

From the Watchman and Reflector.

A REMARKABLE DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

The brother in the ministry who communicated to us the following, is one of the most reliable of men, and one whose statements consequently, are worthy of entire credit.—The coincidence here related is truly singular:

In the summer of 1848, the Rev. _____ of New York, sailed for England, on board one of the packet-ships belonging to Collins Dramatic line, a short time before the introduction of his ocean steamers on the Atlantic. After a short residence of a few weeks in England, he returned to New York by the same vessel. The voyage home was protracted and far from pleasant. The winds were for the greater part of the time contrary, and the passengers, among whom were several ladies, were dejected and weary. One morning, as they assembled at breakfast, they seemed to be more than usually desponding, and one lady in particular, the wife of the captain, was more so than any of the others. Mr. _____ rallied her upon her dejected appearance, and asked her why she was so very desponding.—She said her spirits were unusually depressed owing to a dream she had had the previous night, and which made a very deep impression upon her mind, so much so, that she believed it was a reality and not a mere imagination. She was urged by the company to tell her dream. She said that her son, whom they had left on their farm in Connecticut, appeared to her in her dream, and pointing to his side, in which there appeared to be a deep wound, said, "Mother, I am dead," and immediately vanished from her sight.

All present at the table sympathized with the lady, and the dream was immediately entered in the log-book of the vessel. After buffeting the winds for a number of days, at last they made the Hook, when they were boarded by a pilot. On stepping on board, instead of the usual cheerful salutation, he quickly enquired for Captain _____, who coming upon deck, he immediately addressed, saying he was sorry to be the bearer of bad tidings, but the letter which he handed him, he said, would inform him particularly of the event.—Without a word in reply, the Captain went below and opened the letter, which was from the agents of the vessel. It informed him that on a certain day his son had gone out a gunning, and that in crossing a fence, his gun went off and lodged its contents in his side, killing him instantly. The log-book was called for, and it was found that his death corresponded exactly with the date of the dream.

This remarkable dream, from its exact and literal fulfilment, is worthy of being recorded—and though I thought so at the time it was related to me by Mr. S., soon after his return, yet I postponed doing so, thinking the Rev. gentleman might himself do so of his own accord, but a friend to whom I had communicated it urged me to publish it, and I promised compliance, in the hope of advancing the interests of those enquiries that connect themselves with the human mind, but which after all that has been written, is involved in almost total mystery, and is likely to remain so, until "we shuffle off this mortal coil."

THE KING AND THE JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.

There is one king in Europe who is a good practical botanist, and who must look back upon the hours spent in the arrangement of his fine herbarium with far more pleasure than upon those wasted in a vain and retrograde course of politics. The monarch in question is his majesty of Saxony, who, in his scientific career at least, has gained honor and respect. Many is the story told by his subjects, of their ruler's adventures when following his favorite and harmless hobby;—how, more than once astray from his yawning courtiers, he had wandered in search of some vegetable rarity, across the frontiers of his legitimate dominions, and on attempting to return was locked up by his own guards as a spy or a smuggler, since he could produce no passport, nor give any more probable account of himself than the preposterous assertion that he was their king. Fifteen years ago he made a famous excursion to the stony and piratical little republic of Monte Negro. It was literally a voyage of botanical discovery, and the potentate sailed down the Adriatic in a steamer, fitted out with all the appliances of scientific investigation. On its deck he might be

seen busily engaged in laying out his plants, ably and zealously assisted by his equerries and aides de-camp, and guided by the advice of eminent botanists who accompanied him as members of his suite. Such a kingly progress had surely never been seen before, unless Alexander the great may have relieved the monotony of conquering by making an occasional natural history excursion with his quondam tutor, Aristotle.

In a town far north, many years ago, we were present at the anniversary of a Mechanics' Institution, and had to say a few words about flowers and trees. It was well on towards midnight ere the proceedings closed, when a dapper, wiry little man rushed out from among the crowd, and invited us, as one naturalist invites another, to visit his humble home, and share his frugal supper. Gladly was the invitation accepted; for the earnest and intellectual look of our evidently poor host excited no small interest and some curiosity. He led his guest through long, dreary, tortuous, and unsavory alleys, and then up an interminable stair, faintly illumined by the moon light which seemed to ooze through loopholes. In the story nearest the sky was the home of this student of nature—a journeyman tailor, a wife and innumerable children, the eldest of whom was a fine intelligent lad verging upon manhood, assisting in the work and sharing in the tastes of his father. Their favorite studies were manifested by the conversion of an old cupboard into the case of a well-arranged herbarium, by a glazed cabinet filled with stuffed birds, and rows of impaled insects, and by a shelf of well-selected scientific books, the purchase of which must have absorbed the profits of many a close day's work. The matron of the family, a smiling, courteous dame, seemed to participate in the evident delight of her husband and first-born, and to take pride in a heart-felt approval of their studies. On the round deal table a clean white cloth was spread, with some food to grace it; and two pleasant hours were spent in lively discourse, larded with hard scientific names, well understood, though strangely pronounced. The happiness of the whole family was, we believe visibly increased when, a few weeks afterwards it became our duty to announce to the head of it, that he had been elected honorary member of a distinguished scientific society.

EXPOSITORY GEMS.

I.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.—"Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness."—Psalm cxii. 4. The great lesson of this text is the connexion which obtains between integrity of purpose and clearness of discernment; inasmuch that a dutiful conformity to what is right, is generally followed up by a ready and luminous discernment of what is true. It tells us that if we have but grace to do as we ought, we shall be made to see as we ought; or, in other words, that if right morally, we are in the highway of becoming right intellectually.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

II.

THE VINE PRUNED.—"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv. 2. Our Saviour here says of the Great Spiritual husbandman, that every branch which beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring more fruit. He pruneth it; he cuts off some of its lateral or smaller branches, that the vegetable juice may not run to luxuriance in a wrong direction, but may so pervade the whole as will contribute most to the vigor and nourishment of the tree. And in like manner do our affections move sideways or downwardly to the objects which are on earth and around us; and God in the exercise of a wise husbandry, is often pleased to sever or cut off these objects, that our affections may take an upward and heavenward direction to himself. *Dr. Campbell, Edinburgh.*

III.

FRUITS OF SIN.—"What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of these things is death."—Rom. vi. 21. There is no real fruit in sin; the promises thereof are all false and deceitful. Gehazi promised himself gain but got a leprosy. Baalam pursued honor but met with a sword. Achan found a wedge of gold but it clave asunder his soul from his body. The only fruits of sin are shame, if we repent and death, if we do not repent.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

IV.

HOLY INTERCOURSE.—"A word spoken in due season, how good it is."—Prov. xv. 23. The word of a brother, pronounced on holy Scripture in time of need, carries an inconceivable weight with it. The Holy Spirit accompanies it, and by it moves and animates the hearts of his people, as their circumstances require. Thus Timothy and Titus and Epaphroditus, and the brethren who met St. Paul from Rome, cheered his spirit, however much they might be inferior to him in learning and skill in the word of God. The greatest saints have their times of faintness, when others are stronger than they.—*Luther.*

HABITS OF BUSINESS MEN.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements. Does nothing carelessly or in a hurry. Employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself. Keeps every thing in its proper place. Leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do. Keeps his designs and business from the view of others. Is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not over trade his capital. Prefers short credits to long ones; and cash to credit at all times, either in buying or selling; and small profits in credit eases with little risk to the chance of better gains with more hazards. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains. Leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing. Keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, &c., belonging to his business, titled, classed, and put away. Never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers laying upon it. Is always at the head of his business, well knowing that if he leaves it, it will leave him. Holds it as a maxim, that he whose credit is suspected is not to be trusted. Is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as attention will enable him. Balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers, both at home and abroad. Avoids as much as possible all sorts of accommodation in money matters and law where there is the least hazard. He is economical in his expenditure. Keeps a memorandum book in which he notes every particular, relative to appointments, addresses and petty cash matters. Is cautious how he becomes security for any person; and is generous, when urged by motives of humanity. Let a man act strictly to these habits; when once begun they will be easy to continue in—ever remembering that he has no profits by his pains when Providence does not prosper,—and success will attend his efforts. Take pleasure in your business and it will become your recreation. Hope for the best, think for the worst, and bear whatever happens.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mein;
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who learns that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show;
She who values less the face
Than the charm the soul can throw;
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
That's the bride, the wife for me.

She who knows that heart requires
Something more than lips of blue,
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
That's the bride, the wife for me.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL MISTRESS.—A year or two ago a party of about one hundred and twenty persons started from St. Louis, over the Plains, for California. Among the number were several Methodist Ministers, accompanied by their wives and children. There was also a young lady, who had been teaching school for some time before, and she felt that she could be of some use in planting education among the children of the gold diggers; so she paid her two hundred dollars, the price charged for a journey in a covered wagon, with every comfort provided for her on the way. Her brother, before she started, offered her fifteen hundred dollars to set up a milliner's shop there,

but she stuck to her love of teaching, and refusing that sum, applied her own hard earnings—all she had—to carry out her purpose. Upon arriving at Sacramento, she commenced teaching a school at one hundred dollars a month, and made fifty a month besides, by giving lessons to families. This was eighteen hundred dollars a year. She saved a thousand of it, most of which she sent home to her father, and at the end of the year she married a respectable merchant from Boston, then doing business in California, worth about \$30,000. Now here is a woman as is a strong minded woman, and we will venture to say that she never thought of Bloomer costume in her life, nor went about complaining of the wrongs of woman, or anything of the sort.—*Am. paper.*

Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the snow dropping mellow autumn, of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings: she fills him with the fruits of a well spent life; and surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should call it beautiful. It is beautiful; but not the most beautiful. There is another life—hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and itching brow, the life of which the cross is the symbol—a battle which no peace follows, this side of the grave; which the grave gapes to finish when the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man.—Look back along the great names of history; there was none whose life was other than this.—*Westminster Review.*

A TROPHY.

She was a poor old sick slave in one of the West Indian Islands; her owner had given her a poor hovel to live in, and there she lay on her mean bed unable to help herself, subsisting on what her neighbor brought her, and dependant on her for attendance. Poor Maimie! One would have thought she was a pitiable object; but Maimie did not think so. She was so happy, that her Christian sisters said it was a treat to visit her. She loved Jesus—she had obeyed him in health, she now trusted and praised him in sickness; and his "Father loved her, and they came and made their abode with her." Yes, that poor hut was a temple of the King of kings. One Sabbath evening many had gone in to see her as they passed from the chapel, to tell her something good, and Maimie was more joyful than usual. She spoke of the love of Jesus to a poor "nigger." She said "Maimie soon see him, soon be wid him for eber and eber. O joy, joy! no more pain dare, no more long, long night, no more hunger. O, what me do for praise him? Glory! glory!" Early next morning she was seen outside her door. With a desperate effort she had crawled out, and raising herself by the door-post she waved her withered hand over her head, and shouted

"I se boum for de kingdom,
Will ye go to glory wid me?"

Before any one could get to her she was dead. She had praised her Maker while she had health, and no doubt, ere her poor old clay had been again laid upon her comfortless bed, her spirit had resumed the blissful employment, and stood before the throne a trophy of the Saviour's triumph over ignorance, degradation, and sin.—*Wes. Off.*

DR. CHALMERS.

He cultivated a close intimacy with his students, and laughingly wondered if they had for him the same reverence that he had for his early teachers. His love, too, for his grandchildren was unbounded; and when separated from them by scarlet fever, his letters dispatched from one room to another, are perfect models of epistolary correspondence for the young. The ties of his birth place were never eradicated; and to the last he loved to wander among the minutest scenes of early life. This joyous feeling was so fresh and buoyant that the dew of youth seemed to remain permanently with him. He could not think himself old; and when he saw a matronly person whose years might possibly be fewer than his own, he declared that he could not avoid paying the deepest reverence.

It is worthy of notice that the success of the Gospel at the Sandwich Islands has been such that Missionaries are now being sent from these Islands to distant idolatrous lands. A missionary expedition to Micronesia was to leave the Islands in July last. It was to consist of ten persons, four of whom were Sandwich Islanders.

Pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.