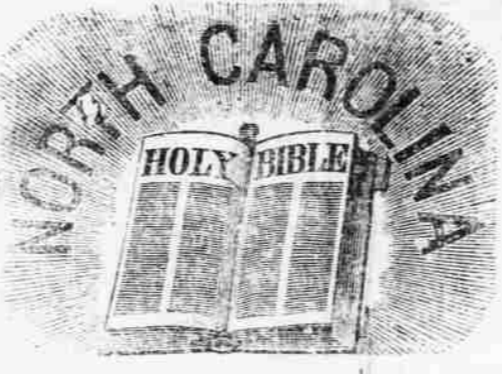


CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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From the Evangelical and Literary Magazine.

A Visitation.

What would you wish the ladies? Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Mr. Elton.—I am a professor of religion, and think it right to visit my brothers and sisters of the church, especially the latter, every now and then, in the way of Christian friendship. Sometimes too, when I have leisure for it, I like to make a sort of visitation as it were, (though I am no bishop either, calling upon half a dozen of them in relation to see how they do; and what they are doing, you know.

In this manner accordingly, I set out this afternoon to take a walk, and look in upon a few of my good friends, in my way. The first I took, you see, was not the most fashionable; but what of that, said I to myself, for indeed what have Christians to do with the fashions of the world whose fashion it is *passeth away*? And so saying, I knocked at the door of my sister Mrs. Waverley, and walked in; when I found her sitting by the fire, and knitting a pair of stockings for a poor woman, a neighbor of hers who was not able to work for herself, she said, This was promising enough, you see, and I could not help saying to her with a smile, *her words please her*, a compliment which I saw she took very well. I was going on to make some sensible remarks upon the subject of charity, when she took the words out of my mouth, and ran away with a long story about what she was doing for the poor, that I thought would never end, (for I like to talk a little myself.) She was interrupted however at last, by the entry of her daughter, a sweet rosy looking girl of about sixteen, who came in with her hair in curls, and a fine work of something in her hand. The young beauty I saw was a little startled at first, at seeing me there with my well-known ominous face; but she soon got over her fright, and asked my reason for coming before me with her hair in that state, (to make me observe her face, I suppose, and it really was very pretty.) "Why yes, to be sure," said her mother, "you don't look like yourself in that trim; (hold back your shoulders, my dear,) but Mr. Ambler will excuse you as you are going to a party." A party, said I, a little frightened in my turn, "and what sort of a party is it to be?" "Oh, a ball of course," said Mrs. Waverley, "the grand ball at Mrs. Gayton's—have you heard of it? Why all the world is to be there; and Fanny is going with Lieutenant Flash, the finest young man you ever saw. Everybody says he is mighty in love with her; but people will talk you know. Then, seeing, I suppose, that I looked grave at all this, "for my part," now, said she, "I can't say I like such things, any more than you do; but young people will be young you know." "Why yes, said I, and I am not surprised that Miss Fanny should like rous and balls. It is the best of our poor fallen nature, to seek for happiness in the amusement of senses and fancy. But it is not the duty of pious parents, to warn their children against the false pleasures of a world that *both in sin*. And alas! how many proofs have we had, of the danger of a life of pleasure, as it is called! "That's very true," said she, "and it's what I told Fanny the day that poor Eliza Fairman died, of a cold she caught at a dance; (Fanny, my dear, this tucker wants a little smoothing still); but it does no good to talk to young people—they will have their own way." "Don't often indeed," said I, "I can hardly think your daughter here will not take your good advice, when she knows you love her dearly—if you are careful to give it in the right way, that is—but perhaps—Here I was interrupted again, by the servant maid coming in with the dress that had been got for the occasion. "O dear," cried the lively girl, "there is as late as on at one's feet—I must go and try it on at once"—and she darted out of the room. The fond mother rose to follow her, begging me to excuse her for a few minutes, till she could go and give her daughter some advice about her dress. "I thank you, ma'am," said I, "but I believe it is time for me to be going," (indeed I thought so)—so I bade her good afternoon, and left the house.

I now proceeded on my walk, and soon turned my steps to the door of my old friend Mrs. Timmer, with whom I thought I should be sure to have a little good talk; and walked in without knocking. But judge how greatly I was surprised to find the old lady, (at least sixty years of age I think she is), sitting in the drawing room, by a bright sparkling fire, and dressed out in a new cap and ribbon, so fine I hardly knew her again. "Why bless me," said I, "what does all this mean? to be sure you are not going to the ball, too, are you?" "O no," said she smiling, "not so bad as that neither—but sit down and you shall see. We are only going to have a party of children here—and perhaps they may dance a little by and by—after the piano you know." A party of children, said I, "and dancing after the piano?" And you are to lead off at the head I suppose. Or perhaps you

will prefer to show your steps in a corollary. "Pshaw, pshaw," said she—"but to be sure you don't think there is any harm in these things, as they are only children." "Only children," said I, "but does not Solomon say train up a child in the way he should go; and does not a greater than Solomon say, 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' And then can it be right and wise to give them a turn for those pleasures now, that we shall be calling them to renounce by and by, when they grow up? "Well, well," said she, "Mr. Ambler, we can't put our heads upon our young shoulders, you know." "No indeed," said I, "but we can or at least we ought to try, I think, Mrs. Timmer, and keep them upon our own." By this time, however, the little gentlemen and ladies, all dressed in their newest clothes were beginning to come in—and I found it high time for me to be walking again.

And now, you see, it was nearly dark, and I was moving homeward, when having to pass by the door of my young sister, Mrs. Christian, I thought I would call in and take a dish of tea with her—and I am glad that I did. When I entered the room I found her sitting by the table, and preparing for his pleasing service. Her husband, however, had not come in from his business abroad; but she was looking for him every moment, and waiting for him of course. In the meantime, she was amusing herself with talking to her little boy, about four years old, the image of his father, who was sitting in his little chair before her. At the first glance, I caught that air of order and propriety that was visible in everything about her. And I was pleased too, to see the Bible and Watt's Psalms on a small stand not far off, without any dust upon them; but looking as if they were often used. On my entering she rose at once to receive me, with that natural grace that belongs to her, and gave me a most cordial shake of the hand, that made me sure she was glad to see me. We had hardly begun talking, when her husband came in, and his presence gave me new pleasure to us both, particularly to her, no doubt, and I saw it in her face. Tea now came, enlivened by various chat, both gay and good, and what some would think strange, without a word of scandal in it. Our talk, indeed, at first was all about the little incidents of the day; but seasoned with proper reflections, as it ought to be. By and by, however, it took away insensibly to that subject which lay nearest to our hearts, the subject of religion. We talked accordingly of our church, our pastor, our brothers and sisters of the Christian family to which we belonged, some dearer names among them, and finally of the state of our own souls, which we were not afraid to open to each other. All this was easy and natural, flowing from us, as it were, without effort, and without restraint. Even the little child, I observed, (while he was with us,) seemed to take an interest in our discourse. And once, I remembered, when I happened to quote some lines of our sweet singer Watts, he stole up to my knee, and whispered to me that he could say, "How doth the little busy bee," all by heart. Of course, you may suppose, I did not fail to put him to the proof, and put his little head for him when he had said it like a man. O! it was a delightful evening, and our winged minutes flew away from us, as soft as mist, under the shades, indeed. At last, however, as I am always a keeper of good hours, I thought it was time to retire, and moving to leave them, my good friends both at once requested me to stay a little, and give them a prayer before we parted. The proposal was very agreeable to me of course, and I yielded to it at once. So the servants were called in, and I proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible, which happened to be the 13th of John, and seemed to be altogether in unison with our feelings. Then I took up the hymn-book which opened of itself at that sweet psalm, (the 133d if I remember,) and we sung it out, feeling how true it was.

Best is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their song of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

Then on the heavenly hills
The saints are best above,
Where joy like burning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

Then we all knelt down together, and I prayed aloud with them; and our Saviour, I think, was with us and heard us. And now we parted with mutual words of kindness that I am sure were honest. They remained to enjoy their happy love, and I returned to my own home, reflecting upon all that I had seen and heard.

ADAM AMBLER.

Good Advice.—A lecturer inquiring of a clergyman, "How long a discourse do you suppose your people will bear?" was told he had better try the experiment.

And the consideration is not how much the audience will bear, but how much they will listen to with profit—that is, with pleasure. Beyond that point I don't intend to go, and I advise you to adopt the same rule." Sensible clergyman.

The Gipsies.

(For many centuries the roving vagabonds known as Gipsies have infested various countries of Europe. Within the last few years a large number of this singular people have come to America, and are now roving in bands over the country. Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to see and converse with the Gipsies, and had informed himself as to their character and opinions. The following scene from one of his works will perhaps give the reader a more correct idea of these wanderers than could be gathered from a more authentic and tedious historical detail. The hero of the story is conducting two ladies on a perilous journey through France, in the reign of Louis XI, when the following conversation is supposed to occur between him and a Gipsy who has been hired to act as his guide.)

"Yet you are no Frenchman born, said the Scot."
"I am not," answered the guide.
"What countryman, then, are you?" demanded Quentin.
"I am of no country," answered the guide.
"How! of no country?" repeated the Scot.

"No," answered the Bohemian, "or none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may choose to call our people; but I have no country."
"Are you a Christian?" asked the Scotchman.
The Bohemian shook his head.

"Do you," said Quentin, "for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days, 'dost thou worship Mahom?"

"No," was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended or surprised at the young man's violence of manner.
"Are you a Pagan, then, or what are you?"
"I have no religion," answered the Bohemian.
Dunward started back; for though he had heard of Saracens and Idolaters, he had never entered into his ideas or belief, that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask his guide where he usually dwelt.

"Wherever I chance to be for the time," replied the Bohemian. "I have no home."
"How do you regard your property?"
"Disregarding the clothes which I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property."

"Yet you dress gayly, and ride gallantly," said Dunward, "What are your means of subsistence?"
"I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way," replied the vagabond.
"Under whose laws do you live?"
"I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure or my necessities," said the Bohemian.

"Who is your leader, and commands you?"
"The Father of our tribe—if I choose to obey him," said the guide—"otherwise I have no commander."

"You are then," said the wandering quaker, "destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house, or home. You have, my Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God—What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?"
"I have liberty," said the Bohemian—"I crouch to no one—obey no one—repunct no one—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes."

"But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the Judge?"
"Be it so," returned the Bohemian; "I can but die so much the sooner."
"And to imprisonment also," said the Scot; "and where then is your boasted freedom?"

"In my thoughts," said the Bohemian, "which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I am free in spirit when our limbs are chained—You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom."

"Yet the freedom of your thoughts," said the Scot, "relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs."
"For a brief time that may be endured," answered the vagrant; "and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all."

There was a deep pause of some duration, which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

"You're in a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe—Where do they derive their origin?"
"I may not tell you," answered the Bohemian.

"When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?" said the Scot.

"When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished," replied his vagrant guide.

"Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel, which were carried into captivity beyond the great River Euphrates?" said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothick.

"Had we been so," answered the Bohemian, "we had followed their faith, and practiced their rites."
"What is thine own name?" said Dunward.

"My proper name is only known to my brethren—The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrablin, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor."
"Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde," said the Scot.

"I have learned some of the knowledge of this land," said Hayraddin.—"When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket by her shoulders, and was taken by the purchasers. A priest begged me from the Provost's hands, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years."
"How came you so part with him?" demanded Dunward.

"I stole money from him—even the God which he worshipped," answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; "he detected me, and beat me—I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people."

"Wretch!" said Dunward, "did you murder your benefactor?"
"What had he to do to burden me with his benefits?" The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur, to dog the heels of his master, and crouch beneath his blows, for scraps of food—He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chains, and rended his master, and returned to his wilderness.

"There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still further investigating the character and purpose of his suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, "Whether it was not true that his people, and their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines, of more polished society?"

"We pretend to it," said Hayraddin, "and it is with justice."
"How can it be, that so high a gift is bestowed on so subject a race?" said Quentin.

"Can I tell you," answered Hayraddin—"Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath not powers to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive to our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring, what fruit it will bear in the harvest."

"I doubt of your knowledge, and defy you to the proof."
"Defy me not, Sir Squire," said Hayraddin Maugrablin—"I can tell you, that, say what you will of your religion, the Goddess whom you worship rides in this company."

"Peace!" said Quentin, in astonishment; "on thy life, not a word farther, but in answer to what I ask thee.—Canst thou be faithful?"
"I can—all men can," said the Bohemian.

"But wilt thou be faithful?"
"Wouldst thou believe me the more should I swear it?" answered Maugrablin, with a sneer.

"Thy life is in my hand," said the young Scot.

"Strike, and see whether I fear to die," answered the Bohemian.

"Will memory render thee a trusty guide?" demanded Dunward.

"If I be not such without it, No," replied the heathen.

"Then what will bind thee?" asked the Scot.

"Kindness," replied the Bohemian. "I shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?"

"No," replied Hayraddin, "it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare. To thee I am bound already."

"How!" exclaimed Dunward, more surprised than ever.

"Remember the chestnut trees on the banks of the Cher! The victor, whose body thou didst cut down, was my brother, Zamet, the Maugrablin."

"And yet," said Quentin, "I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you—the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide."

"What can we do?" answered Hayraddin, gloomily—"These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock; they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles."

Quentin had afterwards occasion to learn that the Bohemian spoke truth in this particular, and that the Provost guard, employed to suppress the vagabond bands by which the kingdom was infested, entertained correspondence

among them, and forbore, for a certain time; the exercise of their duty, which always at last ended in conducting their allies to the gallows. This is a sort of political relation between thief and officer, for the profitable exercise of their mutual professions, which has subsisted in all countries, and is by no means unknown to our own.

"They Say, and do Not."

The Pharisees were great talkers, but small doers, men of magnificent words, but contemptible acts. They made long prayers in conspicuous places, but were guilty of the grossest injustice and meanness in private life.

They made a great show of religious zeal on all public occasions, but were most sadly wanting in all the duties of every-day piety. There was no class of men with whom Christ was more displeased than with these Pharisees. Never did his pure spirit so burn with indignation, as in view of their formal and hollow-hearted pretensions.

There are men in the church at the present day, who are great talkers, but small doers. From the words they utter, one might conclude that their interest in the things of religion, in the welfare of souls, in the great work of spreading the gospel, was an all-absorbing interest, and that no one would be more ready to do than they. But when it comes to the fact of doing something, making some sacrifice, the whole matter presents itself in a new light. "They say, but do not." They are very ready to leave this part of the business to others. Their vocation seems to consist in talking. Others, having far less ability it may be, are left to do the working.

Now it is a great deal better to say little and do much, than to say much and do little. "A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not, but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go sir, and went not. Whether of their own will did the will of his father? They say unto him, the first. It is a great deal better to be small in promise and liberal in performance, than to promise well, and do little or nothing.

It is a great deal better, moreover, that those who have no intention of leaving their part in the work, which must be done by somebody, should hold their peace. They not only do no good by their talking, but they do a positive injury to the cause in whose behalf they profess to plead. If they were silent, the church would not be so much burdened with the evil effects of their inconsistency. If they were silent, others would not feel so sensibly the disastrous influence of their example.

These are plain words, but they are words which have reference to a practical evil. And we could wish that they might reach and affect those who are so much more ready to talk than to act, who 'say and do not.'

A Word in Defense of Tobacco.

"And God saw every herb he had made, and behold it was good."

Herbage, thorn-apple, foxglove, belladonna, and tobacco, are good in their places. In Materia Medica, tobacco is considered a good expectorant, a good cathartic, a good laxative, and a good diuretic.

It kills vermin!—Deacons, said a young man, do you use tobacco?"
"Yes," was the reply; "I have used it twenty years, and shall use it, if I live."

"I am surprised," said the youth; "I thought you a gentleman, and a Christian?" and left him. "Come back," said the Deacon; "young man, I pray you understand; I use tobacco to kill lice on sheep, and lice on calves."

A GOOD INFECTANT!—A pet girl said to a venerable lady, "I am told, madam, you have lost one of your five senses, by snuff-taking—that of smell." "True, my dear," said the old creature, with a smile; "but there are advantages in that; for as I smell nothing, I avoid all bad smells."

IT AIDS VIRILITY, OR MAKES BOYS MEN!—Said a man to a little boy, strutting up Cornhill, with his cigar before breakfast, "My boy, you would look better with bread and butter in your mouth, than with a cigar." "I know it," said the urchin, "but it would not be half so glorious!"

A GOOD SORORIAN!—If you wish for self-satisfaction and contentment, whether rich or poor, saint or sinner, smoke.

Two Dutchmen, living opposite each other, got mad, and each afternoon, for some twenty years, they seated themselves upon their opposite stoops, with their pipes, and looked each other right in the face; but so pacifying was the smoke, they never came to blows!

It had lost all her foolish ambition! Her steps once were over a broom at their mast-heads, an emblem of their power to sweep the ocean. But Hollanders are now self-satisfied beings!—satisfied with their pipes, and the glories their fathers once achieved.

A GOOD REPELLANT!—Would you avoid being eaten by cannibals? Use tobacco! Use it freely! It is an entertaining fact that cannibals in New

Zealand, who devour human flesh, will not eat the victims of tobacco. Even turkey-buzzards, in Mexico, refuse the flesh of soldiers much addicted to this indulgence.

A GOOD LEVELLER!—The prince and beggar smoke! The saint and sinner smoke! The sage and savage smoke! Bishops, doctors, deacons, lawyers, smoke! Little ragged, dingy, thieving, swearing boys, smoke!—Blessed smoke, here, there, and everywhere! This is equality to your heart's content!—Anti-Tobacco Tract.

Dr. Tyng on the English Church.

We have repeatedly referred to the evangelical character of Lord Palmerston's Church appointments. The premier is evidently a man of good practical sense in religious as well as in political matters, and when he is shrewd enough to know that he cannot succeed well among the people unless it is effectively exemplified by his functionaries. Dr. Tyng, who is now in England, writes to the Protestant Churchman of this city as follows respecting these improvements:

"The great theme of conversation among Church people here is the new avalanche of evangelical bishops. The world seems to them upside down. Mr. Pelham is just appointed to Norwich. This appears to the falling party worse and worse. But Charles Eyr, of Bury, succeeds him as the rector of Marybone. This is new vocation. Old Dr. Spry kept this enormous parish so long in its dry regularity, that the very idea of such a man as Eyr coming, who can never be opposed with success, nor made angry by opposition, appears to all who do not love the Gospel little less than intolerable. Marybone is, like Islington or Pancras, a diocese of itself. One thing is very remarkable in these new bishops. They are all in the prime of youth. The Bishop of London is 43; the others about the same age. But remember that a fair American proportion to 43 is 33. They look like youths. Fresh, full, decided, earnest on the Lord's side, what may not be expected from them under the blessing of God? But the revolution seems hardly more than begun. There are Chichester, Rochester, and Exeter, that must soon fall in. The two former are talking of following the resigning process. Whenever these openings come the men are already talked of who must succeed. Whoever may be the agents, the work is the Lord's, and it is wonderful to all who see it."

These changes explain the facts referred to in our last week's editorial on the state of religion in England. Whether temporarily or permanently, the English prelates are tending fast toward the course of John Wesley.—Christian Ad. & Journal.

Customs Derived from the Instincts of Immortality.

The Indian buries the hunting implements of his friend with him, that he may not want for the means of pursuing the chase in the unknown land where he has taken his final flight. The ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead, under the notion that the soul would return after a circle of ages, and that it would be an infinite misfortune to find its organic existence dissolved. Their burying ground was situated beyond a beautiful sheet of water, called Acherusia, or last state of man, over which the dead were ferried, from which the Grecian myth of Charon and his boat, were, no doubt, derived. Beyond this lake, grounds were laid out to receive the dead. They were planted with trees, and intersected by canals, to render them as their name imported, a literal Elysium. Indeed, a provision for the dead occupied more of their attention than that for the living; and while no vestige of their abodes in life remain, the mausoleums, catacombs, and pyramids still survive, in grandeur, the wrecks of forty-nine centuries.

The Quaker's Creed.

My creed requires no form of prayer, Yet would I not condemn Those who adopt with pious care, Their use as aids to them.

One God hath fashioned them and me: One spirit is our guide; For each, alike upon the tree One common Saviour died!

Each the same trumpet-call shall wake, To face one judgment seat; God give us grace, for Jesus' sake, In the same heaven to meet!

Exaggeration.

The late Bishop Hedding used to tell the story of a young minister who was arraigned before one of the conferences for the great excess in the use of exaggeration. Not that he positively lied, but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue that often great harm was done. He was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the Chair. The Bishop administered a severe rebuke, when the young man arose, bathed in tears acknowledged his fault, and determined to do better. In closing, he said:—I repeat it, I have wept on account of it, and I can only say that it has already caused me to shed barrels of tears.

The True Spirit of '76.

On the day succeeding the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams, exulting in that glorious event, addressed a letter to Mrs. Adams, in which may be found the following spirited, patriotic and prophetic paragraph:

"Yesterday, the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, that 'these United States are, and of a right ought to be free and Independent States.' The day is passed. The fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated, by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever! You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet through all the gloom, I can see that the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more, than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not.

A GREAT COUNTRY FOR THE LADIES. The time for marriage in sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the full exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you pleasure?" cried a young man to an unmarried girl; "when you will have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding-day, so that, for some time at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.—Life and Traits of Herodotus.

A GOOD REFERENCE.—A stranger said in a religious meeting, "if you don't believe I am religious, go and ask my wife. She'll tell you." This came out so bluntly, that it came near causing an explosion. But it is not a good reference? Many a man's boasts about his religion might be proved all vanity by just asking his wife, and getting an honest answer from her. How does his religion make him act at home? Is the pungent inquiry—that is the great test. See to it, reader, that this reference may be to your credit.

The late Hearer.

A well-known minister, observing that some people made a practice of coming in very late, and after a considerable part of the sermon was gone through, was determined that they should feel the force of a public reproof. One day, therefore, as usual, entered the place of worship at their usual late period, the minister, addressing his congregation, said, "But my hearers, it is time for us now to conclude, for here are our friends just come to fetch us home." We may easily conjecture what the parties felt at this curious but pointed address.

The most singular valentictory address on record was delivered by Sydney Smith to a young English missionary who was about to proceed to Van Diemen's land. It was as follows:

"Farewell, my dear friend, farewell! You go to a country where it is the custom of the aborigines to have a doggyman on their side-boards every morning for breakfast; but let us hope that you will prove very indigestible to the savage who eats you."

Taking Out an Eye to Mend it.—The Leipzig Journal of Literature, Science and Art publishes an account of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Graef in diseases of the eye, and the wonderful cures he performs. He has found the ball of the eye to be transparent, and by a curious instrument, examined minutely the interior, takes it out, performs any necessary surgical operation, and replaces it without injury to its appearance or vision. A young girl had long been afflicted with the most excruciating pain in the left eye, the cause of which the most learned could not understand—Dr. Graef found in the centre of the ball a little worm, which he removed, and restored the poor creature immediately to health and perfect sight.

The Home Journal gives the best definition of beauty that we have set seen:—Beauty, dear reader, is the woman we love, whatever she may seem to others."