

The Biblical Recorder.

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Letters from and about Europe.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.]
LONDON, JUNE 24, 1850.

Messrs. Editors—After a most fatiguing ride of twenty hours, per railway from Glasgow, I reached London, which is a world in itself. It is said to contain nearly 12,000 (twelve thousand!) streets, 200,000 houses, and 2,000,000 of people. It stands on a surface of eighteen square miles, and is about thirty miles in circumference. The streets are so very crooked, that no two of them run any distance in the same direction; and many of the most important streets are so narrow, that one conveyance cannot pass another. But London is a self-contained city. Everything seems here. Here are royalty and rags—wealth and wretchedness—streets so narrow as to be scarcely passable, and others broad enough to satisfy the most ambitious for room. Ancient structures, which have stood the blasts of winter for seven or eight centuries, and splendid palaces, the top stones of which are not yet laid. It is a noble specimen of a commercial mart. Operations here are conducted on the largest scale. You enter a mean, narrow, antiquated street—the houses on each side perhaps a century old—no outside appearance—no display—but going into one of them, you find the hum of business—all is life and activity there. Paternoster Row, for example, the far-famed literary depot, whence flows, as from a fountain-head, the literature of the English language. It is precisely like those streets I have mentioned; so narrow, that for one vehicle to pass another is out of the question. The houses are old and ought long since to have been pulled down; yet here are Longman & Co.; Ward, Hamilton, Adams & Co.; Rivington; Baynes; Bugster; the Religious Tract Society; Sunday School Union, and a great many others; in fact, both sides of the street are lined with publishers and booksellers. Having a letter of introduction from a bookselling firm in New York to Messrs. Longman & Co., I had the pleasure of going over their establishment, which is one of the largest of the kind in the world, and where prodigious sums have been paid as copyright to native authors. Every thing is divided off in such a way as to secure accuracy and promptitude. One department is the retail; another the wholesale for the city; another the wholesale for the country; another for foreign orders, from which all books sent abroad are despatched; another for the counting rooms; another as the receiving room, where all merchandise is received, and distributed to the other departments—all these are on the first floor, while the stories above are literally crammed with books in sheets. In a busy season one of the members of this firm told me, it was no unusual thing for them to receive three hundred letters in a day.

Some of the publishing concerns here pay enormous sums for advertising. One bookseller showed me an advertisement in the Times, which, for one insertion, cost him \$500—and all this for one book—Scott's Commentary. For advertising this work alone, he informed me, he had paid within a few weeks \$2500. Being introduced to Mr. Jones, the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, I was taken through their establishment, where the same division of labour still exists. This Society has been instrumental in circulating an immense number of religious books; such as for instance of old Humphrey's Walks in London, 56,173; Jabez's token for Children, 85,849; of the trials of the Poor, 97,970; of Bogatzky's Golden Treasury, 109,161; and of James' Anxious Inquirer, 350,377. Upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this latter work have been printed from one set of stereotype casts, and they showed me a copy of the last impression, which they say, has but one letter injured.

REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

On Sabbath morning I went to the National Scotch church, Regent's Square, to hear the Rev. James Hamilton, D. D. His church is a large one, and was very full. The seats are after the old fashioned pattern, with high backs, and without cushions, which render them very uncomfortable. Dr. Hamilton, though widely known as an author, is but a young man, somewhere perhaps between forty and forty-five. He lectured on the 25th chapter of Acts—Paul's landing at Malta. After giving a rapid, though interesting, sketch of the history of this island, he went briefly over the narrative, explaining in a simple, though striking style, the principal points in it, and closed by drawing several practical deductions from the whole. It was a beautiful lecture, and some parts of it surpassingly eloquent. He uses notes, but does not seem at all times confined to them.

BAPTIST NOEL.

In the evening, at half past six, I heard the Rev. Baptist W. Noel. His church is in a very retired street, and not a very large edifice, though from the manner of constructing the pews, and from the fact that the gallery runs round the four sides, the pulpit being near the centre, it holds a larger number of people than ordinary churches of the same size. After standing some time in the aisle, with a number of other persons,

without having the offer of a seat from either the sexton or pew holder, I walked forward, selecting the one best calculated for seeing the speaker and hearing his voice, I took my seat, asking no questions. The church soon became densely crowded. The precursor, or leader of the singing, gave out the hymn, and read one verse, and then, with the congregation, sung it, after which he read another, and so on to the end of the hymn. Mr. Noel then read a chapter and prayed. He pleaded earnestly for the English establishment, that her ministers might seek that reformation, which she, as a church, so much needed—for the Scotch establishment in the same way—then in the warmest and kindest manner for the Free Church of Scotland, and for her General Assembly, which was soon to convene; for the Presbyterian and Established religions of Ireland, and for God's blessing on the new secession in France.

His text was 1 John iii. 2, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." The subject of the discourse was that assurance which God's people might and consequently ought to possess, that they are his children. It was about an hour and a quarter in length—simple and plain in its structure, though very earnest. He has a fine voice, and his enunciation is slow and very distinct. He used no notes and turned up a great many passages of reference in the Bible lying before him.

ST. PAUL'S.

I was greatly interested by my visit to St. Paul's. Much as I had been led to expect from this prodigious structure, it far exceeded my highest anticipations. But it beggars all description. Surely if angelic beings would deign to worship in buildings of human construction, this edifice, with its mighty dome, would be the fittest place.

On the ground floor around the building is ranged a series of monuments to the great and brave of the mighty dead, which have graced the annals of British History. Most of them are exquisite in design, and no less so in execution, and are well worthy of those whom the commemorate. Immense sums have been expended in this way by the British government, many of these monuments having cost upwards of thirty thousand dollars each. From the bottom I ascended to the whispering gallery, running round the building just below the dome, where a whisper on one side is heard at the other, though the distance is one hundred and thirty feet—here the distance seemed very great to the floor. The dome is composed of a double concave, one within the other, the under being open at the top, the painting at the very top, which is seen below, is on the upper one. Ascending to the top of the inside one, I looked over into the immense area, within, below. The whispering gallery from this point appeared not very far up, but the people on the floor dwindled down to mere children. From here I proceeded up to the ball, and from there into the brass cross on the pinnacle. The ascent to this is somewhat difficult, there being no stair, and the passage so narrow that no corpulent person could make his way through—only one person can ascend at once. At this point, being a great distance above the spires of the highest steeple, and the day being clear, the panoramic view of London was magnificent, and well repaid the labour of ascent. The houses below became nursery toys, and the pedestrians pigmies—the Thames a brook, and the vessels in it mere mimic ships. Though the view from this great height, in so clear a day, covered miles beyond miles in extent, yet so great is the magnitude of London, that as far as eye could reach, all was brick and mortar, stone and lime. After enjoying for some time the magnificent view that lay before me, I began to descend, and though usually considered a rapid pedestrian, it took me nearly ten minutes to reach the floor. I should think the distance, by the winding stairs, must be about a quarter of a mile. After viewing the main building, I was taken into the vaults below, where lie the mortal remains of Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, and many others. As I followed the guide beneath the ponderous arches (the abutments of some of which are upwards of twenty feet in diameter, solid stone,) with the monuments of death all around me, where all was dark as midnight and still as the grave, as the light flickered dimly from his dirty lantern, I could almost imagine myself in Popish clutches, about to be led before a blood-thirsty inquisitor, to whom I could look for neither deliverance nor mercy.

The first stone of this lofty edifice was laid in 1675, and the last one 1710. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, received but \$1000 per annum for his salary, out of which he had to pay for the models and drawings he required. It was begun and completed under one architect, by one master mason, and while one Bishop presided over the diocese. The entire length is 510 feet, the breadth 220. From the pavement in the street, to the top of the cross on the dome, is 404 feet. The whole expense of its erection was \$7,500,000. It covers two acres and sixteen perches of ground, and there are 615 steps from the floor to the ball.

VIEW AND VIEWS.

The vicious may prosper for a season, but virtue will triumph at last. The apparent success of the wicked should not discourage those who endeavor to live upright and consistent lives. If they live to see the end of the unrighteous, they will not feel a particle of envy at their success. A man may live long, be vile and unprincipled, and prosper through all his days. But does this prove that is well

with the vicious? Far from it. Mysterious are the workings of Providence. But the time will come when we shall see the wisdom of all the dealings of God. It is the testimony of revelation; it is the opinion of the wise and good of all ages; that the wicked shall not go unpunished. There is nothing like virtue to produce happiness and perfect of mind.

Baptists in Prussia.

There are now fifteen Baptist churches in Prussia, containing 1,016 members, 258 of whom were baptized last year. Under date of Berlin, March 27, 1850, Mr. Lehmann communicates some interesting particulars respecting these to the Secretaries of the English Baptist Union. We copy the following paragraphs from the June number of the London Baptist Magazine:—*Watch, & Reflector.*

Next in importance in our neighborhood is the church in Templin, where brother Kemnitz is pastor. This has had a very blessed, calm, but lovely increase. Now there are fifty-four members, twenty-one being baptized last year, being a clear increase of seventeen. I recently was there, and found that eleven new candidates for baptism waited for the ordinance. They have also now a proper meeting-house. I preached there to large assemblies, and enjoyed sweet communion with the saints.

But the most interesting field of labor is in our eastern provinces. We have formed in our Association also a missionary force, devoting one-third of our pecuniary force to the heathen, and two-thirds to our home mission. Several evangelists have been sent out by us, also by aid of the American Baptist Missionary Union. One of these, brother Weist, has proved to be an undaunted soldier of Christ. After some travelling during the first part of his ministry, he came to those regions above mentioned in the beginning of last year. He found an open door in Stolzenberg, a village between Elbing and Königsberg. He preached Christ crucified, and soon gathered a number of inquirers, whom, after some time, he baptized, and went on. At the close of the year, the church there formed consisted of seventy members, and now at least ten more are added. All this has been achieved under the greatest hatred and persecution of the world, which brother Weist defied and overcame, so that now he is diligently engaged to build a meeting-house for the newly formed church. Surely, this is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Several of our church members of Berlin have been levied during the last political movements and struggles, and enlisted with various regiments. They were thus transplanted to very distant regions, but everywhere they have, more or less diligently, been engaged to spread the tidings of salvation. I may mention particularly one of them, brother Wichler, who was to enter the army as a sergeant. He spent a long time, in the neighborhood of Frankfurt-on-Maine were he used all his influence to win people for Christ. He so far succeeded, that about eleven were ready to follow Christ in baptism, being converted from darkness to his wonderful light. By a ministering brother in the neighborhood, these were actually immersed, and formed into a church, while great numbers flocked together to listen to the message of grace from the unwonted instrument of a Prussian soldier. But this excited the fury of the priests, and they did their utmost to crush the Baptist cause. They at last succeeded to get our dear brother removed from that region, and his colonel threatened him with imprisonment if once more he would preach. "It was a shame," said he, "to the whole regiment. It would not become him, as a Prussian sergeant, if he would go round and shave people in the village; just as little it became him to pray and sing with the peasants." However, our brother's letters breathe an undaunted courage, and he seems determined to risk all, though he is one of the most humble disciples of Jesus. May the Lord bless him further abundantly.

"The Kingdom of God is Within You."

True Christianity is spiritual in its essential character, and the only locality in this world is the hearts of renovated men. This is the kingdom that Christ came to found and promulgate; and it is the only kingdom that can dethrone sin and Satan; repair the ruin of the fall; restore man to the divine favor; and redeem the world to God. As such it is of heavenly origin—a communication from Jehovah—an outflowing of the Divine character and beneficence. It is the wisdom from above. As the soft splendor of moonlight is only a reflection from the beams of the luminary of day, so all the piety that invests and adorns true Christian virtue, is but the reflected radiance of the Sun of Righteousness; it had its source in the infinite blessedness of God; was revealed in Him who is the Brightness of his glory, and the Express Image of his Person; and it is communicated by the Holy Spirit to the subject of renewing grace. And here it stands opposed, and in crowning distinction, to all religions of human or earthly origin. Many are the systems of belief derived from human speculations, and which have been presented as all that is necessary for mankind in their present and future existence. Pagan philosophies, from the first idolater to the latest deceiver, have toiled to construct an earthly religion, which, like Babel's towers, should penetrate the upper heaven, and carry its builders there. But like that old stupendous folly, these systems

have scarcely reached the clouds, while their authors, like the degenerate sons of Noah, have been confounded and scattered. Sublime above them all, in its heaven-born glory, stands the unchangeable fabric of Christianity—the spiritual kingdom of God. Celestial in its origin, brighter than the sun, it shines with life-giving and purifying beams, upon this darkened world, and wherever the light is welcomed to the heart, it makes a heaven below. It is like the scenes in the apocalyptic vision of the Prophet-apostle, as he saw the holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride for her husband; and, as he heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. Thus an influence from the heart of Deity, an apprehending influence, that causes us to renounce sin, and that draws us to Himself in holy affection, and to His service in willing obedience, has been communicated to our hearts, or we are not the subjects of God's gracious kingdom. That privilege belongs only to believers in Christ, who are "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."—*Rev. S. D. Phelps' Fast Day Sermon.*

BEAUTY OF JEWESSES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one:—"Jewesses," he said "I have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his hand precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy woman accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices; and weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, who weepst thou?" His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her "Mary!" At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

The Hindoo Mother.

Among the stories which Mr. Bateman told was one which greatly affected the little boys and girls. It was about a Hindoo woman who threw her little baby into the river Ganges. Some of you have very likely heard that there is a river in the north of India called the Ganges, and which the poor, ignorant people there foolishly worship. They look upon its waters as very sacred, and fancy that if they drink them, they will get a great blessing from them; or if they wash in them, they will come out quite cleansed from their sin; or if they die in them, will go, all bright and glorious, to Paradise. The great value they thus set upon the Ganges make them offer to it very costly things; and sometimes they will throw into it all sorts of precious jewels, in the hope that the goddess who rules over it will do them good. Even the little children are sometimes thrown thus into the river.

One day a young Hindoo mother was seen going down to the Ganges, carrying a sweet little baby in her arms, which she was loading with her kisses and bathing with her tears. The person that saw her thought, "Ah! poor Hindoo woman, she is going to throw that child to the Ganges"; so he watched her. When she got down to the river, he saw her lay her lovely babe upon the grass, and then, going to the edge of the stream, gathered some of the long reeds or flags that grew there; these she plaited together so as to make a sort of little raft. She then gathered a number of the beautiful flowers of the lotus—a sort of water-lily, and with these she made a wreath all around the raft. Then lighting a little lamp, and placing it in one corner, she lifted up her babe, again loaded it with kisses, placed it in the midst of the flowers, and then pushed all off upon the surface of the stream, a beautiful offering to the goddess. She thought that the stream would bear away her gift quite out of sight; that by and by her darling babe might, perhaps, fall off the raft and be drowned in the sacred river, and that then, as its little spirit rose to paradise, the goddess would pardon her sin and bless her soul. But it so happened that she did not push it far enough, and the eddies of the river brought back the little raft underneath the over-hanging branches of some bushes at the side. The little babe held out its hand to his mother, and cried for her to take it up; but no, she had given it up to the Ganges, and she dare not take it back. At last, as it passed under a bush, the little thing caught fast hold of it, and lifted itself up a little

from the raft. The moment the mother saw that she was seized with fear, that, perhaps, after all, it might escape, and then a curse, and not a blessing, would fall upon her spirit. So she rushed down to the spot, and scrambling out to the end of the branch where her little child clung, she seized hold of it, wrung its little neck round and round, and then threw it out into the river, where it sunk to rise no more.

"O, cruel Hindoo!" you all of you cry out; but I would rather say, "O, ignorant Hindoo mother!" Poor woman! she did not know that God had given his Son to die for her so she gave her babe an offering to the Ganges. Had she known that you knew of God giving his Son for her sins, she would not have acted as she did. O! let us send her word of the glorious gospel of God, and tell her that she need not throw her child to the Ganges, for God has given up his son, and "His blood cleanseth from all sin."—*Just. Miss. Mag.*

Strive.

That is the word—strive. Whatever may be your calling, pursuit, or aim, you can do nothing worthy of your being, without striving—without putting forth all the energies of your soul. You must strive to become proficient in knowledge—to acquire a good reputation—to amass wealth—secure honor—or last, but not least by any means, to enter into the straight gate, and go to heaven. Without striving in some degree, you will become nothing worthy of note, but remain idle excrescences on the industrious public.

Show us a man of energy—who is striving to rise from the hole of poverty or the bog of obscurity, and we can at once predict what he will become—providing he has health and virtue. We can see him rise—slowly it may be—but rise he does, higher and higher, till he reaches the summit, where his fondest hopes aspired. Behold him there—the admiration of all. It was not the love of praise, or power; it was sterling integrity—a God-like principle that prompted him onward and upward; and now his earliest and his latest thoughts are in heaven. He will never be satisfied till he walks through the golden gates, and sees eye to eye the holy spirits, whose character and virtues he has been so long accustomed to reverence and imitate.

Young men, what do you intend to become?—Will you strive for moral excellence and virtue? Let these be your ambition and glorious will be your destiny. Evil men may entice you—glowing prospects may bewitch you—but if you have correct moral principles in your hearts—if you strive to overcome pride and every form of sin, you will escape the glare and folly of the world, and stand forth a patron of virtue, for the imitation of all.—*Olive Branch.*

Mohammedanism Dying Out in Turkey.

Twenty years ago, travellers tell us, the Turks were punctual in their devotions; now a Turk is seldom seen at his private prayers. Throughout the East, indeed, Mohammedanism is dying out. The very substance on which it is stereotyped is changed, and will no longer retain the old impression. European civilization is acting upon it like a powerful chemical agent. Infidelity, too, is preparing the way for Christianity, and is, as has been happily said, "breaking the chains of superstition with its iron mace." A gentleman in the civil service of the East India Company has just offered a prize of two hundred pounds for the best essay on the life of Christ, with the view of having it translated into the languages of India. This will be truly a work for the times there, and, if well executed, will do immense good. Mohammedanism cannot stand before education. English colleges are destroying Indian temples. The people, to whose contemplative and speculative genius we owe the germs of our civilization—who were our first teachers in religion and science—are awaking from the slumbers of a slavery that threatened to last to the end of time.

The Turkish people, who have so long been the ruling race in the East, are not what they were. They have lost the port of pride, the haughty mein of conquerors. They are sinking into poverty, and desponding of their destiny. Their faith is dead—they wish not to fight any more for their religious and political head. The military conscriptions have made them regard children as a curse, instead of a blessing. It is a melancholy fact, mentioned by Mr. McFarlane in "Turkey and its Destiny," that a Turkish family seldom now rears more than one child. What becomes of the rest? Hence the Turkish population is rapidly diminishing.

But the non-Turkish population is increasing as rapidly. The Greek and Armenian Christians are not only increasing in numbers, but rising fast in wealth and influence. They are industrious and hopeful. They are weary of the Turkish yoke, which is one of the heaviest and most galling on earth: inasmuch that we are assured three-fourths of the population of Turkey in Europe would gladly hail an invasion by the Emperor of Russia. Nothing would be easier than for him to conquer Turkey. But for the great European powers, the Sultan would be at the mercy of the Czar. To an ambitious mind like his, the Turkish empire, so feebly guarded, must present an almost irresistible temptation. It is not likely the temptation will be resisted long. But France, England, Austria, and Prussia would be competitors for the prize. Perhaps we shall have a partition of Turkey. At

all events, the old, decayed, feeble, and disjointed frame-work of Mohammedanism and the Papacy seem destined to perish together in a general conflagration. And, surely, we may be allowed to quote the Scriptures in at least a secondary and accommodated sense, and say that the vast regions which they have so long lighted and darkened will present "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." How great will be the deliverance, by ridding the world of Mohammedanism, will be seen from the fact that, while professing Christians of every Church—Greek, Roman, and Protestant—amount to only one hundred and seventy millions, the disciples of the Koran are one hundred and eighty-eight millions.—*Practitioner World (England.)*

An Opponent Disarmed.

Who has not heard of John Brown of Haddington? His System of Divinity, his Dictionary of the Bible, but most of all, his Catechism, have made him widely known, especially among Presbyterians. Though advanced in after years to the post of Professor of Divinity in the Theological Seminary of the Associate Synod of Scotland, his greatness was not so generally acknowledged in his early ministry. His first call, while yet a licentiate, was to the church in Haddington. It was opposed by a minority of one; but as it sometimes the case, that one was a host in himself. His wealth, station, and influence made him an object of fear to the majority, who anticipated trouble from him in the settlement of Mr. Brown. Previous, however, to the ordination, the young preacher, Mr. Brown, was provisionally brought in the way of his formidable opponent. Nothing daunted or disturbed, he took him by the hand, and the following dialogue ensued.

Brown—Pray, tell me, Mr. Stuart, what you have against me.
Stuart—I'll be as frank as yourself, Mr. Brown, and must say that I have a strong reason for voting against you; and it is just this, I don't think you a good preacher.
Brown—Ah! so I thought; but, my dear sir, you and I are perfectly agreed in this matter. I know it as well as you do; but the people, you see, differ from us both. Now where is the use of our setting up our opinions and views against those of the whole parish?
A pause—and then a hearty laugh succeeded, and Mr. Stuart, with a hearty shake of the hand, responded: "I begin to be of your opinion, Mr. Brown; you shall find me, henceforward, not an opposer, but a faithful friend." And so it proved. Mr. Brown, from that period, had no warmer friend in the parish.

Never Frighten Children.

A school-mistress, for some trifling offences, most foolishly put a child in a dark cellar for an hour. The child was terrified and cried bitterly. Upon returning to her parents in the evening, she burst into tears and begged that she might not be put into the cellar. The parents thought this extremely odd, and assured her there was no danger of their being guilty of so great an act of cruelty; but it was difficult to pacify her, and when put to bed she passed a restless night. On the following day she had a fever, during which she frequently exclaimed, "Do not put me in the cellar!" The fourth day after, she was taken to Sir Astley Cooper, in a high state of fever with delirium, frequently muttering, "Pray, don't put me in the cellar." When Sir Astley inquired the reason, he found that the parents had learnt the punishment to which she had been subjected. He ordered what was likely to relieve her; but she died in a week after this unfeeling conduct.

Another case from the same authority may be here cited. It is the case of a child, ten years of age, who wanted to write her exercises, and to scrape her slate pencil, went into the room in the dark to fetch her knife, when one of her school-fellows burst from behind the door to frighten her; she was much terrified, and her head ached. On the following day she became deaf; and, on the next, so much so as not to hear the loudest talking. Sir Astley saw her three months after this had happened, and she continued in the same deplorable state of deafness.

A boy fifteen years of age was admitted an inmate of Dundee Lunatic Asylum, having become imbecile from fright. When twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a light-business; and some trifling article being one day missing, he was, along with others, locked up in a dark cellar. The children were much alarmed; and all were let out with the exception of this poor boy, who was detained till past midnight. He became from this time nervous and melancholy, and sank into a state of imbecility from which he will never recover. The missing articles were found on the following morning, exculpating the boy from the guilt with which he had been charged.—*From the Glasgow Constabulary.*

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK.—Why should you speak against the character of a female? It is all she has to depend upon in this world. Just give the impression which she is not as good as she should be, and it will fly to every nook and corner of the town. The story you whisper will return in tones of thunder, so astonishing even yourself, who was the first guilty of another. A thought may be uttered as its birth, but a word spoken may never be lost. Weigh everything you utter, so that none may misinterpret your language or receive a wrong impression. Above all, never, even in jest, whisper a word, which if true, would throw a blight upon a spotless reputation.