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newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or
refusing to deliver them, is not a crime, and is not
evidence of intentional fraud.

Poetry.

DIVINE LOVE.

"I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty Saviour,
And I have peace with God.
"Thou everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name,
Thou stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

"The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-stained friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
"My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

"I change, He changeeth not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting place,
His truth, not mine, the tie."

CONSECRATION.

Saviour, who died for me,
I give myself to thee,
Thy love, so full, so free,
Claims all my powers.
Be this my purpose,
To serve thee till I die,
Whether my path shall lie
Mid thorns or flowers.

But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the world must break
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only guide,
Oh! bid my heart rejoice;
Be thou my song.

May it be joy to me
To follow only thee--
Thy faithful servant,
Thine to the end.
For thee I'll do and dare,
For thee the cross I'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer,
On thee depend.

Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side;
Support, defend, and guide--
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And trusting Jesus reign,
I'll may call thee mine
Eternally.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.
Men and Things as seen in
Europe.

LETTER XXIII.

Sistine--Fresco of the Judgment--En-
trance of Cardinals--Entrance of the
Pope--Salutation of the Pope--
His Appearance--Anecdote of Dr. Miller--
Questions--Cardinals--Antiquity--
How to modify our Opinions and Ideas--
How about the Claims of Popery
in the Sistine.

The Sistine Chapel, of course, an ob-
ject of great curiosity at Rome. It is con-
nected with the palace of the Vatican,
which is adjoining St. Peter's, and is the
private chapel of the Pope. You ascend
the famous staircase of Bramante, which
is guarded at the foot by "the Swiss Guards,"
the most fantastic-looking soldiers imagi-
nable, and enter the Sala Regia, a large
audience chamber adorned with fine fres-
coes, and among others, with that com-
memorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew.
Papists would deny any responsibility
for that horrible massacre, and yet its
blood is perpetuated in the Vatican by a
splendid fresco! From this chamber you
enter the Sistine, and the fresco of the
Judgment, by Angelo, sixty
feet high and thirty broad, is before you.
This is universally admitted to be the
most extraordinary picture in the history
of art. The conception is such as the
genius alone of Angelo could embody,
and the result is grand and sublime.
Although faded by the triple effect of
damp, time, and the incense so often
burned on the altar beneath it, it is diffi-
cult to weary in gazing upon it.

This spot we frequently visited; and it
was here, at vespers and matins, on feast-
days, we had our views of the pope and
his cardinals. The cardinals enter by the
same door as do strangers--walk along the
aisle, with a servant untwisting their robes,
to the inner of the three apartments into
which it is divided--there they kneel and
pray toward the altar, their attendants
fixing their robes all the while--then they

rise, and, after bowing to the altar and
to their brethren on the right and left, take
their seats, with their servants at their feet.

When all is in preparation, there is a
bustle, and soon the Pope enters by the
opposite door, bows to the altar, and goes
up to his chair. Then one after the other
of the cardinals leave their seats, their scar-
let robes trailing behind them; and after
saluting the Pope by kissing his hand
covered by his vestments, they return to
their seats. When this ceremony, which fills
you with disgust for the actors, is over,
the services commence, which are mostly
conducted by a choir made up of men and
eunuchs. Twice did I witness these cere-
monies in the Sistine; on the first occasion
there were sixteen, on the second, twenty-
three cardinals in attendance. The Pope
is a man of fine proportions, six feet two
or three inches high, with a pleasing, pen-
sive aspect, not very Italian in a visage
which is more expressive of good nature
than of talent or firmness. He might do
very well to govern a convent; but he is
utterly unqualified for his double position
as the head of a church and of a state.

Personally he is amiable and well-meaning;
in morals he stands higher than his prede-
cessors or cardinals; and that is all--
While in his presence I thought of an
anecdote told of the good Dr. Miller, of
Princeton. In the Seminary was a student
of far more beauty than brains, who, like
all such, was quite a pretender. An elder
from a country church went to the profes-
sor to inquire for a pastor, and he named
him several young gentlemen. "I have
heard," said the elder, "of Mr. Miller,"
naming the pretty student; "what do you
think of him, Dr. Miller?" Not wishing
to say anything against, nor yet willing to
commend him as strongly recommending
the student, he hesitated, but finally re-
plied, "He is a profoundly good-looking
fellow." Yet I confess that while gaz-
ing upon him, dressed so gorgeously, and
receiving so coltishly the profound homage
of the cardinals, I could not help asking,
Is that the man who retired under the pre-
tense of going to pray, dressed himself as
a servant, jumped upon the box of a car-
riage, and was off to Gaeta? Is that the
head of Jesus Christ in our world--the
head of the visible Church--without a be-
lief in those claims, and an abject submis-
sion to them, I can not enter heaven?

And what shall I say of the cardinals?
Some of them were very old, bending un-
der the weight of years; and some of them
were very plethoric, and quite in danger
of apoplexy; and some of them quite
young for their position, and good-looking.
But none of them so impressed me as did
Antonelli, the cardinal Secretary of State.
Young, say forty-five--thin, tall, with pen-
etrating eye, and a face strongly expres-
sive of intellect, passion, and will, you
would single him from the rest as a real
spirit. And such, by all accounts, he is.
He is the soul of the College of Cardinals;
he is the real Pope, while Pius Nono is a
mere puppet in his hands, used simply to
give validity and legality to his acts. And
he is all his looks indicate; shrewd, far-
seeing, vindictive, tyrannical, of an iron
will, profane, and profligate in his morals.
Such is his reputation; such is the por-
trait of him given me by one who knew
him well, and for years. There was a
crowd in the Sistine on each of the occa-
sions to which I allude; nor was there a
person there of any mark that escaped the
notice of Antonelli. When the Pope was
reading the missal, this cardinal was
reading the audience, and I was striving to
read the cardinals.

How a few sights like these witnessed
in the Sistine modify many of our feelings
and opinions! A bishop or archbishop,
singly, is quite a person; a single cardinal
in a country, as Wiseman in England,
is far more so; but when you see them in
crowds, as in Rome or Naples, you soon
pass them by without notice. When you
learn their true character, you despise them;
you regard them as does a good man
self-righteousness--the more, the worse.

With us a living lizard adds
to the attraction of a race-show; but
when they surround you every where, as
in Italy, they become excessively offensive.
And as you gaze upon the Pope and
cardinals in the Sistine, how the idea of
infidelity, as taught by the Papists, takes
upon itself wings! What that good-looking
good-natured, but yet not intelligent look-
ing man, infallible! Believe it who can!
What the Pope, and these cardinals in
conclave, infallible! The idea is preposter-
ous. And to feel that it is preposterous,
nothing is required but to visit the
Sistine, and to witness their gorgeous
bustling, which, if performed without
priestly robes, would subject them to the
imputation of lunacy. And are these the
men who give laws to the papal world--
who make bishops and archbishops in
America--who send Wiseman, in red
stockings, to England--who decide the
question as to colleges in Ireland--who
rule their people against the crown in
Ireland--for the crown in Austria--against
liberty in Sardinia and Hungary--and for
it, wherever they can remove their hand-
some to the extension of their ghostly
dominion? Yes, these are the very men
parading their man-millinery before you,
and claiming to exercise by Divine right
an irresponsible power, which, when allowed,
brings the world at their feet. And will
their claims be allowed? Yes, when the
light of truth has ceased its shining--
when the Gospel-sun has fallen from
its orbit--when the sea has ceased its
soundings. In there is a city in the
world where Popery can be so read as
to be detected, it is Rome; and if there is
a spot in Rome where the claims of Popery
seem more ridiculous than another, it
is where the Pope and cardinals most
congregate. And when I see clever men,
in other respects, pleased as a child
with a bawble, with the fllets which
these priests of the Sistine confer--seek-

ing advice at their hands as to how they
are to manage unuly Americans--taking
pompous airs upon themselves because of
the favors which they confer--placing a
dagger before their names, which, if need-
ful, I fear, they would plunge into the
very heart of our liberties at their bid-
ding, because of their advancing them up
a rung or two in the priestly ladder; and
with the broad banner of our country
floating over them, acting as the tools and
spies of these Italian ghastly despots,
it requires all the generous feelings of my
nature to maintain for them a particle of
respect.

Popery as a system is an enormous fal-
shood; may God save America from its
deceivings and its tools. To wipe out
every suspicion from the mind that there
may be some truth in the claim of the
Pope and his college of cardinals, nothing
is necessary but a visit to the Sistine. The
person who can not be thus cured, is a fit
subject for the solemn procession of dom-
ineers which seek the blessing of his holiness
on the Feast of St. Antony.

The Conversion of Luther.

The conversion of the world's great re-
former, was indeed, a slow process. Yet,
like all sin-awakened souls seeking the
Lord, found grace, Luther even in the days
of Catholic gloom, found that "peace of
God, which passeth all understanding," this
gifted powers of intellect to clearly
exhibited in the days of early youth, al-
lowed him no rest till after having struggled
amid the flappings of poverty's wings, and
exerted himself vigorously to profound
study. His mind was glowing and thirst-
ing for knowledge. In later years, he
tasted the blessings thereof. When at
Erfurt, Melancthon speaks thus of young
Luther: "The whole University admired
his genius. He often pressed his teachers
with inquiries and soon went ahead of all
his school fellows." Here Luther used to
say, "To pray well is the better half of
learning." While here in this institution of
study, was Luther's fortune to find
the Bible for the first time which he open-
ed and read with delight. He read of
Hannah and young Samuel. It impressed
him. He wished to have a Bible of his
own to read through. Every spare mo-
ment was spent in reading the word of
God. Luther was now about twenty years
of age. In 1505 the degree of Doctor of
Philosophy was conferred upon him with
much pomp. Agreeably to the wishes of
his father, he was determined to study the
law. Bright prospects of attaining to hon-
or and eminence now lay before him. But
even while engaged in studying and teach-
ing natural philosophy and ethics of Aris-
totle, a voice seemed whispering of con-
science higher, holier, and more exalted.
He learned that he was a sinner. Con-
science awoke. To obtain salvation, was
his next care. Resolutions were formed
"to ensure a well grounded hope of immor-
tality." Soon after this, one of his most
intimate friends was assassinated. He went
to the spot deeply impressed, saying, "What
became of me, if I were thus suddenly call-
ed away?" Here the thought of death,
the grave, immortality, and the judgment
filled his mind. Next, in a thunder storm
he fell on his knees vowing to God, if he
would deliver him from danger, he would
henceforth serve God. Now his conscience
troubled him the more. He feels the want
of that genuine religion, which gladdens
the heart. What is he to do? In order
to find religion, he resolves to be a monk.
In the dark of the night, with no more
property than several Latin books, he makes
his solitary way from the university to the
convent of the Augustine order, bidding
the world farewell. Why? To find peace
for a troubled conscience. Next day he
writes letters to his friends, bids them good
bye, sends all his clothes and the ring
received at the university, so that his mind
might not be set on any worldly object.
The world shall no more attract his atten-
tion. He is now seeking his soul's salva-
tion. His many loved friends were now
filled with grief. Their long cherished
hope of seeing a star of the first magnitude
in human knowledge, now died within
them. Efforts were made to restore Luther back
again to his friends, but without success.
For one month no one was allowed to see
him, nor to speak to him. Here Luther
performed manual labor, such as sweeping
the floors, winding the clock &c. He was
obliged to go out into the streets begging
his bread. He looked upon his own labors
to be saved instead of looking unto God.
While here in the convent Luther devoted
every leisure moment to his studies. But
his brethren who were ignorant and lazy,
would murmur and say, "Come, come, it is
not by study, but by begging bread, corn,
eggs, fish, meat, and money that you can
benefit the cloister." He resumed his
bread bag through the streets begging.
Luther found an old Bible chained fast
to the wall. He resorted daily drawing lessons
of wisdom. Oftentimes he dwelt a whole
day on one single verse. The writings of
the apostles and the prophets attracted his
attention. He applied himself so close to
his studies that the prescribed prayers
were forgotten for several weeks. To re-
deem this, the young monk shut himself
up, repeating these prayers. He repeated
on one occasion so deep that for seven long
weeks he slept scarcely any. Many a day
passed with no more food than a little
bread and a herring. There was a longing
and thirsting for holiness and peace with
God. After Luther became a reformer, he
wrote to the duke George of Saxony, "I
was a devout monk, and followed the rules
of my order so strictly that I cannot tell
you all. If ever a monk entered into
heaven by his monkish merits, certainly I
should have obtained an entrance there-
all the monks who knew me will confirm;
and if it had lasted much longer, I should
have become literally a martyr through
watchings, prayer, reading, and other labors."
How sad his disappointment. His
conscience was not yet at rest. He was

still a sinner. He felt it. He was encour-
aged to do good works. But he said, "What
works can proceed from such a heart
like mine?" How can I stand before a
holy judge? He says, "I was in the sight
of God, a great sinner and I could not
think it possible for me to appear before
my merits." He was sad and sorrowful.
Silent and cast down, he could take no in-
terest in monkish ceremonies. He says,
"I tormented myself to death, to procure
for my troubled heart and agitated con-
science peace in the presence of God; but
encompassed with thick darkness, I no
where found peace." There was no rest.
Nothing can satisfy such a soul, but the
grace of God. Luther wept, sipped, and
groaned in the convent. Sorrow for sin
and labors to obtain peace with God, over-
took him. One day sadness overtook him
to such a degree, that he shut himself up
in his cell. He looked the door. No one
could approach him for several days. His
friends knocked at the door, but received
no answer. They broke open the door
and found him stretched out prostrate on
the floor like a dead man. They tried to
recall him; but without success. There
he lay without signs of life. The young
choristers began to sing sweetly. This re-
called him. He recovered and at length arose.
Singing calmed his heart for a few moments.
But soon those inward struggles came again.
Something was still wanting. John Stau-
pitz, a man who found salvation in Christ,
and peace for his soul, came to Luther's
aid. The very countenance of the monk
expressed sorrow. Stauipitz alone could
understand Luther's feelings. Luther told
him his trouble saying, "It is in vain
that I make promises to God; sin is always
too strong for me." To which Stauipitz
replied, "Oh, my friend, I have vowed to
the holy God more than a thousand times,
that I would like a holy life, and never
have I kept my vow." He went on, telling
that salvation was found by the mercy
of God. The monk was terrified. Stau-
pitz told him kindly to look into the
wounds of Jesus, to the blood that was
shed for him on the cross, and to trust and
believe himself entirely into the hands of
his Redeemer, instead of torturing him-
self. But Luther in his distressed state of
mind, replied, "How can I dare believe in
the favor of God, so long as there is no
real conversion? I must be changed be-
fore he can receive me." He was exhort-
ed to cast away his fears and not to fear
God as a severe judge. Stauipitz said,
"there is no true repentance, but that
which begins in the love of God, and of
righteousness." Stauipitz talks, Luther
pays strict attention. Joy begins to fill
his soul. He receives light. He thought
Christ was doing this. He searched every
passage in the Bible which speaks of re-
pentance and conversion. He said, "be-
fore this nothing seemed so bitter as the
words conversion and repentance, but now
it was the sweetest." He says, "Oh, how
blessed are all God's precepts, when we
read them not in books alone, but in the
precious words of the Saviour." The
word lasted only a short time; he felt
that he was still a sinner. His soul be-
came sick. He cried out in bitter pain,
"Oh, my sin! my sin! my sin!" His
friend Stauipitz comforts him by pointing
to Christ. Luther again receives courage.
Stauipitz said, "let the study of the Scrip-
tures be your favorite occupation." The
words were obeyed. Luther presented a
Bible to him. He reads it with delight.
But soon he fell into despair again. At
last under this heavy burden his health
gave way. He was prostrated to a bed of
sickness. One day an old monk came to
his cell and spoke with him. At the words
"the testimony which the Holy Ghost ap-
plies to your heart, is this: Thy sins are
forgotten thee," Luther received light.
The work is now ended. He is now a
"new creature in Christ Jesus." His heart
is now filled with joy. He trusts in Jesus
Christ. Now he is a man. All doubts
and fears are removed. Happy man! His
prayers are more fervent. He soon
recovered from sickness. He left his bed.
From this day Luther went forth and made
his mark. Brave as a lion, he stood fight-
ing and battling against a benighted Chris-
tendom, bringing forth a glorious reforma-
tion under the blessing of God. Luther's
repentance was sincere. Where, in the
annals of history can we find a saint re-
penting equal to that of this man? Who
can doubt Dr. Luther's conversion? May
many more in our days, let the tears of
deep repentance flow like the Reformer,
high and groan after holiness and peace of
God as he did, looking to the same source
for help which he finally looked after
learning that heaven could not be bought
by man's own works, is my prayer.

The Tutton Street Prayer Meeting.

The crowds begin to come in by eleven
o'clock. The rooms gradually fill up, and
by twelve o'clock there are many vacant
seats. At 12 M., to the minute, the leader
rises and gives out the first two or three
verses of the opening hymn, which are sung
with great animation. It is the highest type
of congregational singing. To day it was:
"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
The leader seemed to know that there
were some souls who needed to take sanc-
tuary in Christ before the close of the hour--
anxious souls were in the meeting. Then
the reading of the Scriptures, and a short
earnest prayer; and then follows the read-
ing of the requests, which were very inter-
esting on the day of this writing. One was
for the entire Greek race; many for inter-
perate persons; some for anxious sinners;
some for persons who had no religious con-
cern; some from pastors about to commence
a series of religious services for the revival
of the work of the Lord; some poor sinners
asking prayer for themselves; churches for
a revival; and many others, personal and
local in their character. When all were
read, a man was up for prayer, which was
offered with much unction, and in a few
brief, telling words, calling for divine help
in every case mentioned.

A RELIGIOUS PERSON--The
Catholic reform movement reaches into
nearly all European states where Popery
has had any considerable strength, it is
active in Rome itself, especially among
the Faculty and students of the city Uni-
versity.

A very anomalous fact must have struck
all reflecting Americans--a fact inexplic-
able at first view--namely, that in our own
country, where the freest action of thought
prevails, the Dollinger movement appears
to have not the slightest sympathy, or any
effect whatever, among Roman Catholics.
How is this?

Some of the American prelates were
among the strongest opponents of ultramoun-
tism in the council at Rome, and con-
founded the dogma of the Pope's infallibility
to the very last.

Every one of them has succumbed.
We know of not a single prominent
clerical or lay Catholic in the republic who
has dared openly to join the noble protest
of Dollinger and his associates.

Can it be that there is less intellectual
activity, less advanced thought in the
Roman Church of America than in that
of Europe? Is the mass of its population
(mostly of one foreign nationality) below
that of Bavaria of Prussia, of Hungary,
or even Italy?

Some of the best Catholics of England
sustain Dollinger, but not one, that we
have heard of, in Ireland. Are we to ac-
count for the stagnation of Catholic opin-
ion in America by the Celtic element that
permeates the Church here?

Here is a problem, social as well as re-
ligious, which may well excite curiosity, at
least, among thoughtful Americans--meth-
odist.

Scenes in the Chicago Churches.

The Advance speaks heartily of the use
of the Chicago churches were put to after the
fire. It says:
"Our churches have had a new and un-
expected dedication. Some might call it
a desecration, but in our eyes it was an
opposite appearance. On Sunday, Oct. 8,
they were houses of worship; on Monday
the 9, they suddenly became homes of
shelter. Thousands of those 'fostered
homeless by the flames' fled to the sanctu-
aries of God, whose doors were flung wide
open in Christian hospitality. In a few
hours, tables were spread, and the church
kitchens, proved to be among the best of
the sacred instrumentalities. The en-
thusiasm, which had supported the well-to-
do worshippers in costly churches, became beds
for the weary refugees, of all ranks. The
gentlemen and ladies of the various con-
gregations became servants of the destitute.
Leaves of bread took the place of hymn-
books and Bibles, and the pastors substituted
relief-work for sermon-writing and pas-
toral visitation. All day long, and after day
after day, furniture lay piled at the en-
trances, and vehicles of every description came
and went, with mothers and children, and
the necessary supplies, making a scene
very unlike that ordinarily witnessed in
and outside a church. Will any one dare
call this a desecration? It was one of
the holiest acts of consecration."

the counsel or consent of their mothers,
the superintendent, for conscientious rea-
sons, persuaded them to defer the matter
to some future time. The majority of
those confirmed were church orphans, and
the others were of Lutheran parentage.
A strict regard is paid to the wishes of
mothers in regard to the church con-
secration of their children.

The assembling of these dear young
souls around the sacramental altar, there
to consecrate their young lives to the ser-
vice of God, presented a scene for the de-
light and admiration of angels and all
good men. My own heart was filled with
joy and gladness. The tear dimmed eyes
of the hoary-headed superintendent, told
the pleasure and satisfaction of his own
heart, as he beheld his orphan pupils and
among them his own son, giving them-
selves away to God. There stood the sil-
very-headed sire and his adopted child in
the bloom of youth, side by side, pledg-
ing their mutual love to their common Re-
deemer, in the sacrament. How much
better does this aged servant of Christ dis-
charge the duty of a parent to these adop-
ted fatherless ones, than many fathers do
to their own children.

Sometimes when reading the actions of
Synod or hearing the remarks of some
brother on the floor of Synod, about the
Orphan Home, we would be led to think
that religion had no place there. But
when I go there and mingle with, and talk
to the children, I find that they are better
taught in things pertaining to salvation,
than the children of most private families.
Let not then, the impression be made on
the mind of the church that this is merely
an institution in which children are fed
and clothed and receive a mental training;
while the religious culture of the heart is
neglected. The whole institution is per-
meated and governed by religious influ-
ence and principles. All persons connected
with the educational department are truly
pious whose example and influence have a
most salutary effect upon the pupils. But
we would here remark, that, whilst the doc-
trines and principles of our holy christian-
ity are taught both by precept and example
yet all sectarianism is studiously and con-
scientiously excluded. If the church de-
sires to do God service and glorify his
name, here is an opportunity. Support
this Institution and its fatherless children,
and you will confer a blessing on the
church and the world, add many widows
and orphans will rise up at that day and
call you blessed. O, Lord bless all Orphan
Homes, their superintendents and teachers
and bless all the dear fatherless children.

Poetry.

THE PRAYER.

A pair of dimpled knees bent on the floor,
Two little dove-like eyes half shut in sleep,
A little dove-ringed head--this through the door
I hear--singing the Lord--"a crystal soul" to
keep.
The crimson cheeks seem by dawn's fingers
stained,
The dimpled hands, clasped by the angels,
seem,
As sunset's amber o'er her head is stained,
Kindling her curls with many a tapering
gleam.

Wounded are her tiny feet with stories old,
Thy bones last times, methinks I see,
Enveloped them in their soft ethereal fold,
With loves protection, to the dimpled knee;
For still the baby songs and tales will please,
As when at first, like bits from silken skein,
She tried to knit them, sitting on my knee,
In baby accents, into threats again.

Through velvet lips just parted are,
The words which the white winged thoughts
strove forth to rise;
As, through an opening bud, perfumes afar
loosely are wafted to the skies.
Now to her downy couch my darling's crept,
Where her bright curls, like jonquills in the
snow,
Gleam out, set the sunbeams there had swept
A little rift for such sweet flowers to grow.

Practical.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

The Tutton Street Prayer Meeting.

CROWDED MEETINGS.

The crowds begin to come in by eleven
o'clock. The rooms gradually fill up, and
by twelve o'clock there are many vacant
seats. At 12 M., to the minute, the leader
rises and gives out the first two or three
verses of the opening hymn, which are sung
with great animation. It is the highest type
of congregational singing. To day it was:
"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
The leader seemed to know that there
were some souls who needed to take sanc-
tuary in Christ before the close of the hour--
anxious souls were in the meeting. Then
the reading of the Scriptures, and a short
earnest prayer; and then follows the read-
ing of the requests, which were very inter-
esting on the day of this writing. One was
for the entire Greek race; many for inter-
perate persons; some for anxious sinners;
some for persons who had no religious con-
cern; some from pastors about to commence
a series of religious services for the revival
of the work of the Lord; some poor sinners
asking prayer for themselves; churches for
a revival; and many others, personal and
local in their character. When all were
read, a man was up for prayer, which was
offered with much unction, and in a few
brief, telling words, calling for divine help
in every case mentioned.

A watchman in a bank, at midnight,
hastened to the owner, with a small baggy;
he placed his treasure in a satchel, and
thus carried one million of money for miles
to his dwelling. It is well robbers do not
know some things.

A physician was passing near the burn-
ing district, and noted the thousands of
humble workmen of all nations and colors,
flying from the advancing flames. There
was one poor woman carrying two glass
lamps worth about 50 cents. There was
an African mother carrying a *vasculum*. He
mistook her for a landress; but bearing
he found that *two infant darlings*, nearly
naked, were all the treasures the tub con-
tained. Another woman had a bed on her
back, as her chosen portion. But the bed
took fire, and she dropped her burning
treasure. Here was a man who had loaded
up his humble household stuff. While
hastening his horse to escape, his furniture
took fire, and he scarcely had time to
unhitch and save his horse, so fast and fiercely
blew the wind, and advanced the flame.

Another strange sight came forth from
the smoke and burning showers of cinders
--a man on horseback, with no other cloth-
ing but a night shirt (*robe de nuit*) and a
sash--carpet strip wrapped around him.
The horse trotted on the carpet and dragged
it from him, but he grasped it in time to
keep it from falling, and readjusting his
slender attire, hastened on his flight.

A Swiss seamstress told her friend that
with thousands she fled to the shores of
the Lake to preserve life. She shipped a
piece of carpet in the Lake and covered
her trunk to keep it from burning. Many
were wringing their hands in agony and
sending their screams to heaven, but the
roaring flames, the surging billows, down
ed their prayers. Others blasphemed and
poured forth their curses on the fire--
Others said, "The last day is come! it
is come!" Mrs. V. "I knew it had not
come, for people will not be carrying bun-
dles on the last day." A number of per-

Poetry.

THE PRAYER.

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Where her bright curls, like jonquills in the
snow,
Gleam out, set the sunbeams there had swept
A little rift for such sweet

Children's Department.

A SPARROW'S NEST.

And what a nestling thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this;
Nestling, warm, and cozy,
Of straw and twigs and moss,
So like a little bird's nest,
With a little bird in it.

So, I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing.

Well, here has been a nestling,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing.

Think! that has been a nestling,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing.

How would that nestling thing,
And I have a nestling thing,
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MODEL COMPOSITION.—The Essex

Staten says a boy in South Danvers wrote the following composition upon his native town, which it thinks is very good for a school-boy:

"South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middletown. Its principal river is Gold-thwaite's brook, which empties into Salem Harbor. Its principal lake is the mill pond which is dry in summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, South church, and Geo. Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship the minister, the Spiritualists, who worship everything, and the Unitarians, who worship nothing."

LOVE TESTED.—"If ye love me, keep my commandments," said the Lord Jesus. "I do love God," said a little girl to her papa, one day, when he had been talking with her about loving God.

"Perhaps you think so, Maria," "Oh! I do, indeed I do, papa."

"Suppose, my child, you should say to me, 'Dear papa, I love you,' and then go away and disobey me; could I believe you?" "No, papa."

"Well, dear, how can I believe you love God when I see you every day doing those things which He forbids?"

And here, in this unassuming, but in these little creatures, have been taught this skill, beyond your reach of thought.

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Make your homes radiant within

with every social virtue, and beautiful with the following composition upon his native town, which it thinks is very good for a school-boy:

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How can I expand my chest?"

asked a stately fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," the doctor replied.

—The editor of a country paper remarks that the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

In a late vacation letter Henry Ward Beecher enumerates as among the delights of summer rest the privilege of wearing old clothes. That is the privilege that a good many clergymen have the year round.

A new style of surgery is in vogue in Vermont as appears by the Montpelier Argus, which says: "Wednesday of the week before last a daughter of Mr. Alford of St. Johnsbury had her tongue split so badly that it had to be sewed up by falling from a fence."

A worthy Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once, if, therefore there can be any kindness to me, let it be shown to me now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

It is estimated that during the last five centuries more than \$50,000,000 worth of real estate has been washed away from the eastern coast of England by the encroachments of the sea. A number of villages and towns which used to be set down on the old maps have entirely disappeared.

Col. Lewis W. Washington, the head of a branch of the family to which the first President belonged, died on October 1, after a brief illness of congestive fever at his residence near Harper's Ferry. He was a well-known figure in the politics of Washington, among other the elegant sword sent by Frederick the Great with the inscription "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

"Why do you oppose the giving of the ballot to women?" asked a lady, the other evening, of a confirmed bachelor. "Because men would rather be elected on the basis of their mental inferiority to mankind than on the basis of their physical superiority."

"What evidence of their mental inferiority to mankind can you advance?" queried the lady. "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair."

A Norwichee authority tells a pathetic little story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string, hanging from its leg to a telegraph wire. Two or three boys wanted to throw stones at it; but a passer-by, seeing the poor bird, took pity on it, and unwound the string, and put the frightened fluttering little creature tenderly into its bosom where it descended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer nest than he expected.

Dahlias and gladioli must be removed to winter quarters before the ground freezes hard.

YOUR EYE ON TWO-TEN.—Burdetts Coutts, the English house, is a well-known and most welcome customer at all the fashionable shops in London, but she is not so familiar a habitue of the shops in Paris. During a visit to this latter city of a distant relative, she learned the death of a distant relative, and she went to purchase mourning to the shop, the Trois Quarters, a large dry goods establishment something like our own Stewart's.

She asked for mourning dress goods, and was shown by one of the attentive shop girls, the proper assortment. "Please show this lady mourning stuffs," he said, "Miss Coutts."

Miss Coutts made her selection, and then asked for mourning collars; the clerk who had waited on her, accompanied her to the proper counter. "Please show this lady mourning collars—two-ten," said he, and left her. From this department she went to look for mourning pocket handkerchiefs, escorted by the clerk, who passed her over to his successor with the remark, "show this lady pocket-handkerchiefs—two-ten."

As she had still other articles to buy, she was escorted from counter to counter, department to department, and everywhere these obsequious words, "two-ten," were repeated by one clerk to another.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain she asked the proprietor as she left the establishment, "Pray, what does two-ten mean? I notice each clerk said it to the other in your shop."

"Oh, it is nothing," said he; "merely a password that they are in the habit of exchanging."

But Miss Coutts was not satisfied with this explanation. Her woman's curiosity was piqued, and she resolved to unravel the riddle. So in the evening when her porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, after paying her bill, she said, "My boy, would you like to earn five francs?"

Of course he had no objections to do so, and only wanted to know in what way he could do it.

"Tell me," said the lady, "what does 'two-ten' mean. I will give you five francs."

"Why, don't you know, ma'am?" said he, evidently amazed at her ignorance; "it means to keep your two eyes on her ten fingers."

The mystery was solved at last. All the clerks of the Trois Quarters had taken the richest woman in Great Britain for a shop-lifter.

She tells the story with great gusto, and one of her friends to whom she had related it in Paris repeated it to me.

MOKE AWFUL THAN THE JUDGMENT.—A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this excitement the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus:—"In one quarter of an hour from this time the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled; the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish; you will return to your carnal occupations or sinful pleasures with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard as a