Family Circle.

BABY BUNN.

N. P. Willis says of the poem annexed, "It is addressed to an idolized child, by its pet-name, and though beautiful throughout, it has some two or three passages of a very rare originality. The writer of it, (as I learn from a letter of a lady who writer of it, (as I learn from a letter of a lady who encloses it to me) was a factory girl, who by the labor of her own hands, secured the money for her education. She is now twenty-four years of "Yes, that she is," echoed Belle Hamilton, her education. She is now twenty-four years of age and supporting herself by various uses of her with an affectionate generosity, which made her pen. She (Josie H.) is yet to be famous, I am look prettier than ever. very sure."

Winsome baby Bunn! Brighter than the stars that rise In the dusky evening skies, Clearer than the woodland spring, Are the eyes of baby Bunn! Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile! Thinking softly all the while Of a tender, blissful day. When the dark eyes, so like these Of the cherub on your knees, Stole your girlish heart away. Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn! Rarest mischief will they do, When once old enough to steal What their father stole from you!

Winsome baby Bunn! Set in calyces of gold, Cannot make his forehead fair, With its rings of yellow hair! Soarlet berry cleft in twain, By a wedge of pearly grain, Is the mouth of baby Bunn Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep For the little one asleep With his head against your breast! Never in the coming years, Though he seeks for it with tears, Will he find so sweet a rest. Oh, the brow of baby Bunn! Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn! One must wear its crown of thorns, Drink its oup of gall must one! Though the trembling lips shall shrink, White with anguish as they drink, And the temple sweat with pain— Drops of blood like purple rain— Weep, mother, weep.

Winsome baby Bunn! Not the sea-shell's palest tinge, Not the daisy's rose-white fringe, Not the softest, faintest glow Of the sunset on the snow, Is more beautiful and sweet Than the wee pink hands and feet Of the little baby Bunn-Winsome baby Bunn?
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right,
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast! These will grasp at jewels rare, But to find them empty air; Those shall falter many a day, Bruised and bleeding by the way, Ere they reach the land of rest! Pray, mother, pray!

WALKING IN LOVE.

his face, and give his little flower children each a which you may like to hear about Phil. it was only "playing rain."

For you must know that it was a holiday in the little village academy, and all the scholars were sympathy. But they were all so tired, and it was going to take their dinners, and spend the happy so late, no one offered to go back. Even little day in the woods.

started in company from the academy gate. rage to volunteer for the search.

There were such sunny smiles playing "hide and "I'll tell you what, Fanny," said Charley Graseek" in the merry dimples—such bright eyes—blue, black, and gray—such nimble, dancing feet, and oh! such a chatter, it would have utterly dis—I'll find it, for no one goes in the woods but just couraged a full convention of magpies and mock- us boys and girls, and I'll have it for you to-moring birds, if they had been within hearing dis- row, by school-time."

Bob Patterson would walk with pretty Belle Fanny, "or it will be all broken in pieces. I shan't Hamilton, and very politely carry the basket with sleep a wink to-night." the nice sandwiches and cake packed cosily within. Charley Graham was looking for Nelly War- dark in the woods now, we certainly could not ren, who was not really so very pretty, but was so find it. It is just nonsense to think of it, but if good, that all her little mates would have been you'll only wait till to-morrow, I'll go up with quite offended with any one who did not think her | Charley.' beautiful. Her face was quite sunburned and freckled, and her eyes were certainly gray, but to do anything to make others happy, in short, the went sobbing homeward, making every one around whole secret of little Nelly's beauty was, that she her miserable. tried to "walk in love."

"Come, Nelly," cried Charley, "let me have group, but as they slowly entered the village street, your basket, and I'll hold your little brother's Fanny still loudly lamenting,—an eager voice was hand, too. Come, they will get ahead of us!"

"Charley," whispered Nelly, "no one will walk around, poor Phil was discovered, limping as fast with poor Phil Barton." "Well, I don't want to," said Susy Gifford,

pouting, "he walks so slow, and is so awkward, and then he isn't full of fun, like the rest of us." "I don't see why he wanted to come," said he, I'd go and live with the owls, and never show myself in daylight." "Oh, Fanny," exclaimed Nelly, "how could

limped slowly away from the group. Fanny looked a little uneasy, and turned away, arm in arm with Susy.

"Oh," said Nelly, almost crying, "he's been None of the boys and girls forgot the lesson of talking of this walk all the week, and he thought that day, nor how very sweet it was to "walk in he was going to be so happy. Now, I'm afraid he love." won't enjoy it at all. I believe I must walk with him, Charley," she said, half pleadingly. "Well, Nelly Warren, you're a perfect goose !"

oried Charley, angrily, "and always do the queer- it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body," est, most provoking things in the world," and he, too, turned quickly away, and hastened after the pew where sat little Phil. His hands were clasped

What a change a few angry words can make.

Nelly thought, for a moment, it was growing dark,

something far away, and on his pale lips rested such a sweet, peaceful smile, that Nelly knew the and was going to rain, but it was only a little flower was blossoming, and that when Phil had a mistiness in her own eyes, and hastily passing the little longer "walked in love," God would make back of her little brown hand across them, she ran him beautiful forever. on to Phil.

The poor boy was standing quite alone, with a most pitiful look of patient sadness in his great brown eves. "Will you walk with me, Phil?" asked Nelly, in her most cheerful tone.

The boy started, and said with a sad, but grateful smile, "No, Nelly, thank you just the same, but I think I won't go. I don't feel quite well."

The keeper took a large bunch of keys and led us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the his poor, thin hand. "I know all about it. Phil. You must not mind what the girls said. They come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse did not mean it—they didn't think, that's all. Now don't be angry, Phil." "I am not angry," said the boy, very quietly,

I'll spoil all the fun for the rest." "Not at all," cried Nelly, emphatically. "Why, Phil, you have a very pleasant face. You know all the boys and girls like you just as soon as they

really know you, but sometimes you're proud, just only twenty years old, and yet a murderer! a little, and turn away from them, and that pro- 1 sat down beside bim and talked with him.vokes them, and hurts their feelings, so they won't | "Oh," said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. try to go with you any more. Don't you know it, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk: then

render to say connecting, our count only to see and talk with nim. Once he was a happy, or too, and it was just the best thing she could playful child like you; now he is a poor, condemned young man. He did not mind his mother, as just to "weep with those that weep." So after the little outburst was over, Phil felt much bethe went with bad boys, who taught him bad has to say connecting, our count only looked and playful child like you; now he is a poor, condemned young man. He did not mind his mother, the is clearly neither an Arminian nor an Analytic him bad has begin and glory will finish it. Spurgeon believes that he at last yielded. It was the setting of the demondation of the defined with the Holy til he called upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule, so far the heat last yielded. It was the setting of the demondation of the heat last yielded. The definition is a poor, condemned young man. He did not mind his mother, the is clearly neither an Arminian nor an Analytic hild like you; now he is a poor, condemned young man. He did not mind his mother, the invitations all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule, so far that he at last yielded. It was the setting of the definition in the called upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule, so far the did not govern his temper, and as he grew older the called upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule so far the did not govern his temper, and as he grew older her invitations, all declined upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined upon a young lady who, finding her invitations, all declined upon a young lady who, finding her invitation

ter, and was easily persuaded to go on with Nelly. Indeed, the whole aspect of things seemed changed, for any way seems pleasant, if we are only "walking in love."

The party, who were some distance in advance waited at the entrance of the wood for Nelly and her friend. "Isn't she a curious girl?" said Susy Gifford. "I wouldn't be so odd for all the world,"

Now they all went into the cool, green woods, fragrant with wild flowers, and the odorous pine trees. As they skipped along with singing and laughter, Phil quietly gathered the sweetest and freshest blossoms, and made them into a wreath for Nelly. But she noticed that, in the little bouquet he carried in his own hand, although the flowers were beautiful, every stem was crooked, and a great many had strange, misshapen leaves. "Why do you pick flowers with such crooked stems and leaves?" asked Nelly.

"They are like me," replied poor, patient Phil, with a smile that made Nelly feel like bursting into tears. "Don't feel bad, Nelly," he added, quickly.
"I like just such flowers. I like to look at them, and think that, perhaps, if I try very hard, I may have a beautiful soul, which will some time come out, and make me pleasant and lovely, just like these sweet flowers on their crooked stems. All these kind of plants, Nelly, always make me think

of very homely persons who have beautiful Nelly looked sympathizing, and was glad Phil was pleased, though she did not exactly understand the odd faucies of the boy, who had never known what it was to be careless and happy, and who was thoughtful far beyond his years. The rest of the morning passed very happily. The boys and girls were very good-natured after all, and following Nelly's example, were all so kind to Phil, that it was, by far, the happiest day

he had known in weeks. And Phil himself was never more anxious to please. He knew just where the prettiest flowers grew, and gathered them for the girls. He made little bridges across all the damp places, that they might not wet their feet, and was ready to carry all shawls and baskets that were imposed on his good-nature. In fact, since Nelly had told him that he was apt to be cold and proud, he had been trying to overcome it, and to judge from the kind looks and pleasant words showered upon him, he was already reaping his reward.

Only once, as they were looking for a pleasan encampment, where they might eat dinner, Belle Hamilton exclaimed, "Who gave Phil so much to carry? It is too bad." "Oh," said Fanny Smythe, in a whisper, which

was a little too loud, "that's all he's good for. Don't the camels always carry something?" and the thoughtless girl glanced at the hump on poor Phil's back. "Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed Nelly, as she looked at the changing color in Phil's face, and saw how his lip trembled, when he bravely attempted his old patient smile. Fanny was really much abashed

for a few minutes, and Phil was taken into extra favor by the rest of the kind-hearted company. I should make my story too long, if I should tell you all that was done throughout that happy day—the merry games that were played—the wonderful stories that were told—the fairy bowers There could not have been a more beautiful day. that were picked for tea. Neither have I time To be sure, there had been a few clouds early in to tell you of all the kind acts and words of the the morning, but, as Nelly Warren declared, there was only enough water in them for the sun to wash "walk in love." There is only one thing more

drink. And now everything was so bright and When they were on the way home, a very merbeautiful, and every little drop dancing on the grass blades, was shaking and twinkling to think what a fright it had given the boys and girls, when and she burst into tears.

All the boys and girls gathered around, full of Nelly looked wistfully at the village roofs, just It was a very pleasant sight when the children visible through the trees, and could not find cou-

"Oh! I'm sure it won't be found," sobber

"Well," said Bob Patterson, "it is getting so

"And I," and I," said one or two other voices. There was no other way, and Fanny, with some she had a kind and loving heart, was always ready very ungracious words about disobliging people,

No one noticed that Phil was missing from the as he could, holding up the lost pin.
"Why, Phil Barton," cried a chorus of voices, "did you go back? Where did you find it?"

"By the brook," panted Phil.
"Way back to the brook," cried they, in sym-Fanny Smythe, "if I were such a scare-a-crow as pathizing surprise, while Fanny blushed crimson "Poor, dear Phil!" said Nelly softly, and she thought of the lovely flowers on the crooked stems. "Oh, Fanny," exclaimed Nelly, "how could you? I'm almost sure he heard you," and she looked anxiously after a little deformed boy, who limed charles are the little deformed by, who hands warmly with the pale, tired boy, and insisted on walking home with him. But first, Fanny must speak with him, and from

her painful blushes, and his embarrassment, they "Now, do come, Nelly," said Charley. "Never knew she was asking his forgiveness, but no one mind Phil—he's used to walking alone." liked Fanny the less for that. Especially had every one a new liking for Phil. and the next Sabbath, as in the chapter for the day, were read the sweet words of the coming of Christ-" who shall change our vile body that -many a glance of tenderness was directed to the tightly together, his large eyes were dreaming of

IF I HAD MINDED MY MOTHER. I went a few weeks since into a jail to see a

young man who had once been a Sabbath-school door of the room where sat the young man we had stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without, all was beautiful; the green fields, the "but I suppose I must be a perfect fright, and sweet flowers, and the singing birds were as levely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none o

try to go with you any more. Don't you know it, Phil?"

"Perhaps it is so," said Phil, very humbly, but I always think they're kind, because they're so sorry for me, and all the time they are longing to be somewhere else. Oh! Nelly, you don't know how hard"—Phil burst into tears.

Nelly tried to say something, but could only the heat thing she could be somewhere the say something, but could only the heat thing she could be somewhere the say something. The should make your heart sore, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child like you: now he is a noor, con-

As I left him he said; "Will you not pray for me?" and he added "oh! tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers, and keep away from bad companions."

MATERNAL PRAYER.

The following incidents in the life of Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, one of the leading Presbyterian telligencer, and he vouches for their perfect accu-

A pious mother in Israel, of the Presbyterian church, had a beloved daughter, who had been carefully and prayerfully instructed in the truths of the Gospel, but who, contrary to the wishes and belonging to the Society of Friends. The first child of this marriage was supposed, by the attendcovered. But the mother, or rather the grandmother of the child, thought she discovered some tokens of vitality, and made known her discoveries to the physician who ridiculed the idea, and persisted in the opinion he had already expressed. Still, however, the grandmother persevered in her attention to the new-born infant, until all doubt was removed. The child lived. With rapture she exclaimed, "This child shall yet live to be a shire, Richard Wenver is born again!" Presbyterian minister." She resolved that no efforts on her part should be wanting to bring about this desirable end. Accordingly, she took upon herself the pleasing task of instructing him in those truths which she held dear, and from which she gathered the richest consolation. With parental anxiety, she watched the developments of his mind in early youth, and often wrestled with God in fervent prayer for His blessing upon her efforts, that she might enjoy the privilege of witnessing his saving conversion, and his consecration to the service of the Saviour in the work of the ministry. Her prayers were heard. Her anticipations were realized. She lived to see him brought as a penitent sinner to the foot of the cross, rejoicing in the hope of forgiven sin, and enter upon his preparatory studies for the ministry of reconciliation; and then, in a good old age, with faith and hope in lively exercise, she could exclaim, with pious Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart; in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" In process of time, this child of many prayers and of tender solicitude became an ambassador of the Prince of peace, has for many years labored with signal success in this city, and still continues to preach "Christ Jesus, and Him crucified," in the city of Brooklyn, with increasing usefulness; and many, very many, will no doubt appear at the great day of judgment, as the seals of his ministry, and as crowns of his rejoicing.

A KINDLY REPROOF.

John Wesley, having to travel some distance i a stage coach, fell in with a pleasant-tempered, well informed officer. His conversation was sprightly and entertaining, but frequently mingled with oaths. When they were about to take the last stage, Mr. Wesley took the officer apart, and after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, told him he was thereby encouraged to ask of him a very great favor. "I would take a pleasure in obliging you," said the officer, "and I am sure you will not make an unreasonable re-

"Then," said Mr. Wesley, "as we have to travel together some time, I beg that if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will kindly reprove me." The officer immediately saw the motive, felt the force of the request, and with a smile thanked Mr. Wesley.

Miscellaneous.

A NEW PREACHER FOR THE MASSES

A new preacher, by name Richard Weaver, formerly a prize-fighter and a collier in the North, has appeared in London, and is producing very deep and wide-spread impressions by open air addresses, on large masses of the population. He was announced first of all by a handbill on the afternoons, to "preach" and "sing," in the Cumberland Market. And "sing," as well as "preach," he can do to the melting down of hundreds. One night, addressing a number of poor men

and women on the words, "They shall return to Zion with songs," he said: "I was always fond of singing; I believe I was born singing. But the songs I used to sing are not the songs I love now. "Oh my dear men, you sing Britons never, never shall be slaves;' but what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, to the landlord! "I used to sing, 'We won't go home till morning;' the landlord loves to hear that. I've sung that five nights together, and spent £14 on one spree, and got turned out at the end. But I've learned better songs; I'll tell you some of the songs I love now. Here's one:

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Saviour and my God. "And here 's another: "There is a fountain, filled with blood,

The Revival, which furnishes these particulars, goes on with its narrative thus: The speaker quoted with wonderful rapidity, but without the semblance of irreverence, at least a dozen hymns, or portions of hymns, some of which he sung, the meeting taking up the chorus. Then he related the following anecdote, with a pathos and tenderness of voice and manner which

told how affectionate a heart and how delicate a mind may be developed, by the grace of God, in a man employed in the hardest work and once addicted to the grossest vice:
"I knew a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes; and as he came from the pit at night she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came in to dinner, he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him up stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon

tears made furrows down his black face, and as he leaned over his dying darling, she said, 'Daddy, 'No, my child, I can't sing, I'm choking; I

him. His wife told him they were going to lose

their little lamb—she had had an apoplectic fit,

can't sing. 'Oh do, daddy, sing 'Here's no rest.' The poor fellow tried to sing (preacher 'Here on the earth as a stranger I roam,

Here is no rest-is no rest "But his voice couldn't make way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl (preacher sings,) Here are afflictions and trials severe,

Here is no rest—is no resth
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!' Again his voice was choked with weeping; but the little one whispered, 'Come, daddy, sing, "Sweet is the promise." And the poor father goes on again-

'Sweet is the promise I read in thy word, Blessed are they who have died in the Lord; They have been called to receive their reward,

she died happy in the Lord." We cannot describe the thrilling effect of Mr. Weaver's singing in the midst of preaching—it is so natural—so free from everything like premeditation or aiming at effect—it is like living
water flowing from a man fill of the living to the custom of New York.

He had abandoned the intoxicating cup. He had suffered from its evils, and was a sworn total abstiwater flowing from a man filled with the Holy

he said, when drunk, he killed a man; and now start with Christ to-night. I went to see a poor a terrible curses upon the tempter who had believing woman who was in trouble; she was in the seventh of the Romans; and what I said to

to 'no condemnation;' out of 'this body of length he thought he would go to the theatre only death,' into Christ Jesus.' Speaking of the once, just to please his friends, and see what a woman whom Christ healed, he said: "Look at theatre was. The devil was the switch-tender that poor thing, drawing her tattered shawl around muel Hanson Cox, one of the leading Presbyterian ministers of our country, are new to us, and will doubtless be so to most of our readers. They are communicated by Dr. Marselus to the Christian Incommunicated by Br. Marselus to the Christian Incommunicated by Dr. Marsel but touch his garment, and I shall be as whole as any of you.' And so she touched and was made whole. And if there was virtue in his garment,

is n't there efficacy in his blood?" It is said that from forty to fifty persons were hopefully converted by one appeal, and that noexpectations of her parent, was married to a man thing that has taken place in London has so much approximated in manifested power from on high, to the work in Ireland, Scotland, and Walesing physician, and others who were present, to be sudden and overwhelming sense of sin, followed be still-born, as no symptom of life could be disby the clearest witness of the Spirit to all their sin being put away, and consequent joy and peace. one of these cases was that of a careless young sailor, brought to the meeting by his mother, and on this Wedver founded the appeal, "Oh, mothers, go on praying for ever; never mind what they are, or where they are; if any prayers reach heaven, a mother's do. Eight years ago, the news sounded from heaven to the poor old woman in Shrop-

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COUNTRY JOURNALISM LETTER FROM A CITY TO A COUNTRY EDITOR. NEW YORK, April 3, 1860.—Friend Fletcher. have a line from you informing me that you are about to start a paper at Sparta, and hinting that a line from me for its first issue would be acceptable. Allow me, then, as one who spent his most hopeful and observant years in a country printing office, and who sincerely believes that the art of conducting country (or city) newspapers has not yet obtained its ultimate perfection, to set before you a few hints on making up an interesting and pular gazette for a rural district like yours. I. Begin with a clear conception that the subject

deepest interest to an average human being is himself: next to that, he is most concerned about his neighbors. Asia and the Tonga islands stand a long way after these in his regard. It does seem to me that most country journals are oblivious as to these vital truths. If you will, so soon as may nor modified i be, secure a wide-awake, judicious correspondentin each village and township in your county—some young lawyer, doctor, clerk in a store, or assistant in a post-office-who will promptly send you whatever of moment occurs in his vicinity, and will make up at least half your journal of local matter thus collected, nobody in the county can long do without it. Do not let a new church be organized, or new members be added to one already existing, a farm be sold, a new house be raised, a mill be set in motion, a store be opened, nor anything of interest to a dozen of families occur. without having the fact duly though briefly chronicled in your columns.

If a farmer cuts a big tree, or grows a mammoth beet or harvests a bounteous yield of wheat or corn, set forth the fact as concisely and unexceptionably as possible. In due time, obtain and print a brief historical and statistical account of each township who first settled in it, who have been its prominent citizens, who attained advanced years therein, &c. Record every birth as well as every marriage and death. In short, make your paper a perfect mirror of everything done in your county that its citizens ought to know; and, whenever a farm is sold, try to ascertain what it brought at previous sales, and how it has been managed meantime. One year of this, faithfully followed up, will fix the value of each farm in the county, and render it as easily determined as that of a bushel of corn.

II. Take an earnest and active if not a leading-part in the advancement of Home Industry. Do your utmost to promote not only an annual County Fair, but Town Fairs as well. Persuade each farmer and mechanic to send something to such Fairs, though it be a pair of well-made shoes from the one, or a good ear of corn from the other. If any one undertakes a new branch of industry in the county, especially if it be a manufacture, do not wait to be solicited, but hasten to give him a helping hand. Ask the people to buy his flour, or starch, or woolens, or boots, or what-ever may be his product, if it be good, in preference to any that may be brought into the county to compete with him. Encourage and aid him to the best of your ability. By persevering in this course a few years, you will largely increase the population of your county and the value of every acre of its soil.

III. Don't let the politicians and aspirants of the county own you. They may be clever fellows, as they often are; but, if you keep your eyes open, you will see something that they seem blind to, and must speak out accordingly. Do your best to keep the number of public trusts, the amount of official emoluments, and the consequent rate of taxation, other than for common schools, as low as may be. Remember that—in addition to the radical righteousness of the thing -the tax payers take many more papers than the tax-consumers. I would like to say more, but am busied exces-

sively. That you may deserve and achieve success is the earnest prayer of Yours truly, HORACE GREELEY.
Tribune Office, New York.

THE RAILROAD SWITCH.

The switch-tender was weary, and as he sat at his post, his eyes were heavy, and he fell asleep. The train came thundering along, and, as it neared the place, the man heard the whistle, and arose to adjust the switch for the train. He was just too late. He sprang aside; the cars moved on, were thrown from the track, and a scene of death and disaster was the consequence. It was only a little switch. A bar of iron, a few feet in length, which opened at one end only

an inch to allow the flange of the wheels to pass through the narrow way. Only a few seconds more would have placed the little bar at the right angle, and all would have been well. But the few seconds were lost; the little bar was out of place, and the train, with its invaluable freight of life and property, was nearly all bruised in a mass of death and ruin.

and the doctor said she couldn't live. As the A young man was once under a state of deep inquiry about his eternal interests. Two or three of his companions learned that he was going to prayer-meeting, and they determined to change his purpose. They persuaded him only this once, to go to the accustomed place of resort. He finally yielded. They plied their arts of amusements, gayety, and pleasure, and bound him at length in the snares of a female companion. It was his fatal moment. In a few weeks from that time he had committed murder, and followed the deed with instantaneous self-destruction.

A young man had appointed to meet some friends to go to one of the public gardens in London on Sabbath evening. While waiting at the place assigned for the rendezvous in one of the streets, a Christian friend, a lady, passed by, and asked him where he was going. He was ashamed to confess his intention, and readily yielded to her invitation to go with her to church. It was the turningpoint with him. He was arrested by Divine truth, was brought under a sense of sin, became a Christian—a faithful missionary, a devoted and exalted hero and apostle of Christ—and died a martyr on "That 's it, daddy,' cried the child, 'that 's the shores of Erromanga, a victim to heathen rage, it; and with her arms round the collier's neck but a sacrifice of love to his Redeemer. It was

John Williams, the missionary.

A young man went to visit his friends on New Year's day, according to the custom of New York: nent. He uniformly refused to taste or handle un-

bits; and he became worse and worse, until, as in final perseverance; but if you don't begin, switch. He was taken home in a state of in been the cause of his ruin.

A young man who had been prayerfully trained her, I say to your troubled souls, make a good Lancashire spring, out of the seventh into the eighth; out of 'O wretched man that I am,' in and pastimes. For awhile he resisted, but at that night, and the course of that young man subsequently lay through the paths of extravagance, gambling, shame, and the grave.

Two young men were walking along one eve ning, towards a prayer-meeting, when they were accosted by several acquaintances, who were on their way to a place of usual resort. They persuaded them to join them, but they refused. Fi nally one of them consented, and turned aside only once more, for an evening of worldly pleasure, and let his friend go to the prayer-meeting alone One found peace with God; but his companion became hardened, and in three months, while his ssociate on that eventful night was honoring his Master by his faithful and consistent life, he was the inmate of a prison, awaiting the penalty of the

Our life is full of these turning-points of fortune and of ill-of peace and of wo-of life eternal, or of despair and death. The track we travel has a switch at almost every step. We need to have them well guarded. The eye must be kept open. The hand must be steady. The arm must be strong. The soul should be well-armed, so that it may be prepared for every attack, or for every expedient of the enemy. Life, honor, virtue, surcess, and immortality are before us. Little things, at first unaccounted of, may lead to the other extreme !

AGASSIZ ON DARWIN.

Mr. Darwin has spent twenty years in elaboration of a theory, according to which the oyster, the elephant, the eagle, and man —in a word, all animals, vertebrate and invertebrate, spring from the same original parent! Professor Agassiz has so brayed this theory in a mortar with a pestle, that its author will have some trouble to find its fragments. In his "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," from advanced sheets of which extracts are given in the July number of the American Journal of Science and Arts, he says among other things: "The Arguments presented by Darwin have not made the slightest impression on my mind,

nor modified in any way the views I have already "Had Mr. Darwin or his followers furnished single fact to show that individuals change in the course of time in such a manner as to produce, at last, species different from those known before, the state of the case might be different."

"The origin of all the diversity among living beings remains a mystery as totally unexplained as if the book of Mr. Darwin had never been writ-

ten, for no theory, unsupported by fact, however

plausible it may appear, can be admitted in sci-

"Suffice it to say that he (Darwin) has lost sight of the most striking of the features, and the one which pervades the whole, namely, that there runs throughout nature unmistakable evidences of thought, corresponding to the mental operations of our own minds, and therefore intelligible to us as thinking beings, and unaccountable on any other basis than that they owe their existence to the working of intelligence." "There are naturalists who seem to look upon the idea of creation, that is, a manifestation of an intellectual power by material means, as a kind of bigotry, forgetting, no doubt, that whenever they carry out a thought of their own they do something akin to creating, unless they look upon their lucubrations as some-thing in which their own individuality is not concerned, but arising without an intervention of their mind in consequence of the working of some bundles of forces about which they know nothing themselves. And yet such men are willing to admit that matter is omnipotent, and consider a dishelief in the omnipotence of matter as tanta-

mount to imbecility; for what is the assumed power of matter to produce all finite beings but omnipo-Sometimes, Messrs. Editors, we are reproached with the diversities of opinion that exist among theologians with respect to the various doctrines in the word of God. But, assuredly, our sensitiveness to such reproach need not be very acute, nor our apprehensions very great of evil from the un-believing votaries of science, when we see them at variance even upon the nature—nay, upon the very definition of species. The want of unity among men of science upon almost every important point, and the endless diversities among unbelievers and opponents of revealed religion ought to remind them of the adage, that people who live in

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glass houses ought to repress their fondness for

throwing stones.

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1 Yours truly,

LEWIS MORRIE.

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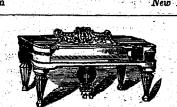
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