



### "BEAUTY, A JOY FOREVER."

We find in the February number of the "Missionary," a beautiful discourse by Bishop Doane, at the consecration of Grace Church in Newark, N. J., from the text, "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness"—which is said to have "a three-fold theme: Beauty; Consecrated Beauty; acceptable to God as an accessory of Worship." We extract the illustrative comment on the first two:

i. "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." The theme of the text is BEAUTY. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This was the happy thought, in happier words of him\* whose self-vaunted epitaph stands, on his tomb, at Rome—

"Here lies one, whose name was writ in water."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It stirs the immortal spirit; and its pulses, like the circle in the water, spread through its whole eternity. You scarcely note it, now. A bursting rose-bud. The evening star. A tree, in autumn. Some special pageant of our western skies. A sleeping infant's smile. But, in another hemisphere, and, at the lapse of half a life, you know not how, or why, "the electric chain is touched;" and it is there, in all its loveliness, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever." And who can tell, when Paradise shall open, and let in the morning twilight of the perfect day, upon the ransomed soul, how much, that constitutes its bliss, shall be, in memories of the lovely and beloved of the earth—and things of beauty thus be joys forever? Does it not help to this conclusion, that beauty has no standard; and can have none?—Else, were the children of the Father dealt with, in unequal measure, in the thing, for which all seek instinctively; and in which all find chief delight.—Does it not help to this conclusion, that air, and light, and life itself, are not of wider sway, than beauty, and the love of it? The green, that garnitures the earth. The hues and tints, that sport and revel in the clouds. The wayward charms, that play upon the water's changeful face. The fine mosaic, which a morning in the Spring enamels, of the flowers. Or, the fantastic frostwork of a winter's night. Does it not help to this conclusion, that the love of beauty never tames and never tires; but still goes on to grow, expansive as the mind, more vigorous with use, and with indulgence still more exquisite? What are these all but hints and harmonies of the divine creative power, that moulds us by our instincts; and employs our sympathies, to sway us, for our happiness? That makes even this fallen world a minister of immortality; and earth, in ruined, yet entrancing beauty, a vestibule of Heaven? Oh, that we would but learn, by all the lessons that are lavished on our life! Oh, that we had an ear, like Plato's, that could catch the music of the spheres! An eye, like John's, in Patmos, to behold the rainbow, like an emerald, that girds the throne! A heart, like David's, in the stillness of whose subdued and reverent wisdom, the heavens were "telling the glory of God!"

So, in the simple joy of little children, we should feel the power of beauty, in its purity; know that it comes direct from him; and make it, but the star paved path, to lead to Him again. So, should we take the beauty of the outer world as but the sacramental sign of His perfection who created it; employ it as the argument of virtue, and the instrument of piety; and find it as, no doubt, the angels do, a motive of devotion and the element of immortality. "O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless His name, show forth His salvation from day to day." Honor and majesty are before him, strength and beauty are his sanctuary. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; bring an offering, and come into His courts. O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

ii. "O, worship the Lord, in the beauty of holiness." The theme of the text is CONSECRATED BEAUTY. It is the beauty which was consecrated, in the full perfection of its kind, and set apart for sacred uses, that the Psalmist speaks of. This was a household and familiar theme, to Jewish ears and hearts. The tabernacle, with its gold and silver, its blue, and purple, and scarlet; the mercy seat, of pure gold; the very candle sticks, with their almonds, and knobs and branches, and flowers, one beaten work of pure gold; all made after the pattern which was showed to Moses on the Mount. The priest's robes, of blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, ouches of gold, and chains of wreathe work in gold, and settings of onyx-stone. The sacred breast plate, radiant with ruby, and sapphire, and amethyst and diamond. Every thing, in all the holy service of God's appoint-

ment, like that vision of Himself, when "there was under His feet, as it were, a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were, the body of Heaven, in His clearness." And, then, in its time, the temple, of hewn stone, and cedar beams and olive and palm, enriched with carving, and overlaid with gold, and splendid with jewels, the very bowls, and basins, and spoons, and snuffers of purest gold.

The sea and land all compassed, the stores of nature ravished, art in its utmost consummation, that the house, built for the Lord, in David's own expressive phrase, might be "exceeding magnificent." These leave no doubt of his conception of the use of consecrated beauty. Nor was it only for the Jews, to know and feel its power, and make it bear upon the instincts of the nature, which He gave to us, who first made us like Himself. The Holy Jerusalem, the church of Christ, is revealed to the beloved John, as it comes out of heaven, from God; her light; like a stone clear as crystal; the foundations, sapphire and emerald, and chrysolite, and chrysolite and amethyst; the gates, twelve pearls; the street, pure gold, as of transparent glass. Who wonders, that with models such as these, before them, Christians, in other years when all the aid that science lent to art, in the comparison with us, was, as the twilight to the noon, reared the Cathedrals, and the Chapels, and the Chantries, whose mere ruins mock at our magnificence? Why, even the heathen show the instinct of the heart, to lay its powers all out, and work them to the last perfection, in results of consecrated beauty. Look at the Parthenon. Look at the Coliseum. Look at the Pantheon. What is the Venus, that enchants the world? What is the Belvidere Apollo? What are the Dians, and the Hebes, and the Graces? What is the majesty of Juno? What is the magnificence of Juno? What is the "Niobe, all tears?" What are the writings of Laocoon? What is the utmost reach and range of ancient architecture, sculpture, poetry, in all its forms of grace, and dignity, and power, but still the working out of the instinctive and unwrought idea of consecrated beauty? See it, in Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Reubens. Feel it, in the serene and holy beauty of the Blessed Mother; and in the infant loveliness and purity of that God-child. Hear it in all that music has achieved, of tenderest sweetest, most subduing, yet most elevating, to the soul; till even Milton loses all the Puritan, while he brings more than all the poet, to the praise of consecrated beauty, in its blend form of sacred structure, and of sacred song:—

"Let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale;  
And love the high embowed roof;  
With antique pillars massy proof;  
And storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There, let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voiced choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As, with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

What have we here, in every age, and every land; what shall we find in every form of worship, true or false, Jewish or Christian, or Heathen, but the use of consecrated beauty; in the height of its conceptions, and in the fullness of its consummation, for the service of religion! What is it all but comment upon comment, upon David's text "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!"

\*Keats.

### Home and Home Influences.

Many of our readers, no doubt, remember the late Hon. Felix McConnell, member of Congress from Alabama. From the evil influences of corrupt society, he became a debauchee and an outcast, and committed suicide while in the city of Washington, some three or four years since. The following interesting sketch we take from the "City Item." What a commentary upon home and home influences! How many a youth and even the aged, have mourned over the day in which they were led to slight such influences, and put at naught the pious admonitions of parents. What reason all have to make use of those beautiful words in the Lord's prayer—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"

"Poor McConnell! He was gifted by nature both in body and mind; brave, generous, honorable, affectionate and faithful. There is a vice, which as the canker-worm, fastens upon the richest fruits, destroys, the noblest creatures. It made him a madman, and laid him in a grave which his own right hand had reddened! Yet, living with all his excesses, there were bursts of his better nature breaking through the darkness, which forced men to love him;

and dying, no one remembered that there was any thing to condemn.

The demon of the cup was never more a demon, than when he overcame McConnell, a man rich in home affections and home virtues—without which all more expanded and boastful merits are nothing.

Shortly before his death an incident occurred, which we believe honorable to the unfortunate man who was the principle actor.

McConnell, then a member of Congress, stood at the bar of one of the principle hotels in Washington. Beside him, and drinking with him, was one who, without a virtue or a generous feeling, had enjoyed all the advantages of an exalted family and great wealth—advantages which his innate and un-governed vices, had, to a great extent, forfeited. He was shunned by the good; but McConnell had long since left the choice of his companions to chance, and then chance was generally untoward. The individual referred to spoke of the Bible, sneered at its authority, ridiculed its injunctions, and repeated its most sacred passages with ribald comments. McConnell, who had been all excitement and exhilaration, stood silent and sadly without a word of remark. The blasphemer continued in language more and more offensive; and it was marked the eye of McConnell flushed with unvoiced fire, and that his cheek flushed even with a deeper glow than that which dissipation had fixed there. At length he stepped forward and said: "Stop my friend! From the moment I looked into your face, I feared you were a scoundrel, for God had set the mark of Cain upon your forehead. I now know it. I am a bad man—a lost man—a man, every moment of whose life upbraids him. But I have one green spot still left in my heart—I love my wife and she loves the Bible. I believe in what my wife believes, and her faith is in her Bible. It has made her an angel upon earth, it must be true; and the man who derides it, insults her; and I will hold that man accountable unto death for the wrong!"

It is needless to add that the wretch shrunk away from this unexpected burst of feeling, and was not known afterwards to hazard the experiment of assailing the Bible in a crowded bar-room.

### HON. A. H. STEVENS, of Georgia.

Mr. Stevens is one of the most remarkable men of the day. His history abounds with incidents which, while they illustrate the struggles which upaid genius must encounter in its efforts for distinction and usefulness, at the same time demonstrate the certain success which ever attends true merit and unyielding perseverance. Mr. S. was a poor orphan boy. The rudiments of his education were acquired at what they call in Georgia an old field school. At an early age he was transferred to the Academy, and by the aid of some benevolent friends who had been attracted by his remarkable development of talent of the highest order, he was enabled to enter Franklin College, where he graduated with honor, fully realizing the highest expectations of those who now watched his career with growing interest. It was expected that he would devote himself to the ministry; but it was ultimately determined otherwise.—Young Stevens aimed at independence for himself and family. He entered a law office, and in a short time, before he was yet out of his minority, was admitted to practice in the courts, by a special act of the Legislature of Georgia. A few years found him in the first rank of his profession, and one of his first uses of his good fortune was to return, with interest, the favor he had received when in adversity. An ardent Whig, he was elected to represent his County in the State Legislature, in both branches of which he served with great ability. In the year 1843 there was a vacancy to be filled in the Congressional delegation, and the Whig party, as usual, were called upon to nominate their candidate. Owing to the signal defeat of the party in the general election, which had taken place the previous year, there was an evident reluctance on the part of the prominent men of the party to enter the canvass, and it was doubtless owing to this fact that Mr. Stevens was selected as the candidate. Little hope was entertained of his election, owing to the large Locofoco majority which was known to exist in the upper section of the State, called the Cherokee country, and his friends consoled themselves in advance with the reflection that it could not hurt a new man to be beaten for Congress.

But Mr. Stevens determined not to be beaten, if it was in his power to prevent such a disaster. He immediately set off alone for the Cherokee country, canvassing every County, and address-

ing the people at every Court House.—His opponents, taking alarm from the accounts which reached them of the success of his efforts, hastened upon his track. One after another of their most popular speakers encountered him, only to be discomfited, and to retire, overwhelmed with mortification at his triumph. The people followed him with enthusiasm—men, women and children thronged to hear "the little wren grass boy" as they called him, and lost their devotion to Locofocoism as they listened to his convincing arguments and impassioned appeals. Many laughable anecdotes are told of his meeting with the hardy mountaineers of upper Georgia. On one occasion an old lady, who had come a great distance to hear him, and had listened to the well-directed eloquence of the boy, as she supposed, until she could restrain her admiration no longer, sprang from her seat, and exclaimed—"Gracious goodness me! if I could only have a boy like that I'd be willin' to die right now!" On another occasion, the Locofocos, seeing that their speaker was getting the worst of the conflict, endeavored to break up the meeting, and several of them, with canes in their hands, advanced towards the stand where Mr. Stevens was then speaking. "Stop!" shouted an old mountaineer who had been standing by, resting on his double-barrelled buck-gun, looking up with a broad grin into the face of the speaker, and giving emphasis to his words by significant winks, nods, and jerks of the head—"Stop!" said he, at the same time presenting his gun at the crowd, "Don't one of you lay yer finger on the boy. I'm as good a dimmyerat as any of ye, but I won't see no foul play. He's tellin' you nothin' but the truth, and if one of you dares to touch him, I'll let old Betsy loose among you quickern! you can say Jack Robinson!" The confusion was soon quieted, and Mr. Stevens proceeded with his speech.

Thus in one short month he encountered and defeated nearly all the prominent leaders of the opposite party on their own ground, completely revolutionizing a large section of the State that had always before given an overwhelming Locofoco vote. The result was the triumphant election of Mr. Stevens to Congress, and Mr. Crawford as Governor of the State. Since that time Mr. Stevens has represented his district with ability, and has perhaps, exerted a greater influence, both in and out of Congress, than any other man in the House, to preserve the harmony and unity of the national Whig party; and to promote its success.

Mr. Stevens is a man of slight frame and feeble constitution, of a very youthful appearance, with a voice clear, musical and childlike. His influence with his constituency is almost unbounded, based, as it is, upon their confidence in his enlarged patriotism, sound judgment and unimpeachable integrity in all the relations of life. He is now about 35 years of age, and should he be spared to the country, he is destined to achieve still higher honors for his native State, by enrolling his name among those of the first Statesmen of America.

TALE BEARING.—Never repeat a story unless you are positively certain that it is correct, and even unless something is to be gained either of interest to yourself or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it, grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the tale becomes enormous. A story never loses anything by telling, is wisely remarked, but on the contrary gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for the truth. Truly, "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

MATERNAL LOVE.—A thrilling incident is related in the Dayton Journal. On Saturday morning the house of Mr. Waide, in Dayton caught fire in the absence of both Mr. W. and his wife. A little daughter of four or five years, had been left rocking the cradle, in which was the babe. The little girl easily escaped, but the infant was left in the burning house. Several persons tried to penetrate to rescue it, but were driven back by the excessive heat. But a woman came rushing to the spot from a neighbor's—she threw water over her clothes and drew her wet apron hastily over her head, rushed in and returned in a moment—the child in her arms and safe. It was the MOTHER—of course it was,—every mother's heart will tell her that!

### "A few Days in the Diggins."

BY A "FREE AND INDEPENDENT."

[From Punch.]—Landed at San Francisco, after a ternal tossin of five months. This is coming through the small end of the Horn, I reckon, and there ought to be pretty considerable some on the other side to make up for levin' my dry goods store and family fixins in Broadway.

Traded with a down-Easter, who is makin' tracks for the settlements, with 30,000 dollars in his carpet bag, for a spade, pick, scoop, and washin through—givin' 800 dollars for the plunder, and glad to get it, as Increase Niles Flint, of Salem, Mass., went 750, and he is a ternal old boss a deal.

Swopped my traps and blankets, a quarter cask of pickled pork, and a demijohn of peach brandy, which I had lain in, for six pounds of ginocine gold.—Pretty considerable smart tradin'.

Toted my tools to Hiram K. Doughboy's boarding shanty, and settled with him for blankets and board, at 30 dollars per diem. Catawampus prices here—that's a fact; but everybody's got more dust than he knows what to do with.

Off to the diggins with a party, mighty small potatoes most on 'em; all sorts and colors, and everlastin' ragged.—Bay statesmen, Backwoodsman, Buckeyes from Ohio, Hosses from Kentuk, Cape Cod Whalers, St. Francisco Indians, Leperos from Santa Cruz, Texan Volunteers, Philadelphia Quakers, a Latter-Day Saint, six Irish Sympathizers, twelve Yankees, as many Britishers, a Squad of Deserters, a Blackfoot Guide, a Methodist Parson, and a Mormon Elder. A ternal nigger tried to join us, but got cow-hided.

Struck diggins, and sot to serious washin'; parson began to ask a blessin', but seein' Silas T. Forks, of Orangeburgh, N. C., helpin' himself, parson cut it short off, and we went to work, like niggers at cane hoin', agreein' to dig in company and share profits. Caught the Quaker sartin' himself, and takin' kink out of his back with a Havana.—Convened a meetin', cowhided Quaker, and at it again. Gold lyn' about like earth-nuts, and riddlin' through the water like hailstones in a sherry-cobbler. Sounded the couch for grub, and found nobody got anything, but that cute old coon, Zerubbabel W. Peabody, of Staten Island, who had brought a bag of biscuit, and some meat fixins. The varmint, wouldn't sell a notion under an ounce of dust, and sacked the whole bilin'.

To work again; totted up at sundown, and found we'd averaged \$26 per man. Got back to the shanty; but before that darned Hiram K. Doughboy would let me inside the door, forced to pay down \$30 for a days' board and lodgin'. Kalkulated to camp out in future, cut Hiram, and work on my own hook, havin' realized that Socialism ain't no go in gold diggin'. Asked Hiram why he didn't go out with his bowie-knife and washing-pail. Hiram sniggered, and said he warn't greedy, and preferred helpin' folks in his shanty. Hiram usen't to be such a consarned fool.

Started alone—having swopped the gold I got from a Down-Easter yesterday, for one blanket, half-quarter cask of pork, and half demijohn of brandy. Must convene that I've lost fifty per cent, by bargains; but a cargo of new diggers have just come in from Panama, great demand for such fixins, and forced to give what the old flint of a Down-Easter choose to ask. He's made considerable some by his trade, that's a fact, and I doubt if he could have done better at the diggins.

Made a great day—having sacked \$40 at least. Got sorter lost, and found, when I traced back to the tree where I cached my plunder, that those ternal Ingines had absquatulated with blanket, pork, and brandy. Luckily I've got my tools.

Spent the night under a cotton tree; mighty sharp set in the mornin', having eat nothin' since yesterday at twelve. Struck the trail of Zerubbabel W. Peabody, and traded with him for some bread and pork skin for which the everlastin' old skin-flint made me come down cruel, cleanin' me out of all I'd raised yesterday.

Zerubbabel says he ain't diggin', but goin' about with a provision and liquor store. It's amazin' how long-headed men like Zerubbabel can be such darned idiots.

I've got out of the track of the settlement, and into a prime diggin—all to myself—where the lumps of gold run as big as pigeon's eggs, and he as thick as hailstones in Broadway, after a come down in the fall. But I'm darned weak for grub, and so rheumatic with camp out that it's quite a caution.

Two days without seein' food—gold gets more abundant than ever. \* \* \* \* \* Extract from the "St. Francisco

Star." "Yesterday some Indians from the up diggins came to the settlement with a man whom they had found lying insensible farther up the Sacramento than any of our diggers have yet penetrated. He had a bag by his side, which contained £18,000, in dust and lumps of the precious metal, but the Indians exacted most of it for bringing him back to the settlement. He was fearfully emaciated; and, in another twelve hours, the adventurous treasure-seeker must have perished of hunger."

### The Wages of Sin.

"The wages of sin is death," saith the great Teacher. Every day's experience confirms the truth of the teaching. We do not remember to have read more harrowing narratives, going to confirm the truth of this saying, than that which the late Cincinnati papers give of the murder by the wife of her husband's mistress.—We allude to the cause of Mrs. HOWARD.—Goaded to madness by the brutish conduct of the man who promised at the altar to be her protector, and deprived of her children by the inhuman wretch who was their father, in a moment of madness she sought the woman whom he had wickedly taken to his bosom and killed her. This man (Howard) sowed the wind and he has reaped the whirlwind. He took a confiding woman from the bosom of her mother's family, and she bore him two children. He forgets his vows and plunges into a career of sin with the wife of another man, who was equally guilty. He then begins to abuse his lawful wife, to destroy her reputation, to beat her bodily, and ends by taking from her, her children, her heart's jewels, and turns her out upon the cold world to live as she may. The worm that he trod upon and spurned, turned at last in a moment of madness to plague the wicked tormentor. He now sees the work of his hands—and a sorry sight it is. It is death—the wages of sin. And yet men will continue to turn their domestic bliss into a hell, to persecute their defenceless wives because of their own abandonment of the marriage tie; but though the wages of their sin may not be reaped in blood on this earth, they may be assured, if they reflect a moment, that they have laid up wrath for the last day, unless they repent. Woman, in this world, is the prey of the devilish passions of man, and no power can rescue her from his fangs but the subduing spirit of the gospel upon the hearts of both sexes.—National Whig.

### Potatoes from Seed.

Most, if not all, of our valuable potatoes have been raised from seed. With this valuable esculent, as with fruits, from raising numerous kinds from seed, we occasionally find an excellent new variety, which may in some respects excel other kinds in general use.

This should lead farmers to make experiments, as potatoes may be raised from seed, with as little trouble as fruit-trees, and it takes far less time to test a new variety; as the potato will come to perfection in less time than a fruit-tree will attain sufficient size to set out as a standard.

We commenced this article with a view of recommending that the seed should be prepared the same as seeds of fruit trees, instead of sowing them dry in spring. Put the seeds in damp sand or loam, set them in the cellar, and keep them slightly moist till the time of sowing.

If kept dry, and sowing be delayed till warm weather, only a part of the seeds will vegetate; but if sowed dry in March, they will generally vegetate freely, as they lie awhile in the earth before vegetation commences, which serves as a preparation.

If the seeds be put into sand late in winter, or early in spring, it will be in season. We received a lot of seeds last year, rather late in the season, and we put them into moist loam the last of March, and sowed them the last of April. They came well, and by extra culture we raised, the first season, some potatoes of medium size, say four inches long, and nearly two in diameter.

### Making an Arrest.

Decidedly the best joke we have heard for a week, was played off on a relentless, sharp nosed constable in the western part of the state. He started out to arrest a person who had often escaped pursuit, but who, he was informed, was at that time engaged in a neighboring cornfield. The constable, wishing to take him by surprise, took a round about direction, scaling the sheds and fences opposite, when, "squatting," he crawled stealthily along, and at length pounced upon his victim, clenching him firmly round the waist, exclaiming:

"You're my prisoner." He had nabbed a—scare crow.