

with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment.' 'Oh, well, let him come,' said the beautiful singer, with a smile, 'I can never refuse children.' Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a maudlinness unusual for a child, he walked straight to Madame M—, and bowing, said, 'I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would sing only my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother.' The beautiful woman rose from her seat—very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air. 'Did you compose it?' she asked; 'you a child? And the words? Wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?' she asked, after a few moments of thought. 'Oh, yes,' and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness; 'but I couldn't leave my mother.' 'I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown, with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to night; that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you.' Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

"Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his glance rivetted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his song? Breathless he waited; the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M—. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said, 'Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publishers in London, £300 for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven.' The noble hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day. All honour to those great hearts, who, from their high stations, send down bounty unto the widow and the fatherless child!"

Value of Religious Newspapers.

A public dinner was lately given to the friends and supporters of the "Patriot" and "British Banner" newspapers. The following remarks by the Lord Mayor of London, who presided on that occasion, deserve attention from supporters of religious papers generally:—

"Our religious societies are very much indebted to the Patriot, British Banner, and other newspapers; for the nature and amount of the prosperity which they now happily enjoy. What is still more, religion itself is

greatly advanced. We entertain no exaggerated notions on the subject of religious newspapers; but we are well persuaded, that it is a great advantage to society to have newspapers conducted upon the principle of excluding everything that is inimical to religion, and of prompting those aims and objects which flow from and are supported by religion. We deprecate, rather than encourage, the publication in newspapers, of long dissertations on theological subjects, which, however valuable, are better fitted for the pages of a magazine; but as I have just said, I see no reason whatever, why not only our own newspapers, but all others, should not be conducted on religious principles. On the contrary, such principles ought to underlie all our acts, whether private or public, and especially all that is done for the benefit of our country and the world. The question, then, comes to this—What more can be done by us, to place these papers, already so successful and influential, in a position of still greater influence and prosperity? If the principle with which I started be a correct one—that these journals do lend very effectual aid in the promotion of truth, benevolence, and religion—it becomes the duty of every one of us, I repeat, to do all that we can to extend their means of influencing the minds of our countrymen, and the current of public events. I will not now go into details, because I have no wish to turn this fraternal social meeting into a purely business affair; but I very greatly desire that all now present should separate, with not only an inclination, but a determination to redouble their exertions in co-operating with the Patriot and the British Banner. The editors, I think, deserve our encouragement. Week after week they are labouring to enlighten the public mind, to correct public opinion where it is wrong, and to diffuse right views. The editors, then, I say, who are labouring so zealously and continually for this object, deserve our support and encouragement, even though they may not in every instance take the same views as we ourselves. You will hardly ever find that those editors who are sometimes so loud in denouncing any little deviation, on the part of the editors of a newspaper, from the principles which they themselves hold, or from the course on any public question which they think to be the correct one, have exerted themselves in the least degree to extend its circulation, or done anything to procure for it an increased measure of support. I hope, then, that you will all think with me, that we ought not to allow the editors to persevere amid every form of discouragement, without having our cordial sympathies and our zealous help.

Italy and the Waldenses.

It accords with the analogies of God's spiritual providence, as well as with the multiplying signs of the times, to believe that Romanism in Italy is to find a terrible scourge in the Waldenses. It has shed their blood, and now they seem destined to give to it blood to drink. There is a remarkable providence of God in the position of influence which that little band of believers has come to occupy in relation to all Italy. Religious liberty has been secured to them, and is improved by them, not only for a rapid increase of numbers, but for the diffusion in many ways, and in spite of Romish vigilance, of the leaven of their doctrine through all the Italian States. Though what is now doing in Italy is but the day of small things, it is a great thing for even small things to be done there. Yet, accounts from all quarters concur in proving that the leaven of truth is spreading to a very encouraging extent.

Considering what is told, and what for providential reasons cannot be told, and how difficult it is for us to know all the facts, we may reasonably conclude that there are more conversions taking place at present in Italy, in proportion to the number of people, than in Massachusetts, with all our abundant means of grace. It is not for nothing that the spirit of persecution in Tuscany and the other parts of Italy has been roused to such unwonted vigilance and severity. The Word of God is taking effect; and the priesthood know it; and hence their exasperated rage. There is a spirit walking unseen over the mountains and valleys of Italy which priestly power cannot arrest; and hence the anxiety to discover and arrest every visible instrument of that spirit. This evangelical influence which has over-spread Italy, has its centre and seat of propagation among the feeble people of the Waldenses. They speak the Italian language,

and have an access to Italian minds that other Protestants cannot have.

Now, therefore, the tables are turned. Formerly, Romanism in Italy persecuted and arrested the Waldenses. Now, God has put into their hands the instruments by which their terrible foe is to be destroyed in the very seat of his own dominion. Now is beginning to be realized that word of God—"Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord. Behold I will make thee a sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and thou shalt make the hills as chaff."

The Waldenses are a small people, preserved by a chain of signal providences; and doubtless for future events as remarkable as has been their history hitherto. It is a remarkable providence that has secured to them the enjoyment of religious liberty, in a position so near to Rome, from a government professedly Romish, and while surrounded by such powerful Romish influences,—yea, and in spite of the ever active remonstrances of the Romish court, and of the Pope himself. God delights in bringing forth great results from small means; and this he is most effectually doing through that comparatively insignificant people. Now he is fulfilling the rest of the promise quoted above to the worm of Jacob. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water: that they may see and know that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."—*Puritan Recorder*.

One of Memory's Leaves.

Often when twilight throws her mantle over earth's bosom, and sad thoughts steal upon us we wander back to childhood's happy days—sweet pause as they were upon life's threshold—and we gaze once again upon loved forms, long since hidden from us by the cold earth, and listen to voices that have joined the angels in their heavenly anthem. Well do we remember the gray-haired sire, in whose arm chair we have so often slept when weary with the day's sport, or listened to tales of war and bloodshed, till we wondered if the men of olden time had not hearts made of steel. Then we saw the vacant chair, and his voice fell upon our ear no more; they led us out to look upon a mound of fresh earth, and said he was sleeping beneath it. The sharer of his early joys and sorrows, with gentle eye and bowed form, upon whose brow the white hair was parted, whitened by the frost of nearly three-score winters, was quietly sleeping by his side. Ere six summers had passed over us, we saw a loved one sicken, his step grow more feeble; an unnatural fire burned in his eye, and they told us he was dying. Well do we remember that last scene, just as the day died; one lingering sunbeam stole softly in, and lighted up his pale, cold features, as though an angel smiled and bade him never fear the dark valley, for the rod and staff upon which he leaned would never fail. When the light faded, still, calm he lay; not the heart-crushing sobs of his widowed and fatherless ones could more waken his slumbers. He was dead; and then came the first deep grief with all its mightiness, and the world looked dark and lonely. We once more looked upon him as ready for the grave: then into the dark tomb, where he now lies waiting the last trumpet's sound. Again and again have we stood beside that lowly grave, where wild flowers have bloomed and faded beneath many suns and changing moons; and a deep voice comes to us from that sleeping one, which is only heard within our heart of hearts, saying, Even now thy work is almost done, "Child, come home." That old homestead is forsaken now; familiar paths are grass-grown; and each time we go forth better fitted and strengthened to perform our mission and meet life's stern trials and heart-sorrows, for it is not for always. We have looked upon other scenes in other lands, but still, when Eve's first star comes out, or the dying leaf is drifted before us, we still hear that silent voice, Earth is not thy home, and sometimes long to be at rest. Death has often come since and taken those we loved; we have seen them for the last time; the circle is broken, the heart bereft of its treasures, but they are only transplanted to the garden above, and though left nearly alone, we re-

member "He doeth all things well," and if we are faithful, heaven shall be ours at last. Then shall we meet again all the loved ones, where no sorrow rests upon the heart, where there are no more partings of tears. Oh may we so live, that whenever the grim messenger comes to us, he may find our lamp trimmed and burning, and us even waiting for his appearance.—[*New York Recorder*].

Melancholy Occurrence.

Almost everybody has listened with sadness to the plaintive strains and saddening words of the old song, "The Mistletoe Bough," in which the story is told of a young bride, who, in playful humor on her wedding day, ran to hide from her spouse, and was found years afterward, mouldered to ashes in a chest with a spring lock. It is a sorrowful, romantic tale, and has often brought tears to the eyes of romantic lovers. A sadder tale, however, and one which adds to its own horror by its reality, has been developed in this city. A few days since we called attention to the advertisement of the loss of a little Spanish girl, answering to the name of Ventura, whose agonized mother was searching throughout the city for her. After looking for her in vain for several days, and coming to the conclusion that the child was dead, she went to a large trunk in her house on Thursday, for the purpose of procuring some mourning apparel, when opening it, what was the mother's horror to see lying there, the decaying remnant of her once beautiful little child. The trunk had been open on the day the child was lost, and it is supposed that the inquisitive little one, having seen the dresses inside had taken a fancy to them, and upon attempting to procure them, had fallen into the trunk. The lid closed with a spring, and the child was suffocated.—[*Alta California*].

Polled Sheep.

There are two reasons which induced me to offer a few remarks to the Farmer on the subject of Polled Sheep. One is, I believe a decided advantage may result to the wool-growing community from a consideration of the subject. The other is, I am now compelled to buy horned rams for a cross of blood, because I cannot get such polled ones as I desire that are not nearly allied to my own stock.

I believe that nearly all middle and long-wooled Sheep are polled, while the males of the finer woolled varieties are usually horned.

I have for many years regarded horns on Sheep in a domesticated state, as not only a useless, but a troublesome and expensive appendage; and in 1845 fortunately getting hold of a very superior polled ram, I commenced to try to breed a flock which should be hornless. I proceeded by not only selecting polled rams, but, so far as practicable, perfect polled ewes also; and here let me remark, a ewe that appears to the casual observer to be without horns is not always a perfect poll. There must be a cavity, instead of a fulness, where the horns usually attaches, or she cannot be depended upon to produce polled lambs with certainty, although the sire be polled.

The result of my eight years' labor is, I do not now have but one horned ram lamb in about ten or twelve; and I do not believe that I have sacrificed one iota in form or constitution, or in quality or quantity of wool.

Some of my objections to horns are briefly as follows:

1. The substance that goes to make horns is the same that enters into the composition of wool.

2. If rams are polled you may let all the pure blooded ones run entire to the age of one or two years, and then any that are rejected as rams will make good wethers as if gelded while lambs.

3. Where horned rams run in flock in summer they are sure to fight, and if they do not kill each other outright, lose the skin about the horns, become fly-blown, and without constant care more or less of them die.

A gentleman who has been engaged in wool-growing over twenty years, and who keeps near two thousand sheep, told me he annually lost rams enough from these causes to pay all his taxes.

4. Horned rams frequently strike ewes in the side, bruising them, loosening their wool, and occasionally causing them to cast their lambs.

5. You can shelter and feed about double as many polled as horned rams in a given space.

In conclusion, I would say, I am always open to conviction. Has any one a reason why sheep in a domesticated state should have horns?—Wm. H. LADD in "Ohio Farmer."