

Correspondence.

OPEN AIR PREACHERS.

NO. VI.

MISSING LINKS—RICHARD CUNNINGHAM.

BY EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND.

The remark has been made in these hasty papers on open air preaching, that, with the proper encouragement, men calculated to reach the masses would spring up on every hand. Yes, many a "missing link" would be found adapted to get hold of those beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace.

The success of the "Bible readers" of London teaches a lesson to those who would reach the masses in other places. It was found that Christian ladies and gentlemen from the higher ranks failed in their efforts to get hold of those sunk in sin and vice in that vast city of three million people. Experience proved that those who had been rescued by divine grace from sinks of iniquity, were the best fitted to speak of Christ in a way to reach the hearts of the fallen and debased.

This idea of employing those who, for years, have been familiar with haunts of infamy, to rescue their wretched associates, from the depths of degradation, is the prominent one enforced by the author of the "Missing Link."

Those, too, who have had much to do with open air meetings for the masses, have understood the importance of using this agency. They have known that the announcement that some "converted gambler" was to speak of the great change which he had experienced, was sure to bring out a class sui generis. In Scotland, judicious men, like Rev. James Smith, of Gray Friars' Free Church of Aberdeen, Rev. Andrew Bonar, the author of the life of Robert McChesney, and Rev. Wm. Arnot, rejoice to take part in meetings where some of these "Missing Links" are expected to pull the "burning" "out of the fire."

I can never forget one of these "missing links" whom I often used to see, with tears running down his cheeks, while speaking to large audiences, of what God in mercy had done for his guilty soul. This man was Robert Cunningham. But he was better known as "the Bridgegate Fleisher." He was a decided "character" in his way. A notice appearing anywhere in Scotland that he is to speak in a given place, is enough to draw crowds of eager listeners. In external appearance Mr. Cunningham is a burly, well-built, navvie-like figure of middle height. His complexion is ruddy and weather-beaten; his features common-place enough. His general stamp is that of a hard-working, swarthy son of Erin.

At one of the open air meetings at Huntly, where ten thousand were present, among whom were doctors of divinity, and many of the leading ministers from Scotland and England, this Robert Cunningham was one of the chief speakers. The reporters, at any rate, seemed to regard him so, as his was almost the only address they attempted to report in full. I am not sure that his reported words will interest American readers. But if they but knew the man, they would love, as the Scotch do, to read every word that falls from his lips. Some, I know, with tears read words of his like these, which I shall venture to quote. God has wonderfully used this humble-minded man to promote his saving work. Though like "the Jew Apollon," he may need to have "the way of God more perfectly expounded unto him;" yet, like this same Alexandrian, he is regarded by the masses who hear him, as a "man mighty in the Scriptures." May the Holy Spirit bless to the salvation of some lost sinner:

ROBERT CUNNINGHAM'S WORDS TO TEN THOUSAND PERSONS IN THE OPEN AIR IN SCOTLAND.

"My dear fellow-sinners, here is a monument of God's grace afore you. I was forty-seven years of age afore I ever seed God's table served. That was the first time I ever heard a sermon. My dear brothers and sisters, I was a wicked man—a man that neither feared God nor regarded man. I lived in wickedness and drunkenness. I seed one of my comrades die, and another of them die. They died drinking God. They died drinking—Scotland's curse. My dear brothers and sisters, I wandered laden with iniquity. God let me see I was a sinner. Thank God for it. He let me see there was nothing but hell for me; he let me see the fearful pit—where he will turn the wicked in; and the nations that forget him. Oh, I was a sinner; but where was I to find the Beloved—where was I to get Christ whom God so loved the world that he gave, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." I was part of the world; but where was I to get the Beloved? Oh, brothers and sisters, till we know that we are sinners we will never cry for Christ. The Lord kept me wandering, or rather I wander'd myself; and the Lord drew me up to the Windy Church—I wanted Christ—Christ for me. I want the Beloved. God's servant was preachin' the simple gospel from the third chapter of Acts, about the lame man that was at the beautiful gate. The lame man expected something, and God's servant said, "silver and gold have I none," &c., but "in the name of Jesus Christ." Oh, I took hold of that. I found peace to my weary soul—after forty-seven years' wanderin' the broad road that leads to hell—where many men and women are goin' that go to God's house every day. I askit Mr. McCall to let me be a member. I did na ken nae mair about membership than that post. He askit me to come up next mornin'. I knew nothing about sanctification or justification—I knew nothing about the Scriptures, but I had found Christ. The master I servet never mindet me afore. I had been in a twenty-four ropit ring fechtin' [fighting—he had been a pugilist], sometimes they had me in the jail—sometimes kicket out o' a public house afore the bar; aye, kicket out. But what could I do no when the enemy of souls came to me—Christ for me, Christ for me. I sat for eighteen

months under the Gospel—eatin' the Gospel—eatin' it, mind you, for souls need food. Young women, young men, what think you of the Beloved? Has God been your guide? Old grey-headed sinners, have ye lived sixty or seventy years an' no found peace? Oh, you must all come to Christ; it is not sittin' in God's house will save you. There is no other way but Christ. He says, 'It is finished.' I had nothing to say. I had not helped to build a church, I had not helped the Widows' Fund, nor the Sustentation Fund. No, I kent naething about them. I had nothing to fa' back upon. Oh, if you only knew the love of Christ. I canna write my ain name yet, but, thank God, I ken the Gospel better than I can express. I was no church-goer. My father and mother sat thirty year together in church. But though my father sud hae floggit me as he liket, he never could get me to kirk or pray. I had a praying mother—oh, pray on mother! sing on mother! and I have a living mother yet—the eighty-two years of age. Satan, the master, I had served, let me alone the time I was fechtin' and gaen to jail. He never middled wi' me till God revealed Christ to me. I never kent I had a soul until the Lord let me see; my comrades used to ca' me a 'good soul' when I had plenty o' money. But now there's nae need for my mother coming to the jail to see her son, but 'a' is joy an' rejoicin'." Speaking of the progress of Gospel truth, he said—"See what they're doin' in Dundee. See the very Roman Catholics comin' buying Bibles, determined to see for themself's what's their contents. God says 'I will pour out my Spirit,' and God is doin' it. He is doin' it here. Come to Christ. Oh, winna ye come? Will ye no forsake the world—ye canna carry Christ in your heart? Are ye gaun awa wi' the train, an' no get Christ? O dinna gang without Christ! Speaking of Satan's government, he said—"Ye may think Satan's people are easy. Ah! but they're no easy. Ye may think he's using ye well. The devil used me like a gentleman—but ah, I wasna easy! Dinna trust him. Come to Jesus—come as you are. Auld man, dinna be cast doon. Oh! I would put ye 'a' into Christ's bosom if I could. But I canna do that. Oh, ye maun come yourself. I might speak here till I was grey, and ye be no better. Oh, winna ye come? The Lord's servants rinnin' this way and that, wearin' out their life. 'Mothers' (he observed in the course of another appeal to them), ye were the first that had prayer meetings wi' Jesus in Scotland, the first that were wi' him on earth, an' the hindmost. Oh, I'll no forget the time I got the present of a Bible. Just as I was goin' home wi' the Bible, the Bible (he repeated exultingly), my sister that used to cry for me in my drunken days meets me, and haddin' up her hands, she cries wi' joy, 'Ah, here's my mither's prayers noo!' Oh, come to Christ. He's pleadin' wi' ye to come. I think I see the Father and the Son in heaven—the Son looking in the Father's face, an' saying, 'Father, they'll no come.'"

At a meeting composed of all classes, like the one at which this man spoke, some would, no doubt, be reached by homely words like these, who would pay little attention to more polished utterances. Rev. John Murker, of Banff, in describing this great meeting of ten thousand people, where for two days a great variety of speakers, both lay and clerical, endeavored to hold up Christ, says:—

There were hardly any expressions used, either in the addresses or the prayers, to which reasonable exception could be taken. There were no dry theological disquisitions, nor aimless sentimental vapouring. By much variety of illustration, every encouragement was held out to induce convicted sinners to accept the offers of a present salvation by fearlessly, and in faith's full confidence, hanging up all their hopes of eternal life on Him who is mighty to save. The addresses and prayers of the "Glasgow Fleisher," and of the Fisherman from Hopeman, as well as those of the more cultured laymen, who move in the first ranks of polished society, were greatly appreciated, because they were peculiarly fragrant with gospel sentiment and devotional feeling, and were, therefore, effective.

If you hope to witness in the United States scenes like the above, does it not appear that we must employ, some of those means which the Holy Spirit has so signally blessed in other places? Plenty of "missing links" might be found who would render valuable assistance at open air meetings.

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. JESSUP, GREATHEAM HOSPITAL, COUNTY OF DURHAM, N. E. OF ENGLAND; December, 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. MEARS:—It was my intention, before leaving America for Syria, to write a few lines to your journal in acknowledgment of the Christian hospitality and liberality with which I was received by the churches and pastors of Philadelphia during my recent visit. My stay of fourteen weeks in my native land was, from first to last, one of refreshing and spiritual enjoyment, but the period spent in Philadelphia will always be remembered as one of the most delightful. Your churches, Sabbath-schools, and pastors will never be forgotten, and a new bond has been formed which, I trust will never be broken. A visit to his native land, after eight or ten years' absence, is a great privilege to the Christian missionary, and whatever may be the influence upon the churches at home, it is unquestionably of the greatest value to him. After living for years in a foreign land, speaking a foreign language, surrounded by a people whose customs, dress, religion, social and moral position are so different from what he left behind him, and having but infrequent communication with his native land, the friends and associates of his youth falling one after another by the way, and the circle of his home acquaintance gradually narrowing as years roll on, the old church edifice where he was baptized and received to the church on profession of his faith, and whose every beam and pillar are invested with the most sacred associations, razed to the ground and a new one reared on its site, and perhaps the old loved pastor removed to another church or gone to his eternal home, and a stranger filling his place,—there comes over the mind, by degrees, a feeling of distance and separation when thinking of home and friends; local attachments and sympathies in his chosen field of labor become more intense, and thus his missionary life becomes more and more an expatriation and an exile. But the

moment his foot touches his native soil all the old scenes and memories are quickened into life. He finds the churches, Sabbath-schools, benevolent societies, pastors, teachers, and people engaged with zeal and earnestness in the Master's service. On every side is growth, activity, and sympathy with the work of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. The missionary work he finds to be most dear and precious to the hearts of all God's people, and instances of self-sacrifice and liberality, among the poorest as well as the most affluent of Christians at home, show him how much he had forgotten, and how little he had understood, of the deep spiritual life and missionary spirit which pervade the minds of the people of God.

In every part of the land he meets those who have been praying for his work, and perhaps for him personally, for many years. He is surprised to find how deeply the churches are interested in everything pertaining to his distant work. What has become so familiar to himself as to be commonplace and unnoticed, he finds to be just what Christians at home are most anxious to know, and thus he learns an important lesson with regard to his future missionary correspondence. Difficult as it is, and must always be, for a missionary to leave his field of labor, where the harvest is so great and the laborers so few, it is none the less important to his own spiritual growth and future usefulness to revisit his native land, revive his acquaintance with the churches, and re-cement the bonds which bind the hearts of Christians at home to their brethren in distant parts of the earth. It is a most precious illustration of the unity of the Church of Christ, and its effects cannot but be good upon the great work of missions.

FRIENDS AND PREACHERS IN ENGLAND.

I am now visiting for a few days a loved Christian friend, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, vicar of this parish, and Master of Greatheam Hospital, with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance during his recent visit to the Holy Land. In ten days I leave England for Syria, hoping to reach Beirut by the 8th of January. The Atlantic voyage in the steamship, City of London was remarkably quiet for the season of the year. We had not an hour of fog or storm, and in ten days and a half entered the harbor of Liverpool. The Rev. J. N. Ball, of the Western Turkey Mission, with his wife and children, were my travelling companions, and I met Dr. Bliss in London, where he is engaged in making the preliminary arrangements for securing an additional endowment for the Beirut Protestant College.

Last Sabbath I heard Dr. Cumming preach in the morning, and Mr. Spurgeon in the evening. Dr. Cumming's discourse was most delightful and spiritual, on the text, "Take no thought for the morrow." His exposition of the doctrine of Divine Providence, and the Christian's duty to trust in the Lord at all times, was rich in practical suggestions and spiritual lessons. Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was exceedingly plain and simple, the very essence of the gospel, on Matt. xxii. 9., the gospel invitation to all to come to Christ. His appeals were earnest, tender, and affectionate, and I could not but thank God, as I heard his words and looked upon that immense multitude, nearly 8000 souls, that so many in that great city of London hear such plain and earnest preaching of the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. Mr. Spurgeon is now engaged in delivering a series of controversial sermons against the Church of England, in which his attacks are characterized by great violence and personality, and crowds throng to hear him. After finishing the Church of England, he proposes attacking the Presbyterians and Independents on the subject of infant baptism. Yet this is doubtless doing great good, and the more is it to be regretted, on this account, that he should be so bitter in religious controversy.

The course of Sir Henry Bulwer, British Ambassador in Constantinople, in winking at the recent persecution of converted Turks, and the closing the missionary establishments by the Turkish authorities, is creating great indignation among the evangelical clergy and laity in the Church of England. The Record, their organ, has contained several articles of late, attacking Mr. Bulwer in a most caustic manner, and it is stated openly that the Derby party will bring the matter before Parliament at the coming session, making it the ground of an attack upon the administration of Palmerston. The High Church party feel equally aggrieved, on account of the wrongs done to the agents of the "Propagation" Society, and between these upper and lower millstones it is thought Sir Henry will be crushed.

ENGLISH OPINION ON OUR CONFLICT.

I have met a few friends of our country in England, but they are rare exceptions. The Morning Star and Daily News in London advocate our cause, but the masses of the people sympathize with the South. A most excellent clergyman of the English Evangelical Church told me that he sympathized with the South, because he thought our government too large, and if it continued to increase in population and in power, it would be dangerous to the peace of the world, and that slavery was doomed, whether the South succeeded or fail, and therefore he hoped we should be divided into two governments. There is lamentable ignorance everywhere with regard to the genius of our institutions and the nature of the struggle now going on. One great reason of English antipathy to the North and sympathy with the South is the almost universal attach-

ment here to monarchical government, and hostility to Democratic institutions, and the prevailing idea that the South are more aristocratic and less democratic than the North. Many are affected by the hope that the South will give England its coasting trade, and remove all export duties on cotton. Others cannot forget 1776, and almost all seem to ignore the fact that the North are now fighting for the extinction of slavery. It does not help our cause among the Evangelical party, that so many of those who do advocate our cause in England are of the Broad Church school, whose looseness in theology is thought to give rise to their sympathy with the republicanism of the North. One worthy man expressed the opinion that Prof. Goldwin Smith's sympathy with the North was attributable to his Broad Churchism. The great difficulty, however, in England, is ignorance of America. Mr. Cobden was not far from the truth when he proposed to establish in Oxford a professorship of geography to teach the young men of England, stating that he was confident that very few of the young men in that University could tell within a thousand miles the locality of the city of Chicago!

MR. TRISTRAM'S FORTHCOMING WORK ON PALESTINE.

The Rev. Mr. Tristram, whose guest I am, visited the Holy Land last winter, spending six months in making collections to illustrate the Natural History of the Bible. He brought home more than a thousand specimens of stuffed birds, (1870 in all,) many mammals, besides collections of the land shells, plants, (900 species,) trees, flowers, insects, reptiles, minerals, and fossils of Syria and Palestine. He is to publish in the spring two volumes of notes of travel, and later in 1865 a large illustrated work, containing plates of the various objects of natural history which he collected. He is to send, in a few weeks, a box with duplicate specimens of the birds of Palestine to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Mr. T. is well known among scientific men in America, as one of the most distinguished of living English naturalists, and his forthcoming works will be looked for with the greatest interest. He is vicar of a small country parish and Master of Greatheam Hospital, and his private collections in natural history are among the most valuable in England. He is a thoroughly evangelical man, of a broad and catholic spirit, earnestly devoted to the work of saving souls.

It was my privilege to meet him in Syria last winter, and co-operate with him in the development of a locality which he had discovered near the Dog River, of fossil bones and teeth of extinct mammals, mingled with what appeared to be flint implements of the "stone period." Since his return to England, Mr. T. has ascertained that the bones and teeth belong to "the bison minor of the British bone caverns, and the Bos longifrons or some closely-allied ox." As the bone breccia in Syria is quite recent, there can be no doubt that since the days of Noah there has existed in Syria a race of wild oxen of great size, which is now extinct. Mr. W. Houghton, the celebrated zoologist, agrees with Mr. Tristram in regarding these remains as possibly belonging to the "reem" of the Hebrew Scriptures and the "unicorn" of the English version. Mr. Houghton wrote the article on the "unicorn" in Smith's Dictionary, and his opinion is entitled to great weight. I am not without hope that we may yet discover in Syria skulls and larger bones in these ancient "bone caverns," which will decide the question more conclusively.

This little village of North East-England, in the county of Durham, is in north latitude 54° deg. 40 min., and yet, in the middle of December, the grass is fresh and green, the roses, violets, primroses, and wall-flowers are in bloom, and the air is more like Syria than America. In the corresponding latitude in North America there is almost perpetual frost and snow. American travellers have often remarked upon the superior physique of the men and women in England in comparison with that of our own people. One does not need to remain long in England to understand the reason. Physical exercise in England is the rule, in America the exception, especially among the women and girls. I was struck with this fact to-day. Mr. Tristram's little children go out and take a walk of four miles as a light recreation. This afternoon I accompanied him to Hartlepool, a flourishing seaport town about eight miles distant. We took tea with a clerical friend of his, and I took the seven o'clock train to return home, as the night was dark and stormy. He preached in Hartlepool at half-past seven, and at nine o'clock walked home eight miles in the darkness, a raw east wind blowing in furiously from the German Ocean, and the rain falling in torrents. At half-past ten he was at home, and after supper, which the English eat at about eleven P. M., he was ready to begin his preparation for the two sermons of the Sabbath. This, he assured me, is only an ordinary occurrence. Men trained to such physical endurance at home are well fitted to be explorers in foreign lands.

Very truly yours, H. H. J.

THINKING may drive away many cares and lighten many sorrows; but for suspense, for uncertainties, for anxieties, whose issues we cannot know, it seems to me that there is no remedy at all but prayer.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

LETTER FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

KNOXVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE, December 30th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR.—I find myself once more writing from East Tennessee to the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. When the prospectus of your paper was first published, I was associate editor of the Presbyterian Witness. Thoroughly disgusted with Dr. Converse, and the Christian Observer, for the iniquitous subservency to the interests of slavery, I favored the new paper. I believed at that time, that Dr. Converse was doing our church more vital injury than any other man North or South. Time has only confirmed me in that opinion.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN was commenced none too soon. I wish the prospectus had been issued ten years sooner, and it might have checked, if not prevented, the mad plunge of Dr. Koss and his misguided confederates from the Cleveland General Assembly, into the Southern "United Synod." Dr. Converse attended the Richmond Convention in 1857; he returned to Philadelphia, to work with all the more zeal for the ruin of our churches. The Christian Observer became more false and libelous and sectional than ever; until it was appropriately transferred to Richmond, where, as Dr. Ross used to say, Providence punished the aged editor, in the line of his sins. He has had the luxury of paying \$350 per barrel for flour, as a part of his reward for villifying good men, and for defending treason, perjury, and theft. The world does not yet know the full history of his misfortunes, but as one greatly wronged by him and his paper, I shall be rejoiced to hear of a genuine repentance.

Our brethren North can have but a very inadequate idea of the utter desolation of the Southern churches. The worst of all is, that the guerrillas still prowl around in every county and through every neighborhood, conscripting for the rebel army, or robbing and killing Union men, so that it is unsafe, and therefore unwise, to attempt, in many places at least, the re-establishment of public worship. Some of the hundred day men have just been discharged, and if they properly organize and arm themselves, they may protect themselves and their neighbors from violence and robbery.

There are hundreds of refugees in Knoxville, some of whom have been able to reach here only within the last few days, and I have heard some of them say, that for the last two years they have never laid down a single night, without a dread of having their houses broken open and fired before morning. I have no heart to weary you with details of the sufferings of many Union families; the rebellion has made homeless, penniless, nearly nine-tenths of these are soldiers' families. It will take many busy hands and kind hearts to relieve their wants during the winter that is upon them. Their distress has been prolonged and intensified by obstructions thrown in the way of transportation by Hood's army.

General Stoneman's raid in East Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia was a brilliant success. His army destroyed one hundred and thirty-five bridges, annihilated the salt works and lead mines, of vast importance to the rebels, and captured several thousand stand of arms, nearly two thousand prisoners, and a large quantity of army stores. Because our men were fired on from the houses at Abingdon and Wytheville, those villages are in ashes.

The Synod of Tennessee failed to meet, for want of a quorum, and I fear the winter will pass away before we can secure a meeting. The impossible condition of the roads is such, and the risk of going abroad on one's own horse, or on a borrowed one, is so great, that ministers are inclined to remain close at home.

Yours very truly, SAMUEL SAWYER.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN ENOCH K. MILLER.

[Many of our readers doubtless remember the brief history of the writer of this letter. Joining the army as a private and as a Christian desirous of doing good to his fellow soldiers, after a career of great usefulness, he was shot through the body at Gettysburg, and long regarded as beyond recovery. But having been restored, by the Divine blessing, he resolved to seek a higher sphere of usefulness, sought and obtained ordination at the hands of the Fourth Presbytery of Philadelphia, and was chosen Chaplain of one of the colored regiments recruited at Camp William Penn; near this city, (the 25th.) The following letter to the Fourth Presbytery, shows that his faithful labors among the soldiers of his regiment are bearing excellent fruit.]

FORT BARRANCOES, WEST FLORIDA, December 5th 1864.

DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST.—My conduct towards you is scarcely excusable, but my duties have been so numerous and pressing that it has seemed utterly impossible for me to communicate with you sooner.

Since my ordination, in May last, in old Pine street Church, I have been permitted to preach the gospel forty-five times, besides conducting over one hundred prayer-meetings. During this time, I have administered the communion three times, and baptized eleven adults. Very many times have I been called to bury the defenders of our country, and I have always endeavored to render those seasons impressive to the living. In my regiment, I have gathered

about me a church of fifty-three members, all of whom, I believe, are sincere Christians. It is a Union Church, for at least three of the orthodox churches are represented. Although my labors are arduous, yet the good Lord has blessed me with excellent health. Seven men in this regiment have professed conversion since my arrival here in August, and one more last night.

As far as I am able to judge, they are giving good evidence of a change of heart. Three of them were men of more than average intelligence, but were very impious indeed. God has been preparing the way for me and inclining the hearts of men to reverence his ways and thus my labors have been "not in vain in the Lord."

In some of our prayer-meetings there has been more animal excitement than I could have desired, but I am endeavoring to convince them that it will be better for them, as well as for the cause of religion, to be less demonstrative and more spiritual.

I was in hopes that THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN would have been sent me, so that I might have known what was doing in our churches at home; but, unfortunately, we are so far removed from the bounds of civilization, that the arm of the Christian Commission scarcely reaches us, and hence our knowledge of what is going on in the Christian world is meagre. Will some of you be kind enough to send me papers occasionally? Although my acquaintance was but of short duration with you, yet the solemn vows made in your presence can never be forgotten, and I trust that you will not forget to pray for the weakest member of your Presbytery, so far distant from you. If it will not be trespassing too much upon your time, it would afford me much gratification to receive a letter of counsel and remembrance from any of my brethren in the Presbytery.

In conclusion, let me assure you that with you I shall endeavor to do all in my power to advance the kingdom of Christ, and may the Holy Spirit sanctify us wholly, through Christ Jesus our Lord.

With my sincere love, I am, brethren, Yours truly, ENOCH K. MILLER, Chaplain, 25th U. S. Colored Troops. To Fourth Presbytery, Philadelphia.

ICE STARS AND SNOW STARS.

In Tyndall's late remarkable lectures upon heat as a mode of motion, we find the following pleasing and striking illustration of the fondness, so to speak, of Nature for the display of her starry firmament, the highest, perhaps, of all her shows. "How shall I dissect this ice?" In the beam of an electric lamp, we have an anatomist competent to perform this work. I will send the rays of this lamp through this block of pellucid ice. It shall pull the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallizing force builds the atoms up; silently and symmetrically the electric beam will take them down. I place this slab of ice in front of the lamp; a portion of the beam is arrested in the ice, and that portion is our working antagonist. Well, what is he doing? I place a lens in front of the slab upon the screen. Observe the image: here we have a star, and there a star; and as the action continues, the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one representing a beautiful flower of six petals. And as I shift my lens to and fro, I bring new stars into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated, and spread themselves out like fern-leaves upon the screen.

"Few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. And only think of lavish nature operating thus throughout the world. Every storm of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the North, has been fixed according to this law." And to complete the charming spectacle in this resemblance to the aspect of the sky at night, each ice-star flower, by a direction of the illuminating beam, will be seen to yield a spot in its centre, shining with the lustre of burnished silver. By immersing it in hot water, you can melt away the ice all around the spot; the moment you do this, the eye of the star and flower, glowing with celestial brightness, is gone, and not a trace of it is left. The spot is a vacuum. So creative skill evokes, builds its graces, its glories, out of nothing—out of everything. Nor is it to the eye alone that the ice and the firmament are equally full of stars.—Our ears, trained by true science, may hear nature laying her beams in music. Meteors and stars are said to sound and sing—ice-stars are known to have a voice whenever the flashing spark is struck, which unveils them in their frosty sphere.

Snow, likewise, found in a calm atmosphere, exhibits the same regular and exquisite figures that we discover in ice. Snow crystals are built upon the same type with icy crystals, the molecules forming six-sided stars. The six-leaved blossoms assume the most wonderful variety of form; their tracery is of the finest frost gauze, and to their rays cling other spangled roses, the nebulae of the frozen field. Beauty is piled upon beauty; as if nature, once at her task, delighted to show the wealth of her wonderful resources within the narrow limits of a snow wreath, ice ship, melting at a breath, or within the boundless sweep of the hosts on high, enduring forever. We regret that the Transcript cannot readily publish copies of the wood-cut in Prof. Tyndall's work. That of the snow stars is familiar to most of our readers. A bit of dark cloth will catch such stars in any gentle snow fall. The ice-stars we hope to give ere long, if we can secure the necessary and inexpensive apparatus, with the aid of a friend, whose science, skill and genius we have tested, for the revelation of the stars of the literary firmament of our language.—Boston Transcript.

The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thought were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.