# Family Circle.

## THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The Bible was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, till the Light-house fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy in the sailor-boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girded nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,—
All hushed was the billow's commotion;—
And thought that the Light-house looked lovely as Hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And Death stills the heart's last emotion—
O, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

For the American Presbyterian.

## THE LITTLE ROSE.

[The following allegory was sent to us some years ago on the death of a beloved child. The thoughts are so well adapted to produce resignation and tranquillity, that we venture to give them to your readers.]

I have a friend, noble, generous, and sympathizing. His nature combines all that is great and good. He is so immeasurably my superior that I would not dare to speak of him under the familiar appellation of my *friend*, but for those condescending qualities which have been exhibited in a conduct which has irresistibly drawn me into this familiarity. Indeed, he has himself charged me to regard him in this light; and, by a faculty peculiar to himself, has breathed the spirit of this intimacy into my heart.

My friend is erecting for himself a mansion, which in magnificence and beauty shall be worthy of his name and character. All the splendors of an oriental palace are to be dim in the contrast. All the past glories of architecture are to sink into insignificance beneath the majesty and beauty of this seat of his greatness. When all is done, he intends to invite me, with myriads more who have shared his favor, to a grand banquet in this mansion; and there he will permit us to gaze upon the work, and admire its fitness, and celebrate his inauguration as its master and head.

While the erection and furnishing of this mansion is in progress, my sentiments of gratitude and affection lead me to wish that I might make some humble contribution towards the ornaments which are to grace its apartments; that when the great day of festival shall arrive, there may not be wanting some trifling memorial of my desire to add to the glory which the sight will reflect upon its lord. Too freely admitted to his confidence to allow of reserve, I have whispered the wish of my heart into his ear. He is not offended with the presumption of the request, but regards it as another bright link in the chain of affection which binds me to himself, and he promises to consider what service I shall render.

After a little while, he tells me of his purpose to beautify his mansion with the richest specimens of living flowers from every land; collected and arranged in such order as to form a scene of surpassing loveliness. While my heart is captivated by the taste displayed in the design, he proposes to use, as my share in contributing to these adornments, to take a germ which he has provided, and which will grow and bud and expand into a beautiful little rose; and it shall be my task to guard and nourish the plant until it has thus blossomed, when he will come and bear it away to its destined use. With a thrill of grateful joy I accept the commission. I transfer to my room the vase which contains the precious charge. With what assiduity do I water the earth around its roots; with what beamings of delight do I watch its growth from day to day. I see the bud forming. I see the flower breaking through its parting prison. It expands and opens; and now, full blown, takes its ruddy, smiling glow from the airs of Heaven. Gazing with rapture, I admire it for its own sake, but most of all, for the grateful destiny which awaits it, and towards which I have been permitted to contribute. Its bloom is unfolding for the mansion of my friend; and its fragrance will soon mingle with the breath of all which diffuse their odors through its halls.

And my friend is faithful to remember the little tribute which I wished to afford towards the scene of his greatness. He has come for my Rose. Is this a moment for selfishness to obtrude its narrow spirit? Is this a moment for me to forget why I desired the care of the little rose; to forget the mansion; to forget my friend in a sordid wish to keep as my own what I received on the trust of grateful love? I will take one fond look of the precious charge as I deliver it up. Go, my sweet rose, and delight the eye of Him with thy loveliness. Go, where the atmosphere and the scene better befit thee, and there fling out thy beauties in perennial bloom. I will take one fond look, but not the last. I go to the mansion soon. Soon he will bring me to his banqueting house; and the summons will be the more welcome, because I shall see that flower in its immortal freshness. When the mansion is completed and displayed before the assembled guests of my Friend; when the flowers gathered from all climes are shedding their beauties and exhaling their fragrance through its apartments, lighted above the brightness of the sun with undying light, then I will seek out my little rose. I will behold with ecstacy its hues, redolent of life, and inhale its odor the same as when I first knew it, but as much purer as the air which surrounds it is more celestial.

My Rose is gone. *"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."*

For the American Presbyterian.

## AIR CASTLES.

The hum of many voices came through the open window. The tones were caught by the lily bells and roses that adorned the beautiful garden without, and their echo came back to me an invalid upon my weary couch. I listened and thought.

"Italy, the land of vines, the embodiment of earthly loveliness, shall be my future home." The words came to me in the well-known tones of the enthusiastic Kate. "I love to picture a darling little cottage, with vines clambering up its sides, and a noble son of genius standing with easel in hand where the soft breezes fan his dark locks, and I looking on so proudly." Imaginative girl, I murmured, will the future be true to your dreams? "I will seek the wilds of Scotland," said another, whom I knew to be Ellen, so fond of the poets. "Its moors and glens I love to talk of, and the 'Lady of the Lake' shall be my song as I, with charming company, wind among this land's far-famed natural scenery; would one become tired of earth in such a Paradise? methinks its hills and dales are strangers to murmuring sounds."

"I would not wander far away," said the timid Carrie; "home has charms to lure me as long as life shall last, and when wealth shall be mine, I will cause to be reared a splendid mansion on the spot where during childhood I have sported; my parents' silver locks shall be sheltered by it, their last breath taken with my hands upon their brows. I would have my last resting-place within the shade of no other trees than the maples that have ever been my pleasant care."

"On the broad, peaceful Pacific shore, in the very place which commands the widest view of its blue waves, I would dwell, and list to the mournful surging of its waters when sadness lingers in my heart, for father, mother, and a true-souled brother, rest in its weedy bottom. Do you blame me?" said Jennie, and I imagined the sable-clad girl winding her arm within that of Ellen, her chosen confidant, and lifting her mournful eyes to her. Who could blame one for wishing to linger near the graves of departed loved ones?

It remained yet for the thoughtful Mary to picture her air castle. "Africa's wilds and the sea islands need teachers to point them upward," said she in her gentle tones. "I will clasp the Bible for a compass and go to them."

Years fled away. I heard a ringing laugh through a farm-house window, and stepped in to learn the cause. Our Italy Kate was churning, and her sportive eyes raised not to a widely-known painter, with easel in hand, but to a frank, open-faced farmer, with axe in hand, about to fell some of America's forest trees.

"You ask, Does Ellen's tripping feet wander o'er moor and glen of Scotland? Nay, she has taken the sainted Mary's place, where toil, instead of unalloyed pleasure, is her lot. Carrie, the home-girl, has schooled herself to a far distant clime, for her youthful choice took her across the broad Atlantic, and she has learned with wreathing smiles to say of that place, "My home."

Two harps are tuned anew in heaven. One has exchanged her dark raiment for light, and Mary, the other, ere a twelvemonth had passed, was attired in angelic garments too.

Are the brilliant, enthusiastic anticipations of youth, then, so untrue? Yes, below in this changeful world the real is scarce ever the counterpart of the ideal. Lulu.

Olivet, Mich.

## JOE BENTON'S COAL YARD.

Just imagine the loveliest May morning that ever was made; the sun so lately risen that his long golden hair still trailed on the hill-tops, and the robins singing such extravagant songs, that the violets opened their blue eyes as wide as possible, and asked a neighboring lilac-bush if he ever heard of any one getting *drunk* on sunshine. There must have been something very curious in the air that morning, for when little Joe Benton sprang out of the back door with hair as golden as the sun's, and eyes as blue as the violet's, and voice almost as sweet as the robin's, he took one long breath, shouted a vigorous hurrah! but seeming to grow just as crazy as the birds, he didn't feel at all relieved till he had climbed a tree, turned three somersaults, and jumped over the garden fence.

"Saturday, too," he said to himself, as he rested upon the other side. "Was there ever anything so happy? Now I'll just have time to run down to the brook before breakfast, and see if our boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home, and learn my lessons for Monday, for we boys are to meet and launch her at nine o'clock, and the *captain* ought to be up to time."

So Joe's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where the precious boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful little boat which Cousin Herbert had given him with its gay sails split in a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth,—"I know who did it, the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown, and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for *this* caper," said little Joe through his set teeth, and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastening a piece of string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Now the good honest sun was afraid something was going wrong, and he held a little cloud handkerchief over his eyes, but Joe did not notice it. He only knew that he was very angry and miserable, and he wondered that he had ever thought it was a pleasant morning.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking; instead of Fritz, there came a quiet looking person, who he cared to see, and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet. But it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and brushing them right and left he soon came upon little Joe. "How's this?" cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. "You're not *ashamed* to tell me what you were doing?"

"No, I'm *not*," said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the whole story," and out it came, down to the closing threat, "and I mean to make Fritz smart for it."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Why you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit, and he muttered to himself, "Now for a good scolding," but to his great surprise Cousin Herbert said, quietly—

"Well, I think Fritz does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What!" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, and *burn* him?" said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Now that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it, quick!"

"'If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee,'" said Cousin Herbert, gravely; "and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Fritz could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly,—"But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would *burn*, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish,—malice, envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know how much more,—and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading, but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose,—ah! well, I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your *own* coal, and be sure and kindle it with *love*, for no other fire burns so brightly and so long!" and with a cheery whistle Cousin Herbert sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand, and a pail of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand *smash* it would have been if Fritz *had* fallen over the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Fritz stirred and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my chores, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read everything I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, *may* I? I'd be *so* careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help sail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped upon his breast, but after a moment he looked up with a great effort, and said—

"*I* did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books."

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't"—Fritz couldn't get any farther, for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal *does* burn, and I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket, than offered to lend him that book. But I ket, than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine," and little Joe took three more somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg-money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a queer twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

The little school boys, who saw that Joe was always happy, studied the secret, too; and at last if any trouble or dispute arose, some one would say, "Let's try a few of 'Joe Benton's coals,'" and it was astonishing to see how soon all the evil passions were burned to ashes, and how quickly the young hearts grew warm towards each other. Come, little Tom, Dick, and Harry, who have ever so much rubbish to be burned, whose hearts are all in a shiver with the cold, unloving looks you gave each other this morning, won't you try just for *once*, to find out the happy secret that lies in little Joe Benton's queer coal-yard?

Tract Journal.

## POWER OF PRAYER IN A HINDOO FAMILY.

The following anecdote was told by a missionary at one of the Spring anniversaries in London:—

"Do you wish an example of prayer? let me give you one, are I close, on the subject of India, and you will see that it is an example that may be followed by others. There was one in our mission who long resisted the power of truth; we could not bring her to hear of Christ, but, after receiving the truth, she welcomed Christ to her heart, and has been a faithful follower of the Lord since. But she was not satisfied with that alone. She had a mother, and when that mother heard of Christ she would have none of Him, and when her daughter became a Christian she would not speak to her in the street. But the daughter knew that there was a power above that had touched her own heart, and she believed would touch her mother's heart too. She pleaded earnestly and constantly with God, and after a while to our surprise—shall I say to our suprise?—why should it be a surprise that God should hear and answer prayer. He who has revealed himself as the answerer of all prayer, and who gives us constant lessons that He will listen to our petitions; is it not a rebuke to our faith that we should use such language? We should rather wonder, my Christian friends, that God does not answer. Be this as it may, the mother one day met her daughter in the street and said, 'Oh, daughter, I have been thinking on what you said to me, and a thought has come across me that I should like to know more about Jesus, of whom you speak.' She afterwards came to the mission, heard of and embraced Christ, and has since been a faithful follower of the Lord. The same woman had a sister also in heathen darkness. She pleaded for her sister, and that sister and the husband of that sister, with all the members of the family, in answer to the prayers of that woman, became one family in Christ, to be united, I believe, for ever before the throne of God and the Lamb. When the last of the family was brought in, the old mother brought, as a token of her gratitude, ten shillings to the missionary society. The same woman, I must add, had a son, given, I believe, in answer to her prayers, a most promising youth, who has been trained up to go forth and preach Christ to his perishing countrymen. There, my Christian friends, is an example of prayer and the power of prayer. If there were more of that spirit of pleading with God amongst us, what might we not see amongst ourselves throughout our country and throughout the world.

# Miscellaneous.

## CAVOUR AND HIS KING.

We have already in the correspondence of Dr. M'Clintock and from other sources, given the leading particulars of the dying hours of Italy's great statesman. One of our foreign journals describes, touchingly, the final parting between the minister and his sovereign, King Emmanuel:

"In the first hour of the night the King, unaccompanied and unannounced, entered the chamber of the dying minister, who was the first to observe his presence there. The friends and attendants watching by the sick-bed retired and left them alone together; the door was closed; and of the solemn leave-taking which followed none can give us the detail. What words of passionate gratitude and loyal promise were uttered by the sovereign, what broken but wise and prophetic counsel by the statesman, is not hard to imagine. Was there any word of apprehension for the future or regret for estrangement in the past, on the one hand, or of warning against rash impulses, or the insidious temporizing of false friends on the other? Who shall say? When the door was opened, and King Victor, stooping over the bed and holding the cold hands in his with an attempt at cheerfulness, bade his friend and minister farewell, promising to return and see him early the next morning, Cavour faintly smiled, shook his head, and answered in a weak voice—"Thanks, Sire, for this new proof of your goodness, but *we shall meet no more*;" and so lifted the King's hand to his lips and kissed it. At which the King with a burst of sorrow exclaimed against the foreboding, and bending down pressed him again and again in his arms, and left his face all wet with tears. At four o'clock in the morning, when the King according to his promise returned to the door of that chamber, Cavour lay insensible in the last hard struggle for life, and it was almost by force that the sovereign was prevented from entering.

"At seven o'clock on the morning of the sixth of June, Dr. Riberi, of the three physicians in attendance, descended the palace stairs and announced to the mass of people gathered in the court-yard and before the doors, that all was over; that the noble Camillo Benzo di Cavour had breathed his last a few moments before in the fifty-second year of his age. It is said that the shadow of despair which fell over the whole city with that announcement could be likened to nothing but the consternation felt in the arrival of those despatches which told of the fatal defeat of Novara in 1849."

Cavour's political views were doubtless modified by his residence in England. His preference for a constitutional monarchy was due to his admiration of the English system of government. With him, the possible and the practical were preferred to utopian dreams. The work to which he consecrated his energies is substantially accomplished, and the united Kingdom of Italy will remain the monument of his consummate intellectual power.

Methodist.

**Moravian College.**—The Moravians have established a college and theological seminary at Bethlehem, Pa. The *Moravian* says:

## THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

By this fearful occurrence, property to the amount of $75,000,000 was destroyed, and houses to the extent of three acres consumed. We quote the following particulars from the London *Times*.

It was not in the dead of the night, but on a Summer afternoon, June 22d, that the fire brigade in Watling street was summoned to Cotton's wharf, close to London bridge, on the south side of the Thames. The engines, directed by the chief of the brigade in person, were quickly on the spot, when it was found that a fire had broken out in a first story of a warehouse. The building was perfectly new, and constructed on approved principles of architecture; strong party walls, provided with iron doors, divided the fabric, and the warehouses in the vicinity were reputed to be fire proof also. The place had not been abandoned for the night; the workmen were still on the spot, and one of them actually discovered in a small heap of smoking hemp the germ of that conflagration which before midnight was represented by three acres of flame. Unhappily, the smoke at that early period protected the fire. So dense were its volumes as to forbid all approach, and the flame was left to do its work. Still there was a vast array of engines in the street, as well as on the stream; there was a trained brigade of firemen, conducted by a courageous and experienced leader; there was a strong body of police to aid in keeping order, and there were fire-proof walls to contend against fire. But, of all these appliances, not one availed to control the flames. They burst forth from the first warehouse, and seized another. Iron and brick, though they did not actually blaze, yet burnt through and through, till they became red-hot masses. Mr. Braidwood, the chief of the brigade, at once discerned the true state of the case, and predicted, from his survey the magnitude of the conflagration. It was the last opinion he was fated to utter. A few minutes later, as he was placing his men at their post, and encouraging them by his directions and example, he met his death. A tremendous explosion of saltpetre in a vault shook down the entire frontage of a warehouse, and he was buried under the ruins. His fall dismayed his men, already distressed by the severity of their duties, and yet they rushed like brave followers to his rescue—but in vain. A second explosion drove them from the spot, and the ascendency of the fire was now complete. It does not seem, indeed, that there was ever much chance of subduing the flames even from the first, but from this moment the contest was decided. The brigade was powerless. All our great engines and all our trained firemen were of no avail. Our fire proof buildings failed to keep out the fire, and it depended simply upon the force and direction of the wind how much of Southwark might be left standing on Monday morning.

Providentially, the night was calm; yet every now and then, when a little gust came up the river, the redoubled roar of the flames, and the flakes of fire launched into the atmosphere, showed the magnitude of the peril. Even as it was, the spectacle and the ruin are without parallel in our time. Three acres of ground were gradually covered with a mass of fire, glowing and crackling at a white heat like a lake of molten iron. The saltpetre, the tallow, the tar, and the other combustibles stored in the warehouses, ran blazing into the river, till the very stream appeared to be covered with flames. Ships were burned as well as houses, and the danger to life was almost as great on the Thames, as in the street. The glare of the conflagration was not only visible, but strikingly conspicuous, thirty miles off. The multitude of spectators was enormous, and the excitement incredible. We may truly say, indeed, that never, for two centuries, has the metropolis seen such a catastrophe.

The original account seems to indicate pretty clearly the probable origin of the fire. It is not the first time that hemp and jute have been found in spontaneous combustion; but two circumstances are reported which may have conduced to the spread of the conflagration, and the helplessness of those who attempted to subdue it. The workmen employed in the warehouse had omitted, it is said, to close the iron doors by which communication was maintained between the several divisions of the building, and for the first hour or so—that is to say, at the very time when the play of the engines would have been most effective—there was but little water to be obtained. Whether the flames could have been got under at this particular juncture must now remain matter of speculation only; but it seems plain that by 6 o'clock the fire had established its mastery, and that man's efforts were vain. From that time was seen how limited are the powers of modern science. The new buildings would have resisted an ordinary fire, but not a fire like this. The most prodigious jets of water went for nothing against acres of flame. A steady breeze from the river, and half Southwark might have been in ruins. Happily, the air was still; but so terrible has been the danger that we may look even upon this calamity in the light of an escape.

The *Times* of the 25th, adds:

The huge pile of ruins caused by this fearful disaster continues as unapproachable as ever. Even with all the assistance afforded by the late heavy rains, and the continuous streams of water which are poured on them on all parts from the mains by night and day, the heat they give off is so intense that it is impossible to penetrate beyond a few yards inside the blackened walls from the land side. Nothing dare approach them from the river. In the centre several large cellars of oil and tallow are blazing as furiously as ever. The glare of these flames, which are unseen during the day, shines out as brightly as before with nightfall, when, of course, the alarm is spread that the fire has again started on a fresh career of destruction. There is, however, we are happy to say, not the least danger now of such additional loss. All the ruins on the outskirts—except, as we have said, those next to the river—are not only cold, but well saturated with water. The burning cellars in the centre, which cannot be reached, must burn themselves out, and, from what is known of their contents, a long time must elapse before this takes place if they are left to themselves. The chiefs of the fire brigade, however, are of opinion that in a day or two more they will be able to get the hose sufficiently forward to reach even these centres of fire; and if so, we may soon hope to see the last embers of this tremendous conflagration extinguished. The cellar full of tallow, beneath the warehouse, which leaks so fearfully over the spot where Mr. Braidwood's body was discovered, has almost burnt itself away. Since Monday evening, the hose of three engines have been pouring in streams at one end, and driving the great mass of fire it contains out at the other, in the centre of the ruins, where it is impotent for further mischief. So great has been the quantity of water poured in here that the vaults have been almost flooded, and an immense quantity of the melted tallow floated out. The body of flame at this spot is now so much reduced that the firemen have been enabled to advance far enough to reach with water the walls at the end of the vault, through the apertures of which the mass of flame has been pouring since Saturday afternoon, and which are therefore almost white with heat. Tremendous clouds of steam are thrown off here as the jets of the hose fall upon the brick work. Unfortunately, however, this side of the warehouse is as much out of the perpendicular as the front, and is certain to become still more so as the mass of the brick-work contracts in cooling, so that even when the fire is entirely extinguished, the imminent danger will prevent the spot being used as a base of operations for penetrating farther toward the centre, where the great vaults still boil and flame unchecked. Adjoining the cellar which has thus been partially extinguished is another, stored entirely with lard and bacon. This has never been on fire, though, to judge from the hot jets of steam that have been issuing from the loopholes since Sabbath, the contents must have been as effectually overdone as if the flames had actually found their way in.

In many parts of Germany, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo has been celebrated this year with a degree of ostentation which has offended the French Government. France does not need to be reminded—at least, not by Germany—that Waterloo is yet unavenged, and that the Rhine is yet outside the French frontier.

## WASHINGTON'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

We might puzzle our brain with the question of Washington's great disappointment in regard to the destiny of Virginia. Washington saw the advantages of his native State. "Look," said he to Sir John Sinclair, "look at a map of the United States. See Virginia neither frozen like New-England, nor scorched like the Carolinas and Georgia. See her water-courses and her fruitful soil. Observe her Potomac coming down from the very head-waters of the Ohio, and furnishing the nearest and best line of artificial water-communication with the great West. Here, on the banks of the Potomac, will be the centre of commerce and of civilization on this continent. The Capitol of the United States will be the London of the New World." These were Washington's expectations. But Virginia has missed this destiny, and steadily subsided from her original preeminence. Western commerce seeks the ocean by the round-about routes of Pennsylvania and New-York. The question, Why? is troublesomely intrusive, and before we can accept, without misgivings, the superiority of her civilization, the change of her fruitful fields to desert wastes must have a satisfactory explanation.

Examiner.

## INTELLECTUAL ABILITY OF THE AFRICAN.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Wilson, late Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and who was himself a missionary for twenty years on the coast of Africa, in his work on Western Africa thus gives his impression of the capacity of that race. While admitting that they are ignorant, superstitious, and demoralized, he contends that it is the circumstances of their heathenism, and not anything inherently pertaining to them as a race, and that there is no obstacle to their elevation which would not apply equally to all other uncultivated races. He says, "Compared with the civilized nations of the earth, their deficiencies are palpable enough; but compared with the South Sea islanders previous to the period when they were brought under the influence of Christianity, the Indian tribes of our own country who had never enjoyed the blessings of education, or even with the great masses of ignorant poor who throng all the great cities of the civilized world, they do not appear to any disadvantage whatever. No man can live among them without being impressed with their natural energy of character, their shrewdness and close observation, the skill and cunning with which they can drive a bargain, and the perfect adroitness with which they can practise upon the unsuspecting credulity of white men. Very few white men have ever had any considerable dealing with them who cannot recount innumerable instances in which they have been overreached, even when they were exercising the utmost vigilance; and such is their closeness of observation, that they will ordinarily find out much more about the general character and disposition of a white man in a few hours, than he will of them in as many months or years." Dr. Wilson concludes that when brought under the benign influence of Christianity, the African exemplifies the beauty and consistency of religion more than perhaps any other human being on the face of the earth.


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It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the wide-spread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical will acknowledge that for all pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.
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"In all cases resembling Consumption, I recommend your EXPECTORANT, having in so many cases witnessed its beneficial effects."
Rev. J. J. Walsh, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Futtegurh, Northern India, writes:—
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Rev. Jonathan Going, D. D., while President of Granville College, Ohio, wrote:—
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