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Daniel Ripley Wing

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POETRY.

(From The Ladies' Repository.)

A PROSPECT.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

The welcome snow, to-day, is white and soft
As roof of heaven; flow about the hills and valleys
Will doff this tender mantle, and wear again
The garb of Spring—a vesture green and gay.
Of mien grass threads weave, and wrought with vines
And flowers—and I shall tumble on the sod,
With fresh delight, to sniff the breath of flowers
And plume, and watch the swelling buds of oaks
And elms, and the pure blossoms of violets.
My path shall be the old, familiar one,
Whence I shall learn the Mosaic's course,
Behold the dark Sebastian's clasp hands
And journey southward with the Kennebec,
And gaze upon the twin conjoined, until
Beyond the distant hills they pass, where bank
Uniting with bank, and for the peering sight
There is no vista. Break, O sun, with thy
Bright sceptre, winter's walls, and bars, and chains,
So, quick, from northern lake to boundless sea,
Impetuous, from the north, thou shalt come,
Impetuous, from the north, thou shalt come,
The twinkling eyes of countless waves, and rest
On smothering clouds, and the fields of
And, from the misty air, to scenes remote,
And my attentive ear, like his who hears
The first grand hymns of men just freed from bonds,
Still hear the organ's swell from long and dark
The softer blending strains of flowing birds,
The mellow cadences of gliding winds.
But, as alone shall I go forth, "The who,
With tender accent, and me "father," shall
Attend me; for I know their hearts expand
And glow with joy among the waves of God.
To them, the sky is nearer, the world is new,
And mount, and vale, and tree and flower, and beast
And bird, are strange; and so I guide their steps
With sympathy, forgetting that my life
Am turning gray, and dreaming that my life
Hath not yet lost the love, simplicity
And freshness of its fair beginning—
The bluish of men still matures in the night
Of my bright noon, the dew of sunrise gleams
On leaf and blossom still, to my clear eyes.
Do they, with earnest wonder, part the grass,
To see the harmless green snake glide beyond
The reach of trampling foot, and take the line
And touching finger of its green, head and
Or sparkling eye, or tongue of flame? I have
No heart with prejudices to spoil their joy.
The land I rent, I see the land I rent,
With child-like thought, its form and motion praise;
And from the work of death without my hand,
The earth, with quick ear, catch the distant notes
Which, far in green glens, the wood-thrush sings,
And so with hushed and careful search, its place
Of shade and lonely workshop seek. With ear
Delighted, and with heart, I find the bird
The hunter's and where the mistle-bird is found,
The heart is charmed by its unalloyed joy.
A matchless song repays our toil, and we
We heard our song to the stream, the stream,
Within the alder, or upon the limbs
Of overhanging elm, or branching oaks,
The bird's heart, and the bird's heart,
The golden oriole, the cat-bird, dark in
plumage, mimical and garrulous
In song; the russet thrasher, dropping chains
Of sweet notes from its throat, and the enlarged,
Like strings of tiny, sweet-toned bells; and when
The leafy realm is gained, beneath the trees
We enter, and, yea, the bird's heart, and the bird's heart,
Our silent audience, our mute applause.
O blessed be the Lord of life—the light
Of this bright world—who, by his high discourse
Of sun and rain, and trees, and corn, and plow,
Of lovely lives, and of joyful birds,
Doth me and mine, and all the children teach,
To find in these, the signs of Boundless Love.
March 20, 1857.

MISCELLANY.

The Stolen Bird's Nest.

It happened that one day, while little Leon
was alone in the woods searching for berries,
he discovered a nest of young robins, built in
a snug, shady place, against a large branch of
an old oak tree. Leon stood for a long time
silently watching the little birds chirping
things, and the happy parent-birds, who were
bringing them food and dropping it into their
wide-gaping bills. They patiently flew back
and forth, and brought worms, flies and berries
till the greedy little birds chirped no more.
Then the good father-bird, perched on a limb
above the nest, began singing a sweet, tender
song, while the kind mother-bird brooded over
her darlings as the dewy twilight was coming
on.

Leon was so delighted with this new found
treasure, that the next morning he brought his
cousin to the spot. When August saw the nest
his eyes flashed with eager joy.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "how lucky we are to
find a nest of young robins for the dear Countess!
Let us take them to her, and she will
give us more money than we have ever seen
in the world!" and August began immediately
to climb the old oak tree.

"Oh, dear, dear, cousin August!" cried
Leon, clinging about him. "It would be a
cruel, wicked thing to steal away these poor
little birds—don't you see how dearly the old
birds love them?"

August thrust him back, exclaiming angrily
"Didn't the Countess say she wanted some
young robins for her aviary!—then how dare
you say that they would be wicked to get them
for her?"

But Leon answered sturdily:
"The good cure says, God takes care of the
birds. He gave the little robins to fathers and
mothers; so it must be wicked to steal them
away. And now, cousin, dear, do come down
and let them be!"

But August had already grasped the nest.
He tore it away from its place, and slid with
it down the tree. The old birds flew about
him in the utmost distress, uttering wild, piercing
cries of fear and sorrow.

Leon's tender heart was touched by their
grief. He expostulated and pleaded with his
cousin, and then, seeing that entreaties were
in vain, grew very angry. He even doubled
up his little fist, and was about to fight for
the liberation of the tiny captives. But he re-
membered in time the pious teachings of his
mother and the cure, and returned home with
a swelling heart and tearful eyes, while his
cousin hurried off to the chateau with the
robins.

When Leon told his mother the story of the
birds, she was very indignant, and started to
seek August's father, and ask him to send after
the cruel boy and compel him to restore the
young robins to the old ones, for her kind
mother's heart felt for them very much. But
when Leon told her they were taken for the
Countess she sat down to her work again, said
it was all well, for she had a great awe of the
great lady.

Leon hoped in his heart that the good countess
would refuse the birds, and send August
back with the nest; so he waited as patiently
as he could for his cousin's return. He came
back, however, without the nest, triumphantly
jingling a handful of silver coin.

"See," he cried, "what the Countess gave me
for the robins! Here, Leon is your share."
Leon took the money, but only to fling it all
indignantly at his cousin's feet, bursting into
tears as he did so.

Some may think I ought to be sorry to tell
of this fit of passion in my noble little hero,
but I am not. While the angry tears were
yet flowing, he rushed out of his father's cot-
tage and ran towards the chateau. He did
not stop to rest, or slacken his pace, till he
reached the great hall door. Then he paused
and the thought of the dusky arches of the old
hall, hung with faded banners, and the grim
statues in the armor standing along its walls,
and that stern, black-bearded Count, whom he
might meet, almost took away his courage.

He stood poised on the tips of his toes, with
his hand on the great knocker, hesitating and
fearing, when all at once, he seemed to hear
again the wild, mournful cry of the mother-
bird—then his heart grew brave, and he
boldly sounded the knocker.

When a servant went to the Countess and
told her another little peasant boy wanted to
see her she happened to be in the nursery,
paying a visit to her baby-son, heir to the title

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1857.

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and estate of Count de Vallence. She was sit-
ting by his side, fondly watching him, as he lay
asleep in a beautiful cradle, all satin and down,
and fine linen and rich lace. The lady looked
surprised when she saw Leon's flushed and
tearful face.

"Why, my child," she said kindly, "what do
you want with me?"

"I want those little birds," he replied rather
bluntly.

"Those birds!" she answered, "why, did not
August give you part of the money? I told
him so."

"I don't want any money," said Leon. "I
want the birds back again. It wasn't good of
you to buy them—your father and mother are
grieving for them. It was a wicked thing to
steal away their little ones, and the nice nest
they had worked so hard to make. Ain't you
afraid they will fly up to God and tell him
all about it? And how would you feel to have
some great giant's boy come and steal your
little one and carry it away in that pretty nest
there?"

At first the Countess smiled at the earnest
little speech—then the tears rushed to her
eyes; she bent down and kissed her sleeping
baby, then turning to Leon, she laid her hand
caressingly on his head saying:

"I thank you, dear child, for the lesson you
have taught me. Surely you shall have them
back again. I ask pardon of you and of God."

"And of the birds," repeated Leon.

"And of the birds," repeated the Countess,
smiling a little at the child's simplicity.

So Leon received the nest of the little young
robins, and took it safely back to the old oak
tree in the forest. He stopped on the way to
dig some worms, with which he fed his little
feathered friends, who were getting quite clamor-
ous with hunger.

When he had fixed the nest securely in its
place, he hid himself in a clump of bushes
near by, to watch for the coming of the old
birds. All the afternoon he watched and wait-
ed, and still they did not come.

At last, when it was almost twilight—the
time for flowers and little birds to go to sleep
—he saw two robins—he was sure they were
the same birds—come slowly winging their
way towards the oak. It seemed they could
not sleep away from their home, although it
had been so desolate. The male bird flew in
among the upper branches, and perched on one
of them; but the female bird stopped in a
tree near by. It appeared that she was hardly
equal to the sight of the dear old place.

Soon Leon saw the male bird flutter on his
perch, and turn his head quickly this way and
that. He had heard those little complaining
voices chirping below him! Then he darted
downward, and hovered over the nest a mo-
ment to be sure they were all there, then flew
to his mate to tell her the glad news.

In another moment they were both back to
the nest, hopping and hovering about it—
chirping joyfully and lovingly in answer to
the eager little chirps of their young ones.

Late as it was, they flew about and got up a
nice little supper for their young ones.

After that, while the mother-bird spread
over them her soft warm wings, and hushed
them to sleep with the happy beating of her
heart, the father bird flew up a branch above
them, and burst into a glad, delicious song.

"He is thanking God," said Leon softly to
himself, reverently taking off his cap, and mak-
ing the sign of the cross—he is thanking
God—*Little Pilgrim.*

YOU LOVE ME SO DEARLY.—There are
times when we learn as much from our chil-
dren as they learn from us. There is something
in the artless simplicity of childhood that proves
stronger than the careworn severity of mature
years. I was sitting at the piazza in evening,
musing too doubtfully upon the future, and let-
ting the clouds of care darken the beauty of a
brilliant sunset. I will not say what burden
weighed upon the spirit, nor what doubt had
risen as to the course of Divine Providence.
Just then little feet were heard, and my child
ran gaily to my extended arms. Catching the
playful spirit of my little girl, I seized her in
my hands and held her over the railing, as if
to let her fall. Astonished at her want of fear,
I asked, "What, not afraid? Why don't you
cry? Won't I let you fall?" "No, papa, you
love me so dearly!" was the instant reply.
I cannot tell what instruction distilled like
cordial through my soul. The words of per-
fect confidence lingered in my ears and entered
my heart. It is impossible that a father's love
should let fall the child who lies smiling in his
arms. How then can the Heavenly Father let
fall the children who trust in Him. Every
doubt is rebuked and every dark forbidding
put to the blush, by the lesson which a child
has uttered. Are we not the sons of God?
—And is our future destiny too sublime for com-
prehension, so it doth not yet appear what we
shall be; and still shall we fear to let the pas-
sive in our Father's arms? Does he not love us
too dearly to let us fall? If he did not refuse
the greatest boon, but delivered Him up for us
all, will he not also freely give us all things?
With an adequate idea of our relations to God
as His adopted ones, can we justify one doubt,
can we harbor one fear as to the future? If
God is our Father, does he not love us too
dearly to let any evil befall us? Will he not
make all things work together for our good?
[N. Y. Observer.]

IMPORTANT DECISION AGAINST THE POWER
OF THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS.—Judge Welles
of the New York Supreme Court, has decided
against the claim of a Roman Catholic Bishop
to hold all the church property in his diocese,
against the rights of the local societies or their
immediate representatives. The particulars of
the case are as follows:

In the year 1851, the trustees of St. Peter's
Society, in Rochester, brought a suit against
John Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, and others, to
recover their church property, then held in fee
by the Bishop. Some forty days were occupied
in taking evidence before the referees, as to
the spiritual and legal powers of the Catholic
clergy, and the force of the canons of the
church. It was then argued before Justice
Selden, of the Supreme Court. Justice Selden
decided all the points save one in favor of the
plaintiffs. A new argument was made in June,
1856, before Justice Welles, who has just de-
cided in favor of the plaintiffs throughout.
Thus the Trustees hold the temporalities of the
church by the law, and against the canons.
—This is a gratifying result, as showing that the
power of the Roman hierarchy is not to be
exercised by a priesthood directly possessed of
an enormous estate. It would have been im-
moral, if in the Protestant State of New
York, the priesthood should possess powers re-

cently stripped from them in Mexico, and for
many years denied them in other Catholic
countries. This decision bears directly on the
point in issue between Bishop O'Regan of the
Chicago diocese and Father Chiquinque, the
good priest of St. Anne's, whom the Bishop
has suspended.

Farm Conveniences.—By a Gleaner.

Where did you get your new wheelbarrow
Mr. A.?" "Oh, my boys got it up last week,
while white and I were 'snowed in' over," re-
plied Uncle G's!" Well done, says the astonished
neighbor, "got up by them ar boys, and that
cold week too, why we never thought a doing
anything over our way, only to bundle up and
see to the critters, and then back into the
house; folks wished my boys would take some
house to work with tools like, but they don't
seem to." Now, candid reader, you have heard
these neighbors talk, let me explain a little.

"Mr. A." reads the papers, and raises good
crops, by the application of that same article
which a celebrated painter mixed with his
paint, namely: Water. He knows that nature
never made a machine; do not start! I mean
never produced a person whose bump of mech-
anism was so fully developed, that he could
make a substantial wheelbarrow out of four-
inch scantling and hemlock fence boards, by
the aid of a rusty saw, a one claw hammer,
and a two inch chisel, the identical materials
and tools to be found in the (not) shop of the
first speaker. And knowing this, the latter
has profited by the remembrance of his own
boyish years, when he would have rejoiced at
the sight of an edge tool, (with an edge), and
has partitioned off a comfortable space on one
side of his carriage-house, placed therein a good
supply of the different kinds of wood, of vari-
ous sizes and shapes, not bought outright, but
saved to his order, from logs of his own rais-
ing; and besides this the apartment contains
a stove, for otherwise, many of the days which
can now be spent there would be wasted.

Now for the practical part which our editor
always insists on. What does it amount to?
I answer, much every way. A farmer's life is
made up of little—his income; his outgoes;
and he that has to 'shell out' for every article
of farm use, even to buying a wood-burner,
finds, as I have known, a light purse in his pocket
oftentimes, and will be more likely to become
dissatisfied with farming than he who can help
himself, to not only grain, meat, fruit, &c., but
can employ the many odd hours of a cold win-
ter in making the numerous articles of wood-
ware which every farm establishment needs,
both in doors and out. I would be glad, very
glad, to occupy a whole page of every number
of the Agriculturist in giving my ideas of what
farmers might do to remove the inconveniences
found about the establishments of so many of
them, and I would endeavor to make every
word practical too, but the Editor could not
possibly spare me the space. I will, however,
begin for a little more room to name some of
those things which I call inconveniences.

Let us take the barn for instance; did you
ever see a barn with a small, dark granary?
I have, and I knew that if there was not room
to make it larger, it could be easily made
lighter by substituting a four light window for
a piece of board. Did you ever see an old
man climbing up, in one corner of his barn, on
door, and beam, and brace, to get to his hay?
I have, and knew that he had done just so for
years for want of a ladder. Are there not
very many barns needing that very thing?
Does your barn need one? Then pluck up
the energy and have the ladder put, nay, put it
up yourself, then climb up it, and stand on the
big beam and crow. Once more, did you ever
see a barn door with a stick set against it to
answer the purpose of a latch? I have, and
admire the plan, for then, if one is detained
away from home, the cattle can knock down
the stick and help themselves to food they often
ought to have.—[American Agriculturist.]

GETTING USED TO IT.—Somewhere about
here, writes a Southern correspondent, "lives
a small farmer of social habits whose coming
home intoxicated was once no unusual thing."
His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.
"Why you see," he would say "I'll sign it
after a while, but I don't like to break right
off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way
is to get used to a thing by degrees."

Very well, old man, his helpmate would
rejoice, "see now if you don't fall into a hole
one of these days, while you can't take care of
yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, as
he returned home drunk one day, he fell into
a shallow well, and after a deal of useless
scrambling, he shouted for the "light of his
eyes" to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul,
showing her cap full over the edge of the para-
pet: "you've got into a hole, at last, and it's
only lucky that I'm in hearing, or you might
have drowned. Well," she continued, after a
pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold."
And up he came higher at each turn of the
windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from
the handle, down he went to the bottom again.
This occurring more than once, made the tempo-
rary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look
here," he screamed in a fury, at the last splash,
"you're doing that on purpose—I know you
are!"

"Well, now, I am," responded his old wom-
an, tranquilly, while winding him up once
more. "Don't you remember telling me 'tis
best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm
afraid if I bring you right up a sudden, you
won't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow could not help chuckling at
the application of his principle, and protested
he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she
would lift him fairly out. This she did, and
packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he
was. "For you see," she added very emphati-
cally, "if you ever fall into the ditch again, I'll
leave you there—I will."—[Knickerbocker.]

COFFEE A POWERFUL ANTIDOTE.—A very
few persons, and I believe but a small number
of medical men, know that coffee is one of the
most important antidotes to many deadly poi-
sons, and to a great many ordinary drugs.
This remarkable fact leads to serious consid-
erations; many patients receiving the right rem-
edies, but not being prohibited from taking
coffee, destroy the intended effects of their
medicine, become worse, and lead the physi-
cian to change the treatment into a false and
unhappy one—while the simple knowledge of
the above fact would have contributed to meli-
orate their state and save them. But far more
important is it to know that the fatal results of
many accidental, spontaneous or criminal em-

poisonments could be stopped almost instantly
by administering that simple antidote coffee,
while the loss of time in calling a physician
&c., is often the only cause of the loss of life.

Sheep.

From that excellent paper, the American
Agriculturist, for the present month, we extract
the following seasonable hints on the manage-
ment of sheep.

SHEEP WASHING.—This is regarded with
peculiar satisfaction by young and old, and is
almost a holiday for the boys. It is a re-
lease from the dull labors of the hoe, and the
plow, and usually their first experience in
bathing for the summer. Even the flocks
partake of the hilarity of the scene, and are
driven along to the river's brink with manifold
bleatings of ewes and their lambs. Old Tusser
says,

"Wash sheep (for the better) where water doth run,
And let him go cleanly and dry in the sun;
Then shear him and spare not at two days an end;
The sooner, the better his crops will amend."

The place commonly selected for this busi-
ness is a pond or stream, three or four feet
deep, where the washer stands up to his mid-
dle in the water, and squeezes the dirty wool
between his hands. Where a large flock is to
be washed, there is a good deal of exposure
to colds, in this long standing in the water,
and in the olden time a free use of intoxicat-
ing liquors was made to guard against the evil.
Both the evil and the remedy may be avoided,
by the selection of a better place for washing.
A small stream will answer the purpose, if
there be fall enough. Throw across it a tempo-
rary dam, and put in a cheap flume made of
boards, and the washers may stand on each
side of the flume, and do their work without
wetting anything but their hands and arms.
In case of small streams the flume may be
partly boarded up at the lower end, to increase
the depth of the water. This confining the
stream to a narrow passage greatly increases
the current, and the filth in the wool is carried
off more rapidly. The building of the dam and
flume is properly neighborhood work, and where
it is shared by a dozen or more farmers, the
expense is but trifling.

SHEEP SHEARING.

requires some skill, and it is a barbarous prac-
tice to put fresh hands and boys to the work,
unless they have a competent shearer to in-
struct them. The education generally costs
the farmer much more than the service of
shearing if he regard the thrift of his flocks.
We have seen sheep that must have sat for
Tusser's picture, when he advises

"Reward not thy sheep, when they take off their coat,
With twitches and patches, as broad as a goat;
Let not such ungentleness happen to thine,
Least fly, with her gentils, do make it to pine."

Farmers certainly ought to be content with
taking the wool, without drawing blood be-
fore the whole sheep is handed over to the
butcher. Flies frequently lay their eggs in
these wounds and the health of the sheep is
seriously impaired. All wounds should be
smeared over with grease, or marking paint, to
protect them from the weather.

SPARE THE STEE LAMBS.

In this month, the butcher will begin to cast
an eye of cupidit upon your most thrifty
lambs. He will praise the excellence of your
mutton, and tell you how much the South Down
lambs are prized in the shambles. He will
remind you of former good bargains, and will
probably give you your price for all the lambs
you have to spare. But you should early se-
lect the best for yourself, and assume as a safe
principle in sheep-lauding, that they are
worth more to you for feeding and improving
your flock, than for meat. When you have
selected these, make the remainder as fat and
saleable as possible.

We greatly need more mutton in our mar-
kets, and of much better quality, particularly
in the Spring of the year. It is generally
abundant and cheap enough in Fall and Win-
ter, but now, legs and saddles only smoke
upon the tables of the rich. It is a wholesome
meat, and can be raised, in most parts of the
country, more cheaply than any other.

STAPERS.—Although these preparations are so
little used in England, there is no reason
why they should not become a regular article
in the housekeeper's store-room; they are easy
to prepare, and are very agreeable to the pa-
tient, also economical, as they supersede the use
of ancient spices and wine. On the Continent
it is a common practice to drink simple syrup
(which is called *caldo suco*, but which we term
capillare), diluted with water to the taste of
the drinker.

Capillare is made thus:—Dissolve about
two pounds of the best refined white sugar in
one pint of water; boil the mixture for five
or ten minutes, then strain it through lawn, or
a hair sieve; when cold it is fit for use.

Syrup of Cloves.—Prepared in the same way
as for making capillare, but with the sugar
add thirty to forty cloves that have been broken
or ground.

All the syrups of spices, as cinnamon, nut-
meg, ginger, &c., can be made in the same
way.

Syrup of Fruit.—These are prepared in a
similar manner to capillare, substituting the
juices of the fruit in place of the water; in
this way it is very easy to make syrup of
oranges. Before the oranges are squeezed, to
express their juice, each orange should be well
rubbed or grated with the lump sugar—by so
doing the fine flavor of the rind is preserved.
All these syrups are drunk by diluting them
with water. About a wineglassful of syrup to
a tumbler of water will be found to make a
pleasant draught.

Syrup of Coffee.—Take about an ounce of
the finest coffee, ground, and a pint of cold wa-
ter; allow them to stand together for twelve
hours or more, then strain, and add one pound
and a half of sugar; boil for one or two min-
utes, not longer, and again strain.

Syrup of Tea.—One pint of water, two
pounds of sugar, an ounce of black tea; boil
together for five minutes, or rather less, and
then strain. A wineglassful to half a pint of
cold water makes very good tea.

To Neutralize the Acid (or Sourness) in
Fruit, Pies and Puddings.—As the fruit sea-
son now advances, it is well worthy of notice
that a large quantity of the free acid which ex-
ists in rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and oth-
er fruits, may be judiciously corrected by the
use of a small quantity of carbonate of soda,
without in the least affecting their flavor, so
long as too much soda is not added. To an
ordinary sized pie or pudding, as much soda
may be added as piled up will cover a shilling,
or even twice such a quantity, if the fruit is

very sour. If this little hint is attended to,
many a stomach-ache will be prevented, and a
vast quantity of sugar saved; because, when
the acid is neutralized by the soda, it will not
require so much sugar to render the sour
sweet.—[Scientific American.]

HEARTY AND HEALTHY RELIGION.—

We make the following extracts from a report of a
sermon by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the
New York Evening Post:

The mind may be influenced by fear, by
emotions, by veneration, by a sense of infinite-
ness and beauty; by the sympathies of benev-
olence and love. But these are not alike desir-
able; although it is better to be touched by
the lowest than not at all. The earliest feeling
towards God was that of fear, and this is the
most universal. The fear of God is of two
kinds—one belongs to generous feelings; the
other is a shrinking from something that is
doubtful or terrible. This cowering, servile
fear of God, not only debases God, but de-
grades the man who acts under it; for fear, as
a general thing, never works upon the inner
nature towards goodness, but only upon the
outer, towards conduct. A man who thus fears
is like the man who should go towards the
Polar sea thinking to get to the equator. He
is on the wrong train, with the wrong engineer,
and instead of leading to life, the road leads
to death. There is no gospel in it.

There are many who think this servile fear
is a sign of grace. They are miserable without
it. This feeling of inferiority, this shrinking
awe, is popularly understood as worship. To
be religious with persons entertaining it, is to
exercise this homage—this crouching as a
slave in the presence of his master. This is
the religion of the Romish church, and though
Protestantism has abandoned its forms, it has
not abandoned its spirit.

He did not ridicule this spirit in its place,
but pronounced it as false as anything can be.
There are churches which are built in obedi-
ence to this spirit, with gloomy walls of stone,
and coffin-colored pews, which remind one of
his last narrow resting-place; the windows are
darkened to shut out the light of heaven; and
those building such churches depend upon the
deep, solemn music, rolling heavily along the
shaded and gloomy aisles, to impress the mind
with a sense of awe.

Awe is precisely what it is; it is not wor-
ship, it is awe and nothing more. And the
man who yields to these influences, and is im-
pressed with the sepulchral gloom of the place,
when he goes out of the church draws a long
breath, breathes freely once more, and thinks
himself as good a Christian as the rest.

Such worship is always narrow. It is not to
see Christ smiling and saying: "I call you
friends; come unto me in every time of need."
It always sent a shiver over him to enter such
a church. "There are thousands," said the
speaker, "who would be shocked to hear me
talk as I do about it, but I cannot help it.—
Your God is a jailer; my God is a father."

One of the greatest obstacles a minister had
to contend with in this spirit of servile fear.
Men think that in order to be converted they
must go through the Inferno, as Dante did;
they must snuff the brimstone. He regretted
that men should be so mean and grovelling in
their thoughts, and not be willing to come to
God as a friend and father.

The reverend gentleman said that a minister
who should study to make an audience laugh
by a poor pun or joke, was not fit to enter the
pulpit. But if a spontaneous smile arose from
the audience, he was not disturbed. He never
attempted to make them laugh, neither did he
try to stop them. Laughing he thought, was
just as good as crying, and a good deal better.
Cheerfulness is characteristic of Christianity.

If there were present any conscientious liars,
in quest of a paragraph, he should expect to
see it going the rounds of the conscientious
religious press that he said people should go to
church to laugh; but he called the audience
to witness that it would be a lie—he had said
no such thing.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—In some London hospi-
tals, clothes infected by disease, are placed in
chambers of metal or masonry, and heated from
212 to 250 Fahr., which is considered better
than subjecting them to limgation of any kind,
or the usual antiseptics.

The treatment of cancers by caustic is again
under discussion by the Medical Society of
London, in consequence of the alleged success
of M. Moulin in cauterizing the skin with
nitric acid and then applying a paste of chloride
of zinc. After some days, it is said, of these
applications, the cancer is found to enucleate.

Much attention is now paid to the habits of
parasites detected by the microscope in the
livers of animals on which we feed. Many dis-
orders are attributed to this origin.

