## Miscellaneous.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HANNAH MORE

I can but faintly picture now that venerable lady, who more than forty years ago received and greeted us with cordial warmth in her graceful drawing-room at Barley Wood ; directed our attention to the records she had kept of glorious friendship with the truly great; spoke with humble and holy pride of her labors through a very long life; impressed upon our then fresh minds the wisdom of virtue, the inconceivable blessing of Christian training and Christian teaching, and hailed us with encouraging hope and affectionate sympathy, just as we were entering the path she had trodden to its close-she, who had been a burning and a shining light long before we were born.

Her form was small and slight; her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the fire of her eves-the clearest, the brightest, and the most searching I have ever seen. They were singularly dark—positively black they seemed, as they looked forth among. carefully-trained tresses of her own white hair; and absolutely sparkled while she spoke of those of whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past. Her manner on entering the room, while conversing, and at our departure, was positively sprightly; she tripped about form console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of other days-almost of another world, certainly of another age; for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the present century had hirth.

She was clad, I well remember, in a dress of rich pea-green silk. It was an odd whim, and contrasted somewhat oddly with her patriarchal age and venerable countenance, yet was in harmony with the of the finest specimens of art or the grandyouth of her step, and her unceasing viva- est natural scenery. What a happy thing city, as she laughed and chatted, chatted and laughed; her voice strong and clear as that of a girl; and her animation as full of life and vigor as it might have been in her spring-time. If it be true of woman that

"Those who rock the cradle rule the world,' how large a debt is due from motherseverywhere and forever-to the abundant and beneficent helps they derive from the writings of Hannah More!

She flourished in a period when religion was little more than a sound in England; when the clergy of the English Church were virtuous only in exceptional cases, and the flocks committed by the state to their charge were left in as utter ignorance of social and religious duties as if they had been really but sheep gone astray; when France was rendering impiety sacred and raising altars for the worship of Reason, and when in England there were vile copyists-professional propagators of sedition and blasphemy under the names of liberty and fraternity.

At that torrible time Hannah More came out in her strength. Her tracts, pamstem the torrent which for a while threatthese kingdoms. They inculcated as an

them. Very soon, schools were established, and not schools only-the sick and needy found ministering angels in these women, hand in hand with charity that its teaching command?"-The Methodist. can be effectual and its efforts successful, Under her system, prejudices broke down; her experiments led to undertakings;

large institutions followed her small establishments for the ailing, the ignorant, or the wicked. The rich were taught to care for the poor, and in that little corner of mighty England that lies under the shadow of the Cheddar hills, a beacon was lit that at once warned and stimulated the prosperous. The piety of Hannah More was "practical plety," and to her must be as-signed much of the distinction this kingdom derives from that all-glorious sen tence, now so often read in many parts of it, a sentence that beyond all others in our language makes, as it ought to make, an Englishman proud—

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THE RELIGION OF THE BEAUTIFUL There is a purity of taste, an infinite remoteness from vulgarity, an elevating love of the beautiful, which is in danger of being mistaken for religion. The beautiful and the good, however, have distinct spheres and totally different natures. A person who lives habitually in obedience to his conscience may have a poor esteem it is that the great body of our pious peo, ple are not to be judged by the rule of the beautiful! They rejoice in the mercy of God ; they are touched by a sight of suffering; they teel under the preaching of the Gospel the power of the love of Christ; but they know nothing of Raphael or Michael Angelo, have no skill in criticising tures, and would hardly stop their work to look at the most perfect rainbow. We have seen pious men sleep under the almost speaking, almost weeping, music of the great Freiburg organ. It is a most happy provision that taste

is not essential to salvation. Even moral grandeur may be achieved with but little sesthetical culture. No one will accuse Oliver Cromwell of any very tender sense of the beautiful. Indeed, it is quite prob able that he sympathized with that barbarian taste in his rude soldiers which led them to demolish the statuary and pictures, and to smash in the grand old stained glass windows of the English cathedrals. To them and to him art was Popish and idolatrous. They would have clubbed the stars out of their places, had it been possible, if the cavaliers had kissed their hands to "O! Mr. Brown, you are always confoundphlets, poems, and books aided largely to them. And yet Cromwell and his iron ing things worldly and spiritual?" This ranks were noble specimens of sincere man, when he earnestly prayed, was no ened to overwhelm all of good and just in | piety. There, too, was John the Baptist, pronounced by the Master of us all to be | devotion were real; sometimes they would imperative duty the education of the peo- the greatest of prophets, and declared by almost rise to costasy. This was the piety ple, stimulated Gospel teaching by persua- the angel to be "great in the sight of the of feeling; but it did not control his consions and threats addressed to those who Lord," yet his grandeur was wholly moral. science, and was not founded on principle. His graces were not those of taste or pol- He made the strength of his emotions the the office of the ministry, and stirred up ished refinement, but of honest, rugged test of his piety. If these were intense, he to be her helpers men and women of every truthfulness and undoubted courage. He thought himself in a high frame of relicame in the power and spirit of Elijah. gious experience; if they were sluggish, His hot words would not endure a flower. he would lament his coldness. Religion We do not say that beauty may not and life were to a great degree distinct. weave a chaplet for the brow of justice, or His hour in the meeting and his day in the put a crown of golden richness on the store were like living in two different men so occupied, were tolerant of zeal in a woman, and it cannot be questioned that her sex sheltered her from assailants, while his humility, he boasted that he "could, moral man, and disconnected religion from it empowered her to make her way where | if he dared, write as finely as the most eloquent authors of his day, but that he no scepticism in phraseology harsh and un-compromising. Her mind had ever a lean-ing, and her language aleger alege more dared to write in a fine style than to ing, and her language always a tendency, having woven whole gardens of flowers into his writings. And, in our opinion, had John Fletcher, left the glow of beauty out of the "checks" in which he defended Wesley while the latter carried the Gospel to the multitudes of the poor, the said checks would have lost much of their attractiveness and utility. But while beauty, whether of nature or art, of matter or mind, may come to the aid of religion, and, by becoming a decoration, make truth more palatable, and even piety more seemly, still beauty is not goodness, and the love and worship of beauty is not religion, at least not the true religion. And yet how many are there, especially among the half-educated, who constitute, by the way, a large class of church-goers, whose religion is nothing more than a shall low, and sometimes pretentious, sense of the beautiful. Their religion is made up of decencies, if not gayeties, in the house of God-velvet, gilt, fine carpets, with hymn-book, prayer-book, and clothing to match. Their raptures are transports of æsthetic feeling over operatic music and a finelyintoned liturgy. Their interest in the ser-mon is rhetorical; it has its hold on forms of expression, on figures of speech, on tones of voice. And even when Christianity is more broadly and proudly viewed, it is to be feared that sometimes even then its strength is only admired as sublime, and its revelations of heaven as beautiful. In such a case it is only a wretched, sterile, critical taste, handling the word of life. <sup>was</sup> constant in imploring youth not to pestpone the blessing until age had ren-dered pleasure distasteful. "It is," she might repeat his words —"They come as my people come, they sit as my people sit; thou art to them, Son of Man, as one that of decayed appetites, and the leavings of hath a pleasant voice and can play skilfully on an instrument, for they hear thy words, but they do them not." The feeling with which they regard religion is the same with which they look at highly sensitive natures and who were raptreland; the people not only knew not a landscape or read a poem. As in the idly recovering. When necessity compelled food, they were utterly ignorant of moral one case they see beauty in nature or in them to be removed to another wing of the and social duties, and ignored all responsi. verse, so in the other they see it, and *it* building they did not get on so well; in bility in thought, word, and deed. In only, in religion and its sacred service. fact, prostration seemed to be setting in that moral desert, Hannah More and her The depths of holy love present to them and it was found advisable to get them the moral desert, Hannah More and her The depths of holy love present to them and it was found advisuite to go the stars set to work. The inevitable oppo-stion was encountered. Neighboring harmers had no idea of encouraging educa- God as holy, but only as sublime. We to the north stars and edit of the bed were

tion or of tolerating religion among the | know, and are happy to know, that the outcasts who did their daily work. The ideas of beauty and sublimity enter into one, they argued, made them discontented; spiritual worship, to deepen and elevate it. the other, idle; while the clergy considered There is, therefore, an æsthetic element in such teachers as mere poachers on the that worship, which is "in spirit and in barren tract they called theirs. Not only truth," but it is the polish and coloring of thus did opposition come; even the parents | devotion, not its substance. If this were in many cases refused to send their chil. not so, then profane artists, creators in dren to school, unless they were paid for the realm of the beautiful, might be saints, doing so; and hard indeed seemed the and true saints who are uncultivated as to toil to which these good sisters were de- their æsthetical faculties would be their voted; but they persevered, God helping inferiors as Christians. There is the highest beauty in religion, but the mere religion of the beautiful, where the gloss and not the soul of religion is honored and and for all their physical wants they had appropriated, is a dream. "Why call ye comforters. It is only when religion goes me Lord, and do not the things which I

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Mortimer began life under the usual conditions of poverty-neither friend nor influence to help. He resolved, nevertheless, to make his mark. He became industrious, and industry brought him wealth. He was sternly upright, and that secured respect. His generosity kept pace with his gains, and that won renown; so that at the age of fifty he was the richest man in his State, and its chief magistrate. He grew ll. Medical science was impotent. "Sir," said his attendant," the brittle thread will snap before the sun goes down." Astonished, he said, "It cannot be; I shall be up to morrow." Every art was applied in vain. The agitated form grew weak. Tick, tick, the seconds went, and before the shadows came the catastrophe was upon him. Turning to the wall, in an agony no pen can describe, he cried, "My life has been a failure," and was dead

Christiana entered humbly upon life, and before the sun had reached his zenith was widowed and broken, and five little ones cried for bread. "It is well," she said, "we will walk with God." Long and dreary years came and went, years of care and suffering and yet further bereavement. Hard, hard went the strife of life, till men said God was not pitiful. At fifty she was not of earth. In her conflicts she had studied the heroes of faith and endeavor of other times. The Scripture characters she knew by heart. Bunyan's Pilgrim was her companion. The Saints' Rest had become her own. Payson was her exponent. "The celestial city," she would say, "is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart." And her latest breath testified, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

These are no sketches of the fancy, but veritable history. Tell me, What is sucess ?

TWO MASTERS.

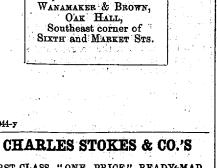
We once knew one who was very fervent in the prayer-meeting, but notoriously selfish and grasping in his business. Once caught in a mean, dishonorable act, he was asked how he could reconcile his life in the store with his prayers and exhortations in the conference-room. He replied :--hypocrite. The emotions in his hours of

GRACE FREE TO ALL. Grace does not depend on any power or

merit in man; no, not in any degree, neither in whole, nor in part. It does not in any wise depend either on the good works or righteousness of the receiver; not on anything he has done, or anything he is. It does not depend on his endeavors. It does not depend on his good tempers or good desires, or good purposes and intentions. For all these flow from the free grace of God; they are the streams only, not the fountain. They are the fruits of free grace, not the root. They are not the cause, but the effects of it. This is His grace free to all that is, no way depending on any power or merit in man; but on God alone, who freely gave us His own Son, and "with him, freely gave us

all things."-John Wesley. Merchant Gailors.

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## TARRANT'S

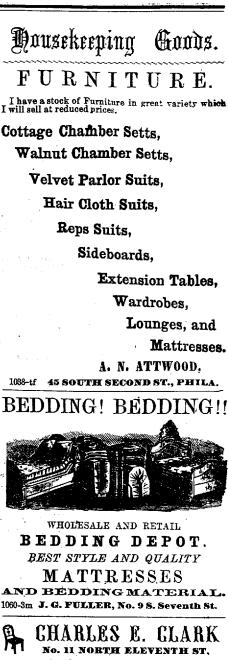
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class, from the humblest to the highest, from the cottage to the throne. She did her work so wisely as seldom to excite either prejudice or hostility. Those who might have been the bitter opponents of mer would have failed of entrance.

She was not bigoted. There was in her to the charity that suffereth long and is kind. What was meant for mankind she never gave up to party; though a thorough member of the Church of England, she saw no evil motive in those who counseled with lrawal from it; though with her, faith was the paramount blessing of life, and the first and great commandment, duty to God, she inculcated all the duties of that which is next to it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" nor had she any value for the religion that consisted mainly of idle or listless observance-cold adherence to outward formalities-nor any trust in that dependence on Providence which is but a mere admission of belief. There was no taint of asceticism in her piety, no abnegation of enjoyment, under the idea that to be cheerful and happy is to displease God. Her religion was practical ; she relished many of the pleasures which the world y consider chief, and the "rigidly righteous" ignore as sinful. She might, indeed-and it is probable often did-apply to herself that line in the epigram of Dr Young :--

"I live in pleasure while I live to thee !"

In all her thoughts, words, and work, she was in the service of One who

"Must delight in virtue, And that which he delights in must be happy.'

She especially labored to give religion to the young as a source of enjoyment that in no degree diminished happiness, and pestpone the blessing until age had ren-dered pleasure distasteful. "It is," she Wrote, "a wretched sacrifice to the God of heaven to present him with the remnants extinguished passions."

The district in which Providence had placed her in her youth was as "benighted" as could have been a jungle in Caffreland; the people not only knew not daily life.-Christian Treasury.

## GIVING ENRICHES.

Giving conscientiously, and from a desire to honor God, does not empoverish the giver. "Give and it shall be given unto you again,"-even an hundred fold of both property and friends. (Mark x. 30.) He who has all resources at his disposal. will bestow upon every faithful steward all the abundance of earthly good which that steward can wisely use. It was in reference to worldly prosperity that God said to his people, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me herewith, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it?' Such s the Divine bounty, that man gives his tithe, and God fills both home and heart with good. The morning flower gives up its dew-drop; the heavens return the evening shower. Nor falls that shower on the giver only. The firmament was full before, and but the tiny drop was needed, when bursting clouds pour blessings far and wide.—Christian Secretary.

HEADING NORTH.

A man who lately died in Europe at the age of 109 years, attributes his longevity to the fact that he always slept with his head to the north. In this country, a few years ago, not a few persons found it necessary to head north to preserve their health and even life itself. The author, of "Researches on Magnetism" says :--So far as my own observations have gone, I know that my sleep is always more sound and refreshing when my head is placed to the north. There are cersions whom I know, the head of whose beds is to the north; and who, in order to wake early, will reverse their usual position in the bed, but not knowing the reason why, beyond that they could always wake earlier. the rest (sleep) being more broken. I have it related to me that, at a military hospital in Russia, there were some sick patients of