

Interesting Miscellany.

SKETCH OF A LIFE.

I saw a river, gentle in its flow, but o'er its course hung darkness, save where the young moon...

And on the river ran, and widening As it ran, and deepening; while above Still gloomily the crescent moon poured forth...

But still amid the dark, unlooming still, He floated on; and wider grew the stream (The crescent moon had set), and far more deep...

BEAR THEE UP BRAVELY.

Bear thee up bravely, Strong heart and true! Meet thy way bravely, Strive with them too!

SCIENCE.

I fear the spirit of science, at the present day, is too often a degradation rather than the true culture of the soul.

A REMARKABLE TRANCE.

We are indebted to a highly esteemed friend in Worcester, Mass., for the following interesting narrative. It is from a letter found among the papers of Mrs. Perkins, mother of the late Thomas Handyside Perkins, the distinguished Boston merchant.

Of the extent and opulence of Philadelphia, I had formed no adequate idea. The magnificent air of the buildings; the length, regularity, and capaciousness of the streets; the number of public edifices, and the multitude of its inhabitants, greatly exceed what my imagination, in its utmost latitude, had led me to expect.

Yet I have not from any single source enjoyed so much, as from an afternoon devoted to Mr. Say. Of Mr. Say I think you have heard. If I mistake not, Mr. Murray, at a very early period of our acquaintance, narrated to you an extraordinary circumstance relative to this peculiar favorite of heaven.

He was bred a Quaker, and his life was exemplary. With avidity, with fear, and with much trembling he worked out his own salvation. He, indeed, worked it out. To him the Son of God was of little consequence; for with sparks of his own kindling, he was seeking to encompass himself about, and in the robe of his righteousness he chose to be adorned.

For two complete years the sorrows of his heart were beyond description, — deeply impressed with an idea that he was doomed to everlasting perdition. Peace was a stranger to his bosom; tears of agony rolled down his youthful cheek; almost constantly was he prostrated at the throne of grace, and reiterated were his cries for mercy.

"I go, my parents," he exclaimed, "horrid truth, — I go, and shall meet a God armed for my destruction." "Oh, my son!" exclaimed the agonized mother, "if such will be your fate, — you who have lived a life of innocence and virtue, wholly devoid of blame, — where will the guilty world awake?"

The season was severely cold; and the demise admitting of no doubt, lest the body should too suddenly stiffen, it was judged convenient immediately to prepare it for interment. This, however, his mother absolutely forbade. His father and his other friends remonstrated — he is unquestionably dead, why not then proceed to perform the last offices?

In addition to the above vision, many anecdotes he related, from which give me leave to select the following. He was, not long since, visited by a distressing illness — which it was supposed would be his last. For some time he remained speechless, receiving no sustenance but such as was administered in a tea-spoon.

vengeance, nor kept alive in a tartarean stream of fire, the fuel of which was sulphur and brimstone, was comparatively happy; not having, however, embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, he could not take his seat among the elect number; he found himself, nevertheless, clothed in a white robe, and a celestial guide received him.

Beings innumerable flitted round him; many were in possession of tranquility; but upon the brows of others, care and deep anxiety sat enthroned. Those upon whose spirits the peaceful morning had dawned, were clad in snowy white; while upon the garments of others the spotted hue remained. How happy are we, my aunt, who know that after the sealed are taken up, an innumerable company shall appear who shall wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb!

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RATHER OBLIVIOUS.

At a revival excitement in Connecticut, a respectable old lady was struck with conviction, became a convert, and was proposed for membership of the church.

"Well, my dear sister Rogers," said the reverend examiner, addressing our venerable friend, "please relate your experience."

The old lady, on being thus addressed, lifted up her voice: — "Well, I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here, but I believe I have experienced a change, as I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, after I came home from meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature, in the world, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers; and says he — 'I think so.' Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I was going to lead a different life — I was going to trim my lamp and have it burning again the Bridgroom come. Then Mr. Rogers, my husband, he didn't see what I wanted of another, but he didn't make no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would join the church, and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and my husband, Mr. Rogers, told me he thought I'd better."

The good old lady stopped, and the minister, turning to Mr. Rogers, her husband, said: — "Well, my brother, this seems to have been, as it should be, well considered among yourselves — you have given it full thought, and now I should like to have you tell us what you please in regard to your wife's change."

Mr. Rogers, her husband, rose to his feet, and said: — "I've been hearing it all, sir; but it's news to me."

She was taken into church without any further evidence.

LAUGHABLE. — A clergyman in the vicinity of Auburn, N. Y., was lately suspected by his clerical brethren of preaching heresy. The Presbytery came together to investigate his case. The suspected brother asked that he might have the privilege of setting forth his views in a sermon, which was granted. The sermon was preached, and thereupon every member of the Presbytery proceeded to pronounce it heretical, and much of it absurd. After a whole day had been spent in condemning him and his sermon, the poor man arose, and remarking that he saw they had come determined to find him guilty, said, "I have a disclosure to make which will be most painful to you. That sermon which I read to you was Rev. Dr. Chalmers's thirty-second lecture on Romans!" The Presbytery immediately adjourned sine die. — Springfield Republican.

PHILOSOPHY. — I doubt always the soundness of his philosophy who is not made more cheerful by it. The best definition of philosophy I know of is that of Victor Cousin, occurring in his treatise on the Philosophy of the Beautiful. "What is philosophy?" he asks. "It is something that lightens up, that makes bright."

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