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THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

There are few objects of more interest to me in coming to Rome than the Catacombs, in which the early Christians buried their dead, and met for religious worship during the times of persecution under Nero and his successors. I have visited two or three of these subterranean cemeteries, the most interesting of which are the Catacombs of St. Callistus, which I think may be easily described so as to give to your readers an adequate conception of their construction and arrangement.

You will please bear in mind then, that the whole of this region is volcanic in its origin, and aside from a thin soil on the surface, is composed entirely of the material which, at some distant period has been thrown out from the crater of some extinct or slumbering volcano. The material thus thrown out is of various degrees of hardness. Some of it is the travertine of which St. Peter's, and most of the substantial buildings of Rome, are chiefly constructed.

A mile out of the city you enter a strong gate. This is ordinarily kept locked, and can only be entered by permission obtained from a certain Cardinal. Inside of this enclosure you look around you, but see nothing different from what you might find in any other field, except a little frame work in the distance, which you find surrounds a stairway leading downwards. You pass down with your guide, and at the bottom of twenty-five or thirty stone steps a door is opened, through which you enter.

You are now at the entrance of this city of the dead. The streets are narrow, and have been formed by digging out the tufa, so as to leave the walls on either side of you perpendicular, and the street itself three or four feet wide—sometimes less than three, sometimes more than four.

The streets thus commenced may be extended indefinitely, or others may be made to cross it at right angles; or a large opening may be made at the side of it and a room twenty feet square may be constructed, and the walls may be covered with plaster, and the plaster with frescoes; and there may be an arched ceiling to it; and an opening may be made to the surface above for the admission of light; and thus you have a place where a hundred persons may meet for prayer or preaching, by day or by night.

This city may be extended without limit on the same level. Or by digging still lower there may be another similar arrangement below the first; and a third below the second, and so on.

A mile distant a similar excavation may be made, and you have the catacombs of St. Sebastian. Four miles in another direction, another, and there are the catacombs of St. Agnes.

And that is estimated that not less than two hundred miles of these subterranean streets may be traced, and that six millions of persons were buried along them.

The inscriptions have nearly all of them been removed—some to the Vatican, some to the Lateran Museum, some to the churches. I observed a few only remaining. One was in the Greek, and contained simply the name and words, "in circo,"—in peace. This is frequently the record in the Latin, "requisit in pace"—here rests in peace, &c.

What you have to discover, is, not that you are an elect saint, but that you are a lost sinner. When you have discovered this, and been enabled by divine grace to take Jesus as your Saviour, and thus made your calling sure, your election will be sure also.

Your rule of duty is not what is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, but what is written in God's holy Word. "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children" (Deut. xxi. 29).

It is not a somewhat noticeable fact that when our Saviour indicated so beautifully on a certain occasion the Christian Shepherd's duty, he thought of the "Lamb's Book of Life." Simon, son of Jonas, loved thou me? "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my Lambs."

to me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." (Mat. xi. 28.) "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37.) Believe these promises; take God at his word, and look unto Jesus; and you need not fear election. It is a false inference from the doctrine that troubles you; and if you neglect salvation because of a decree which you do not understand, the sin lies on your own head—you are lost because of your own unbelief.

But why should you think you are not elected? No human being you can ever know that he is not; and when God's Spirit is thus striving with you, why not rather believe that you are? You have as good a right to believe yourself one of the elect as any unconverted sinner that ever lived. You are somewhat like a man travelling to a railway station, intending to go by the train to a distant town. It occurs to him that perhaps there may not be a vacant seat, and he becomes afraid.

Do as John Bunyan did when assaulted by the same temptation. "Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of Revelation, and see if you can find that there was ever one that trusted in the Lord, and was confounded." Do as the old woman did, who resolved that if there were only three elect people in the world, she would strive to be one of them. "Be not afraid" of election; "only believe."—Monthly Messenger.

A FEARFUL RECORD. The American Presbyterian and Theological Review, for October, has an article by E. C. Wines, D. D., LL.D., of New York, on the "Sources of Crime." Among them he specifies licentiousness, and gives the following:—

Mr. Gould relates the story of a fallen woman, whom he encountered in one of our penitentiary hospitals, which casts a terrific light upon the tendency of licentiousness to produce crime. She had been a woman of exquisite beauty and elegant culture. Her father, a wealthy merchant in New York, failed in business, and gave up everything to his creditors.

With returning consciousness, the whole magnitude of the injury burst upon her. She instantly resolved upon revenge, and the plan for its accomplishment flashed upon her mind with the suddenness and rapidity of lightning.

The young man exulted in the ease and completeness of his victory; but from that moment she became the evil genius of his life. Professing the tenderest and most unselfish affection, she drew money from him continually, with which she hired sharpers to furnish him with provocatives to drinking, gambling, and all forms of vice and debauchery.

Young men! Stop! Drink no more liquid fire! Last week the papers recorded the rapid increasing degradation of George D. Prentice, from intemperance, and now tell a sadder story of William H. Graham, formerly proprietor of Graham's Magazine.

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LADIES PASTE THIS ON YOUR MIRRORS.—I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner on all and every occasion.

NEVER FORGET THEM, THAT YOU ARE A GENTLEWOMAN, and let all your words and actions make your gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a hard or a hasty thing in her life.

One of the greatest robbers is temperance, for it robs the poor house and the prison of their victims.

most of them could number at least two or three victims, whom they had ruined, and that many of these victims went to the length of the actual commission of crime.

Now, when we remember that there are in the city of New York alone over twenty thousand prostitutes, and a proportionate number in the other cities of the State, we may arrive at a proximate idea of the amount of crime in the Commonwealth, which is directly caused by the vice of licentiousness.

A CHRISTIAN GOVERNOR OF INDIA. While England has been confessedly the foremost Protestant Christian nation, it has studiously abstained from recognizing Christianity in one of its principal dependencies, the land in which modern Christian missions were first introduced.

A new Governor-general, however, has recently been appointed, one of whose distinguishing excellences is, that while he is in all respects fitted for the exalted and conspicuous station, he is a fearless and consistent Christian, known to be in favor of active measures for the propagation of Christianity in India.

Shortly after the mutiny was quelled, a dispatch of Sir John Lawrence was published on the Christian duty of England in the government of India, which contained thoughts most gratifying to the hearts of Christians in India and England.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma, Lay dead a short time ago, And you gazed on that sad but lovely wreck, With a full flood of weeping you could not check, And your heart was so sad that we thought it would break,

But it lived, and you still sobbed on, mamma, But it lived, and you still sobbed on.

But oh! had you been with me, mamma, In that land unknown to care, And seen what I saw, you never had cried, When they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died,

Do you mind what a heavenly look, mamma, Flashed through each trembling tear, As the good man sat in papa's old chair, As fast as the tears of speechless care, Ran down from his glistening eyes, mamma, Ran down from his glistening eyes,

Well, he was in his glory too, mamma, As happy as the best could be; And he needed no arms in the mansions of light, For he met with the patriarchs, clothed in white; And there was not a scrip had a crown more bright, than he, mamma, Or a costlier robe than he.

Then sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma, And dream as I dream before, For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest, While my spirit in the kingdom of light was a guest, And the heart that has throbbled in the climes of the east, Can love this world no more, mamma, Can love this world no more.

My God, I thank thee, who hast played A sinner for me, And pleased me in this happy land, Where I may hear of thee.

THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath is the holiest, brightest day in all the week to a spiritual mind. These rests refresh the soul in God, "that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature." Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which has other days to attend to the business of its servant, the body?

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Family Reading.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

O cradle me on your knee, mamma, And sing me that holy strain, That soothed me last when you fondly pressed My glowing cheek to your soft white breast; For I saw a scene when I slumbered last, That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma, And weep as you then did weep; Then fix on me your glistening eye, And gaze, and gaze 'till the tear be dry; Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh Till you tell me fast to sleep, mamma, Till you tell me fast to sleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma, While slumbering on your knee; And I lived in a land where forms divine In a kingdom of glory eternally shine; And the world would I give, if the world was mine, That land again to see, mamma, That land again to see.

I fancied I roamed in a wood, mamma, And I rested under a bough, When near me a butterfly flitted in pride, And I chased it away o'er the forest wide; But night came on, and I lost my guide, And I knew not what to do, mamma, And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma, And I loudly called for thee, When a white-robed seraph appeared in the air, And she threw back the curls of her golden hair, And she kissed me softly ere I was aware, Saying, "Come, pretty babe with me," mamma, Saying, "Come, pretty babe with me."

And heavenly forms were there, mamma, And lovely angels bright; They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed, And wondering, around me gazed and gazed, While songs were heard and sunny robes blazed, All glorious in that land, mamma, All glorious in that land.

Then came a shining throng, mamma, Of white-robed babes to me; Their eyes looked bright, and their sweet lips smiled, For they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child, And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled, Saying, "Here ever blest shalt thou be," mamma, Saying, "Here ever blest shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with a heavenly throng, mamma, With seraphims and cherubs fair; And I saw as I roamed in the regions of peace, The spirits who had fled from this world of distress, And theirs were the joys a tongue could not express, For they knew no sorrow there, mamma, For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma, Lay dead a short time ago, And you gazed on that sad but lovely wreck, With a full flood of weeping you could not check, And your heart was so sad that we thought it would break,

But it lived, and you still sobbed on, mamma, But it lived, and you still sobbed on.

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but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." A real thorough change wrought in the heart, by the Spirit of the God of all grace, whereby the man is made a new creature. "The old man is put off," "the new man is put on." "Ye in me and I in you;" ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. "Those heaven-born souls now live by the faith of the Son of God. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." In spiritual regeneration the soul is delivered from the reigning power of sin, and all its consequences, and is saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

Water baptismal regeneration leaves the sinner just where it finds him, with a heart at war with God and Christ, under the curse of God's broken law, and unless grace prevent, doomed to hell. The man who asserts that water baptism "regenerates and makes a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," furnishes a sad picture of his own spiritual condition.

The little girl of Greenland, or the frozen land, has a strange name; it is Eqrk, and her brother is called Awahok. They live with their parents in a low house, built of stones and plastered with moss, which looks like an old brick oven.

How do you suppose Eqrk's mother cooks her food? She boils it in a kettle over a lump. The lamp is made of the shoulder-blade of the walrus, filled with blubber, with a wick of moss.

What does she dress in? Hood and cloak and gloves, like our little girls? I will begin with her feet. No body knits in that frozen land; so she has no warm woolen socks like yours.

WINTER is called *okipok*, "the season of fast ice." By March the sun begins to peep above the icebergs, or ice-mountains, and slips quickly down again.

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