

Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, August 4, 1865.

My DEAR SIR:—London is empty. I don't remember ever to have seen it so thoroughly cleaned out. Yesterday I had occasion to be in many parts of the monster city, and I was greatly struck with the deserted appearance of many of what used to be the very busiest streets at certain hours of the day. Houses are shut up—empty cabs lying in vain for passengers—no carriages hardly, except the professional man's quiet brougham, to be seen; everybody who can get away is off to the country, to the seaside, to Scotland, Ireland, or to the Continent. Your own correspondent means to be off in a few days, too; and as he has a longer holiday this year than usual, it is in his thoughts to come over and see his country cousins in America and the Canadas. The topic of the day, since my last letter to you, has been the elections. They are now all completed; and men begin to write about the constitution of the new Parliament, to count their gains or losses, as the case may be. There is a considerable change in the state of parties. The party of Lord Palmerston has gained, they say, twenty-four or twenty-five votes, while that of Lord Derby has, of course, lost that number. I use the names of the party leaders: for the old names, Whig and Tory, or Liberal and Conservative, are no longer applicable. Politics in this country have come up, or down, to a thing of "place"—office—it is now only or chiefly the question, whether shall you or I hold the reins of power? And yet, in many parts of England, and of Ireland, the elections have called forth terrible excitements; there have been election rows and riots as hot and bloody nearly as in the days of the keenest struggle about "Reform," when the country was on the very verge of civil war. But I think these have been largely caused either by local prejudices, or by memories of a nearly forgotten past. Of this I am very sure, the working classes in this country do not now take a very deep interest in politics. The whole thing reduces itself into a question of taxation: under whom have we the chance of the biggest loaf and the highest wages, with the least taxation. Your own correspondent had a small share in one of the elections; and perhaps a brief note of the things he saw and heard might not be unacceptable to your readers. I happened to be taking a few days' holiday with a friend in Hertfordshire, with whom I often stay a few days, by way of rest, in my busiest times. One of the days of my stay turned out to be the nomination of members of Parliament for the county—it returns three—and has hitherto returned three Conservatives, one of whom is the celebrated novelist Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. My host informed me he was going to the nomination, and offered to take me with him. I declined, preferring the quiet of an elegant country-seat to the row and rowdiness of an electioneering mob. But on second thought, as I had never seen the novelist, I agreed to go, that I might see and hear one with whose writings I was so familiar. We started at seven o'clock one fine clear morning, in a sort of wooden "drag," drawn by four magnificent horses, all bedizened with party colored ribbons, the colors of the Liberal candidate, the Hon. Mr. Cowper, a younger son of Earl Cowper. Our host was driver—coachman—himself; his whip ribbed like the rest—I with ribbons streaming from my buttonhole—our party consisting of his wife, her sister, a lady guest and myself; behind, two grooms in livery. Off we set in a fine, clear, breezy morning; and after a drive of rather more than two hours, more than a mile of which was through the grounds of a fine old mansion, we arrived at the residence of Cowper-Panshanger. On arrival we were ushered into a fine, large hall, half picture-gallery, half dining-room, where we met Lady Cowper, her son, the would-be member, and the other ladies and gentlemen of the family. Here we had breakfast, and after lounging about, looking at the fine old family pictures, we got to ten o'clock, when the cavalcade was appointed to start for the nomination at Hertfordshire. All the friends of Mr. Cowper had mustered strong; there were the tenantry of their own estates and those of their friends and those who were to vote for him, on horseback, a cavalcade hundreds strong; and there was every carriage that could be presented, filled with gay occupants, all dressed out in party colors, orange and purple. Off we set, carriages first, the honorable member in posse heading the cavalcade, carriages of all sorts, shapes, and sizes following, our own turn-out and four being the theme of universal admiration, and the horsemen bringing up the rear. For miles we drove through the park, and then on through a pine country, the property of the Cowper family; past village, farm, and homestead, each pouring forth its addition to the crowd, either pedestrian or horseman, till we had, in the bright sunshine, really a gallant show. Every man, woman, and child on the road, had his colors shown. Some who could buy no ribbon, through poverty, had the want of it elegantly made up for by a yellow flower stuck in the button hole, or in the hair; while flags of yellow and purple floated from all windows, house-tops, hay ricks, or any other point of vantage to which a flag might be tied. Yet with

the exception of an occasional cheer, as our cavalcade passed, all was sober, sedate, and most orderly. We drove slowly through the town of Hertford, where our colors were not so perfectly in the ascendant, but the pale blue, the tory color, began to show in formidable breadth. A small field of six or seven acres (just outside the town) had been chosen, and there a wooden hustings had been erected—not unlike the booth of a set of strolling players. The one side was devoted to Mr. Cowper and his friends, the other to the three other candidates, who had been all M. P.'s for this same county before—to them and their friends. The field itself was similarly divided, only by an imaginary line, which, however, was maintained on either side, with great fairness and good humor. Here were drawn up the carriages of the opposing parties, the horses taken out and stabled, the horsemen all in battle array on their steeds, and within, a dense mob of "the people," in shirt sleeves, smocks, and jackets, and many with neither. The carriages formed a sort of barricade round the mob, and these carriages, again, were filled with ladies and gentlemen, all in their best, and all doing their very best to look their very best: "our own correspondent," whip in hand, is stuck high in mid air in the dicky of the horseless wooden drag, a butt for all waggeries and witticisms, which he did his very best to return with interest. At eleven o'clock appeared the High Sheriff of the county, the four would-be members and their friends and supporters, on the hustings. All that followed was literally dumb show. Eight men made eight speeches proposing and seconding the four candidates. Some of these eight were local celebrities, and were greeted with cheers and hisses, alternated with groans and general clamor and cackling—all, however, in good humor. I caught a word here and there; but no gleam or glimmer of sense. Then up stands Sir E. B. Lytton, with whom I was greatly disappointed. The cries that greeted him were odd. "Where's your wife—go home to your wife; does Lady Lytton know you're out; did you see your wife this morning before you came away; get a divorce," and so on. He and his wife have parted company, it appears. She is in Rome, he at Hertford. I was disappointed in the look of the man. He was evidently "got up" for the occasion with some care. His "upholstery" was of the best, but the man himself looked thin, watery, small. There was no bulk, no weight anywhere visible, saving in the hair, through which he kept dragging his thin, bony fingers, after the manner of a tragic actor. Even his voice, what words from it I could hear, was of the like treble, thin, and watery sort also. And then his manner was so evidently studied, that the mob noticed it rapidly, and shouted "all fiction!"—just another three-volume novel." After him came Mr. Abel Smith: a gentleman of large property. The gamekeeper of this notability had snared and killed, or suffered to be snared and killed, a fox; and so fox-hunting a county is this, that so soon as Mr. Smith appeared he was greeted with shouts and groans of indignation. "Who stole the fox—who killed the fox, tally ho!"—and then came all manner of strange whoops and sounds, in imitation of the diverse cries of the fox, till Mr. Smith came to a close, having been heard only by the reporters—if by them. After all the candidates had speeched, the Sheriff called for a show of hands for each of the four candidates in turn, and to make sure they knew what they were about, he held up a board with the name printed on it in large characters, that the electors might see if they could not hear whom they were voting for. Mr. Smith had the fewest hands held up, chiefly on account of having killed the fox, I was told, and finally he lost the election. Here the matter ended; a poll being demanded. We drove off to the residence of the father of mine host, seven miles further on, where we had lunch, and a pleasant stroll through the noble grounds and gardens, and then drove home to dinner—a distance in all, out and home, of nearly sixty miles, with one set of horses, and at the close they looked nearly as fresh as at the beginning. The new Parliament has many new members, such as J. S. Mill, who profess nothing in the way of religion, saving the very broadest Churchism; the Popish party have gained, and to their eternal disgrace, two English constituencies, which contain very few Popish electors, have chosen, freely and deliberately, Roman Catholics to represent them. Mr. Gladstone, rejected by the ministry of Oxford, was chosen by a triumphant majority in his native county, Lancashire, and his son is for the first time a member, for Chester. Samuel Morley, the wealthy independent merchant, is also for the first time an M. P. He is returned for Coventry. Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher and M. P., is turned out, and Mr. Duncan McLaren, a United Presbyterian, a Voluntary, and a Radical, is returned. On the whole, the ministerial party claim a clear gain—as I said—of twenty-five new seats, giving them, they say, a working majority of over eighty votes. But there are many disputed returns, the elections have been carried on in the "good old way"—bribery has been abundant, and report says when Parliament meets there will be many returns pronounced null and void. Loud above the din of electioneering was heard the thud of the fatal drop with which fell on the gallowds Dr. Pritchard, the Glasgow poisoner. Never criminal died whose fate met so universal approval. Not a solitary voice was raised to avert his doom. The reports of his execution were read with intense interest and satisfaction everywhere, and by all classes. He appears to have been a shallow, weak, vain man, thirsting for notoriety—which he got at last, in greater measure than he coveted. He met his doom on the scaffold with calmness and fortitude, in the presence of the largest crowd ever gathered in Glasgow—reports vary from 80,000 to 100,000. Pritchard was an Englishman, and had only been settled a few years in Glasgow. Now that he is dead, the most horrible atrocities are attributed to him, extending over many past years. The mystery of "the Road murder" is over too. Constance E. Kent persisted in her confession of "Guilty," and was sentenced to death by the presiding judge with much feeling and tender emotion. The sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life; and already the poor wretch, so early hardened in guilt, is on her way to the colonies under this ban. The criminal records of the past month have been unusually prolific in the horrible. A woman at Torquay, in Devonshire, was charged, along with the mother of the child, for its murder, at the last assizes. The evidence was not very clear, and the jury were discharged without coming to a verdict. At the present assizes the guilty pair were again charged; the mother was admitted as witness, approver, and told a dreadful tale. By her account, which bore all the marks of perfect truthfulness, the wretched hag confessed to her that she had "put away" many for the sake of a paltry reward, never exceeding £5; and offered "to do her job" at the same price; adding, "if thee has forty, I will do the same by them all." The jury believed the approver, as her evidence was fully corroborated, and the wretched murderess was condemned to death, without hope of mercy, whilst showing symptoms of the most abject terror. The whole scene was of the most horrible of all horrible things. In matters ecclesiastical there is next to nothing astir. As a pendicle to the elections for Parliament, the elections of Members of Convocation, the Parliament ecclesiastical, have also been completed. The Times of this day characterizes the whole thing as a pure farce and "perfect sham, which it is beyond all doubt. Convocation is a Parliament; a mere talking place; yet, out of it something may come. The Lord Bishop of Natal; the renowned Coleso, has published the last part of his attack on "the word of God written," the which being done, he has formally announced his immediately approaching departure for his diocese. What may upturn thereupon remains to be seen. His salary has been withheld in great part by the committee for the fund for the Colonial Bishops; but the sympathizers of "my Lord" have pulled their purse strings and sympathized with the distressed ecclesiastical to the extent of upwards of £2000, promising more. A meeting was called and great speechifying made thereupon; a strange medley of infidels and broad churchmen being present to hear and hold up the hands of this right reverend arithmetician, and successor of the Apostles; of whom Punch says that "he is well up in Numbers, but mightily deficient in Deuteronomy." Your readers will gladly hear that I preached shortly ago in a new Presbyterian church erected in Liverpool, built at an expense of £5000, and nearly free of debt—the congregation willing and able to give a pastor, to begin with, £350 a year, and likely soon to have an able man settled over them. And on my way home I assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of a Presbyterian church, erecting in the city of Worcester at an expense also of £5000; already a good congregation is gathered, and presided over by an excellent and able minister. The stone was laid by the late Mayor and present M. P. for the city—a man who has raised himself by merit and industry from the very humblest rank. Let me record in the last corner of the paper that remains to me, the death of ISAAC TAYLOR; many of your readers will know him and mourn. I send you two cuttings from the same number of the Record newspaper—evangelical organ of the Church of England; to show how fast matters progress there! Let me remind your readers that both "Father Ignatius" and Dr. Neale are ordained clergymen of the Church of England. T. A.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"I hope the seed sown will some day spring up," is an expression not unfrequently heard in regard to a period more or less extended, of unfruitfulness in the ministrations of the pulpit. Is there not in this statement, that there is an interval sometimes disheartening, between labor and its full reward, a hidden falsehood—an apology for the want of adaptation of means to the end? We should smile at the husbandman who was satisfied with covering, by repeated sowing, the unproductive soil with seed, hoping that, at a future time, some of it would come to harvest. Is it otherwise in God's economy of grace? If there be along with a fearless and wise application of truth to the condition of the people, an expectation of immediate results of the germination, growth, and harvest—if there is—"a passion for souls"—will the workmen of God be disappointed? "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing the precious seed, shall doubtless

come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them." It is not enough, in the general way, to "preach Christ," to instruct the people in theology and ethics. There must be a compliance with the Divine command, however painful to the sensibilities of a pastor's heart, "Show my people their sins;" and a tender, but faithful urgency of motive and appeal, which gives to the pulpit, and carries to the home, the impression that salvation is the vast and immediate concern. It reminds us of a remark of the lamented Dr. Beecher, who was so richly blessed with revivals—"I never had a revival without expecting and laboring for it;" and of a reply made by another successful minister to the question, "What is the secret of your success?" "I think, as a general rule, a man succeeds in what he proposes to do. If a minister starts with the aim to preach fine sermons, if he have talent and culture, he will attain his object. If it is his ambition to be a metaphysician, or a polemic, he may be either; and if nothing will satisfy him, but saving souls, he will succeed in that glorious work." Churches may defeat the most unwearied and faithful efforts of preachers, by refusing to remove "stumbling blocks" out of the way; but they will be the exceptions to the law of Christian life—labor and its reward. The Spirit of God will not go aside from the ordained means of grace, nor supply the power, which is thrown away by a want of moral courage and a living faith in God. H. REV. A. M. STEWART IN THE OIL REGIONS. PIT HOLE Is now the feverish centre and wonderful attraction in Oildom. Said locality is about ten miles northward of Oil City. Through the kindness of a friend, a visit on horseback was made thither from Petroleum Centre, and a day spent looking at its attractions, learning its history, and prospecting about its future. Oildom seems famous for the selection of names to mark its celebrated localities—Oil City, Petroleum Centre, Funksville, Shaffer, Tidecut, Pit Hole. The latter one, having in it so much euphony, was not derived from any new hole sunk in the earth by oil seekers: A small creek flows into the Allegheny from the west side, which has borne from times of yore the name of Pit Hole. Rugged, barren, and uncultivated is the region through which the stream finds its winding way. Some months since that persevering derrick was erected over a low, marshy spot, close to this stream, about six miles from its entrance to the Allegheny. After due process of boring, a vein, or lake, or river of gas and oil was struck, which, being evidently crowded for room so far beneath the surface, burst out with a sound like a small-steam-engine. The gas, after forcing the oil to the surface, mingles with the atmosphere, rendering a near proximity to the well both offensive and very dangerous. Were a spark, by accident, to ignite the gas, no living being within reach could escape. The explosion would be like a magazine, and the consequent flame from ten thousand barrels of oil terribly grand. It is claimed that eight hundred barrels of oil per day is thrown to the surface from this single well, designated "The United States." This large stream of oil is run into tanks, numbering a dozen or more, and each with a capacity of a thousand barrels, and now all are full, there being hardly any feasible way as yet to get the liquid in such quantities away from Pit Hole. When tidings of this grand strike got abroad, it happened, as of old, that where the carcass is, there the buzzards will be gathered together. Crowds from all parts of the country are already here—the curious, the speculator, the fortune hunter, and the gambler are all present. Within the past three months, a large and crowded village has been erected, called Pit Hole City. The buildings are all hasty structures of wood, put up at enormous expense; the prices of material and labor both being almost fabulous. All kinds of trades and business are represented—hardware merchants, dry goods, grocers, drinking saloons, livery stables, doctor shops, lawyers of fices, photographers, showmen, together with the whole round of city appliances—the large portion of the buildings being hotels and eating-houses. Wonderful people are we. The crowds in and about the locality may find something to eat by taking turns at the various localities affording such a necessity; but whether all could find a place to sleep under cover, seems doubtful, even though every floor in Pit Hole City were covered with rows of men. Becoming hungry with sight-seeing, my friend and self went skimming for dinner—found at length empty seats in an eating place, partook of what was set before us, and paid therefor, a little in advance of Willard or Continental prices. THE DERICKS. From the number of these already erected, and the wells being sunk along the creek and up the hill sides surrounding the great flowing well, one might be led to suppose that all the hidden treasures of mother earth would soon be reached and drawn out. PIT HOLE CREEK ON FIRE. Some weeks since the gushing well overflowed all its prepared tanks and vessels; yet differing from the widow's cruise, it still flowed on, running into the stream and covering all the surface. It was thus borne down for half a mile, when by some accident, the oil took fire.

The entire bed of the stream was presently an intense flame. The water, as around Elijah's altar, was licked up. The flames ascended through the overhanging pine trees to their very tops, charring and scorching them, as their blackened limbs, with the blighted banks of the stream, still bear evidence. ROADS. On our return to Petroleum Centre, from the horseback ride to Pit Hole, a friend inquired if the roads were bad. My reply was—"Can't tell—don't as yet understand what meaning the people in Oildom attach to the word BAD, in connection with the roads. Our artillery men and drivers of wagon trains, while on a campaign of a rainy season in Virginia, would have called such horrible, if not by names much harder." No one's business to mend the roads in Oildom, hence the roads are not mended. GOSPEL IN PIT HOLE. Somewhat astonished, yet greatly delighted to learn that three preaching stations have already been opened in Pit Hole, by the Presbyterian (O. S.), United Presbyterians, and Methodists. Good for the Gospel this time. Christ almost even with Mammon. Hope for the world yet. A. M. STEWART. OIL CITY, August 9, 1865. THE REWARD OF EARNEST EFFORT; OR, THE WAY REUBEN WAS LED TO JESUS. BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND. DEAR MR. EDITOR:—In looking over some letters, I found the following most interesting account of the conversion and triumphant death of a young boy in New York State. My own heart has been deeply moved as I have read the dealings of God with this dear boy, and I can but hope that the publication of this narrative will stimulate Christians, even in the secluded walks of life, to allow no opportunity to pass without seeking to win a soul to Jesus. "Let us consider one another to provoke to love and good works." It has often seemed to me as if the real experience of our every day life would sometimes give, in its freshness, more comfort and encouragement to other workers around us, than the well-known stories and exhortations which are so often addressed to them. For this reason, not, I trust, from egotism, I venture to send you the following facts. While spending a few weeks in the country, a friend said to me, "I wish you would go and see a poor little lame boy, named Reuben; he is very lonely, and enjoys seeing any one so much." It was a very hot morning, and physical ease pleaded very strongly against the two miles of unshaded hill side, and in favor of the cool, shaded summer-house, with its glorious view of the Kaatskills, where I was then sitting. I have, moreover a constitutional dislike to going among strangers, and a nervous uncertainty as to what I shall say, which has often kept me back from a seeming path of usefulness. However, as I had no excuse, except such as I was ashamed to offer, I took a little basket of summer fruit, and mentally asking God to direct me, I set out. I had some little difficulty in finding the house; but at last I was guided to a neat little brick cottage, with a broad stone door-step, and quantities of bright dahlias and china asters around it. My knock was answered by a feeble "come in;" so I went in, and found the object of my search on a bed in the main room of the house. Everything around him was very clean, and on the boy's own countenance was an expression of thought and refinement rarely seen in his station of life. I shall never forget the deep, earnest look in his large grey eyes, nor the look of intense pleasure which absolutely illuminated his face whenever after that I went to see him. I soon drew from him an account of his accident, which was, in his own words, as follows: "You see, I didn't mind my mother, and that was the cause of all my trouble; she wanted me to go over the creek with her, but I wanted to go to the Bristol woods with some other boys, so I told her I knew it would rain, and went off with them. Well, we each of us climbed a tree, and then we all slid down, and when I got down, I felt as if my feet were all tangled up in the bushes. The other boys lifted me, but I could not stand, so they left me there while they went to the village for my father, and he brought a cart with a bed in it and took me home." I asked him if he thought it hard to be shut up so long and to suffer so; "oh no," he said, "I deserved it for not minding my mother, and she has been so good to me all the time." For a year and a half he lay on that bed, unable to turn over. At the time I saw him, he was paralyzed from his waist downward, and though covered with sores, had no consciousness of them; he had the use of his arms, which were frightfully emaciated, and read as long as he could hold a book. He said he suffered no pain, only he was sometimes so tired, and I never once heard him say one impatient word. After some general conversation, I said suddenly, "Reubie, do you love Jesus?" He started, colored, and then said, "I don't know." "Do you love your mother?" "Oh yes!"—with such a bright smile. "Why do you love her?" "Because she is so good to me; why, she has done everything for me since I was hurt." "How do you know you love her?" "Why, I feel it, I can't help knowing it." "Well," said I, "Jesus has done more for you a great deal than

she; he died to save you, and he lives to make you happy; don't you think you would know it if you loved him?" "Yes," said he, "I suppose I should; I am afraid I don't love him." I cannot remember distinctly what I said on that or any subsequent occasion; the words seemed to be given to me, and to be just the simple ones that the occasion demanded, and I don't think there is any presumption in considering that they were so, when we remember that we are to be the oracles or mouth-pieces of God. I saw Reuben every second or third day for the next three weeks, and though he said little about his own personal feelings, that little was to me very encouraging. One day we read and talked about the Prodigal Son, and he seemed very much touched by the wonderful love that "ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." Another time he told me himself that he had been reading about "how Jesus healed a cripple just like me." Once I had been telling him again that ever new story of the Cross, and I said, "Reuben, that was all for you; don't you love Jesus for it?" "I hope I do," said he. "Are you sure it was for you?" "Yes, because he died for sinners." "Are you a sinner?" "Everybody are sinners." "Yes, but that is not enough; do you think you are one?" "Yes, don't you remember I got hurt disobeying my mother? besides, I used to do lots of wrong things when I was well." "Do you believe, then, that Jesus is your Savior, that He forgives and accepts you?" "I'll try to." "Now, Reubie," said I, "I tell you that I come to see you because I love you; I want you to believe that I love you and think of you when I am here, and when I am at home. What should I think, if you told me, 'I don't exactly believe you, but I'll try?'" He saw what I meant in a moment, smiled, and said, "Well, I won't try to believe God any more, I do believe he loves me and wants to save me." "Are you willing to have him save you his own way, to do just what he chooses with you, to keep you on this bed, or perhaps to take you to himself?" "I think I am." "Have you given yourself to him?" "Why, I tried to, but somehow I don't seem to know what to say." It was a terrible struggle to me; the door stood ajar, the family were all round the rest of the house, though not in the room. I hesitated a moment, but God was stronger than any cowardly heart, and I said, "Would you like me to say it for you?" and in a moment more, I was kneeling and asking our Saviour to take this little one and make him one of the lambs of the flock. It was a very solemn moment for both of us when I rose; he did not speak, but the expression of his eyes I shall never forget. I whispered, as I kissed him good-bye, "Reubie, could you follow every word with your heart?" "Yes, every word." "Then," said I, "hold on just there, and nothing can hurt you." I believe from that day forward he never omitted to pray or to read the Bible, and he gradually laid aside the novels, which had before been his only amusement, and read with great avidity such religious books as I could procure for him. The day before I left, he sent his little brother with a large bouquet of dahlias to be delivered into my own hands, with Reubie's best love. Last week my friend wrote me, "Dear little Reubie is asleep in Jesus, his poor crippled body rests quietly in the grave, and we believe 'his ransomed spirit has gone to sing the praises of his Redeemer. Last Monday he was taken much worse, and they thought he was dying. They sent for Rev. Mr. G., and as soon as Reubie saw him he said 'I'm going to Jesus.' 'Are you sure of it,' Mr. G. said; he looked up with the brightest look and said, 'Of course I am; did not Jesus love me and die for me? I think this simple trust greatly marked him. He lived until Friday, conscious all the while of his situation, talking of heaven sometimes, but principally of hearing over and over again that wonderful story of the Cross. On Wednesday, he bade his father, mother and brother farewell, and urged each of them separately to meet him in heaven, then he left farewell messages and love for both of us; then he asked his grandmother to pray, 'You must pray for yourself, dear Reubie,' she said. 'Yes, I do; but then I pray so crooked.' Friday evening he asked her to pray again, and then began to pray himself, and so, in the very act of 'coming to Jesus,' fell asleep." Another friend writes: "Reubie died with M.'s letters in his hand, and left a message to thank her for his great comfort. Mr. G. says it was delightful to see him, he was so happy." I have made quite a long story of this, but my heart is full, full of the wonderful power of that simple Gospel narrative, which can do such mighty things; full of awe at the visible manifestation of that Great Spirit which can so bring a heart from darkness into his marvelous light, and make that terrible thing, a death-bed, the glowing gate of heaven. Surely this was worth a hot walk, and a little struggle with selfishness, cowardice, or conventionalty. ALFRED TENNYSON.—The reports that Alfred Tennyson is wasting away under mortal disease, are, we rejoice to say, untrue. His American publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, have received recent letters from him to the effect that he is in his usual health.