

FERVENT PRAYER.

The river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every tuft of grass to let it pass, is drawn into little hollows, and spreads itself into smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigour, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not until it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.—*Bish. Taylor.*

A Scene with Arab Robbers.

Having ascertained the position of their tents, I started off one morning at dawn accompanied by Ibrahim Agha, the Bairakdar and another irregular horseman who was in my service. We reached the encampment after a long ride, and found the number of the Arabs to be greater than I expected. The arrival of strangers drew together a crowd, which gathered around the tent of the Sheikh where I seated myself. A slight bustle was apparent in the women's department. I soon perceived that attempts were being made to hide various ropes and felts, the ends of which protruding from under the canvass, I had little difficulty in recognizing. "Peace be with you!" said I, addressing the Sheikh, who showed by his countenance that he was not altogether ignorant of the object of my visit. "Your health and spirits are, please God, good. We have long been friends, although it has never been my good fortune to see you. I know the laws of friendship; that which is my property is your property, and the contrary. But there are a few things, such as mats, felts, and ropes, which come from afar, and are very necessary to me, while they can be of little use to you, otherwise God forbid that I should ask for them. You will greatly oblige me by giving these things to me."—"As I am your sacrifice, O Bey," answered he, "no such things as mats, felts, or ropes, were ever in my tents, (I observed a new rope supporting the principal pole.) Search, and if such things be found, we give them to you willingly." "Wallah, the Sheikh, has spoken the truth," exclaimed all the bystanders. "That is exactly what I want to ascertain; and as this is a matter of doubt, the Pasha must decide between us," replied I, making a sign to the Bairakdar, who had been instructed how to act. In a moment he had hand-cuffed the Sheikh, and jumping on his horse, dragged the Arab at an uncomfortable pace out of the encampment. "Now my sons," said I, mounting leisurely, "I have found a part of that which I wanted; you must search for the rest." They looked upon one another in amazement. One man, more bold than the rest, was about to seize the bridle of my horse; but the weight of Ibrahim Agha's courbitch across his back drew his attention to another object. Although the Arabs were well armed, they were too much surprised to make any attempt at resistance; or perhaps they feared too much for their Sheikh, still jolting away at an uneasy pace in the iron grasp of Bairakdar, who had put his horse on a brisk trot, and held his pistol cocked in one hand. The women swarming out of the tents, now took part in the matter. Gathering round my horse, they kissed the tails of my coat and my shoes, making the most dolorous supplications. I was not to be moved, however, and extricating myself with difficulty from the crowd, I rejoined the Bairakdar, who was hurrying on his prisoner with evident good will. The Sheikh had already made himself well known to the authorities by his dealings with the villages; and there was scarcely a man in the country who could not bring forward a specious claim against him—either for a donkey, a horse, a sheep, or a copper kettle. He was consequently most averse to an interview with the pasha, and looked with evident horror on the prospect of a journey to Mosul. I added considerably to his alarm, by dropping a few friendly hints on the advantage of the dreary subterranean lock-up house under the Governor's palace and of the pillory and sticks. By the time he reached Nimroud, he was fully alive to his

fate, and deemed it prudent to make a full confession. He sent an Arab to his tents, and next morning an ass appeared in the courtyard bearing the missing property, with the addition of a lamb and a kid, by way of a conciliatory offering. I dismissed the Sheikh with a lecture, and had afterward no reason to complain of him or of his tribe—nor indeed of any tribes in the neighbourhood; for the story got abroad, and was invested with several horrible facts in addition, which could only be traced to the imagination of the Arabs, but which served to produce the effect I desired—a proper respect for my property.—*Layard's Nineveh and its remains.*

Temperance.

A CHARACTERISTIC OF INTEMPERANCE.

Another striking peculiarity of the evil of intemperance is its tendency to destroy the principle of vitality in whatever it touches. You doubtless understand that alcohol, the principal mischievous agent in the varieties of intoxicating drinks which are vended in our country, is always the result of a process of decay. Obtain it from whatever source you may, the death of the vegetable from which you obtain it must precede its formation or extraction. Vitality cannot co-exist with it. No vegetable contains it while its life continues; but when all vitality is extinct, then fermentation takes place, and alcohol is the first product of the process of decay. Now, in all its influence on society and man, alcohol seems to retain this character of incompatibility with the principle of vitality. Death must precede its march and tread closely on its heels. Yet, while it is doing the work of death, it promises and counterfeits life. Many a professor of Christianity, after taking a glass or two of brandy, has, in the religious meeting, manifested unusual fervency of spirit, religious zeal and devotion, to an extraordinary degree. I hardly need add that all such devotion is counterfeit, and that while there is this external show of religious life, that soul is sinking into spiritual death. The church may have its full complement of members, all the ordinances of religion may be regularly observed, and yet, if the members of that church shall habitually use as a drink any mixture of which alcohol forms a considerable part, its vitality will soon be at a low ebb; it will exert but little influence toward Christianizing the world. And yet there may be, externally, a fair show and promise of life, while the extinction of vital Christianity is going on within its communion. Thus it is with the social relations. Many an individual, who was never seen to reel under the influence of intoxicating drinks, but whose constitution is daily subjected to the influences of alcohol, makes his family quite miserable, while, to the eye of the world, there may be an appearance of domestic enjoyment. This may be readily understood, if we consider what is vital or absolutely essential to domestic enjoyment. Wealth is not an essential; a high degree of intellectual attainments is not indispensably necessary. Much domestic enjoyment may exist where there is not even a very elevated standard of morals, judging them by the Christian code. Two things must, however, exist, or domestic happiness takes wing—real affection between the parties, and confidence in each other. Neither of these can long survive and flourish in the fumes of alcohol. No other influence ever brought to bear on man so soon alienates the social affections as intoxicating stimulants, and the wife whose husband gives himself up to the habitual use of alcoholic drinks will soon be taught, by bitter experience, that she cannot place implicit confidence in him. She is invited to go with him to a social party, and she accompanies her husband, but she carries with her the bane of enjoyment—anxiety and continual fear lest, after the wine cup shall have been passed around two or three times, she should be made to blush for her husband, while she witnesses his rude behaviour and listens to his silly remarks. She cannot have confidence that he will bear himself like a man through the evening's entertainment. She whispers her fears to no one, and strives, perhaps, to appear at ease and happy. Such appearance of happiness is, however, deceptive. That which is vital to social enjoyment is not there. He provides well for his family, it may be. There is no want of coal in the grate, or food on his table, and no member of his family lacks clothing, or the external means of enjoyment; and yet the members of that family may painfully feel that there is in the constitution of that hus-

band and father, a rival to their affections.—He declares unalterable and undying attachment to wife and children; and yet every one of them may know that he loves something else better. He would not forego his accustomed glass to gratify them, or promote their enjoyment. A true woman and wife will endure no earthly rival in her husband's affections. Let her be sure that such a one exists, and a fatal disease has attacked her own.—*Dr. Jewett's Lectures.*

Seamen's Friend.

The Dead of the Sea.

Those corpses, ancient or recent, floating or at rest, whole or dismembered, and even dissolved to atoms, are now motionless. But they went down with a separate gasp and struggle. Each wrestled with the gigantic element; each cried out in the impotent shriek for help. It is not to appal the imagination that this harrowing picture is presented. It is to call on you for Christian provision against such a death. Benevolence labors, in Gospel lands, to prepare men for the awful hour of departure, even though perhaps it may take place in the arms of friends, upon beds of ease, perhaps with lingering succession of warnings. And shall we have no kind forecast for the hour when the mariner is summoned, all at once, to his cold death-struggle? For here is death in a form which demands great grace for its support. Against such terrors, there should be the provision of unusual faith and trust. No principles of religion can be too strong for a shock so tremendous. The call is wholly sudden. It is alarming. It comes amid general confusion, uproar, hurried exertion, desperate struggles for safety. If a multitude suffer together, their faces do but reflect blackness on each other, and society here afford no solace. Who has not read of the frenzy of such an hour, or (horrible to relate) of the rush of dying men, in the mania of hopelessness, to the spirit-room? If, on the other hand, the solitary wretch, exhausted and no longer clinging to his plank, clenches his powerless hands, and sinks into his dark, cold, lonely depths, he needs not less the inward breathing of hope in Christ, when far from every voice of mother, sister, or pastor, that ever whispered to him of salvation. Who, in such a juncture, can hope that the careless, and it may be profligate one, shall be able to gather his broken thoughts sufficiently to regard the object of faith! It is too late, in such a moment of horror, to collect the fragments of a neglected or forgotten creed. We speak often of the doubtfulness of such repentance as occurs on a death-bed; but what shall we say of a departure in the paroxysms of the strangling tempestuous sea! The fear, the delirium, the pain of this crisis, may even obliterate every thought of mercy. Let me, then, by all the dreadful pangs that hover over the manner of this death, beseech you to lose no time in seeking to prepare for heaven him who may be thus summoned. For how unspeakably glorious the privilege of him, who, however sudden his alarm, can serenely, even when all human hope is gone, fold his arms, and raise his dying eyes, and from amidst the very gulf exclaim, "I know in whom I have believed. O death, where is thy sting? O SEA, where is thy victory?"—*Rev. J. W. Alexander, D. D.*

Wealth in England.

A London journal has an excellent article on this subject. In 1570, the population of England and Ireland was about 6,000,000; now it is upwards of 30,000,000. Business of all kinds—agricultural, manufacturing, mechanical and commercial—has increased at a wonderful rate. Take a few specimens. In 1801, 56,000,000 lbs. of cotton were imported; in 1846, 428,000,000 lbs. Wool imports have advanced in the same period from 10,000,000 lbs. to 65,000,000; silk from 2,250,000 to 5,750,000. Exports of manufacturers have run up from £24,000,000 to £132,000,000. The number of bricks made has doubled. The coasting trade has increased 4,000,000 of tons in 12 years. In 10 years, insurances against fire have increased £156,000,000. Depositors in Savings banks have increased since 1831 from 429,503 with £13,000,000, to 1,108,000 with £33,000,000. The property which paid Legacy duty, between 1797 and 1831, was £742,000,000, and by 1841 it had increased to £1,163,000,000. In 1830 there was thirty miles of railway; in 1848, 4,400. In 1839, 68,000,000 letters, and in 1848, 338,000,000 passed through the

Post Office. The above are examples of the progress of wealth to the British nation as a whole. The great enterprise and industry of the people stand confessed.

[From the Youth's Penny Gazette.]

Doom or Domsday Book.

After William the conqueror had obtained possession of England, he ordered a survey of the lands to be made with their extent in each district, their proprietors, tenure, value; the quantity of meadow, pasture, wood and arable land which they contained, and, in some counties, the number of tenants, cottagers, and slaves of all denominations who lived upon them. This compilation was called the Domsday Book, because a judgment was recorded in it of the value of the land and other property of which it was a register. It was made between the years 1081 and 1086.—It is in two volumes, one in folio, the other in quarto; the former comprehends 31 counties, the latter, only those of Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk. The northern counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Durham, were not included in this survey, probably on account of their wild and uncultivated state. The publication of Domsday Book was undertaken by order of George III., in 1767, and was completed under the superintendence of Mr. Abraham Farley in 1783.—It took ten years to get it through the press. The original is deposited in the Chapter House at Westminster, where it is open to inspection. T.

Winter in Spitzbergen.

The single night of this dreadful country begins about the 30th of October the sun then sets, and never appears till about the 10th of February. A glimmering indeed continues some weeks after the setting of the sun; then succeed clouds and thick darkness, broken by the light of the moon, which is as luminous as in England, and during this long night shines with unfading lustre. The cold strengthens with the new year, and the sun is ushered in with an unusual severity of frost. By the middle of March the cheerful light grows strong. Arctic foxes leave their holes, and the sea-fowl resort in great numbers to their breeding place. The sun sets no more after the 14th of May; the distinction of day and night is then lost. In the height of summer the sun is hot enough to melt the tar on the decks of ships; but from August its power declines—it sets fast. After the middle of September, day is hardly distinguishable, and by the end of October takes a long farewell to this country; the earth becomes frozen, and winter reigns.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Spirit of Coal.

Little did Dr. Robert Clayton, when, one hundred and sixty years ago, he wrote to Boyle his account about the "spirit of coal," dream of the vast proportions the genius he first let loose from the retort would acquire in process of time. "I kept this spirit," writes he, "of the fluid we call by the domestic title, gas, in bladders, for a considerable time, and endeavored several ways to condense it, but in vain; and, when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and pricked a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming, till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder; which was the more surprising, because no one could discern any difference in appearance between these bladders and those which are filled with common air." Little did the country folk, living near the coal districts, who used to boil eggs and roast meat over the lambent flames which here and there crept up out of the earth and were wayside wonders to the gaping rustics—little did they ever imagine that the day was on the page of the future, in which cooking by gas would be among the commercial applications of that time. And surely, least of all did he who, greasy can in hand, terrible with torch, armed with scissors, and burthened with cotton wick, trudged down the gloomy streets of London, and lighted up the dim, dismal street-lamps, (whose only faculty was to indicate, not to effect illumination,) conceive the era when can and torch, scissors and cotton-wick, would disappear before the cleanly flame of gas, and the pocket-lamp and ladder of the lamp-lighter.—*Electric Review.*

SAFE SEAL.—A letter closed with the white of an egg cannot be opened with the steam of boiling water, like a common wafer, as the heat only adds to its firmness.