

CHRISTIAN



ADVOCATE.

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ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
"Arm Chair."

From an article under the caption, Prof. York's Grammar, published in the last issue of the Advocate, I have learned, for the first time, that an attempt, at least, has been made, in an article published in the University Magazine, to criticise the Manual of the English Language, which I published some four years ago. Since the publication of that article, the Magazine containing the criticism, has been put in my hands. Now I know not who or what the critic is—he simply subscribes himself Arm Chair. But judging from the facts and circumstances connected with the case, I am inclined to believe that he is one born out of due time. Or, that being in easy posture, he has taken a long sleep; for it should not be forgotten that the Manual referred to, has not only been before the public some four years, but has been placed in the hands of gentlemen, whose ability to judge of its merits or demerits, cannot be questioned. And yet, up to the time of the Arm Chair, if any attempt to criticise it was ever made, I am not aware of it. But very many complimentary notices have appeared in the news paper journals of this State and others; though the author never claimed perfection for it. Now what possible reason can be assigned for attacking this little work after it had run its race? Why did not Arm Chair sleep on; take his rest and reserve his fire till the new, enlarged and improved edition (which is now ready for the press) shall make its appearance? In this, perhaps, he may find a reason more worthy of his *habeant* strength and *righteous indignation*. Unwilling as I am to impugn the motives of Arm Chair, or any one else, yet I cannot avoid believing that this untimely attack is intended to injure me, as the author, by crippling the efforts now making to publish the revised edition.

But enough of this. Turn we from the critic to the criticism. I may say in the outset, once for all, that I deem it wholly unnecessary to notice all his puerile objections and feeble criticisms.

In speaking of the Grammar, he says, "I find two principle defects, to-wit:—First, *improper use of terms employed*; and, secondly, *words used as English, which are not in our Lexicons, and are not where to be found except in York's Grammar.*"

Our critic first objects to the term *constructive* as applied to Grammar. Why? Because he cannot satisfy himself by reasoning analogically that the term is properly used; and hence, has recourse to "Webster's Unabridged." The definitions given by Webster, seem to satisfy him of its improper use. How? Because the definitions, he says, are all *passive*. Is not this rather a remarkable conclusion? He assumes, or seems to assume, that the proposition is always preceded by a verb in the passive voice, and followed by an agent as a subsequent term. But this is certainly not the fact. May not a Grammar that teaches by construction, that is, in accordance with the *constructive* principles of the language, be properly called a *constructive Grammar*? By *construction*, in this sentence does not point out an agent, but only the means by which the teaching is conducted. Where, then, is the improper use of it? Perhaps no one, except Arm Chair would ever dream of its being an improper phraseology. But admitting that the definitions are passive, how does it follow that they are inapplicable to Grammar? Will Arm Chair be so kind as to give us the why's and the wherefore's? We have not confidence in his bare assertions.

In the title page, I use the following phrase:—"exhibiting an ocular demonstration of some of the most difficult principles of the science of language." To which our critic objects, and says: "I doubt exceedingly the possibility of exhibiting to the material eye principles of any kind. A principle, in my humble opinion," he adds, "is a mental conception, and not a visible substance;" and, therefore, he continues, "is certainly incapable of ocular demonstration." It will readily be perceived that the force of this objection rests upon what he, in his humble opinion, conceives a principle to be, "a mental conception." But who ever conceived any such thing before? Why did he not consult Webster again, as he is so fond of him? Let us see how Webster's definitions will harmonize with his. "Principle," says Webster, "the cause, source, or origin of anything; that from which a thing proceeds. Elements; constituent part; primordial substance." Now it is obvious that none of these definitions agree with his view of a principle. Again, Webster in defining *demonstration* gives the following:—"Infallible evidence of the senses." Now, with all this weight of evidence against him, will Arm Chair still persist that a principle is "a mental conception," and cannot, therefore, be demonstrated to the eye? If so, he must be more obstinate than wise.

It is said, I think, by Kirkham, that weak critics magnify trifling errors. And we may infer, of course, that weaker critics will magnify more trifling errors; and that the weakest critics magnify the most trifling errors. What shall we say, then, of such critics as magnify imaginary errors? Here we must make a new word to express it, to the utter horror of Arm Chair, as I am a North Carolinian, or make an advance upon the superlative I choose the latter, and say the *most-weak critics magnify imaginary errors!* It is true, the English language does not allow this order of expression, but as the Greek does, it must be endured.

In speaking of "Anatomy," or the construction of sent-nces, as illustrated by the frame-work of a tree, Arm Chair uses the following language: "I will state that the book contains, among the several diagrams, or pictures, that of a tree, stripped of its foliage, with the root of the Latin *most*, written in the trunk, and the terminations of Latin nouns of the first declension, on the extremities of the limbs or branches. What similarity there is between the declension of Latin nouns and an English sentence. * * * I could not venture a surmise, unless it be in vindication of the Author's claims to originality, as modestly hinted at in his preface." Now what will the reader think when I inform him that the diagram to which he refers was never used to illustrate the construction of an English sentence. It will be seen, by reference to page 53, of the Grammar, that diagram No. 2, the one he selects, is used to illustrate the nature of declension! Now, whatever Arm Chair may have intended, he either shows that he is ignorant of the book he professes so carefully and honestly to review, or has made a wilful misrepresentation.—Here is a dilemma; let him choose upon which horn he will fall.

As Arm Chair steps forward to criticise my humble effort, and comes out in the University Magazine, one would imagine that everything written by him would be perfect. But let us examine the following: "I could not venture a surmise, unless it be in vindication of the Author's claim to originality." Now does Arm Chair mean that at some time previous to writing the article he could not venture a surmise, or at the time of writing? Evidently at the time of writing. But Kirkham and Murray teach, that could venture, is in the imperfect or past tense.—Now if "the shades of Kirkham and Murray" do not "hover propitiously over us," a typographical error, may they not hamper Arm Chair, and disturb his nocturnal repose? Why did he not obey them and say "I cannot surmise"? Again: "Unless it be in vindication of the Author's claim to originality." Is this vindication a present uncertainty, or a future contingency? The former, I suppose, of course; Arm Chair himself being judge. Then is he not in danger of an unpropitious visit from the shades of Webster? Webster would say, unless it is in vindication. (See Webster's improved Grammar of the English Language.)

I pass on to notice the second objection of Arm Chair, namely: "Words used as English which are not in our Lexicons, and are not where to be found except in York's Grammar." Here new words and terms pour in so rapidly upon him, from a North Carolina "word-factory" as he supposes, that he becomes bewildered; confused, horrified. He looks round for aid; flies to his dictionary; turns to the Author's glossary; eagerly searches the Greek Lexicon for a Latin word; dips his pen in galle and writes bitter things against his Author—his professions of kindness to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Under such excitement it is strange that he should misunderstand the Author's meaning? Among other things, he says, that *mono* or *member*, is not used by the Author to point out any single thing, but members of a sentence, which he always thought (and who ever thought any thing else) had a connection with, or a dependence, upon some other member or members. He confounds analysis with synthesis. When we analyze a sentence, or any thing else, we separate it into its elementary principles, and consider each element alone, or by itself. This is the sense in which the Author uses the term. Arm Chair, therefore, palpably misrepresents, as will be seen from the following quotation from the Grammar: "A *mono* or *member* is that which can be taken alone, or the least whole which can be taken by itself."

Again: Our critic is perplexed to see why the Author uses "monos, singular to represent members plural, and monos singular is—*mono*—to represent the singular member." Perhaps I can enlighten his mind by remarking, that I use *mono*, not as a Greek adjective singular, but as a word Anglicized and pluralized, as most other nouns ending in o.

Our critic becomes ranting when he comes to the word *monotones*; and among other hard sayings which we have not time to notice, says, "It is useless for me to say (why then say it?) there is no such word in English, Latin, Greek or French, as *mono*, unless it be oblique case of *monos*!—unless it be oblique case of *monos*! Shade of Webster defend us!"

In speaking of *subfractive* and *petition-ative* our critic loses control of himself and affirms that "petition-ative is a down-right forgery." Respectful language this. But why does he call it a forgery? Because the Author, as he supposes, simply annexed *ive* to *petition*, forming *petition-ative*. Have authors no such right? Oh yes; anywhere also except in North Carolina. As to *subfractive*, I need only say that, in his "confusion intense," he has criticised the example given, rather than the term.

Arm Chair, in order to impress the reader that he deals with the Author fairly, says: "I beg leave to assure the reader that I have not mutilated or abbreviated, nor do I intend to mutilate or abbreviate, so as to obscure or pervert, or in any way effect or interfere with the meaning of a single passage in the book." Now let us see how this profession corresponds with facts themselves. On the very same page, in immediate connection with his fair promises, with my Grammar right before his eyes, for conjunctive adverbs, he quotes, "conjunctions, adverbs"—a comma between them; and pluralizes the adjective conjunctive; converts it into a noun, and makes a word which cannot be found in Webster; thereby utterly destroying the meaning of the Author. Again: for two "nations," he quotes two "collocations." Once more. For "nocturn," he sometimes quotes, "nocton" and sometimes "nocton!"

Some of the words at which our critic is horrified, and which he affirms are the offspring of the "word-factory" of North Carolina, are found in Webster: namely, "synthetical," " juxtaposition," "super," "sub," &c. Now the reader will please bear in mind that Arm Chair affirms that there are "words used as English, which are not where to be found except in York's Grammar;" and he gives the above as some of them! It may perhaps, fall upon the sleepy ear of Arm Chair, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, when I inform him and the public, that I am not aware of using a single word which I did not find in English authors; and if ever I manufactured a word at all, it has been accidental—I am not aware of it. Many of the words at which Arm Chair cavils and criticises so generously, are taken from the AMERICAN SYNTAX, published by James Brown, of Philadelphia, several years before I wrote a single sentence of the Grammar. This work, as well as his Appeal to Matter of Fact, is scattered throughout the United States, at least, I have met with it wherever I have gone. Now, as a North Carolinian, I appeal to the native justice and magnanimity of North Carolinians, if it is just and right for me to be held up to the public as a "word-factory," and "forger;" simply because Arm Chair has taken more than a seven years sleep, and thus has failed to keep up with the progress of science and literature? The "word-factory," then, at which Arm Chair cavils so much horror, may be found in the city of Philadelphia; and the ridicule, therefore, which he would heap upon me, under the pretense of protecting the literature and name of the old North State, must be turned in a different direction.

I would not be misunderstood; for though I did not manufacture the words at which our critic cavils, I have adopted them, fully approve them, and am prepared to defend them to the last extremity. But as a full, and I hope, satisfactory explanation of them will be found in the forthcoming edition of my Grammar, I deem it unnecessary to trouble the reader with it here. I would remark, however, that the ear of the English is already familiar with most of the new words complained of, such as "sub," "super," "mono,"—as in *sub-deacon*, *super-human*, *mono-syllable*. Oh, I beg Mr. Arm Chair's pardon for introducing these "*monogrels*;" they may make him nervous. It will be seen that *monosyllable* is composed of a fragment of a Greek adjective (the *s* being lost in composition), and the English *syllable*, if Arm Chair will allow *syllable* to be Anglicized. We leave the intelligent reader to analyze the other words.

Though these Anglicized Greek words are so grating to the refined, classic ear of Arm Chair, yet it should be borne in mind that a large majority of the people do not sit in arm chairs, nor are their ears accustomed to the *no-euphonic* sounds of barbarian Greek! hence, these new comers are not so offensive to them.

I will now hand over the critic to Jas. Brown of Philadelphia. But before I take leave of him, I would say, he would be more excusable, if I had not, in my Grammar, referred him, as a reader, to Mr. Brown's work. As to what the Author has done to promote the educational interests of the old North State, I leave it for others to judge.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
We Have no Class Meetings.

I met a Methodist sister not long since, and in the course of our conversation, she remarked, with pleasure beaming in her unusually bright eye, "Oh! how I do wish we could have Class in our Church, for I really feel like attending one as I used to do." Being a comparatively young member—not having yet passed my probation i. e., not having become a member in full standing—and never having been privileged to attend one, I could not join with her in speaking of the delightful hours spent in these meetings. But I did join heartily with her in wishing that we had a Class in our little church, that I might unite with my brethren in those meetings. I could not refuse to believe them efficacious for good, and well calculated to keep our faith active and vigorous, and to increase our spiritual enjoyments. As it is at present, I can only read and hear concerning the pleasures and benefits of the Class-meetings, but can not participate therein—I can hear of the sweet melody of the song, but am not allowed to hear the song itself. But my object is not to elaborate an article, but to simply call attention to the fact, that those means so highly estimated by our Church, and which have been so fondly cherished by the great and pious dead—I mean Class Meetings—are utterly neglected in portions of the connection. Why is this so. The neglect can not certainly arise from any doubt as to their efficacy or excellence. The last General Conference expressed unabated confidence in and attachment for this well tried institution, as highly "important to the spirituality of the Church." And the Bishops in their Pastoral Address declared, that the "laws upon the subject" should not be "revoked." The General Conference fully comprehending and appreciating it, passed a preamble and resolution "in order to secure a better attendance on this means of grace." The preamble I omit, but the resolution is in these words:

Resolved, That the College of Bishops be requested to give the institution of Class-meetings a prominent place in the proposed Pastoral Address to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and to give such advice and counsel on this general subject as in their golly judgment, the circumstances of the case may demand; and also, to keep the institution prominently before the Annual Conferences, by inquiring carefully how far it is fostered, and attendance upon it enforced.

I sincerely hope, Brother Heelin, that you will employ your Editorial pen in correcting the evil arising from the neglect in some places of this cherished institution. Stir up the travelling preachers to a sense of their duty in the matter in question. Animate and encourage the wavering and indifferent, and infuse new energy and zeal into the hearts of those already acting with entire fidelity to their high and holy calling—who are not practically ignoring a duty which they owe to their God, their Church, and themselves.

And it is with reference to this very question that the Bishops in their last Pastoral Address hold the following:—"We do not believe in the policy of ignoring a scriptural duty, or relaxing discipline, because wrong-doing has grown common and popular, nor would we surrender a prudent regulation long approved largely useful, always conservative, because a few, opposed to the thing itself, seek its virtual abolition by repealing the obligation to observe it." Dr. Coke too in speaking of this institution says, "Through the grace of God, our classes form the pillars of our work, and are in a considerable degree, our universities for the ministry."

Let us then have a class-meeting in every church throughout our connection. Let those who desire to "provoke unto love, and good words" by "exhorting one another," at least be allowed the benefit of attending a class. I am but a "babe in Christ," and I am extremely anxious to have a chance of using all the means of grace with which we are surrounded.—Draw your well pointed pen then, Mr. Editor, and urge your "yokel-fellows" in the Gospel to the prompt, efficient and faithful discharge of every Christian duty.—Specially urge them not to neglect organizing classes wherever Churches in the Conference are now without them. Hoping to hear from you in regard to this important matter, I am in warm and woof.

A METHODIST.

Nil Desperandum! The darkest cloud
May have a silver lining;
And round the deadliest plant that grows
Some blossoms may be twining!

May still be bright at even;
And should our life a desert seem,
There cometh peace in heaven!

Nil Desperandum! The saddest night
Must ere long have an ending,
And o'er its gloomy pall we see

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
We Have no Class Meetings.

The morn's bright ray descending,
What though the sacred links of love
Must on the earth be riven!
Nil Desperandum! In endless strength
They shall be linked in heaven!

SELECTIONS.

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."
MANY, many times do these words sound the death-knell to all earthly happiness; many, many times is this burden of a requiem to which Heaven alone listens when the marriage-vow is plighted; a requiem which the fair, pale bride would not for the world speak aloud, but which every heart-throb thrills home to her burning spirit, even through in deceitful mockery she answers the fatal "yes."

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."
Poor girl! She gives her hand, but there is no heart in the matter. She is clearly aware of his unfitness to make her happy; she even shrinks, at first, with ill-concealed inward loathing, from the idea of surrendering herself to a man whom her heart has not chosen. She tries to summon courage sufficient to refuse him. But she is conscious of her entire inability to depend upon herself. She says, "He will, at least, keep me in a respectable condition in life—I must marry him." And forthwith she stands at the altar and plights a love which she does not feel. She becomes his wife; not from a sense of love and duty, but from the mercenary desire to obtain a shelter from the fierce storms whose violence she is unable to resist by her own powers. Helpless creature—how deserving of pity!

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."
Young lady, is this to be the motive that decides your choice? Heaven forbid. Arm yourself with a consciousness of power to grapple with actual life for yourself. By a careful process of self-culture, prepare to sustain a true womanly independence, should health deprive you of your natural protectors and supporters. Prepare to stand self-supported amid the selfish throng that crowd life's motley stage. You will then be at liberty to consult your heart, whenever a candidate for your hand appears. You could even venture to marry the man you love, even if he had no home, with the joyful thought of being able to help him to get one—and what a happy home would that be!

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."
To love, some one who loves and cares for me!—this is the better reasoning. With this your motto, this your aim, you shall be the crowning glory of your home, and your husband shall acknowledge you to be the good genius of his existence; and this invaluable power of self-reliance shall be a precious talisman of safety, at all times and under all circumstances, and will prepare you for any crisis or condition to which you may be called.

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."
Yes, and a miserable, unhappy home you will have, with nothing but mercenary love in it. Your character shall determine the question of your husband's success or defeat in the mighty battles of life—for many a man, of high promise and golden gifts, has been dragged deep into despair by a weak-minded, inefficient wife, who "just married him to get a home." She is but a weakness and disease to his pinion, instead of beauty and vigor to his wings, which otherwise would have borne him on to honor and fortune.

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."
do you say? Never dare to speak or think that fatal thought again. Wake up to a sense of your own inward strength. You are a woman—not a child. Dependent poverty is one of the saddest and most tyrannical of human ills. Life is a dreary waste, and its storms are heralds of certain destruction, to such a helpless, friendless child of earth as you are. Buckle on the armour of self-reliance, and feel that you are able to cope with the world, and with this noble consciousness of power you will surely succeed. If adversity then be yours, you will be prepared to meet its frosts, breath; if a wife, you will be content and happy, whether prosperous or adverse circumstances are yours—nothing would daunt you, for your motto would be—

"Let come the wild weather—come sleet or come snow—
We will stand by each other, however it blow:
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true-love as links to the chain."

Chattanooga Advertiser.
An Editor's Work.
Rev. James Caghey, whose labors have led to the conversion of so many souls, writing from Manchester, England, to the London *Wedgeon Times*, gives his opinion on editor's duties as follows:
Condensation is my recreation when preparing my journal for the press. For an instance or two; here is a package of letters from different individuals, labelled

ed, "Doc. No. 5 of the great revival in ——" These are carefully read over one by one, and points of interest marked.— They contain criticisms on the preacher, from pleased and from displeased hearers, with some hard names, and really valuable advice, with some that is ridiculous; anecdotes; sudden deaths of hearers; accidents; conversions; restitution cases; *passion* incidents, by the tongue, the hand, the pen. Here are several closely written pages from one, in which are two or three gems of thought—encumbered by worthless surroundings; the gems are transferred to sparkle in the journal, and the "setting" to illumine the grate! And here is another communication, wordy, but it has sense worth the search; but of what use to make so much of a little? Yet the little is worth finding out and preserving; a few grains of wheat, mixed with much perplexing chaff—relieved by *winnowing!* * * *

Three-quarters of an hour spent upon another long and wordy letter have *relinquished*. The writer should be thankful to me, as I am truly thankful to him! It reads very well now, and thrills; but that *touching piece*, as it was, resembles a sword in a cumbersome scabbard, or as David in Saul's armor! And here is another! The writer wrote in *search of an idea*, not knowing where or how he might find it; and when found, he could not leave it without writing it almost out of sight again! Had he drawn his pen across all the circuitous and weary route by which he reached it, then his truly noble *idea* might have stood out on his page, prominent as a star on the brow of heaven! And here is yet another,—tempting one to say with the Spanish poet,

"I do not see
The most remote necessity
To dress up what we have to say
In such a roundabout fine way!"

But even in this production there are ten or fifteen lines which would have graced the pages of a Cicero! These are detained, with gratitude, and the remainder is nowhere!

But you editors, I doubt, dare hardly be so bold with your correspondents; and if you were, what a drudgery! Yet, sir, for the want of this *boldness and dexterity*, we have known good-natured editors allow their papers to be swamped and sunk irretrievably by the voracity of their correspondents!

A Sketch.
Slowly softly, fades the sunset,
To the twilight gray and cold,
Deeper, darker fall the shadows
In the wood and o'er the world,
In the west the glow is paling,
Fading.

Colder, swifter sweeps the wild wind
From the towering pine trees down,
Singing through the weed like branches
With a wilder, sadder moan,
In the west the glow is paling,
Fading.

Clearer, brighter grows the moonlight,
Crowning all the hilltop hoary,
Lying lightly as a snow wreath
With its golden, golden glory,
Tough the western glow is paling,
Fading.

Gather closer round the loved one
Ye have watched for many a day,
Watched her form grow fairer, freer,
Till it drops in life's pathway;
From her brow the life is paling,
Fading.

Nearer, sweeter grows the music
Swept from angel harps along,
Brighter grows the smile and brighter,
With the wavings of that song;
From her brow the life is paling,
Fading.

Glowy-light from heaven falleth,
O'er eye and cheek and brow,
Lying lightly as a snow wreath
No more need to whisper now,
From her brow the life hath faded,
Faded.

It is best to get Married.
Mr. Farr, a statistician connected with the Registrar-General's office in London, has recently read a paper, which was afterwards printed in the *Daily News*, on "The Influence of Marriage on the Mortality of the French People." He says: "A remarkable series of observations, extending over the whole of France, enables us to determine for the first time the effect of conjugal condition on the life of a large population. The result confirms the common opinion of the evil consequences of marriage in many cases under the age of twenty, before the growth of the individual man or woman is completed." The married for twenty to sixty have a lower death rate than the unmarried. Among the widowed a higher mortality prevails than amongst the married.

Dr. Farr sums up—"This is the general result. Marriage is a healthy state.—The single individual is more likely to be wrecked on his voyage than the lives joined together in matrimony." To the question: "Is any part of the excessive mortality of the single in France referable to

vice?" Dr. Farr's answer is decided.— "Yes; to vice and its attendant irregularities," which he tells us induce "half the sickness, and, indirectly, some of the mortality of the army, which in this respect fairly represents the unmarried population."

Jerusalem.
The following translation of the beautiful hymn of Ambrose, "Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem," is given in *Notes and Queries*:
Celestial seat, Jerusalem
Blest vision of unending peace,
Built up of living stones, by them
They walk to slurry skies increase.
And thou, resplendent spouse, art found
By countless angels circled round.

O thou espoused with richest dower,
The Father's glory beams on thee!
On thee descends thy spouse's power,
O bounteous Queen! betrothed, yet free;
Resplendent city! blest above,
With Christ our Prince in nuptial love.

Here spread the ample portals fair,
To all aspirants opened wide;
And rich with pearls and jewels rare,
Invites whose spirits blest reside.
Hither our faithful martyrs led,
Who for Christ's love have nobly bled.

The child's oft-repeated stroke,
Urged by the mallet's ponderous power,
The stone's rough stubborn substance broke,
And fashioned thee on high to tower;
And lily shaped, and firmly joined,
Was all by skillful hand combined.

Let glory, praise, and honor due
Be to the Eternal Father paid;
And to His sole-begotten true,
His Son, by whom all things were made,
The same to God, the Holy Ghost,
By men and by the heavenly host.

Dream of a Quaker Lady.
There is a beautiful story, told of a pious old Quaker lady, who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in the bed for this purpose during the night. After one of these entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied on returning, that he could not find it. "Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there!"

He examined again; but returned with a sorrowful face, saying it was not there. "Oh," said she in agony, "it must be there! I have an assurance that it is there! Do look once more!"
The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence, he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed—

"We have found it! but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it."
The good old woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

The Tomb of Napoleon—His Dying Words.
A late visitor at his tomb in St. Helena writes:

"I turned away from house and tomb with deeper convictions than ever of the vanity of man as a mortal." Who would not? And that death-room! How the last words lingered about it which Napoleon uttered in it, from a crushed and bleeding heart! "General Bertrand I shall soon be in my grave. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with Caesar and Alexander. And I too am forgotten, and the Marengo conqueror and emperor is a College theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sits in judgment upon me, according to me censure or praise. And remark what is soon to become of me. I die before my time, and my dead body, too, must return to the earth and become food for worms. Behold the destiny now at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved, and adored, whose kingdom is extending over all the earth."

Original Magna Charta.
Magna Charta—It not the original, a copy made when King John's seal was affixed to it—was acquired by the British Museum with the Cottonian Library. It was nearly destroyed in the fire at Westminster in 1731; the parchment is much shriveled and mutilated, and the seal is reduced to an almost shapeless mass of wax. The MS. was carefully lined and mounted, and is now secured under glass. It is about two feet square, is written in Latin, and is quite illegible.

Oriental Illustration of a Christian Precept.
BY HERBERT KNOWLES.
Forgive thy foes;—not that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none;
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
So does the fragrant sandal flower,
In meek forgiveness, to its doom;
And o'er the air, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.