

Miscellaneous.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. BRAINERD.

Among the most noted Philadelphia clergymen, the last twenty-five years, was Dr. THOMAS BRAINERD, of the Pine Street (N. S.) Presbyterian Church.

His VIEW OF PREACHING.—On a Saturday afternoon, there came to his residence a young Presbyterian Minister, a graduate of Princeton, who had only recently been received into the sacred office.

His PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—During the war, on a Sunday morning, there came to the Pine Street church, occupying one of the front pews, a soldier, who before Charleston had lost both his arms.

His PATRIOTISM.—On a Thanksgiving Day, during the war, at the close of a delightful discourse, combining fervent piety, with purest patriotism, the Doctor remarked, "Before I dismiss the audience, I have a request to make of the choir, which is, that they will sing the Star Spangled Banner, and if there be any one in the audience, to whom it is an offence, he is at liberty now to retire."

REVIVAL IN THE MINISTRY.

The infusion of new life into the ministry ought to be the object of more direct and special effort, as well as of more united and fervent prayer.

Many of our readers have seen, we doubt not, a small volume of Vincent, the Non-conformist minister, respecting the great plague and fire in London. Its title is "God's Terrible Voice in the City."

"Ministers had now awakening calls to seriousness and fervor in their ministerial work; to preach on the side and brink of the pit into which thousands were tumbling."

SECRET INFLUENCES.

The new birth of the soul, manifest as it is in its outward accompaniments and immediate results, is among those secret operations of God of which the origin, process, and final result remain a sealed book to man.

its resources, nor predict its ebbs and flows. So with every operation that is truly divine: the moment you get beyond those secondary causes which are more properly a succession of effects, the moment you pass from the outer and benign results, and seek to advance into the divine workshop, the sphere of causation, you are stopped, your efforts become fruitless, your feet are as if riveted to the ground, your eyes become dim, even by efforts to strain into the thick darkness before them.

Scientific.

VERY LITTLE THINGS.

The watch-maker cleaned and oiled my watch, and I paid him his money, and put the watch in my pocket and walked off.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes 'In a second 4 times', 'In a minute 4 x 60 240', 'In an hour 240 x 60 14,400', 'In a day 14,400 x 24 345,600', 'In two days 691,200'.

Have I got these figures right, boys? But my watch made 400 too many, at first; and after I touched the regulator, it made each tick a wee grain longer; how much longer, think you? Can any of you cipher it out?

Do you know what a "hair's breadth" is? I heard a man say that a bullet "came within a hair's breadth of his nose." How close is that? That depends upon how coarse the hair is.

But I once saw a man measuring off accurately the hundred thousand part of an inch! The finest spider line split into one hundred separate strands! He could not see one of them, but he could measure them.

A young lady came into the room, a large room, and there was a pleasant perfume filled the whole room, from her handkerchief. Then she went out to another room, and perfumed that. She rode in a carriage, and the air was fragrant for a mile, as she rode along.

And my tongue and mouth can taste very little things. You have heard of strychnine, to kill dogs with. Sometimes it gets into whisky and kills men. It is very bitter and very poisonous.

And we can feel with our fingers things that are too small to be seen. If your sister or mother, who has long hair, will give you just one hair from her head, you may look at it, and it seems all smooth and even.

And when a barber has whetted his razor till the edge is so fine that he cannot see it at all, he feels of it by drawing it over the edge of his thumb nail; and if the edge is the least atom rough, he can feel it, though he cannot see it.

And the ear can hear very, very little things. Two mosquitoes come and sing by my ear. The song of one is high and fine, that of the other is lower. One is a little fellow, and the other is larger. But they are both of them very hungry.

Some of you have a piano or melodeon in your house. Go to it and sound the letter C, in the middle of the keyboard. To make that sound, the piano string vibrates 261 times in a second.

And here I am back again to where I began, about seconds. My watch measures less than a fifteen-hundredth part of a second. My eye can see a spider line less than a thousandth of an inch broad.

My nose can smell the ten-millionth part of a grain of musk.

My tongue can taste the millionth part of one grain of strychnine.

My fingers can feel smaller things than I can see.

And my ears can catch the pitch of a gnat's wings, when they go a thousand times a second!

We can detect things that are small enough to be "next thing to nothing." But who of you all will answer my question? I'll put it again, in a few words: My watch ticks four times a second. In two days it gained a hundred seconds. I touched the regulator, and now it gains, in two days, only four seconds.

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

A correspondent of the Morning Star, describing sight-seeing in Rome, says: "But the Mosaics seem to absorb the most time and money in the least space, unless it be the solid gold decorations."

They claim that ten thousand different shades of color are necessary; and in order to do this kind of work a man must be skilled in colors and shades as a painter, in order to place the colors properly, and then be the most careful and accurate of mechanics in order to fit the pieces, and then he must have patience enough to work on the cheapest and coarsest pictures one year, and upon a fine one from ten to twenty years.

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