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. There are few people in this city to whom he was not known, and by all was he admired and esteemed, as a gifted and eloquent Preacher, a laborious and self-denying Pastor, a sincere and steadfast Friend, a true and devoted Patriot, a genial, kind-hearted, public-spirited, Christian gentleman. Than he, the Presbyterian church never had a warmer or more efficient friend, and yet his denominational attachment happily never dwarfed him into a Bigot, nor circumscribed his sympathies within the domain of a selfish and little-minded Sectarianism. Christians of all denominations loved him, for he fraternized with all, loving his own church none the less. Of the great Union prayer-meetings, held at Jayne's Hall, and other localities, of blessed memory, his was long an accredited master-mind. Often, when addressing these popular Christian as-semblies, as he alone could address them, did his face shine, like that of Moses after his descent from the Mount, with the reflected glory of God, and yet "he himself wist not that it shone," for he was as humble as he was great, and only great because he was humble. We have never known a wiser man-one, whose speech was habitually so characterized by soundest judgment, safest counsel, and sweetest temper. Both in his method of thought and expression he was singularly original, evolving from his well-stored mind new and striking ideas, when others thought they had exhausted the subject. His originality, too, was never feigned; but always natural as the blowing of the wind, or the sports of a little child. For more than twenty years was it our privilege to share the Doctor's personal intimacy, and never did we prize human friendship more, or more deeply mourn its severance by the hand of Death. We have many of the Doctor's quaintnesses stored away in memory. From them, we cull at random the following:

His View of Preaching.—On a Saturday afternoon, there came to his residence a the Doctor invited him to occupy his pul-pit the next day, to which he readily assented. "And now, Doctor," asked the young Divine, "on what subject do you desire me to preach?" This was the Doctor's reply: "It is not my habit, when another fills my pulpit, to prescribe to him, how, or what he shall preach. But, as you have made the request, I will tell you what I wish you to say. I wish you, to-morrow morning, to tell my people, that by nature they are Lord Jesus Christ; that they all need the renewing and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. Exhort the brethren to be steadfast that very text, and on those identical themes, producing a profound impression, and ever after thanked the Doctor for having, in his own pleasant and effective way, fur nished the key-note to his entire subsequent successful ministry. How true the declara-tion of Solomon: "A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

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. The Doctor had previously made his acquaintance at the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, and taken a deep interest in his history. Without preconcert and quite unexpectedly to the armless soldier, at the close of his sermon, the and such a face was seen in the assemblies Doctor called attention to him; quoted the words of St. James, "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" and the words of Paul, "As we have, therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." He requested his friend, Major R., in whose pew the armless soldier was sitting, to conduct him through the middle aisle, to the vestibule, and asked a few of the elders to occupy places at the front doors, and receive donations for him, using their hats as the places of deposit. In this impromptu way, over one hundred dollars were received, sufficient to enable the brave "Boy in Blue" to begin a newspaper stand, hire an assistant, and maintain himself comfortably.

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." The grand national anthem was performed by the organist and choir with thrilling effect, the entire audience remaining, and rising to its delicious coolness, your eye rejoices in their feet. Let it not be supposed that a the lovely lines and delicate shapes of the solitony workships a moise away up solitary worshipper went away offended, for surrounding flowers, but you see not, you higher than the little hungry musquito. the Doctor had a way of saying and doing cannot penetrate to, the source. You know things, that nobody else has, and doing them not where that source exactly lives, you your house. Go to it and sound the letter

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. To the students, the preachers, the ministers of the Christian church, the prayers of the Christians ought more largely to be directed. It is a LIVING ministry that our country needs; and without such a ministry it cannot long expect to escape the judgments of God. We need men that will spend and be spent—that will labor and pray—that will watch and weep for souls.

"When do you intend to stop?" was the question once put by a friend to Rowland Hill. "Not till we have carried all before us," was the prompt reply. Such is our answer too. The fields are vast, the grain whitens, the harvest waves; and through grace we shall go forth with our sickles, never to rest till we shall lie down where the Lamb himself shall lead us, by the living fountains of water, and where God shall wipe off the sweat of toil from our weary foreheads, and dry up all the tears of earth from our weeping eyes. Some of us are young and fresh; many days may yet be, in the providence of God, before us. These must be days of strenuous, ceaseless, persevering, and, if God bless us, successful toil. We shall labor till we are worn out and laid to rest.

Many of our readers have seen, we doubt

not, a small volume of Vincent, the Nonconformist minister, respecting the great plague and fire in London. Its title is "God's Terrible Voice in the City." In it there is a description of the manner in which the faithful ministers who remained amid the danger discharged their solemn duties to the dying inhabitants, and of the manner in which the terror-stricken multitudes hung with breathless eagerness upon their lips, to drink in salvation ere the dreaded pestilence had swept them away to the tomb. Churches were flung open, but the pulpits were silent, for there was none to occupy them; the hirelings had fled. Then did God's faithful band of persecuted ones come forth from their hiding-places to fill the for-saken pulpits. Then did they stand up in the midst of the dying and the dead, to proclaim eternal life to men who were expecting death before the morrow. They preached in season and out of season. Week day or Sabbath was the same to them. The hour might be canonical or uncanonical, it matyoung Presbyterian Minister, a graduate of tered not; they did not stand upon nice Princeton, who had only recently been re-ceived into the sacred office. Of course, larity; they lifted up their voices like a trumpet, and spared not. Every sermon might be their last. Graves were lying open around them; life seemed now not merely a handbreadth, but a hairbreadth; death was nearer now than ever; eternity stood out in all its vast reality; souls were felt to be precious; opportunities were no longer to be trifled away; every hour possessed a value beyond the wealth of kingdoms; the world was now a passing, vanishing shadow, and man's day on earth had been cut down all sinners, alienated from the life and love of Mod; that they all need daily to exercise repentance toward God, and faith in the preached! No polished periods, no learned Lovel Lovel Lovel Chairty that the state of the life and love from threescore years and ten into the prepentance toward God, and faith in the preached! No polished periods, no learned arguments, no labored paragraphs, chilled their appeals, or rendered their discourses unintelligible. No fear of man, no love of of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." "But," replied the young Minister, exhibiting signs of hoarse voice, 'Work while it is called toembarrassment, "I am sorry to say, Doctor, I have no sermon on that subject." "Then," Death seemed to stand at the side of the poster "I am sorry to say to concluded the Doctor, "I recommend to you, forthwith, to prepare one." The young Minister came to the Pine Street church, next foot of the grave seemed to lie open at the foot of the pulpit, with dust in her bosom. morning, discoursed ably and earnestly on foot of the pulpit, with dust in her bosom, much of it as will lie on half of a penknife saying,-

'Louden thy cry . To God, To men And now fulfil thy trust: Here thou must lie— Mouth stopped, Breath gone, And silent in the dust.

"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. Now there is such a vast concourse of people in the churches where these ministers are to be found that they cannot many times come near the pulpit doors for the press, but are forced to climb over the pews to them; as seldom was seen before in London; such eager looks, such open ears, such greedy attention, as if every word would be eaten which dropped from the mouths of the ministers.—Dr. H. Bonar.

SECRET INFLUENCES.

mediate results, is among those secret operations of God of which the origin, process, and final result remain a sealed book to man. If hidden things belong to God, se- at all, he feels of it by drawing it over the crecy and impenetrableness are attributes of edge of his thumb nail; and if the edge is his operation. Not only in religion, but in the least atom rough, he can feel it, though physics, the action of God is always marked he cannot see it. So the sense of touch is by obscurity. What in the universe is the special sphere assigned to God but the causes of things? Him we regard as the cause of things. Two musquitoes come and sing by causes, the great, perhaps in the strict sense my ear. The song of one is high and fine, of the term, the sole cause. Now the sphere of causation is the sphere of darkness. Reof causation is the sphere of darkness. Results you know; of causes, properly so called, you are ignorant. Like that fountain where controls a notice is a nittle fellow, and the other is larger. But they are both of them very hungry. The noise I hear is made by their wings, which move so that the property is lower. One is a nittle fellow, and the other is larger. But they are both of them very hungry. The noise I hear is made by their wings, which move so their wings, which move so tain whose sources are deep below the ground or imbedded far in the hill-side, you my ear can tell that the little fellow moves see its bubbling water, you are refreshed by his the faster. And sometimes, when a little with entire impunity.—Lutheran Observer. | know not how it is fed, you cannot calculate | C, in the middle of the keyboard. To make

its resources, nor predict its ebbs and flows. I that sound, the piano string vibrates 261 So with every operation that is truly divine: times in a second. The C above that, on my 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 hears them. If he gets fat and tired, or riveted to the ground, your eyes become dim, even by efforts to strain into the thick darkness before them. God is there, and man cannot enter.

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. Two days afterward I found that my watch had gained just a minute and two-thirds, by the clock at the watch-maker's-just one hundred seconds ahead of the clock, was my watch. So then I must touch the regulator just a tiny bit. I did so, and now my watch, in two days, gains just four seconds. That's close enough for any man; and so I began to think about the tick and the regulator. The watch ticks:-

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 each tick less than the fifteenth-hundredth part of a tick, or the six-thousandth part of a second. That is very small time, indeed, and yet my regulator measures it. It is wonderful how small some things are, and yet men can see them and measure them.

I heard a man say that a bullet "came withis that? That depends upon how coarse the hair is. About thirty coarse horse-hairs, laid side by side, will cover an inch broad. Fifty hairs of mine will not quite cover an inch. kind, will not be an inch broad, if laid side by side. Now any of us can see a spider from a microscope. Sharp eyes we have got, to be sure.

But I once saw a man measuring off accurately the hundred thousandth 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. I saw him do it, but I cannot tell how he did it, in words that you can understand.

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 Ghost. Exhort the brethren to be steadfast in the profession they have made. Entreat the impenitent and unconverted to awake out of their sleep, and flee for safety to Christ, before it be forever too late. And if you are in need of a text, take the words of Christ to Nicodamus. Except a man be born again of the late the air was fragrant for a mile, as she rode have patience enough to work on the cheapalong. Yet she had put only three drops of est and coarsest pictures one year, and upon sweet-smelling stuff on her handkerchief? a fine one from ten to twenty years." most too small to think about.

And my tongue and mouth can taste very very poisonous. It is a pretty, clean, snow white powder, every grain a beautiful little crystal. Now, if you should take about as blade—one grain—and throw it into a barrel full of pure water, and stir it thoroughly, and then bring me a glass of the water, could taste the bitter! One grain in twenty five or thirty gallons of water, and you can taste it. And if you should put only nine grains—which is less than the fiftieth part of an ounce—into the barrel full of water, of S. & W. Welsh, Commission Merchants. and then put a little frog in, too, the poor little creature would have spasms, and kick around and die! So we see what a little, little, very little poison can be tasted, that is

strong enough to kill a frog.

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. But shut your eyes, and take the hair between your thumb and finger, pinch it tight, and then pull it through from end to end, back and forth. As you pull one way, the hair slips along smooth as oil. But pull it STOCKS, LOANS, COIN, the other way, and it feels rough and sticks. So you can tell by the touch which is the end that grew nearest to the head. Pull the The new birth of the soul, manifest as it is it outward accompaniments and imits outward accompaniments are accompanied to the imits outward accompanied to the imits of the imits o and it is smooth.

And when a barber has whetted his razor till the edge is so fine that he cannot see it

finer than eyesight. And the ear can hear very, very little that of the other is lower. One is a little

Some of you have a piano or melodeon in

melodeon, sounds like a big musquito, to me, and that tone comes from 522 vibrations. Go up to the next C, and the sound is just like a tiny gnat, right in my ear; and so I lazy, my ear knows it, because he don't sing so high then. And it is very easy to tell the difference between a lazy gnat, moving his wings 950 times a second, and a brisk, hungry little fellow, fluttering a thousand times a second. By my ear I can hear a very, very small part of 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 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 much did I lengthen each 'tick," when I moved the regulator?—Thos. K. Beecher, in Little Corporal.

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. We saw a table last week less than six feet in diameter, said to have cost two hundred thousand dol-Do you know what a "hair's breadth" is? lars, requiring the labor of a large number of men for fifteen years. Upon entering the in a hair's breadth of his nose," How close halls where this kind of work is done, I could not doubt these enormous figures. Suppose for instance, a thousand of the hardest and most expensive stones, which will take on a high polish, to be cut into pieces And a thousand spider threads of the finest | three-eighths of an inch thick. These pieces are cut the other way into small pieces like shoe pegs, and where the shading from one line, and so we know that our eyes can see color to another is sudden, these pegs must the thousandth part of an inch without help not be larger than a needle. Now the artist cuts and puts in these little pieces, selected according to their color, so as to give the coloring wanted as distinct as though painted. These pieces or pegs must be fitted so closely that lines of separation will not show, and set upon end side by side like

types.
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 perfumed that. She rode in a carriage, and in order to fit the pieces, and then he must

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