. Another, whose dimensions were 10 feet deep, 21½ wide, and 109 long, were told contained 4800 barrels. Of course reservoirs of such immense capacity must be strongly built, or the consequence would be a deluge of petroleum.

The flowing wells are furnished with conducting pipes and stop-cocks. Through these pipes the oil forces itself to any required distance from the well into the receptacles. The Buckeye well empties itself, when required, into tanks from 70 to 125 feet above the mouth of the well, situated one above another on a steep bluff, at the foot of which the well is bored.

The power which forces up the oil is of course a mystery. It does not rise and run in a steady flow, but it spurts and subsides, belches and stops, gurgles and heaves, and then gradually abates for a few moments, and then, from far down in the "bowels" or stomach of the earth you hear a terrible reteling, and another barrel of the dirty looking fluid pours out with a force which must be checked and controlled to prevent the air from being filled with the oily spray.

A few women employ themselves as "oil dippers"—that is, they make a business of dipping up the oil that settles about the yards in little puddles, and selling it on their own account.

As the oil comes from the wells it has a dirty, greenish color, and requires to be refined before it is fit for use. There are several refineries in the immediate vicinity of the wells. One of these is situated on the opposite side of the creek from the Buckeye well, already mentioned, and receives the petroleum directly from the pipes leading from the well, without any hauling, or even handling. When we were there, this still had lately been burned, and was being rebuilt. But the gentlemanly overseer of the establishment furnished us with a few facts of importance. The distillery when in operation manufactured about 100 barrels of kerosene per day, using for this purpose nearly 200 barrels of petroleum as it came from the well. Their object being to furnish the best quality of kerosene, and their situation being so near the wells that they had no expense of transporting the crude oil, they were not particularly careful to make the most they could out of a barrel of the raw material, but to make the best kerosene at the cheapest possible rate. In the process of refining a light explosive oil first runs off, which is known by the several names of naphtha, benzene, benzole. This fluid is too inflammable to be used for lights, and must be separated from the kerosene or it would be too unsafe for common use. It is used for a dryer in paints, in lieu of spirits of turpentine. Next to the benzole comes the kerosene, which, by this establishment, constitutes only about 50 to 60 per cent. of the crude oil. Then follows a substance called paraffine, which has too much body for a burning oil, and when it is carefully prepared may be used for the manufacture of candles. Very brilliant colors are also obtained from this substance, when properly prepared. The residuum, after running off the paraffine, is coal-tar. By further distillation the coal-tar may be so reduced, as to leave nothing but a filthy mass, useless except for fuel. At this distillery the benzole, paraffine and tar were all run and emptied into one tank together and used for fuel. We were told that it did not pay to barrel up and transport the benzole in any quantity, as the market would soon be glutted with it. This seems somewhat singular, considering the high price which it brings in the eastern states. Another fact or two seemed a little singular to us. The crude oil up to the time we were there, had been for some time selling at the rate of 75 cents per barrel (42 to 43 gallons) at the wells, and the refining was computed to be worth about 6 cents per gallon. Now if this could be afforded, of course the price we pay for kerosene is nearly all profit and transportation. Plenty of wood could be bought, we were told—cut, hauled and piled—for \$2 per cord, and yet the steam drills were driven with petroleum for fuel.

There have been some terrible conflagrations among the oil wells, which are said to have beggared description. We can readily understand that it must be terrible for a jet of oil, from 30 to 100 feet in height, from a perforation made by a large steam drill, to become ignited. Those who have seen a well on fire, speak of it as a terribly magnificent sight. The great drops or elongated globes of spray descending from all directions around the jet, in perfect showers of fire, render it difficult to get near enough to the well to extinguish the blaze. One method by which this has been accomplished was to construct a plug which would just fill the bore of the tube at the mouth of the well, and secure it to the centre of a long pole, so long as to allow two men to carry it, taking hold of the two extremities, so as to close the tube with the plug in the centre of the pole.

Another method, we understood, was to drift into the ground, guarding as much as possible against the fiery shower, and tap the tube below the surface, and, at the same time, make all possible effort to smother the flame above.

It may fall to appear so to the reader, but to the writer the oil wells in Pennsylvania are to be reckoned among the greatest curiosities he has witnessed, and which it pays any man well to visit.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really great over aim to know it.