should be silent.

Woetry.

For the American Presbyterian. THE SUMMER EVENING BREEZE. BY JAMES RISTINE.

Where is thy home, oh fairy wanderer? Where are the halls wherein ve sleep When peace broods in the solitary wood, And spreads her pinions o'er the deep? When summer's noon is passed, and a hot brea How soft thy cooling wings play 'round the brow, Ere revelling in the briny waves again!

Go, gentle breeze! Go, waft the bark along The bosom of the glassy lake That lifts its liquid lips to kiss thine own And unto thee sweet music speak. Go, fan the laborer's fevered cheek, as now, The busy task complete, he plods With weary step along you winding path,

Long hours beneath the scorching sun he swayed The sickle in the ripened grain, Pouring the dew of labor o'er his brow, Unmindful of the toil or pain; But thou, sweet spirit of the gelid breeze, Came from the depth of yonder grove,

And sweeps the soft dew gathered on the sod

And played around his lip in dalliant love. On thy soft breast, the tender tribe of flowers Seek shelter when the autumn comes. And by thy wings are borne to southern fields, O'er which a warmer sunlight roams. Like as by faith, our cheerless souls are borne To brighter halls, serener skies, Where birds of hope had flown away before, As lovely scents from faded flowers arise.

Correspondence.

HOW TO DIE. It would be a grievous neglecting of some of God's best helpings to our souls, did we, because we have a Book of Grace, neglect to read occasionally in the book of nature.

When our Lord said to the Jews of his day:-"Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, and of the earth, but how is it that ye do not discern this time?" he did not mean to condemn their attentive observation of material things, but only that this accuracy of discernment was not extended to the great spiritual processes which were then going on under God's superintendence. And it was the continual practice of Him, who was not only the Saviour, but the teacher of mankind, to bid his followers look out upon the evervarying surfaces of earth, and sea, and sky, with all their living furniture, and take a lesson from the survey. Let us not omit to follow this practice. Let us not, as professing Christians, suffer the "times and seasons" to pass by unheeded The cold, dark frown of winter is gone; the sweet smile of spring just begins to gladden our heartshow cheering it is to think of the "spring-time," of the "summer's colden promises." and "autumn's teeming prodigality." But we must not forget that winter must come again; we may not of an inspired prophet, but as the faltering aclive to see it, but it will surely come. Nature's obsequies will be celebrated again—the mountains must be clad with snow, the rivers must be bound with ice, the cold dropping rains must descend, and the wind must sigh among the withered leaves, and over the buried flowers, again :- in the midst of all these, can we not hear as it were the voice of the Creator saying to us: "How readest thou?" and let us take an admonition concerning the most important of all subjects which

We do not know that there is in our language a word which sounds in the ear with a deeper tone of solemn and awful vibration, when deliberately pronounced, than the word-NEVER. It is, in fact, a word more belonging to another world than this. It links the thought to the amazing durations of infinity. It is a word to be written upon the gates of heaven; for within their foldings are the redeemed of the Lord-they who "shall never perish." It is a word to be wriften upon the doors of hell, for within them "the worm never dieth, and the fire is not quenched." But we do not stand alone in this sensitiveness to the associations connected with this word. They continually force themselves upon the generality of O what a subject is it for our deepest contemplamen. There are few persons, we believe, who can look for the last time upon any place where they have sojourned, and not feel, as they turn away their eyes never again to behold it, some touch of melancholy. And let us have to part company with an acquaintance of even comparatively short standing, and let the conviction be upon our mind, that never again shall the tones of his voice sound upon our ears, and will not something of sobriety, if not of sorrow, steal over the soul?

living man can ponder-How to Die.

The reason of this is evident. In such case thought is awakened, though slightly it may be, to that infinity which lies before us all. Man is compelled to member himself a creature of a few short years, and then to pass away into an unseen world. When we see and feel that we are parting with some things or some persons, never to see them more, thought springs forward to that moment, when we shall resign every thing we now behold, never again to look upon them. Then comes over the soul, as it were, that awful voice of scripture: "It is appointed unto men once to die." And for him who dies what hope is there that he shall return again to life, and be again a denizen of earth, and see the sun, and breathed go to Jesus. But he who goes to him in sincerity, the air? Mad as men are in many things, none look for this reprieve. Death is confessedly the one irretraceable step, and the very aspect of the grave bids us take up those beautiful words of Job: "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through scent of water it will bud, and bring boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man is thy sting; O, grave, where is thy victory?" giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not wake,

nor be raised out of their sleep." If, then, the bare flashing of the thought of death can thus occasionally sober us, what may we not conceive to be the sensations when the conviction comes, that in a few hours or minutes we shall be in eternity? If to God's people even it is a solemn thing to die, what must it be to those who have no fixed prospects of a happiness to come? It must be dreadful—it is dreadful—other who he liked best to hear preach. "Why," when the idea is distinctly dwelt upon. Millions there are doubtless of whom it may be said, They his comes the nearest to nothing of any that I every knew not what it was to learn this! There is a heard."

stupor which disease produces, and there is a blindness and apathy which long habits of sinfulness often beget, and there is a false and flattering hope which some deceitful creeds produce, that carry millions through life's closing scene, with what the world calls calmness. It is a misconception of the poet, that

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die," for every day brings evidence to its falsity. But though such persons die, they cannot in honesty be said to have seen before their departure what death truly was. Take, however, a man in full possession of his mental faculties—a man who believes death to be not a termination of existence, but a change of the manner of it; yet one who knows not any solid ground of consolation in such case—take such a man, and tell him, "You must die," and how will you dash him down in all the depths of grief and horror. The truth is, there is a natural shrinking from

death, growing out of the very determination of

God concerning it. For as a punishment was it ordained. And to men, indeed, constituted as they now are, a strong repugnance to death would also seem necessary for the very preservation of society. Did not this instinctive feeling act so powerfully as it does, what man, buffeted by the storms of adversity, could longer endure the anxieties of this state? What discontented person but would rush eagerly to a change of existence? What would avail the threatenings of civil law? The felon would not be deterred from any crime by that which in prospect gave him no uneasiness, and thus the world would become a scene of universal anarchy. If, then, it be the case generally, that where an unconverted individual anticipates his speedy dissolution, there equally he would be inclined to say: "A horrible dread had overwhelmed me." Much of this must be ascribed to the operation of a secret feeling planted in the bosom, acting quicker than reason itself, and beyond its control in many instances; but unquestionably one main cause of that distress which we see wringing so visibly the hearts of dying men, arises from the fear of future judgment. Men may be ignorant of the nature of that Being before whom they are to stand, as also of that investigation which will be made into their conduct; but the mere thought that any thing of the kind will take place is enough to awaken fearful doubtings. They feel that they have sinned, and though some plan may have been adopted by them for the taking away of their guilt-for few are without something may be deceived, and this bare possibility breathes of utter ruin. It is highly pleasing to the sinner to flatter himself that God, whom he sees not, will, when He is seen, manifest unlimited indifference to the transgressions of his creatures; but the conviction continues, that should his nature be other than it is supposed it is, there could be no escaping. "If thou shouldest be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O. Lord, who should stand?" knowledgment of many a conscience-smitten sinner. And so St. Paul's declaration is fully borne out by experience—"the sting of death is sin." Death has many terrors, but the chief and most

esson-"how to die." It is a lesson, however, which never could be learned, were it not taught by God himself. The Bible, however, does show that to mortal eyes which no other composition ever did or could show—a remedy against the fear of death, and this because it shows a remedy against the consequences of transgression. Atonement has been made for sinners. He from whose eyes nothing is hidden, who penetrates at once into the past, the present, and the future, He who can compute all consequences, and measure all moral acts with their motive results, who, and who only, can look into the true state of things, and calculate what is the real import of those awfully united horrors, sin and death; that Divine Being has looked down upon the wretched cirunstances of the children of men, and looked upon them that he might retrieve the mighty ruin. tions, that of the eternal and all-glorious God, surveying from his own bright heaven this impure, sullied earth, not that he might visit its iniquities with some sulphurous shower of destroying wrath, but from its surface he might take up the poor guilt-stained inhabitants, cleansing them in the blood of his own dear Son, sanctifying them with his own pure Spirit, and clothing them with the beaming robes of righteousness, to set them upon thrones of light, and put the song of everlasting joy into their mouths. The God who could best estimate the horrors of that death which men had brought upon themselves, He "died the just for the unjust." The God who knew the exceeding sinfulness of sin, He "bore our iniquities." Because men's case was hopeless, therefore he devoted himself to their recovery. O, wonderful linking on of our evil deserts with Heaven's abounding mercies! "O, God, who is a God like unto thee; that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage; he retaineth not his anger forever, because

acute is the consciousness of guilt.

It must be admitted, then, that it is no mean

he delighteth in mercy?" He, then, who would learn "how to die." must shall not come away uninstructed. That glorious truth shall still be before his eyes: "He that believeth in me shall never die." Whether he pour out his soul tranquilly upon his bed, surrounded by his friends, sorrowing, indeed, but not as those "which have no hope;" or whether he stand at the stake, a witness to the truth of Christ's religion, and hear the hissing of the flames, and the execrations of a persecuting multitude, he shall go in the strength of Him who said: "I am the resurrection and the life." "O. death. where These are the words which become a Christian's lips in that hour, which to all others is an hour of horror. A Christian's death is a sermon of consolation to those who believe, a sermon of exhor-

"His God sustains him in the final hour— His final hour brings glory to his God!"

tation to those who believe not.

W. B. E. Woodstock, Maryland, March 1st, 1860.

A MAN not a thousand miles off, once asked an-

For the American Presbyterian. INFLUENCE OF MIND IN HISTORY.

History is divided into epochal points and periods, but the continuous line of connection running from creation binds together these periods, and reveals the mutual influence of for a season, but at last the latent fire breaks out in an American revolution. The mind of Plato conceived the immortality of spirit. This belief lay in the human mind for centuries, a mere idea; but that idea found development and proof in a divine Revelation. That idea was once a theory or a speculation, and not capable of proof. Seeds may lie dormant in the swathes and wrappers of a Pharioric mummy for three thousand years, and yet ripen in modern soil. So a mysterious principle may lie sleeping in the chambers of the human mind, and centuries after awake for action. Thus we see the influence of mind upon mind in our lives and actions. Hence we also see a connecting bond in history between the lives and actions of men, as a result of this influence. If you will examine history, you will find it subject to the same laws as Geometry; for a continuous line of connection and dependence to establish proof must exist in both.

This influence of mind is seen in history, because it is through her prolific and magic channel that intellectual powers of other ages infuse their electric currents into our thoughts. The philosophy and literature of the Grecian world have come to us through all the marches of time, trailing their caravan through pleasant places and desolate wastes, to enrich our age with the choicest gems. But it is in the individual mind that this intellectual influence exerts its highest power and yields golden fruitage. Plato, Newton, Laplace, and Shakspeare breathe their life into the nineteenth century, of thy sorrow? A Borne on the wings of heaand live for us and succeeding ages. The colloquial and narrative Herodotus, who had breathless multitudes at Olympian festivals to li sten tohis dramaticlectures and be charmed. imparted additional gleams of splendor to our Homeric Prescott. The discursive and credulous Livy, whose pages delight with their easy flow of words, their graceful diction, and vivid coloring, has lent his brilliant anatomy to Lord Macaulay and the philosophic Bancroft. The gorgeous drapery of the infidel historian received its brightest hues from master minds who thought and wrote under the old Grecian skies, amid the marble-splendor of Athenian glory, and among the consecrated isles: or listened to the discussions of the Roman senate. Not the historian only, but the cultivated intellect of to-day, the world over, receives vitality are gems to be won for the Saviour's diadem! like the Hebrew, having been written from right and fervor from the genius of vesterday. The age of Pericles was to Rufus Choate a temple of beauty amid a paradise of groves, and picture galleries, and halls of sculptured marble, where his soul roamed at large. Imagination almost made him a pupil of Isocrates, hearing the lectures as they fell from the lips of the great teachers. This American Erskine caught much of his magic sway of language, from the tender, pathetic, subtle Euripides—the graceful Sophocles—the clarion eloquence of Eschylus the thunders of Demosthenes, and the language in which the lyrical Pindar sung, and epic song drew infant breath. That voice of many powers: whose words charmed and made music for thousands who listened to its marvellous eloquence."

historic Thucydides; or linger over the favorite Tully's fierce invective and winning elegance. These illustrations serve to prove that the influence of mind in history is seen in the intellectual power exerted by the mind of one age upon that of another; and not only the inteltences, which you have only to hear or read to watchers.

was wont to reliearse the dramatic Homer,

recite the Pindaric war odes, and repeat the

All history is one stupendous whole, and its universal law is development. The continual mo- anticipation she looked forward to the union. tive process through which it passes and the con- Parents, brothers, and sisters, too, oft repeat nection of its organic life and growth, are but the echo, "Soon she will be here!" Now my Latin has. From the Anglo-Saxon, with a few a result of this ever-progressing element. But sparkling drops lie above her, and the lover changes, has sprung the English. in this unceasing progression springs up the in- looks on, jealous of the prize I hold." fluence of mind. This principle of history is in the more we feel is yet to be known. Hence a have wended their way alone to the now sad been found on strips of leather. The Arabs took potent inspiration from other minds through residence which is the fruit of his love! page tells that story of heroism and triumph? deprived them of! As trembling hands turn the leaves of Bunyan, The husband still walks the earth a business and mortal eyes grow beautiful with the fire of man. Oft the zephyrs bear a sigh from him, inspiration, how many souls in the feeble taber- for in my depths his darling sleeps! nacle of the flesh, weep and sing with the Pil- An aged grandsire, whose silver locks glistened grim's progress through the dark valley, and in the setting-sun, and on whose knees had over the water of death into the shining temple, climbed, again and again, lisping children, begand courts of the celestial city!

tion of History, and place a just value upon its tightly in his embrace, even then, one of the paper-making to perfection in 1715. The pens his mind enters into the sympathy of perfect then strong with marhood, and again weak with was not before the seventh century that quills order and the divine intuition; the better he age, above her who had opened her eyes scarce were used. We possess no ink in beauty and color plan of God. The more deeply a mind thus then close them again. time in its future phenomena, be unfolded.

WILLIAM C. WINSLOW.

For the American Presbyterian. "I SHALL BE SATISFIED!"

When! Oh, my restless, yearning, longing, unsatisfied soul-when? If the pure zephyrs of the spring-time, laden with the violet's sweet perfume, only bring to thee mournful memories of the mind. Thus the sparks of liberty struck in happy past-if the summer's soft breath, floating Switzerland and other countries, are dormant o'er the lily-bell, or dallying with the rose, bringeth no smile to thy lips no gladness to thine eye -if the clear blue skies of June seem only to mock thy deep despair, and the gentle patter of the rain minds thee only of ceaseless tears! If thou art still feeling restless, and sad, what will bring thee peace, poor, stricken dove?

Will the mountain's lofty height—the waving forest-the wondrous sounding sea-waken in thy heart no glad thrill of reverential pride? From the storm and the tempest shrinkest thou in affright? Dost thou the the ble with sad forebodings when the winter's wind sweeps through the tall tree-tops have the milder voices of nature no power to drown that pleading cry?

Oh then, when her sweeter notes call thee to repose, are thy nights all anguish, and thy days a long agony? Have all the joys of earth lost their magic power? Is all pleasure a weariness, and gladness but a dream?

From the sweet, low tones of tender sympathy art thou tearfully turning away? Has love's gentle whispering no longer a charm? Has the world lost its attraction, and home her glorious

Then what! Oh tempest tossed and afflicted! Oh suffering, sorrowing soul!-what will bring thee rest? Is there no refuge from this storm? No shelter from the pitiless rain? No high tower of defence from this enemy? Is there no balm for this wound-no helper in this thine hour of anguish? Listen! Hearest thou not the charmed cadence of His voice stilling even this fearful tempest?-staying even these fierce surging waves

venly zephyrs. "Sweet comfort to the heavyladen!" "Precious test to the weary heart!" "The full cup of Messing to them that are

Oh, but a little while longer—the battle and the strife! The fierce fightings with foes! The conflict with sin! Oh, but a little while this weary yearning for a dobler life! This sickening longing for the food that satisfieth! These reachings after the unattainable—this unanswered cry! defiled! that fadeth not away! The crown of Greek, but not in the Phoenician language. The God's own giving, the endureth forever! The Phoenician characters were used with changed or voice of Jesus on the storm! Oh my soul, earth new powers, according to the wants of the lancannot satisfy the crayings of thy heavenly birth! guage. The form of the letters was also changed. Work! work! while the day is thine own! There Jewels for the crown of His rejoicing! Precious pearls of great price to be gathered for His adorning! Weary not! Eaint not! What the the way is dark and louds thy burden hard to bear! way is dark and land the burden hard to bear! prior to B. C. 620. These were common, how Temptations to assail thee, and doubts to dim the ever, in the days of Solon, (B. C. 600,) and Hebrigtness of thy sky !- CHRIST'S LOVE IS THINE! rodotus and other authorities tell us of some His words of "good hope" to thy sinking spirit I reaching back B. C. 776-825-850. A passage No longer now with drooping head mourn o'er in Iliad has led many to suppose that the art of thy weariness, thy wol. All this way hath writing was known in the days of Homer. In the Jesus, walked before thee! Follow, then, in his 6th Book, Bellerophon has been falsely accused by footsteps! Cling to the cross! Earth's sad dis- Antea to Proteus. Antea's language is, "Mayest appointments are lost in Calvary's holy light! thou lie dead, O! Proteus, or else do thou put to Very near is thy reward—thy crown! In the death Bellerophon." Although the crime is great valley of humiliation with Jesus! Drinking of for which he is accused, yet Proteus cannot viothe bitter cup he hath drained to the dregs! late the laws of hospitality, for Bellerophon is Sleeping in the tomb He hath made holy by His guest at his house. He resolves, however, to send sacred presence! Losing there every anxious thought every painful desire I shall be satisfied! . I shall be satisfied when I awake in his tokens, having represented in a folded tablet, many

For the American Presbyterian. A VOICE FROM OCEAN'S DEPTHS. Oh, ocean! tell me, how great are thy riches! lectual influence of a past age, but of individual Did you see that proud vessel launched forth. mind itself upon the mind of to-day. Thus a destined for some far-off clime? Upon its deck Choate receives vitality from the Greek ardor two fair childrent played, who were the merriand nationality, or fervor from an acquaintance ment of the passengers. The parents, cheered with Spartan wit, Attic idioms, and the polish and made happy by their joyous presence. looked of Athenian schools. So the golden tongue of upon their frolics in silent satisfaction. Now Everett was trained by the literature and poetry I clasp them in my embrace, far away from the of Rome and England to utter words and sen care of those who had gladly been their earthly

> A maiden was there also, going home to meet her lover. With hope he waited, with bright

A mother's hope, the eldest born, was there. nothing more clearly marked than in the power For years he had been in the new world, where, of inspiration. Hence we have our point that by the sweat of his brow, he had earned a handthe inspiration of history moves mind and gives some home among the forest trees. Oh, the fuit influence. All great men receive impulse from ture! how it sparkled in his eyes, as he pictured the lives and deeds of other great men. The the mother, from whom he had been so long sefirst man, Adam, was made directly by God; parated, presiding over his rural mansion, and but every great man since has been made so, by brothers and sisters, gay among the flowers nathe electric touch and uplifting power of inspi- ture had scattered around! My pathless waration from other minds. The more we know, ters wave over him now, and the bereaved ones before the birth of Christ. Sometimes songs have

history is imparted us. When the pen of Walter A father and three little ones were among Scott wrote the glowing pages of Ivanhoe, and the saved when, plowing the great deep, that fiction clothed herself with beauty, had history, bark was consumed by angry flames; but a near letter on a piece of bark about two yards long. In no tongue, that the evils of the Feudal system kin, the wife and mother, found a bed among others are copies of the Bible written upon palm were vividly portrayed? Has the life of Wil- the coral and sea-weed! and long will the babes liam Tell no inspiration, when the historic lament ascend on high for the treasure I have also used. Wax was also used in different forms

ging grandpa to tell them a story of olden times. He who would form a clear, definite concep- sank calmly among my raging waves, holding in 1588. Thomas Watkins brought the art of

and luminously will time in its past state, and I wash with my waters, and envies what he once tury. possessed, but has no power to restore to himself. I, exulting proudly, roll on, unmindful WILLIAM C. Winstow.

Sell. 1, exciting proudly, roll on, unminding of the anguish i cause, just as some persons, comprehensible; if he were not so, he would not approve of. One of the greatest dangers to which our country is exposed is a forgetfulness of assowitten on every event which concerns you.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondent our country is exposed is a forgetfulness of assowitten on every event which concerns you.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondent our country is exposed is a forgetfulness of assowitten on every event which concerns you.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondent our country is exposed is a forgetfulness of assowing the concerns you.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondent our country is exposed is a forgetfulness of assowing the concerns you.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondent our country is exposed is a forgetfulness of assowing the concerns you.

of the exhibition of power which they have made. Yes, I have riches. King, prince, and pauper, alike I value. Those, too, who have sought my weedy-bed, weary of earth, and those who, have come reluctantly, because they saw themselves in crystal pictures in the future. Greedily I hold them, and I am not to give them up until One mightier than I blows his trumpet at .N. E. C * * *. the resurrection morn.

Olivet, Eaton Co., Mich.

For the American Presbyterian. WRITING.

We wish to trace the origin and progress, no of hieroglyphics or picture writing; but of alphabetic writing. No doubt the earliest was at the giving of the ten commandments. It is related in Ex. xxxi. 18, that Moses received tables of stone worthen with the finger of God. In the xxxii. 15, we read, "The tables were written on both their sides: on the one side and on the other were they

him to Tobates, his father-in-law, at Lycia. And

he delivered to him, to take to Tobates, "baneful

deadly things." Some contend that the charac-

ters were conventional marks; a kind of hiero-

c, v, y and g. From the Roman is derived the

Anglo-Saxon. A few changes are noticeable in

it. It has some letters not found either in the

Greek or Latin. It has the letter w, which the

Latin has not. It has not the letter q, which the

We come now to consider the materials of

writing. The first, as we have seen by Genesis

was stone. Shells, plates of various materials

ivory, bark and leaves of trees, have been some o

the early substitutes for paper. Hesiod's works

were written on leaden tables. Montfaucon speaks

of a book with eight leaden leaves. The laws of

the Cretans were on bronze tables. The Romans

put their public records upon brass. Copper plates

have been dug up near Bengal, dated a century

the shoulder-bones of sheep, and carved remarkable

events upon them, and then hung them up in

their cabinets. In a library of Europe, there is a

leaves. The skins of animals and serpents were

sometimes of itself and sometimes on wooden

tablets. The Egyptian papyrus superseded all

former materials. This grew in large quantities

on the banks of the Nile. After the eighth cen-

tury, the papyrus was superseded by parchment.

Paper, from cotton, was made as early as the ninth

century, from linen in the thirteenth. The first

paper-mill in England was erected by a German

R. H. W.

written." It is supposed that the tables of stone were thin slabs, and that the letters were cut or engraved, so that they would appear on both sides. Others think that upon one side were precepts or comments upon the law. Not only did Moses have this system of writing, as is shown by Exod. xvii. 14; xxiv. 4; but the princes of the children of Israel were acquainted with it. This is shownby the 17th chapter of Numbers. Whether the princes were skilled in the art like Moses, is not shown in the chapter. Moses was commanded, Write thou every man's name upon his rod. And thou shalt write Aaron's name upon the rod of Levi." That they were acquainted with the writing, and could read it, is shown from the 9th verse of the same chapter, where it is said, "And Moses brought out the rods from before the Lord unto all the children of Israel, and they looked and took every man his rod." From this we can trace the Phoenician, the Greek, the Latin, and the English alphabets. The Phonician stands in the closest relation to the Hebrew. Gesenius says, "This is to be thoroughly maintained, that the Phonician language, in the main, and, indeed, as to almost everything, agrees with the Hebrew, ighway robbery as drive an unfair bargain with whether you consider their roots, or their mode of neighbor; would as soon steal from the church the communion ware as defraud his just creditors. forming and inflecting their words. Until B. G. or be unfaithful to his pecuniary engagements. 1493, the Greeks were without an alphabet. and. We do not mean to say that there are no differenconsequently, without writing. At this time, ces of moral character, no differences in the degree Cadmus, a Phœnician, settled in Bæotia, and inof wickedness in the cases now supposed. There troduced letters. The Cadmean letters, it is are differences of degree, but there is the same kind of iniquity in them all. There is a violation thought, were sixteen. Others were afterwards added, however, to express sounds, probably i this is the meaning of that Scripture which saith: close to their own miserable hovels? and the manner of writing it: the ancient Greek to left. At what time the art of writing was fully introduced into Greece is not known. Some consome greater commandment. tend that no inscription is known to exist of a date to the thoughts and intents of the heart; and science with regard to its requirements.

glyphics or symbols like the Mexican picture writing, known only to the father-in-law and the soning and destroying the life of the soul. son-in-law. There must, however, have been ; coniousness of detail. He must tell the name of the crime, the proof of the guilt of Bellerophon, and further, must make known what his will is concerning him. All these must be necessary, and they could not be shown in any other way than by writing. The Roman alphabet was derived from the Greek. The Roman, in adopting this alphabet, dropped some, which were not needed, and thou me from secret faults." used some with a new power. They introduced There needs to be more tenderness of con-

> nevolence as distinguished from the claims of and bread above what it should be. A man who strict justice. Many are very careful to do all ought to be bastinadoed, is glad to give his ten. that they think the law may require of them, they twenty, or thirty piasters, according to his means, would not on any account withhold one farthing to be let off; and a man falsely accused is equally from their creditors, but they are equally careful delighted to make his little present, and be let off to insist on whatever may legally belong to them. They are like the Pharisees who were very scrupulous in paying a tenth part of the produce of their able to give enough to his Cadi. Can you imagine land into the treasury of the temple, but in their any state of things more dreadful than this? dealings with the poor, neglected mercy, judgment, and truth. Suppose a rich man to have an account with a poor widow, and there is a little uncertainty his business in some particular way: well, a Miabout some of the items, Christian benevolence would say: Better let go a few dollars than be hard upon the poor. In pressing the claim, human law may justify you, but divine law will not. Christian love will forbid and condemn many transactions which the civil law may allow and defend. Much that is strictly just in the eye of the law, is unmercifully unjust in the eye of the Gospel. There needs to be more tenderness of conscience with regard to those duties which are purely voluntary. Many are disposed to think that because have nothing to hope for in their wretchedness, certain things are not directly commanded by the letter of the law they are left at liberty to do as hated and despised in the honest days of their they please, and be guiltless. But much that is misery and labor. Many who know them well purely voluntary is at the same time strictly obli- | believe that they deeply feel the degradation of gatory, and an enlightened conscience will so their country, and would like to rise up among

There needs to be more sensibility of conscience with regard to individual responsibility in associ ated action. Coleridge somewhere remarks that it would be absurd to suppose that a company of men considered singly and acting separately should be subject to moral obligation, and that the same body of men considered collectively and acting together, or through their chosen representatives, should be exempt from the same moral obligation. no flour. Obligation to moral law is a constituent specific object, let him be thoughtful, and inves- prattlers he loved so well! There they rest,— used in the translation of the Bible were iron united with other men in a party, company, or tigate in the spirit of truth. The more deeply his arms, which had been weak with infancy, styles. The Romans used ivory for writing. It commonwealth, as truly as when acting by himself daybreak. The little songster continued to alone. A thorough conscientiousness with regard sing with untiring zeal to the moral character of associated action is pe-culiarly needed in our land, for here as nowhere during all the time that the sailors were getting views in history that unity which is seen in the to learn any thing of a changeful world, and equal to that used by the ancients. The manuscript less large masses of men move together for the ready to leave the vessel, as if to cheer them up plan of God. The more deeply a mind thus then close them again.

Scripts written from the fifth to the twelfth cen attainment of proposed ends, and here as nowhere in their disheartening situation. The officers enters into that Eternal Mind which knows the These riches I hold,—childhood, youth, man- tury, are in a better state of preservation. begining and the end, the more harmoniously hood, and old age. Man stands upon the banks those from the fifteenth to the seventeenth central description of a swarming multitude. Under the line, and these cheerful little songsters remained, influence of attachment to party, men are tempted singing to themselves the requiem of the gallant torountenance modes of thought and action which ship. Ir is a necessary attribute of God, that he is inin their sober private, judgment they could not

TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

ceeding evil of sin, is one of the most decisive which neither the pulpit nor the religious press marks of an advancing Christian experience. The nearer the soul lives to God, the more will it abhor sin and avoid the least appearance of evil The purer it is from sin the quicker will it detect in itself the least taint of transgression, just as a dark object grows darker as the ground on which it lies grows lighter. The pure white snow will be stained by that which would be scarcely perceptible on the earthy soil; so a Christian soul will painfully feel the touch of a thought of transgres-

sion which persons of less tender susceptibility commit without scruple. We love to think of the apostle John as writing his epistles in a good old age, far advanced in piety and knowledge, and in them he shows a tenderness of conscience with regard to all His words are. All unrighteousness is sin; i. e. not merely some great transgression like viation from the path of strict rectitude is a sin against God. The word right means straight, and the least unrighteousness, the least turning aside from the straight path marked out for us by the Divine Law, is a transgression of the law and a sin against God. In the same epistle John says: ... He that hateth his brother is a murderer; strong language, yet carrying with it the evidence of its own truth. For he who in a Christian community cherishes a feeling of hatred against his brother, would in a savage land where all restraint upon his passion were taken away, plunge his knife into his brother's bosom. He who hates his brother cherishes in his heart the same feeling which in circumstances of less restraint would prompt the murderous act. So with other forms of transgression. He who in trade will defraud his fellow-man, or take some undue advantage of his neighbor, shows the same sinful disposition which, if he had the opportunity, would prompt him to pick his neighbor's pocket, or rob a defenceless traveller. He may say, the thing was done in fair and lawful trade, but in the eye of of unjust seizure or frightful oppression, or in the Divine law he is a transgressor; he has shown the same selfish disposition which leads a thief to break open your house or store by night, and rob you of your money or your goods. A truly Christian man, he who is born of God, one who has a true perception of the Divine law, and in whose heart the spirit of the law, which is love, has supreme and complete sway, would as soon commit

one common principle which is love, and he who "good qualities" of the Turk vanish into thin air. violates any one precept violates the spirit of the The Cadi, or pasha who had noticed him, wants, whole law. He who violates one of the least perhaps, a false witness or two to rob a poor widow commandments shows the same disposition which would lead him in other circumstances to violate tion, for the commandment of God is exceeding, a thing so common as perjury, as starve on, with broad, touching human life and character and a very good chance besides of being bastinadoed conduct at every point; exceeding deep, reaching

there needs to be a more tender sensibility of con-There is need of a deeper tenderness of con- road to luxury, the Turk's only ambition, is fast cience with regard to wrong feelings of heart as and easy enough. The Minister of Police, for inbeing sins against God. When we read of the stauce, receives a large sum for subordinates. horrors and bloodshed of the battle-field, we are shocked at the wickedness of men who imbrne enough to sustain life, that they are well known their hands in one another's blood, but an observing to receive so many piasters a day from each thief; eye may often detect in the most favored commu- so that nothing is even further from their thoughts nities the workings of the same passions which on than to dislodge any criminals. Of course, there a larger scale and a more open field shake and are a few exceptions, but the chief occupants of convulse the nations. It is true that in a pro- the prisons here are either innocent persons, who fessedly Christian community the feelings of hatred have been stripped of all they possess, of those envy, ill will, jealousy and the like, are seldom who have fallen under the displeasure of some openly expressed, and are even concealed under pasha or other. the outward forms of politeness and professed good will. but too often are they lurking within when professedly renounced. The secret cherishing of them betokens the bitter root of sin, and is poi-

How many secret murmurings at the dispensations of Providence! What inward repining at the toil and drudgery of life! With what moroseness and reluctance is self-denying duty encountered! And all this is rebellion against God. middle classes of people have almost entirely dis-Melancholy is ingratitude, and ingratitude is sin. A careful comparison of our affections and desires with the requirements of the Divine law, would and there will soon be nothing left to plunder. lead every one to adopt the language of the Psalmist: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse

As well might you say that a single grain of wheat contains flour, but a bushel of wheat has element of human nature, and it belongs to a man

moral obligation as extending into all the branches A growing tenderness of conscience with regard of our public and national life, is one of our greatto the strictness of the Divine Law and the ex- est necessities; and is a matter with regard to

Chris. Intelligencer.

HOW THEY LIVE IN TURKEY

A pasha dreams away life very pleasantly in his white marble palace, and shady gardens, and gently gliding calque. These are better than dinner parties and balls, which some people call

It is the means of getting these things-the worse than brigand way of going about it—which is so frightful here; indeed it is difficult to express the painful impression made on the mind in this beautiful country, on seeing its wretched state. and the open infamy of its rulers. It is notorious that most of the provincial judges live on the banks of the Bosphorus, expending in every luxury their monthly salaries of so many piasters. They sell or let their places to the highest bidder; often. to some ignorant clerk or assistant in their own office, who may have saved a little money, and who extorts a living by extra imposts or taxes on the unhappy people, over whom he places himself as a tyrant, not to be dislodged until he can return heavily laden with spoil to Stamboul. A gentleman who has resided for many years in different parts of Asia Minor, and who takes the greatest nterest in the fine and oppressed people of the country, tells me that he has known these men enter a village without a few plasters to pay for the hire of their two or three baggage-mules, and at the end of three or four years, leave it for a palace at Constantinople

Mehemet Ali, the Captain Pasha, was originally shop-boy at one of the bazaars; and many of the have risen from the same low station, or have been bought in the slave market-pleasing their masters has advanced them step by step. Bearing false witness with unblushing effrontery in some case some daring intrigue on the part of their master to supplant a favorite, is a sure and certain road to favor and preferment. What we call education, talent, genius, is not marketable stuff here. Fanaticism, false-witness, calm cruelty, and above all, consummate falsehood and deceit, under a smiling, bland exterior, are the things requisite to make a Turkish favorite. These essentials to success are leading traits in the Eastern character. heard a gentleman say, the other evening, that he really believed there were two honest men in Constantinople; i. e., Kihisli Pasha, the Minister f War, and Halill Pasha. Yet it is said that Halill Pasha made two millions of money during his ministry, which was not a long one. What is to be expected of men who have been brought up in poverty, oppression, and ignorance, with every If a man keep the whole law and yet offend in and oppressed he is honest, because he has neither one point, he is guilty of all. The law of God is power to steal nor to do harm; but the moment not a collection of precepts unconnected with each | the slightest temptation presents itself to lift him other, but all its precepts are the expression of out of his misery, all those negative, so called or orphans of all that is left them, or to strip a farmer or merchant of his entire possessions. The hitherto houest (because poor) Turk thinks he These remarks are capable of manifold applica. may just as well relieve his wretched poverty by to death on a false charge, falsely maintained too. for having refused the "honorable" commands of his pasha. Once get a post here, however, by favoritism and an "obliging disposition," and the These he pays so miserably, scarcely giving them

administered?" I reply simply there is none. Bribery and false testimony reign here supreme. The luxury of the pashas, the summer palaces (which contrast with the hovels in which they toiled for their daily brown bread but a few years. before,) the caparisoned and jewelled borses, the numerous slaves and ruffian retainers are supported by imposts and depredations of all kinds. The appeared. The Government have pretty well succeeded in killing the goose for its golden eggs, The Cadi, or magistrate of every village, fixes the price of provisions. He is himself paid, and upon being told his annual stipend, you ask how he lives. The butcher, baker, etc., pay him so science with respect to the claims of Christian be- many plasters a week to keep the price of meat with a whole skin too. If a man is punished here. you may be pretty well sure that he has not been

You ask-"How is the justice of this country

Sometimes a Turk has been fortunate enough to get a little money hidden away, to help him in nister of Finance, to rake up a few thousands to build a summer palace, or to buy Georgian slaves and led horses, absolutely alters the value of the paper money or of the poor coins saved up, and so the people lose largely on frequent occasions.

The barbarities of mere savages do not impress us at all with the profound melancholy which one feels in this magnificent grave of truth and freedom where the soul looks sorrowfully and dejectedly out of the fine dark eyes of the people, who have the nations if they could.

Mrs. Edmund Hornby

There is something suggestive as well as beautiful in the following incident. It reminds us of those who sing the siren song of pleasure while the voyage of life is about to terminate. When the ship South Seamen struck on the French Frigate Shoal, two little canaries which the captain had hanging in his cabin, were awakened by the noise, and regardless of the confusion around them, commenced singing some of their inimitable songs, though it was hardly