Poetry.

We Miss Them Ever.

A silken cap as I ope the draw,
Oft meets my glancing eye,
With its tasseled cord, and border white,
And strings of cherry dye.

'Tis a tiny thing, but the rushing tears
Will ever dim my gaze,
As I turn to it, for a fair sweet face
I see in the blinding haze,

And a dimpled hand and a rounded arm,
And a witching smile of glee,
Gleam ever forth entrancingly,
As this silken cap I see.

And a prattling tone, and merry laugh,
Sound sweetly in my ear—
As they sounded oft, ere the Saviour claimed
My cherished babe so dear.

Though I murmur not, and I ne'er would call
My boy from the sunny skies;
Yet I miss him e'er, and around his robes,
Are twined a thousand ties.

But dearer far than each treasured one,
Is this cap, with border white,
For a fair, sweet face it ever brings
To my eager, longing sight.

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.

FABLES OF INFIDELITY AND FACTS OF FAITH. By *Robert Patterson.* Cincinnati: *American Reform Tract and Book Society.* Pittsburgh: *W. S. Rentoul*, No. 20 St. Clair Street.

This work consists of a series of tracts on the absurdity of Atheism, Pantheism, and Rationalism, which were delivered originally in the form of lectures, in the City of Cincinnati, by the Rev. Robert Patterson, now pastor of a Reformed Presbyterian church in Chicago, but at that time a pastor in the first mentioned city. The lectures attracted much attention, and the separate tracts were widely distributed. The subjects discussed are those which involve the infidel objections commonly raised against the truth of Divine revelation and the religion of Jesus Christ. These objections are fairly met and skilfully answered in a plain and popular style which will commend it to all readers, who wish to be able to repel the attacks so often made against the truth of the Bible. It will be found particularly valuable for the compact form in which it presents many of the confirmations of the declarations of the Bible given by the antiquarian and scientific discoveries of modern times. A fine example of this will be found in the last tract of the book, entitled, "Telescopic Views of Scripture."

CONTENTS OF HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, for July:

In the Long Run;	Patent Medicines;
Pure Air;	A Medical Myth;
Sprains;	Model School Room;
Orinoline Dangers;	Cure for Drunkenness;
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For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letters to a Friend on the Doctrines and Duties of the Bible.

Letter LIV.—Heaven—Hell—Conclusion.

Death is swallowed up in victory.—1. COR. xv: 54.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—My last letter ended with heaven. And HEAVEN is both a place and a state. It is a place. Thus Jesus saith, In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John xiv: 1—3. And when it is said that Jesus Christ is entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us, it is implied that there is some place where the presence and glory of God are peculiarly manifested, and where Jesus Christ is, and where that is, there is heaven.—Heb. ix: 24. Hence heaven is spoken of as a house, a city, &c. It is a most glorious, holy, and happy place. And it is also a state. It is not in any place of itself to make us happy. Happiness depends not on external condition alone; but on the state of the affections. The hearts of all in heaven are right; and hence it is a most glorious, holy, and happy state as well as place. It is a state of perfect knowledge. The knowledge of every soul there equals its capacities, and hence it is perfect: and yet as its capacities expand, its knowledge will increase, and ever advance toward the infinite knowledge of the Deity. Knowledge there is without error too, and so also is perfect. And it is a state of perfect holiness as well as of knowledge; and yet there is progress: the whole soul is conformed to the will of God; and yet as its capacities expand and its knowledge increases, it will also advance in holiness. And it is a state of perfect happiness. There is no imperfection in the bliss of heaven—the happiness of the saints in glory will ever equal their capacities and attainments, and so will be perfect. But as the soul expands, so will its happiness increase. There will be a constant progression in the degree of its happiness, yet it will ever be perfect, ever equal its capacities and attainments; so that at no period could its happiness exceed what it really is, nor will there ever be a period when it shall have reached its utmost limit. It is ever perfect, and yet ever increasing. In some respects the future world may be analogous to this. We are born infants, we grow and become men and women. So we enter heaven as it were, infants, we grow and advance, our powers expand, knowledge and happiness increase, but never reach that point beyond which there is no further progression. There are degrees of glory and of happiness, but each soul is as full as its capacities will allow, and hence its bliss is perfect; but as there is no limit to the expansion of its powers, so neither is there to the degree of its blessedness: ever advancing—never stationary—eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can the heart of man conceive, nor the tongue of angel describe, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1. Cor. ii: 9.

The society of heaven is exalted. There is God triune. There is Jesus Christ, the God man, our Elder Brother, once dead, now alive for ever! There are the angels which have never sinned, and who have been ministering spirits unto the heirs of salvation.—Heb. i: 13, 14. And there is the general assembly and church of the first-born—the armies of the redeemed from the earth—and the holy and pure from other worlds, an innumerable throng, all free from every stain, clad in white robes, the emblem of innocence, joining their glad voices in anthems to God and the Lamb.—Heb. xii: 18—24; Rev. vii: 9—17; xxi: 1—27; and xxii: 1—7.

And the employments of heaven are holy and ennobling, such as to meet the wants and the capacities of our natures as redeemed intelligences. Its joys are satisfying, and they are eternal; there is fullness of joy, and pleasure for ever more.—Ps. xvi: 11. Yea, there are rivers of pleasure. Ps xxxvi: 8. The employments and pursuits of heaven, (for it is a rest of activity as well as of joy,) are either the expression of enraptured feeling, or such as to produce or promote that feeling. We love variety, and there is variety in heaven. There the praises of God are sung, and his works and his word are studied. The scenes of earth will then be reviewed—the dealings of God with his saints be recapitulated—friends will there converse with each other of all God's wonderful goodness to them—prophecy will be studied in the light of the world's consummated history, and the angels, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs will be our companions and our teachers; but in all, and above all, redeeming love will be the great theme of study and of song. There is a oneness and yet a variety in the occupations of heaven—a unity in diversity. They are the occupations of holy and happy beings who are ever active; occupations that express, at the same time that they give delight; and just such as meet the cravings and fill the capacities of our immortal natures.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.

"Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest."

Such is heaven, and this is the end of the righteous. Read Hymns 656, 667, 677. But there is, also, a HELL, and that is the end of the wicked. For the wicked shall be driven away in his wickedness; these shall go away into everlasting punishment.—Prov. xiv: 32; Matt. xxv: 1—46. The rich man died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.—Luke xvi: 19—31. As the righteous are happy immediately after death; so are the wicked miserable—miserable immediately after death—their souls do immediately pass into torment, as did the soul of the rich man; but their cup of misery is not full till the resurrection of their bodies and their sentence in the judgment. Then they receive the full measure of their deserts as sinners, for the wages of sin is death, the second death, eternal death; for their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. The wrath of God abideth on them—in the present tense—it abideth, and hence will ever abide; hell is eternal. As the happiness of the righteous shall never end, so the misery of the wicked shall ever endure. "They will feel a worm of conscience that shall never die, and the fiery wrath of God upon their souls and bodies that shall never go out."—Cruden. They suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.—Jude vii; Rom. vi: 23; Isa. lvi: 24; Mark ix: 44—48. John iii: 36. Read Hymn 680; and Fisher's Catechism.

"The breath of God, his angry breath,
Supplies and fans the fire;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would but can't expire.

"Conscience, the never dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and wrath in every form,
Is now the sinner's part."

"Sad world, indeed!" And this is the desert of sin—the wrath and curse of God; and to this the impenitent sinner is exposed; to this all are exposed who are yet out of Christ. Is there a way of escape? and what is it? What does God require of us that we may escape his wrath and curse due to us for sin? Remember, "every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life, and that which is to come." And "to escape the wrath and curse of God due to us for sin, God requireth of us faith in Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with the diligent use of all the outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption."—Short Cat., Ques. 84, 85. This is what God requires. He has given his Son to redeem from the curse and save from sin and wrath; Jesus Christ has died to purchase redemption for the lost and perishing; he has shed his blood for the remission of sins; but you must receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour, or remain under the curse. You must believe, or you can not be saved.—Mark xvi: 16. And what is it to believe? What is faith? "Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel."—Short. Cat., Ques. 86. This is faith; it is receiving and resting upon Jesus Christ; it is feeling our need of him—seeing a fitness in him, and then embracing him and trusting in him—a leaning, a reclining, a resting, a recumbency of soul, upon Jesus Christ. This is faith. And "repentance unto life is a saving grace whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience."—Short Cat., Ques. 87. And faith and repentance are always connected; where one is, there will also the other be. True repentance therefore is an evidence of faith; and both faith and repentance are evidences of regeneration. They who repent and believe are born again, and will lead a new life. This then is what God requires—a saving faith and evangelical repentance; faith in Christ, sorrow for sin, and a life of obedience as a fruit and evidence of faith. Believe and obey; faith first, and then works; union with Christ by faith first, and then good fruits as the result, and demonstration of this union; for the living branches of the true vine must and will be fruitful.—John xv: 1—14. Receive Christ Jesus as your Saviour and live to the glory of God; and then heaven shall be your home. See Hymn 627; and Fisher's Catechism, Part II.

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

And here I close. My dear friend, God has kindly spared your life, restored your health, permitted you to profess your faith in Christ and partake with his people of the emblems of his body and blood, to frequent again his house and the Sabbath School, and enjoy all the means of grace; be faithful to him and to yourself; show your gratitude to God by serving him; make it your meat and your drink—your highest pleasure and happiness—to do his will; and thus seek enjoyment in glorifying God and doing good to men. You are not your own; you are bought with a price, and you have given yourself to the Lord. Live to God and not to yourself; seek your happiness in serving God, in doing good and trying to be useful; living, be the Lord's; and dying, you shall be his; his here; his for ever hereafter; his for this world and the next, yea, "perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God to all eternity!"—Short Cat., Ques. 38; 1. Cor. iii: 21—23; and vi: 19, 20; Rom. xiv: 7—9; 1. Cor. xv. Read Hymn 679; and THE BIBLE.

"Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

"They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our soul translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!"

YOURS, TRULY.

Traveling Correspondence.

NEW YORK, May, 1858.

Happy once more to stand on freedom's soil. But I must tell you more about Havana, and some incidents of our voyage home.

The population of Havana is estimated at two hundred thousand. Although a great majority of the inhabitants are Spaniards, yet the most superficial observer will soon perceive that a *mixed* multitude dwell here. It is no uncommon thing to see large groups of Yucatan Indians, Coolies, and native Africans lounging about the streets and public walks, apparently in great poverty and dejection! Caste is said to prevail in Havana with almost the iron rigor of India. The old Spaniards are exceedingly aristocratic; quite grave in their manners, and proud of their birth and rank; courteous to one another, but cruel to all the lower orders. They are vain of dress and have a childish fondness for gold chains, jewelry, and costly ornaments of all kinds. Their religion is the rankest Romanism; and they delight much in music, dancing, masquerades, and bull fights. The Sabbath is the great day of amusement! They lead an indolent, useless, voluptuous life. The women take but little exercise; are seldom seen on the streets except in their *volantes*, and scarcely ever notice, much less nurse, their own children. Dogs with these *donnas* are more prized than babies. Their *pets* are poodles! What a pity that this disgusting habit of pup-nursing should be followed by any one claiming to be a lady. Affectation in any woman in any way is repulsive, but this manifestation of it is perfectly contemptible. *Sed nil disputandem de gustibue.*

The El Paseo is the Broadway of Havana; a very beautiful street, three hundred feet wide, well improved, and filled with a great variety of trees. These are planted in four rows, and run the whole length of the street. Many of them are of the palm species, and others belong to families unknown to a sciolist in botany like myself. This ignorance of their scientific names and class, however, did not, in the least, prevent me from frequently availing myself of the benefit of their shade, a most convenient and grateful retreat from the scorching rays of a vertical sun. Many of these trees are as singular as they are beautiful. The bark is as smooth almost as polished marble, and shines as though it had been covered with a coat of copal varnish; and if the trunks had been turned in lathes their tapers could not have been more uniform, nor their bulbs more complete. Fish pools, *jets deau*, and flower gardens meet the eye everywhere in this part of the city; and no one need wish to see anything more lovely in the whole kingdom of Flora, than the plazas and the royal grounds around the Captain General's palaces. Serpentine walks and shell paved avenues meander amid a wilderness of shrubs and trees too numerous to be named, and too beautiful for me to describe. One might almost fancy these to be the hyacinthine bowers, the hyperion gardens, or elysian fields of the ancients. The culling, trimming, fostering care of art is everywhere apparent; and it is really impossible to decide whether the rainbow hues of such a limitless variety of flowers, or the delicious flavor of so many kinds of fruits, or the combined sweetness of both in the form of the richest fragrance, is most to be admired! Two marine bands play the most lively Italian airs in these places every evening; and hundreds of fairy dressed ladies ride around in volantes driven by gay *calisaros* in costume as noticed in my last letter.

I have seen no flower that equals the magnolia in beauty, sweetness, and magnitude. It is as fair as the lily, fragrant as a pink, and as large as a full blown sunflower. It is called by the Spanish, *La Flor de Cuba.* Of the fruits, I am at a loss to know which to give the pre-eminence. Here is a pine apple. It weighs twenty pounds. I bought it for as many cents. How sweet it smells! How delicious it looks! It is sweating nectar. Peel off its rind, cut it in thin slices, sprinkle over it a little crushed sugar; now try it. O, isn't it good? But look here; did you ever see as large oranges as these? They cost only one half cent a piece. I got twenty for a dime. How sweet and juicy they are. I scarcely know whether to *eat* them or *drink* them. Let us try a Cuban banana. It is as yellow as gold, and exceedingly rich flavored. To a stranger it tastes rather too luscious, but on acquaintance it becomes perfectly delicious. These plantains are a species of banana. They grow on trees twelve or fifteen feet high, and are the great breadfruit of the tropics. These huge clusters are fresh loaves from Nature's oven to feed the poor. Thousands find them to be both a necessary and luxury of life. Take a fig; I know you will like it. How much better these are than the mouldy, dry, unwholesome things we buy for figs in the States. This May apple is large, soft and ripe; but I do not like it; it is too *insipidly* sweet.

Here is another kind of fruit. What do you call this? Well—I almost forget, but think it is named *grandeta.* No difference about the name; taste it and you will find it very good. It is larger than a large apple, and has a rind like a banana. Set it on the palm of your left hand, pull off the skin, now, see, there is a most delicious pulp, and tastes as much like ripe peaches mashed in rich cream as any one need wish.

Which of these to prefer to all the rest, I cannot tell. The plaintain is doubtless the most useful as a common food; and the orange for traffic. Our Captain expects to ship several hundred bushels of oranges on the *Black Warrior* to New York this trip. I have learned from a gentleman that the orange tree is used extensively in both medicine and perfumery. He says that perfumers distill the rind and from it obtain an otto which is called *eau de Portugal;* that the perfume known in the fashionable world as *Le Petit Grain*, is from orange leaves; and that the oil of *neroli*, one of the chief ingredients in the common *eau de Cologne*, is nothing but a distillation of orange blossoms. Indeed the plaintain and orange are to Cuba what the potato is to Ireland.

It may seem strange but I saw but few lemons here in market. Being thirsty, we dropped into a saloon and made signs to the keeper that we wanted a drink of lemonade. We had some difficulty to make him understand us. At last he "fixed up" the beverage. But as soon as I tasted mine I threw it out, with a disgustful frown on the giver. It was as abominable as a cup of dirty dish-water mixed with a little vinegar would be! The fellow laughed at me, and said something, which I suppose meant, "Can't you go it, sir?" I said no, no—bah! what's to pay? It cost one fourth of a *rial*, about two and a half cents. Some of us got a pretty good dinner at the La Grange for *tres media pesos* (three half dollars,) a piece.

The Spaniards eat but little meat. Three reasons are given for this—1st. It is very dear; 2d. Very poor; and, 3d. Very unhealthy. They never fatten their beef, but kill it lean from the yoke. An old ox thus slaughtered and afterwards fried or stewed in rancid keg lard from Cincinnati, is neither delicious nor nutritious. The beautiful Queen of the West is known in Havana as the "hog city." Not a *city of hogs*, but the *hog city*, which sounds even harsher than the *Smoky City.*

We rode a few miles into the country to see a coffee farm. The plants are set in rows from five to eight feet apart. They grow about six feet high; are kept trimmed to make them grow bushy. The spaces between are often planted with flowers, shrubbery, and shade trees. A coffee plantation looks beautiful. And were it not so hot, I think it would be nice work gathering coffee; far more so, at least, than making sugar or picking cotton. I do not believe that any white man could stand either. These Africans and Indians seem constitutionally fitted for this climate by the God who made them; and it is wonderful how the labors of these poor fellows conduce to the individual and domestic comfort and convenience of the civilized world. Just think of it; cotton, coffee, and sugar—the three great staples of the South; how could we do without them? The sable sons of Ham are indeed our benefactors, and it is the very height of cruelty for any one to treat them illy.

The slave in Cuba is in a wretched condition, far more so than in the States. Thousands of native Africans are smuggled in here annually. This is done by British and French, as well as American kidnappers. A ship fits out from some of these West Indian ports for (it is said,) Liverpool, Havre, or Cadiz, but in reality for Africa, for a cargo of negroes. This is called "going to the coast for blackberries." It returns. The American flag is hoisted, and the cargo clandestinely set on shore. Great Britain has tried for years to suppress this. So have the United States. Both have pronounced it piracy. It is said that British marines have just been landed on this island to hunt for Bozel negroes, put ashore by a vessel under the American flag. Many gun boats have been stationed around this coast to suppress, if possible, this nefarious traffic. Others are cruising in the Gulf and among the Islands. This is likely to lead to difficulty between our government and England; for oftentimes our innocent merchant, and mail ships are overhauled by these cruisers in search of slavers. This is a very great annoyance and is highly offensive to the commanders and owners of such vessels as well as to the passengers.

Somewhat different grounds are taken by the two governments on this subject. We contend that the deck of an American ship is as much American soil, as the spot that holds the mortal remains of Washington; and are, therefore, determined to resist these provoking outrages from the power across the waters. But they reply, how can a slaver be known or apprehended under our flag, unless *all* vessels coming into these seas from Eastern ports be searched indiscriminately. So this matter hinges upon the old much mooted question of the right of search. The British government *assumes* the *right* to search; but it has never yet shown it to be just; and it is not at all likely that so strong and independent a government as ours, will allow such insults, on the part of English cruisers, to pass with impunity; and, hence, it is hoped that the offensive policy so boldly taken by England may be abandoned at once and forever; for the evil to which it is likely to lead, is far greater than the good it would seek to secure. [The claim is now abandoned.—ED.]

When we were about to leave the harbor a matter of some moment occurred. A business house in the city had failed for a large sum. A clerk in the employ of the firm was charged with embezzling the funds. It was supposed he had escaped to our ship. A number of officials came on board to make search. After much time was spent in the ransacking of our vessel, our Captain's patience began to fail, for I think ship Captains generally have but a small modicum of this grace at best. So these officers and their posse were told to leave the ship immediately if they did not wish to go to New York. They left with much reluctance, and scarcely had the *Black Warrior* got beyond the range of the guns of old Moro, when the "clerk" made his *debut* on deck! He had secreted himself between two mattresses, and thus escaped detection. The Spaniards would have put him to death, had they caught him. We are now again at sea.

We were a shorter time in Havana than we could have desired; but long enough to see most of the city and a *specimen* of the country. We have on board more than one hundred Spaniards. Most of them are on their way to Spain. They are said to be a sample of Cuban aristocracy. The clatter and confusion on deck as we left the Island, were intolerable.

The next day after we left Cuba, was the Sabbath. We had but one minister on board: he was asked to preach, but was not able. All night before, we had a very rough sea, and the "poor parson" was sea sick; so that this was one of the gloomiest Sabbaths he ever spent. His state-room was as hot as a dry-house. If he attempted to open the little circular window in it, in dashed the salt brine, wetting every thing! If he tried to go on deck, he soon found that he *couldn't do it;* so he lay on the broad of his back nearly all day; or, as the ship would give one of her awful pitches, he would raise his head, and * * * * * * and with a guttural forced from deep recesses, he would cry out, *New York—New Yo-o-o-r-k!* Poor fellow, but I did pity him; for it seemed that no one else did. When it was noised on deck that "the parson" had turned in, his old friends only heard it to laugh, and run to "54," to torment him! I felt that this was no fun, and the "parson" felt as I did. In the evening he crawled on deck to get a breath of pure air, and a distant glimpse of the coast of Florida on the left, and of the most Western of the Bahama Islands on the right. The most Eastern of this group is St. Salvador, the first land discovered by Columbus in the New World, in 1492.

Sight seeing was now a burthen, and the parson soon went below, turned in, and *staid in*, until the next day. More than three-fourths on board were as sick as he; and the very sight of so many sick Spaniards, was enough to sicken a well man. The ladies' cabin was a squallid looking place.

On Monday at noon, our latitude was 30° 49′, and long. 78° 37′. We were off the coast of Georgia. Had made three hundred miles during the last twenty four hours. Tuesday was a beautiful day—sea calm. The parson ventured on deck, but could not eat a mouthful. We passed twelve vessels in full sail to day; Lat. 35° 34′, off Wilmington, North Carolina. We have been following the Gulf stream. Have made a run of three hundred and twenty-five miles since yesterday at noon. We have gravity, wind, and steam, all in our favor. Saw one whale, many porpoises and flying fish. Caught one of the latter. And thus from day to day we traveled on, and came to Sandy Hook on Thursday morning. The scene in getting our pilot aboard during a gale, I will not describe.

We stop an hour in quarantine, in New York bay. The Doctors come aboard, examine, pronounce "all well," and on we go to meet the Custom House officials, who politely request us to let them take a look into our trunks. We did so, and many funny incidents occurred. One Creole lady along, bound for Newport, had a large trunk, in which there was said to be one hundred fine dresses! About noon we got on land again, thankful that our sea voyage had so happily ended.

And now, if the reader will have patience to read another letter, about Goshen and some other matters, we promise then to bring also to an end, this already too protracted traveling correspondence.

W.M.F.

For the Young.

Jack and his Meal Bag.

The mill was doing a great business that day, when Jack and David Jamieson rode up with their bag of corn to be ground. They lived on a small farm five miles off the main roads, and were therefore not sorry at the prospect of waiting several hours for their grist. It gave them a chance of seeing something of the liveliness and bustle of "The Corner," as that part of the village was called where the tavern, store, and mill stood. They ran about here and there, and saw and heard a great deal.

At last a heavy shower coming on, they went back to the mill to eat their lunch and see when their turn came. The miller's son and the squire's son were engaged in a brisk talk, which soon took Jack's attention. David went to look after the corn. The miller's son was urging upon the squire's son the importance of finding what truth the Bible enjoined, which the squire's son parried by saying it "was *no matter what a man believes, provided he's sincere.*" The rattling, off-hand tone of the young man pleased Jack, and he wished *he* could talk so. "Wouldn't he shut up his grand-sir? Yes, that he would." "*No matter what a man believes, provided he's sincere,*" said Jack to himself, bridling up, and bracing his conscience against the godly conversation of his relations. "He'd fix 'em now," he said, with a sly cant of his head.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the boy's grist was ready; when the old mare was brought out of the shed, the bag hoisted on her back, and Jack and David both mounted her—bag, boys, and mare homeward bound. "You've got a longer ride ahead than I wish you had, boys," said the miller, casting his eyes toward a black cloud which was rising and darkening the Western sky. "There's plenty of water up there for my mill."

The mare set briskly off, and was soon lost to sight among the windings of the forest road. But the gloom gathered faster than the horse trotted, and it was quite dark when they reached a fork in the road, where it might make a very considerable difference which path they took home. One was the traveled road. This way there was a good bridge over Bounding brook, a mountain stream, which was often dangerously swelled by the Spring rains. It was the safest, though the longest way home. The other was a wood path through the Pines, often taken in good weather by the farmers living on the East side of the town, to shorten the distance to the Corner. In this road Bounding brook was crossed by fording.

"Father told us to be sure and take the traveled road, if 'twas late," said David. "Going to," said Jack; and the mare stopped at the fork as if to let the boys be sure which to take. In fact, Jack was a little confused. The windings of the road with nothing but woods on each side, and of course no distinct landmarks to govern him; the gloom of the night hiding what objects might have served to direct him, together with his small acquaintance with the road, did puzzle the boys, although Jack, being the older of the two, with a dash of pride about him, would not own it. As the mare stopped, he came to a conclusion, and whipped up. "All right," he cried.

"Are you sure?" asked David. "This way I know," answered Jack. "*I don't know,*" said David; "let me jump off and run down to that light yonder, and ask; there must be a cabin there, and folks." "Oh we can't stop for all that," said Jack. "I honestly believe this is the traveled road, David, and that's enough; can't you trust me?" "But your honestly believing it don't make it so," muttered David. "I have n't a doubt of it, Dave; you be still," cried Jack, angrily. "I think we ought to ask, so as to be sure," persisted David. But Jack whipped up, and poor David's fears and words went to the winds, as gust after gust of the coming shower roared through the forest, and Jack urged the horse to all the speed which her heavy load would allow, on and on through the dark woods. Jack was well pleased with the correctness of his hasty decision about the way; and the farther he went, the more and more confirmed was he that it was the right way.

Presently the roarings of Bounding brook arose above the rattlings of the woods. A switch over the mare's haunches, and "we shall be over the bridge in a jiffy," cried Jack; "then, old fellow, what'll you say?" David privately muttered, "He'd like to feel himself over," when, a few more canters, and—Jack, David, meal, and mare were floundering in the raging waters of the swollen stream, pitch dark, the storm on them, and miles from human help. The first few moments of horrible suspense it were in vain to paint. Jack at last found himself anchored on a log of drift-wood, the icy waters breaking over him, and the bridle still fast in his hand. "David!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "David!" "The Lord have mercy," cried David, "I'm somewhere." The meal? ah, that was making a pudding in some wild eddy of the Bounding brook far below.

"No matter what a fellow believes, provided he's sincere," cried poor Jack thoroughly drenched and humbled. "It's the biggest lie the devil ever got up. It is matter. *Being right* is the main thing. Sincerity don't save a fellow from the tremendous consequences of being wrong, that it don't. Then what's the use of all a fellow's sincerity? It can't get him out of the scrape; he's got to *take* it. Lord help us. Did n't I honestly believe I was on the bridge of the traveled road, when I was like going to perdition in the ford of the wood path? Lord help us!" And the woful disasters of that night completely and forever cured poor Jack of a popular error, which has pitched many a poor soul in the wilder surges of unbelief and irreligion.—*Child's Paper.*

For the Ladies.

A Word to Young Ladies.

We wish to say a word to you young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever realize that you could have any influence over them? We believe that a young lady by her constant, consistent, Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, and almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent, Christian lady, be she young or old.

A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the truth of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded when more powerful appeals from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart.

Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society, are away from the influence of parents and sisters, and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the bad influence which his dissipated gentleman companions have over him. We believe it is all true, that a gentleman's character is formed, to a great extent, by the ladies he associates with before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him.

We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their younger brother to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay dissipated fellows because they thought it "smart;" and he did mingle with them until he became just like them, body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began further back than with his gentleman companions. It began with his sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of his character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate, they may, in various ways—by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their younger brothers to good ladies' society—lead them along until their character is formed; and then a high-toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep them from mingling with low society.

If a young man sees that the religion, which in youth he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at, by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think it is the thing for him. Let none say that they have no influence at all. This is not possible. You cannot live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can live without breathing. One is just as unavoidable as the other.

Beware then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fire of intemperance or gambling, which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion; a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or in any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others, may be the means of ruining others for time and eternity.—*Genio C. Scott in the Home Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

The Horse Breaker.

Our readers have heard of Rarey, the horse breaker. His method of treatment is known to hundreds beside himself; but they are sworn to secrecy and the payment of £10 10s.; and all that the public is permitted to know is, that the recipe is infallible in the most unpromising cases, and unattended by objections of any kind. This is vouched by the highest authorities, even by princes and peers; and the only doubt seems to be, whether the cure is permanent. Of this we have had little time to judge.

One of the most remarkable of all Mr. Rarey's experiments was made a few days since. Lord Dorchester thus writes of his horse "Cruiser," bred in 1852: "I consider him to have been vicious from a foal; he was always troublesome to handle, and showed temper on every opportunity. On his road here (Greywell) from Danebury he went on his knees, and tore the ground up with his teeth. I have seen him lean against the wall of his box, and kick and scream for ten minutes together. * * * His savage propensities rendered the care of him too dangerous an office for any man. For days he would allow no one to enter his box, and on one occasion tore an iron bar, one inch thick, in two with his teeth."

But "Mr. Rarey, when here, first subjugated a two-year old filly, perfectly unbroken. This he accomplished under half an hour, riding on her, opening an unbrella, beating a drum upon her, &c. He then took 'Cruiser' in hand, and in three hours Mr. Rarey, and myself mounted him. He had not been ridden for nearly three years, and was so vicious that it was impossible even to dress him, and it was necessary to keep him muzzled constantly. The following morning Mr. Rarey led him behind an open carriage on his road to London."

The editor of the *Times* adds his testimony to that of Lord Dorchester, "having witnessed the complete subjugation of the horse, which has been converted, in the course of a few days, from a state of savage ferocity to the ordinary condition of a thorough-bred stallion."—*London News.*

The "Old Story Ever New."

The body of a good-looking man, comfortably dressed, aged between thirty and forty, was lately found under the Stockwell Bridge, Glasgow. Among several letters found on his person, was one dated "January 30th, 1858." It began with "My dear Robert, and was signed "Ever yours, Janet." "You signed yourself 'yours faithfully.' Your faith is to be proved yet. I am afraid, had you been more faithful to yourself and me, you would have looked better after your own interest, and kept a stricter watch over your actions. But the end of March will prove whether you have been faithful or not, as it must then be decided if and when we are to be married, or part forever. If it must be the latter, your death would have been a pleasant sadness compared to being severed by your own actions."

IT IS SAID that scraps of leather burned under a plum tree, when in full bloom, so that the smoke will go in the tree, will effectually kill the curculio insect which destroys the fruit.

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