Poetry.

"By-and-By."

There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-by.
What we ought to do this minute,
"Will be better done," he 'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it"—
"Put it off," says By-and-by.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue;
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do;
We shall reach what we endeavor
If on Now we more rely;
But unto the realms of Never,
Leads the pilot By-and-by.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS sent to us for Notice, will be duly attended to. Those from publishers in Philadelphia, New York, &c., may be left at our Philadelphia Office, 111 South 10th St., below Chestnut, in care of Joseph M. Wilson, Esq.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By *Peter Bayne, M. A.*, author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," &c. Second Series. 12mo., pp. 392. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.* New York: *Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.* 1858.

Some authors have to toil for years without achieving great fame, and very gradually they gain from the world that acknowledgment of their prowness, which their merits deserve. Others again start at once into the enjoyment of a widely acknowledged and undisputed fame. Of the latter class is the author whose Essays are now before us. When in 1855 his "Christian Life" appeared, the literary world at once perceived that an intellectual giant had arisen on the scene. Of this work the late Hugh Miller, a stern critic, and a man not given to adulation, said: "The master idea on which it has been formed is, we deem, wholly original, and we regard the execution of it as not less happy than the conception is good. Some of the Biographies condense in comparatively brief space, the thinking of ordinary volumes." As soon as the volume was republished in this country, the judgment of Hugh Miller was affirmed by the whole reading community. The same unanimity of sentiment also prevailed, respecting the *first* series of his Essays when they were given to the public in a collected form, and now we feel great satisfaction in being able to intimate the appearance of the *Second Series* for which we doubt not but that as favorable a reception is in store. The subjects of this volume are—Charles Kingsley; Thomas Babington Macaulay; Sir Archibald Alison; Samuel Taylor Coleridge; Wellington; Napoleon Bonaparte; Plato; Characteristics of Civilization; The Modern University; The Pulpit and the Press; and, "The Testimony of the Rocks," A Defence. The Essay on Plato is worth more than the cost of the book, and we earnestly wish that the students in our Colleges who take an interest in Mental Philosophy, could all have an opportunity of reading it, as it would give them more information concerning Grecian Philosophy and the great light of the ancient heathen world than they might probably gather from many volumes, after laborious and minute research. The author of these volumes is a fitting successor of the lamented Miller, in the editorial sanctum of *The Witness.*

LILY WHITE: A Romance. By *Edward Goodwin.* 12mo., pp. 315. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* 1858.

We suppose that the object of the author of this Romance is to depict the cruelty, the rapacity, and the total abandonment to licentiousness with which the Romish Church in Italy is chargable. If so, he certainly combined together a number of stirring incidents and great crimes, all of which we doubt not the "shaveling" gentry of that land have repeatedly been guilty of, but we fear that Mr. Goodwin's readers, while giving him credit for good intentions, will not admire his constructive capacity in getting up the development of his scenes.

THE STORY OF A NEEDLE. By *A. L. O. E.*, authoress of "Rambles of a Rat," "Claremont Tales," "The Adopted Son," &c. 18mo., pp. New York: *Robert Carter & Bros.* Pittsburgh: *John S. Davison.* 1858.

This capital little volume forms one of the series well known as Carter's Fire-side Library. The moral pervading the narrative, is excellent, and the information communicated to the young, is varied and useful.

THE INDIAN REBELLION: Its causes and Results. In a Series of Letters from the *Rev. Alexander Duff, D.D., L.L.D.* Calcutta. Small 12mo., pp. 408. New York: *Carter & Brothers.* Pittsburgh: *J. S. Davison.* 1858.

This volume contains twenty-five letters, commencing in May, 1857, and ending in March, 1858. Of course the English press has teemed with volumes and letters from military men and civilians, as well as from females and correspondents," all detailing the atrocities of the "gentle" Hindoos, and expounding the cause of this wonderful catastrophe. In the midst of all these publications, it is well that a man like Dr. Duff, who has been intimate with India for upwards of a quarter of a century, should record from a Christian stand-point, the facts of the mutiny as they presented themselves to his observant and sagacious mind. As these letters were published in Edinburgh they were, on all hands, admitted to be of the first importance to a correct understanding of the Indian complication. In London, and among members of the Legislature, they were consulted with unbounded confidence, and now that they are given to the public in a collected form, they will be deservedly esteemed. Intelligent readers will do well to procure this book as one that will refresh the mind when the details of the newspaper are either inaccessible or forgotten.

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE-WORK. The Autobiography of *Mrs. Harriet B. Cooke.* 12mo. pp. 356. New York: *Carter & Brothers.* Pittsburgh: *J. S. Davison.* 1858.

We have examined this record of a good life, well and profitably spent, with much satisfaction, and we trust with some advantage. Biography we delight in, especially when as in the case before us, there is a combination of intellect, piety and philosophical observation. This volume would make a capital present to young ladies who are about entering on their married life; for, as the writer was engaged in tuition, she has, by her abundant references to training and instruction, compiled an admirable book for the use of those who are to preside over children in their early years.

A BLACK CLOUD.—A black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace, and think of his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—*Lucas.*

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Adoption.

Letter IV.—Privileges of Adoption

Beloved, now are we the sons of God.—1. JOHN iii: 2.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Having seen, as in the former letter, what adoption is, and how we are adopted into the family of God, let us now consider, briefly, the privileges of adoption. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.—1. John iii: 1—3.

As we have already seen, God puts his Spirit in those whom he adopts, and he puts his comeliness upon them.—Ez. xvi: 1—14. He puts his Spirit within us to give us the spirit of children; and his Spirit dwells in us, that we may possess and manifest the spirit of children. This is the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.—Rom. viii: 14, 15. And his comeliness is put on us—we are clothed with the righteousness of Christ, that we may be entitled to the inheritance of children. As we have the Spirit of Christ implanted in regeneration, so there is a family likeness and disposition in all God's children. They are all born of God, they are all arrayed in the righteousness of Christ, and so it is seen that they all belong to the same family. Though they may be called by different names among men, yet they all belong to the same family; for as by faith they are all united to Christ, so are they united to each other; they are all one family. Thus Paul says, Of whom—that is, our Lord Jesus Christ—of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.—Eph. iii: 14—21. For ye are all one in Christ Jesus.—Gal. iii: 26—29. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.—Eph. iv: 1—6.

Men may adopt children, as they often do, but they can not change their disposition nor their features; they can not impart a family likeness nor a family disposition to them; but God's children are formed after his own image and renewed after the mind of Christ, and so being new creatures in Christ Jesus, they have a family likeness and disposition; they have the spirit of children and the comeliness of children of God. The Spirit of God is within them, and the comeliness of Jehovah is upon them, as it is written, And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God.—Ez. xvi: 14. But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are change into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.—2. Cor. iii: 18. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God—sons of God!—Rom. viii: 14—19; 1. John iii: 1—3.

And his name is put upon us. Just as when men adopt a child, it takes their name, so God in adopting us, puts his name upon us. We are his, not our own. Christians are named after Christ; and they who receive Christ become the sons of God, and are called by a new name. They were wicked before, unholy, ungodly, unrighteous; now they are saints, holy ones, sanctified, new creatures, righteous, just, godly—the chosen, called, and faithful; and heirs of salvation. They are the disciples of Christ, the faithful in Christ Jesus, the effectually called, the chosen to salvation, the elect of God; the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Thus saith the Redeemer, I will write upon him the name of my God; and they who stand with the Lamb on Mount Zion have his Father's name written on their foreheads.—Rev. iii: 12, and xiv: 1. And he is our Elder Brother—the first-born among many brethren, for he says, Behold, I and the children which God hath given me.—Rom. viii: 29; Heb. ii: 13; 2. Cor. vi: 12—28.

And as they have a new name, so have they new privileges. They have access to God. Just as adopted children have access to their adopted parents, and may ask them for what they want; so God's children have access to him. They may come boldly unto the throne of grace; they may spread out their wants there; they may look up to God for all they need, pleading the merit of the Saviour's blood, and the exceeding great and precious promises of God. Their Father in heaven hears when they cry!—Heb. iv: 14—16, and x: 19—22; 2. Pet. i: 1—4.

And they shall be pitied. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.—Ps. ciii: 11—14.

And they shall be protected. God will watch over them; he is ever near to them; and he who cares for the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, numbers the very hairs of their heads, and will protect them in the hour of trial and danger.—Luke xii: 4—7; Ps. xlvi: 1—11.

And they shall be provided for. Their Father in heaven knoweth what things they have need of; he will give them food to eat and raiment to put on. All things needful for their comfort and usefulness shall be given them; or if withheld, it will only be to try their faith and patience, and to teach them their dependence, and thus to glorify God and to work out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while it serves to wean them from the world and fit them for heaven. My God shall supply all your need, said Paul to the Philippians.—Phil. iv: 19; Ps. xxiii: 1—6; Matt. vi: 24—34; 2. Co. iv: 16—18.

They may be chastised, but they shall not be cast off. If they wander from God and fall into sin, their Father in heaven will visit their iniquity with stripes, but his loving kindness he will not utterly withdraw, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail.—Ps. lxxxix: 30—34. Chastisements are covenant mercies; they are blessings in disguise; and though for the present they seem not to be joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards they yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness—glorious and blessed fruit.—Heb. xii: 5—11; Rom. viii: 1—39.

And they are sealed unto the day of redemption.—Eph. iv: 30. As a letter is sealed and directed, and the seal is not to be broken until it reaches its destination, so they are sealed by the Spirit of God; and this seal shall remain till Christ shall come to take them to heaven, where their redemption shall be complete, and they shall enter upon the purchased and prepared inheritance.—Eph. i: 3—14; Rom. viii: 14—25.

For as they are children of God, so are they heirs. This is inseparable from their adoption, as you may see in Rom. viii: 14—17; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. A child fully adopted, receiving the family name, becomes an heir; so Christians are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, God's only begotten and well beloved Son. Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of God, having the Divine nature; angels are his created sons, but Christians are his adopted sons; and they are therefore heirs of God, and joint heirs with the only begotten Son of God. They shall partake of his glory; they shall sit with him on his throne, dwell in the same heaven, and be forever with the Lord.—Rev. iii: 21; 1. Thess. iv: 17. Yes, they are heirs of God; they have already an earnest, a foretaste, of their inheritance; they partake now of the privileges of God's children; they inherit and enjoy the promises here, and they shall hereafter inherit forever what is promised. They have grace here; they shall have glory hereafter—full salvation—complete and perfect redemption. Yes, they enjoy the presence and smiles of God here, and they shall enjoy his presence and his smiles forever in that world where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forever more! There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest!—Ps. xvi: 11. Read Rom viii: 14—39; Con. Faith, Chap. xii; and Ps. xvii, in our Psalms and Hymns; and Hodge on Romans. "Justification is the regarding and treating sinners as just, for the sake of the righteousness of Christ. The blessings of grace are never separated from each other. Election, calling, justification, and salvation, are indissolubly united; and, therefore, he who has clear evidence of his being called, has the same evidence of his election and final salvation."—Hodge on Romans, 8th Chap.

"O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

Such are the privileges of adoption. Then see the rich blessings of God's children; the rich and glorious blessings and privileges of those who have received Jesus Christ, and who thus have power to become the sons of God. God is their Father and their Friend; his Spirit is in them; his comeliness is upon them; they are called after his name; they have access to him; he pities and protects them, and provides for them, though he chastises them, he does not cast them off; he seals them by his Spirit unto the day of final redemption; they are heirs of God, and heaven is their home. Yea, all things are theirs, for they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.—Rom. viii: 28—39; 1. Cor. iii: 21—23. How happy and how blessed are they! Though poor in the things of this world, they are rich; they have a treasure in heaven which can never fail, an everlasting inheritance; thrones and crowns are theirs; and theirs shall be palms of victory and everlasting songs! Blessed, thrice blessed are the sons of God! May this blessedness be yours!

But are you his son, or his daughter! Are you one of his children? Is his Spirit within you? Are you born of God? Are you regenerated, a new creature in Christ Jesus? Are you justified? Are your sins forgiven, and are you accounted righteous? Are you adopted into the family of God? It all depends on this—and let this question be pondered well—Have you received Jesus Christ? Do you believe in him? Do you trust in him as your Saviour? Are you resting on him alone for salvation? Where there is faith, there is regeneration, there is justification, there is adoption; have you faith? Have you received Jesus Christ as your Saviour? Are you a child of God? If so, then the rich blessings of God's children are yours, and you may rejoice in them; yea, you may unite with his people, as you have done; you may come to his table, and you may rejoice in hope of his glory.—Rom. v: 1—11.

But if you have not received Jesus Christ, and hence are not an adopted child of God, then repent of your sins and believe in Jesus Christ, that you may have power to become the child of God, and may partake of the rich blessings which belong to his children, and rejoice in them forever. O look to Christ and live! Behold the Lamb of God!—John i: 29.

You have here matter for self-examination. Examine yourself. See whether you are indeed born of God; whether you have the sure and certain evidences of regeneration; and hence, whether you are truly a child of God by a new and heavenly birth; and whether you have received Christ by faith, and are building your hopes of heaven on his finished work. Examine and see whether Christ is in you, and whether his righteousness is upon you, and whether you are in him a new creature, born of God, justified by faith, adopted into the family of the Most High, with a right to all the privileges of the sons of God; or whether you are yet in your sins, without God and without hope in the world! How sad and fearful your state, if yet unreconciled to God! O flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold upon eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord!

And while you examine yourself, remember that assurance is to be gained, not by self-examination, but by receiving Christ, looking to him, confiding in him, and serving him, and resting fully upon the testimony of God concerning his Son. Hence you are to expect comfort in believing God's Word, and looking at what Christ has done for you, rather than at his work in you; the work of grace in your heart at best is imperfect, but Christ's atonement is complete and God's Word is true; Christ's finished work is your hope; the contemplation of this, and reliance upon it, will give you comfort; and where there is faith—a resting on Christ and his finished work—there will be good works. "Our business is to seek perfect conformity to the will of God, and leave him to give us such comforts as he sees good." God's Word is true; if we believe in Christ, we shall be saved; and if we believe, we shall obey. Hence let there be resolutions of new obedience. Children should not bring a reproach upon, but be an honor and a blessing to, their family. So Christians should never bring a reproach upon the cause of Christ; they should be an honor and a blessing to the Church, and their example and influence should be salutary upon the world. Form these resolutions of new obedience, strive to adorn in all things the doctrine of God our Saviour, and let the world be better for your living in it; and so live that when you die, you will be missed and be regretted by those who are left behind you, and then many shall arise and call you blessed.—Tit. ii: 10; Prov. xxxvi: 28.

In regard to assurance, Dr. Alexander says: "The best way to obtain a comfortable assurance that we are regenerated, is to press on with assiduity and alacrity in the Divine life. That which is obscure in itself, will not become clear by poring over it ever so long; but, if we emerge from darkness, and come forth into the light, we shall be able to discern clearly what was before involved in obscurity. If we would know whether our faith, and love, and hope are genuine, we must seek to bring these graces into lively exercise, and then we can not avoid perceiving their true character. But as faith is really the apprehension and reception of offered mercy, it is by directly believing in Christ, or actually rolling our burdens on him, that we experience peace and confidence.—Bible Truth, published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, page 130. See also Fisher's Catechism, published by the Board, part 1, pages 193—195.

And now, my dear friend, if you find yourself yet out of Christ, begin now to seek the Lord in good earnest. You must be born again, or perish; you must receive Jesus Christ by faith, or die in your sins! O repent now; believe now; receive Jesus now! Begin to pray now, and pray without ceasing while you live, and die praying! Read Romans, Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, and Hebrews; and go to Jesus, and give him your heart now, and live to his glory; for to as many as receive him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name, which are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.—John i: 11—13. Read Hymns 110, 111, 112.

"Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow."

YOURS, TRULY.

Traveling Correspondence.

NEW ORLEANS, May 11, 1858.

Most of the residences here are un-American in style. They are said to be modeled after the French order. They are neither costly, handsome, durable, nor imposing. Mostly of wood, two or three stories in height and having porches, porticos, verandas, piazzas, galleries, and all such structures as afford shade and ventilation, attached in the greatest number. There is too much sameness for beauty. They are generally inclosed from the street by a high picket fence of wood or iron, and surrounded with a beautiful yard, in which grow many neatly trimmed shrubs, and large fruit and flowering trees. Servant's houses are in the rear, and such as we have seen, are good and comfortable enough for any person to live in.

Some of the business houses are very extensive, giving the stranger some idea of the vast commercial operations of this city. You see few mechanical, and next to no manufacturing establishments. The following incident in the Assembly illustrates this fact. The church in which this body meets is a very fine one; but it is so situated as to be in the midst of noise from carriages and omnibusses. Hence, it is often impossible to hear members speak. One publicly called upon the Committee of Arrangements to have the streets near the church covered with saw dust, so as to break the clatter of the wheels. Dr. Palmer replied that this could not be done, as there *were no saw mills in New Orleans.* Then tan bark will do, said the brother. I am compelled to tell you, continued the Doctor, that our city *has no tannery in it.* A gentleman near me, whispered, "Old Sol does all the tanning here."

Traffic in cotton, sugar, molasses, rice, and all such Southern commodities, is the life of this place. You see no elegant academies, seminaries, colleges. The city would not be advisable for them. Men come here to grow rich, not to grow wise

Some of the public buildings are very fine. This is true especially of the City, Odd Fellows, and Masonic Halls, as well as of the St. Charles Hotel; as also of many of the churches, and the United States Custom House. This is not yet finished. It is now three stories high, is built of polished marble and granite, covers a square, and is designed to accommodate the marine, post, and all other govermental offices of this port. It will require $2,000,000 yet to finish it. What it has cost already may be guessed at, when it is known that the scaffolding around it cost $150,000. The building is said to be gradually sinking! As its weight is immense, and its foundation an alluvial deposit, this is not improbable. There is certainly less wisdom than expense about this mammoth pile; but in this it is like much else that Uncle Sam attempts to do.

The old French part of the city is a crowded place. Stores here are small "shops," in which dry goods, fruits, and groceries are crammed together in the greatest confusion. Almost all the bills and signs are printed and painted in the French language. Jackson square is a beautiful place, well kept, in which there is a bronze equestrian statue of the Hero of New Orleans, by Mills, exactly similar to that near the White House, in Washington. On opposite sides of this Park stand the Pontalba buildings, than which none are more substantial in all this region. On another side is the French market, where every day (Sabbath not excepted,) are sold, at a very high price, meats of all kinds; vegetables, such as cabbages, turnips, beets, cucumbers, tomatoes, yams, new potatoes, green corn, pumpkins, mellons, berries, &c., &c.; fish, among which are croakers, trout, flounders, sheepheads, shrimps, oysters, turtles, and crabs; and fruits, as oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, may apples, pineapples, and many others. Here, too, are flowers of every hue and color exposed for sale; all amid the confused rattle of a thousand tongues, surpassing anything of the kind you have ever heard, unless you have been in the lower House of Congress during a political *filibuster* movement.

On the other side of this square stands the Cathedral, one of the most ancient and elegant edifices in the city. There are some good paintings in it; and if you enter it you will see some costly images of the Virgin, before which sit or kneel a number of poor, deluded mortals. Above the altar is a representation of our Saviour, with this inscription, "*Ecce! Panis Angelorum,*" Behold! the bread of angels! Are we to understand by this that angels observe the Eucharist, and feast upon Christ? The manipulations of these worshippers, the meaningless mummery of these white-robed priests, and the silly decorations of this capacious room throughout, gave us about as fair an exhibition of superstitious nonsense and picture piety, as we have seen.

Now, in passing out of these French quarters of the city, if you notice, you will see some singular sights. Here is a room where all kinds of birds are kept for sale. What a chirping and singing! See that green parrot! It can talk French! One evening as I passed the Theatre, one of these birds called to me, "Stop, stop—how do ye do?" I stopped from curiosity, when a man at the door, put a *programe* into my hand and invited me in. But I went on. That parrot and man understand their business.

Look there, how strange! a blacksmith and a milliner working in the *same* shop! There, too, is a shoemaker at work in a cook shop! See, how many have their beds in these front rooms by the door! Here is a woman milking an old goat, and two healthy looking, dirty-faced children drinking the milk. And those negroes with great baskets full of bread balanced on their heads, look odd enough. There goes a wretched looking man in a cart, crying, C-h-a-r-o-o-a-l; and these newsboys are singing out everywhere, *Del-ta* and *Pic a-oon.*

The cotton presses in the upper part of the city are, indeed, curiosities. Each establishment covers from two to three acres; is inclosed with strong walls; hundreds of slaves are here at work. The bales as shipped from the plantations, are here subjected to an immense steam pressure and lessened in size one-half. They are neatly tied up and made ready for shipment. Like pin making, this requires many hands, is done with great expedition and sets forth clearly the economy of a division of labor. We found the foremen in these concerns exceedingly polite, quite ready to explain their principles of operation, and answer all our questions respecting the raising, picking, shipping and cost of cotton. Even the servants had the manners and converse of gentlemen, and none of that churlish impertinence that we have seen manifest in operations elsewhere. The drayage of these cotton bales to and from these presses, is a great and constant business, requiring many men, drays, and mules. These dash along the streets at a fearful rate, making, in connexion with the hacks, carriages and 'busses, a most dinning noise. Why the mules are driven so fast, I cannot tell; but so it is; they almost gallop in hack, 'bus or dray.

We have breakfast at 7 o'clock, dinner at 4, and supper when we please. Our breakfast is good, our dinner a banquet, and our supper better than we deserve. Different habits, modes of thought, and ways of living characterize these Creoles from their brethren in the North. But not a whit the less sincere and kind are they than many who seem to imagine that true religion and the tender sympathies of the heart, are things unknown South of Mason and Dixon's Line! This is a sad mistake. In reality, the people here are just like we in the North are, the slight and superficial differences incident to climate, and early education, excepted. In short, they are just what we would be did we live here, and we are what they would be, were their homes in New England or the West. When I need the sympathy of strangers, may my lot be cast among Southern people.

There is no monopoly of virtue by the people of any region. Good and bad are everywhere in this land of ours. Sectional animosities are the shameful offspring of ignorance, selfishness, and imbecility. No truly Christian or patriotic citizen will allow such unholy fire to live and burn in his breast.

But I stop moralizing, and turn to a matter of much moment near at hand. I allude to the crevasse, or break in the levee of the river, about a mile above on the opposite side. I would merely say to such as are unfamiliar with the topography of this great stream, that for four or five hundred miles above this place, the lands on both sides are protected from inundation by continuous embankments, artificially formed. This has been the work of generations, and has been done at a cost of over six milllons of dollars!

In Louisiana, there are said to be fifteen thousand square miles of rich alluvial land that lies far below the level of the river when its waters are at their height. Places in the extensive and costly levees sometimes give way. The break becomes unmanageable, overflows the cultivated portions of the land, and spreads devastation over homes, villages, and plantations, all around! To prevent this, if possible, in times of high water, the levees are watched night and day with sleepless vigilance. For floods, like flames, are controllable in their incipient stages, but utterly beyond the power of man to manage, when once they have progressed a certain degree.

The velocity of the Mississippi is said to be sixty-five miles per day. It usually begins to rise in February, and recede in June. It has seldom ever been higher than now, owing to the immense amount of rain that has fallen within the range of its numerous tributaries, this season. Five times has this city been partially inundated by crevasses which occurred in the levees above it. Five inches more of water would inundate it now! But it would be almost impossible for the river to rise this much while the crevasse above noted is open; it is about two hundred yards long and some eight or ten feet deep! Multitudes visit it in boats daily, from the city. All effort to stop it has been abandoned. Boats filled with bags of sand have been sunk in the gap, to no purpose.

Millions of acres of land are now submerged. Many say the loss cannot fall much short of four millions of dollars; and that the land will not be suited again to the growth of sugar cane, for two seasons. Several miles of the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad track have been washed away by this crevasse.

To-morrow I leave my friend C——, and go aboard the *Black Warrior*, bound for New York *via* Havana. W.M.F.

The Bible.

The Skeptic Convinced---A True Statement from Real Life.

"What a splendid bouquet!" said my friend, Professor B., as I held up a choice sample of green house flowers for his admiring inspection. "Those Camellias and Carnations are absolutely perfect," he added, "and that is what we can seldom say of anything here. Grandmother," said he, suddenly turning to the aged invalid for whom the flowers had been sent, "what was that I heard you saying the other day to young Deane about the teachings of nature?"

"Deane is a little skeptical, I suspect," said the Professor, (in a whisper too low for his aged relative to hear,) "and our good grandmother, I believe, was trying to convert him." The old lady answered the question with more solemnity than it had been asked, "I told Henry Deane that such flowers were enough to convince the strongest Atheist of the existence of a God; and that if he rejected the Bible, the teachings of nature were a perpetual rebuke to his unbelief."

"Grandmother," said the Professor, "neither *Nature* nor the *Bible* ever convinced *me* of the reality of religion. I could tell you of an argument far more potent."

The startled faces of his two auditors showed the Professor that he was misunderstood; we had taken his frank declaration as an avowal of infidelity. He hastened to correct our mistake. "No, no, I did not mean that—I am not a doubter—I fully believe—but I did not reach my present convictions by the path which has been usually prescribed. You look as if you would like to ask me about it," he said.

"I am hoping, Professor, that you will tell us without the asking," I said, with my usual frankness. He smiled; and after a little hesitation, gave us the desired explanation.

"I had, as you well know, strict religious training in my childhood. My excellent parents exemplified the religion which they inculcated, and although I did not yield my heart to its claims, it never occurred to me while under the paternal roof, to doubt its Divine reality. I know not why I did not become a Christian in my boyhood. Perhaps it was the strong influence which my cousin James had acquired over me. My mother died when he was twenty, and I was fifteen, leaving us both to mourn her loss, though not to follow her example. I soon left home for a distant school, where my cousin was engaged in teaching. Here, for the first time, he insinuated his doubts of the correctness of the system of religious truth in which I had been educated. I was at first considerably shocked. But a willingness to silence the voice of my own conscience led me to listen to him, at length, with some satisfaction. And ere my four years' course of study under his instruction had expired, my mind had so far surrendered itself to his guidance, that I persuaded myself that the Bible was a fable, and that those who professed to believe it were dupes or hypocrites. At this period I went abroad to acquire my profession at a foreign University. My early habits kept me free from vice myself; and I still loathed it in others.

"While I tried to divest myself of all ideas of accountability to God, I strove not to forfeit my own self-respect by any conduct unworthy of a man. I wonder I was not left to prove the sandy foundation of my morality by some grievous lapse from virtue. I certainly deserved such a lesson. Perhaps my sainted mother's prayers were laid up before the throne of a justly incensed, but long suffering God, and her pleadings stood between me and vengeance. I had kept my father in ignorance of my doubts and unbelief, until my return from the Continent. I could not bear to pain him with the knowledge that his only son had become a skeptic—almost an Atheist. But shortly after I reached home, still accompanied by my cousin, a careless sneer of the latter at some pious remark, opened the eyes of my parent, and his inquiries were direct and pressing. The truth could no longer be concealed by either of us. I expected a torrent of reproaches, but my father uttered no word of rebuke or condemnation. His pale, sad face, as he took up his lamp, and bade me the usual affectionate good night, reproached me more deeply than the bitterest words could have done. And when I heard the weary, heavy tread of his feet, as for hours he paced his solitary chamber, I felt how deeply the iron had entered his soul.

"The next morning he sent for me to come to his room. I joined him there with a face as sorrowful as his own. He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then addressed me calmly and tenderly. 'My son, I see that you are grieved at having given me pain; and I think you will not refuse a request which is all the consolation that, under present circumstances, you can offer me.' I replied with sincerity that I would do anything in my power to give him comfort, and prove my affectionate regard for him. I was about to add that I trusted he would not ask me to change my opinions, as with my present convictions that would be impossible, when he interrupted me—'no, no, I ask you not to believe as I do; I only beg that you will immediately *examine* the whole subject candidly and impartially, and promise me *that if you find, upon a thorough examination, sufficient evidence of the truth of the Bible, and the reality of religion, you will at once give your heart to their Divine Author, and make his service the business of your life.*' I could not refuse assent to a request so reasonable, and of course promised immediate compliance. Telling my father that I had already made myself familiar with the writings of those who doubted or denied what he believed, I asked him to point me to such authors as he wanted me to examine upon his side of the question, and I would at once commence their perusal. His reply was as unexpected as it was calm. 'No, my son, it is a different source of evidence which I wish you to look at. Take this little book; (it was my mother's well worn Bible,) compare with it what you remember of her life, what you have seen and known of the lives of others whom you believe sincere in their profession of its truth; contrast with this testimony the lives and conversation of its opposers, and the God of the Bible, your mother's God, will surely open your eyes.

"This was a course for which I was not prepared. Doubts, sneers, subtle sophistry, could not enter into my researches. Facts, not arguments, were to be my teachers. I felt awe-struck and foreboded defeat. Hardly knowing how or where to begin, I opened the little book which my father had so solemnly placed in my hand. A pencil-lined passage met my eye, and thrilled my heart. It was this, '*wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.*' What a beacon torch thus flashed forth from above, held by a Divine hand, at the very starting point of my promised search!"

"Vividly its light glanced over the past, and my mother's saintly life shone brightly before me. How her daily walk and conversation became the doctrines she professed! She had her imperfections, indeed, but how heartily she mourned over them; she had besetting sins, but how earnestly she strove against them; she had severe trials—how meekly she submitted to them; she had self-denying duties—how faithful in her attempts to perform them! Nor was she the only witness for Christ. My father and a host of others, of whom the world was not worthy, afforded similar testimony. Notwithstanding all their imperfections and inconsistencies, a silver thread had run through the whole warp and woof of their lives—*the prevailing purpose and desire to love and serve God.* And now the contrast of which my father had spoken—ah! I needed not to look far or closely for that. It stood out bodly and darkly before me. How hollow and false their best deeds; how weak and impure their motives; how selfish their purposes; how corrupt their lives! God did indeed open my eyes, and a Divine voice spake from his blessed word, 'this is the way, walk ye in it.' For my present hope in Christ, and assured faith of eternal blessedness, *I* am indebted to the testimony afforded by *the lives of Christians.*"—*Congregationalist.*

For the Young.

"Not Letting."

There were two little sisters at the house, whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I 'spose 'tis 'cause Addie *lets me, and I let Addie.*"

I thought a moment; "Ah, that is it," I said, "she lets you, and you let her; that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out. "Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows Gerty. "Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want she should have my ball." "Fie, fie; is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; "she'll only lose it." "And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

The "not letting" principle is downright disobligingness, and a disobliging spirit begets a great deal of quarreling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, always ready to oblige each other, neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? O yes. And do you not love them already?—*Child's Paper.*

Miscellaneous.

American Tea Pronounced a Failure.

Those who have made the experiment of raising tea in this country, say: "The plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high. We cannot afford to pick, roll up, and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar a pound. In China, where a man is hired for one dollar a month and boards himself, it may be done."

QUERY.—Is there any necessity for picking the leaves, one by one, and rolling them? Could not Yankee ingenuity find out a way for harvesting and securing them without so much manual labor?—ED.

Hoop Skirts.

There is a hoop-skirt manufactory in New York, which weekly turns out twenty-four thousand ladies' skirts, employing for that purpose five hundred hands, one hundred and eighty sewing machines, and not less than a ton of steel. Hoop-skirt making is a science, and one on which patient study and exquisite skill have been bestowed in the several departments of the fabrication, till by successive improvemets an article of dress has been produced, which is thought to be favorable to health, while it conduces to comfort and beauty. Various materais have been employed to give the required degree of flexibility to the skirts, to enable their wearers to sit upon them, and pack them to the smallness of compass frequently required, without affecting their elasticity and capacity to again spread themselves to the full extent and graceful form, when raised to an erect position. We believe, however, that the rotundity of spread is now given to this general favorite of female apparel, by very thin steel springs, so prepared and intertwined with the stiffened fabric of which they are principally composed, as to give them these characteristics.—*Scientific American.*

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