ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH—D. R. M'ANALLY, EDITOR.

VOLUME VII, NUMBER 38. | ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1858. | WHOLE NUMBER, 350

Visit to the Earthquake District in Italy.

The following extracts from a letter from a Scotch gentleman, at present on a tour in Italy, narrate some interesting incidents in connection with the recent disastrous earthquake in that country:

"Proceeding from La Sala to Padula, the writer says: Along the the line of road were nothing but ruins, black rafters, broken tiles, churches with roof fallen in, the altars and pictures exposed to the light of day, shrines of Madonna—which the could not save—cracked and ruined; but the people still had confidence in them, as there were still little lamps burning in front of them. Some houses escaped altogether; some, much shattered, were propped up with old black rafters, and were still inhabited by the wretched people. They said, if it was the will of God, they must perish. A gale of wind would blow most of them down."

The party, in the course of their journey, come within sight of Tramutolo, the wretched appearance of which is described as follows: "From the summit of a hill we saw the town at our feet, lying along the side of a large valley, the other side of which was huge, bare, black, serrated mountains, covered with snow, the tops of which we could not see for mist—entered the town, which appeared about a mile long, lying along the foot of the hill. The streets or lanes were about eight or nine feet wide, covered deep with wet straw and pigs' dung, into which our shoes sank, and so propped up on each side with long black rafters, that you could not go straight forward, but had to stoop, first under one and then another, on the opposite side; in fact, they crossed each other from side to side, and these were to support not merely cracked buildings, but absolute rubbish—sheds made with broken tiles leaning against the walls. Imagine the worst, narrowest and dirtiest part of the Cowgate of Edinburgh in ruins, and these ruins tenanted by a most miserable, sallow, starved population, famine and panic stricken—there they live, and must live, for they have no other place to go to. We first walked to the convent, but soon saw there was no chance of accommodation there—the towers rent and tottering, the arches of the arcades broken to pieces, and the plaster, on which pictures of holy saints were drawn, lying in pieces on the ground. The monks themselves were huddled together under an arched kitchen, like a dungeon, cowering over the fire; the sound of vespers was heard from the little chapel. They were all there on the fearful night and were saved. The first thing that strikes you, is to find among such general ruins many buildings, not very far distant, say a quarter or half a mile, quite uninjured. Those on the summit of hills suffer most, those lower down least. Mr. ———, a gentleman sent out by the Geological Society of London to examine the phenomena, compared the tremblement to a shape of jelly, carried there on a series of waves, not in one direction, but many, one going and another returning: and between these there must have been a comparatively still interval. He thinks the centre of effort proceeded from the Tyrrhenian sea, from west to east, in which case you would find the buildings lying over to the east; but this is not always the case; there seems to have been another wave from north to south. He denies central fire and elastic gases, and refers all to the doctrine of heat and force, but did not explain his theory.

"A deputation of the principal people, from the priest downward, waited on us where we were accommodated, and conversed a little through our courier; in fact, the whole town was in a ferment on learning that four Englishmen had arrived. Next morning we could see the cold gray dawn through the roof and walls. Coffee, and off. But such a scene awaited us! The streets were filled with miserable wretches, famine-stricken specters, who mobbed us and would have torn us in pieces. We threw them all the money we had. They howled and shrieked. I had to take my stick in order to clear the way. The followed for miles.

"Visited Polla, which we passed on the way up. Something has been done here; wooden houses, and even a small wooden chapel have been erected. The people looked much better; ultimately their condition will be better than before—fewer laborers, and better wages. In the ruined streets of this town, an old distracted female came out of her den, where she said she meant to remain till Providence took her away. She stood on a ruined wall and said: 'Four of my relations lie buried, two under this heap, two under that pile; I escaped under that doorway.' It was affecting to see her give utterance to her feelings among the ruins and the dull heavy smell of the dead, for eight hundred bodies still lie here, and they rather cover them up than try to disinter them. Further down the road we visited Auletta, perched on a hill. You ascend through olive grounds. Its castle is thrown down. It was now night, and as we passed along the rows of little sheds or huts in which they had taken shelter, you could see the fire gleaming through groups cowering over the fire, cooking maccaroni; children squalling; dogs barking, and a whole family occupying one bed.

"Saponaro is leveled to the ground; not one stone is standing. It was built on the face of a steep hill, and the walls fell one on the other; in thirty seconds 2,400 met their fate, and only 200 escaped. So completely is it thrown down that you can see the shape of the hill on which it was built."

SMALL TALK.—But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and battle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics, and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to fourscore, and never hint on their tombstone that they died at last with the consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet?" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think "It's high time if John intends to marry Sarah for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of the soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*Whipple.*

A Christian sailor, who lost one of his legs in the battle of Trafalgar, said that he could very often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him, by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim: "What a pity that you lost your leg!" and only one in ten: "W at a blessing that the other was preserved!"

Dissection of a Thunder Cloud.

Some of the most surprising results yet known to the scientific world are related in a recent article in the British Quarterly, on Andrew Crosse, the electrician. Our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the following curious narrations:

In visiting his seat at Broomfield, the splendid apparatus he employed for extracting electricity from the atmosphere would first arrest the attention. Fancy the electric telegraph of our railways stretching across a forest, with its posts mounted on the tops of the highest trees, and the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the scene in Mr. Crosse's park. Far overhead ran wires supported by poles which rose from the summits of the trees, and were provided with an insulating arrangement to prevent the dispersion of the fluid. The duty of these wires was to fetch in the electricity of the clouds and fogs, so that it might be examined at ease by the owner of the mansion. Within the building there was a large room with an arched roof, originally intended for a music hall, but now occupied by the voltaic batteries, galvanic piles, electrical jars, and other implements of philosophy. It was a place where strange processes were in progress, and where subtile streams of fluid, flowing in silent, but ceaseless currents, were busily employed in piling up little mineral fabrics, and compelling the obedient atoms to fashion themselves into exquisite forms of crystal architecture. But it was a place also where the same element might be seen in its pride, and where it might also be heard in its wrath; for all those wires could be made to pour their supplies in a large brass conductor, fixed and insulated on a table in the organ gallery, and fittingly inscribed with the words, *Noli me tangere.* Not far from this conductor was another brass ball, forming the extremity of a metallic arrangement by which the electricity might be conveyed out of the building into the moist ground around. There was a contrivance, too, by which the current, when its strength became perilously great, or when its services were not required, might be turned off altogether, and discharged into the soil without entering the apartment. But if the magician wished to observe the play of the fiery element, it was easy to increase or diminish the distance between the two brass knobs, and thus to regulate the charge to be received by the huge battery employed. Then, if there were any electricity astir in the atmosphere, those balls would be sure to reveal the fact, and a succession of sparks and explosions, augmenting in rapidity as the commotion increased, would enable the observer to see into the storm, as it were, and to listen to its doings related in its own voice.

The results were surprising. With this noble searching apparatus, Mr. Crosse succeeded in obtaining an insight into the composition of a thunder-cloud, such as no one else had done before him. Imagine a dense mass of vapor approaching the electrical observatory on a sultry summer's day. No sooner does its margin arrive overhead the exploring wire than the brass balls begin to announce the commencement of the fray. A spark is seen, a detonation heard, and these heralds of the tempest are followed by a series of mimic flashes and explosions somewhat slowly delivered, for they may not perhaps exceed nine or ten during the first minute of the convulsion. Then there is a pause, but after awhile the apparatus gives forth another set of sparks and snappings, equal in number, and equal also in force to those which have just been exhibited, but differing in this particular—that if the first consisted of negative electricity, the second will consist of the contrary description. Another panse takes place, and then the sparks begin to leap from ball to ball, but with greater vigor and rapidity than before; these are discharges of negative electricity, as at the outset, and when they have passed, a similar set of positive eruptions invariably ensues. Again the apparatus becomes silent, but it is only for a short interval. A more numerous and brilliant succession of flashes soon announce that another zone of negative vapor is sweeping aloft, to be followed, after a brief respite, by a corresponding zone of electricity. The intervals of repose now grow shorter, and at length a stream of fire is seen to pour from one conductor to the other, broken only by the change from one kind of fluid to its opposite. When the centre of the cloud has reached the spot, and the exploring wires are sucking the lightnings from its heart, the effect is inconceivably fine. With the thunder roaring around the building, the windows rattling in their frames, the rain dashing against the panes, the electric fire bounding madly from ball to ball, and bursting incessantly, as if enraged at the presumptuous mortal who had dared to drag it from its native sky, his must be a stout heart who could witness such a scene without some feeling of awe or even of alarm; for there is death in every discharge, if those conductors were rashly approached, and thousands of Richmans might perish in the emptying of a single cloud. But as the excited vapors roll on, the explosions begin to slacken in number, and a series of twin eruptions, alternating with periods of repose, show that the latter half of the cloud corresponds in its electrical arrangements with the former. Finally, the languid spark and lazy snap announces that the hurly-burly is nearly done, or that the storm has traveled with the remnant of its wrath to some neighboring locality.

AGES OF OUR DISTINGUISHED STATESMEN AT THEIR DEATH.—The following table will be interesting at this time, as showing the ages of many of our distinguished statesmen at the time of their death:

	BORN.	DIED.	AGE.
Gen. Washington	1732	1799	67
Benjamin Franklin	1706	1790	84
John Adams	1735	1826	91
Thomas Jefferson	1743	1826	88
John Q. Adams	1767	1848	81
Andrew Jackson	1657	1845	78
Henry Clay	1777	1852	75
John C. Calhoun	1782	1850	68
Daniel Webster	1782	1852	70
Thomas H. Benton	1782	1858	76

It will be seen that Benjamin Franklin was born at an earlier period than any statesman who figured in our Revolutionary history. He was the oldest man who signed the Declaration of Independence, being at the time seventy years of age, and had filled the allotted time of the psalmist. He was twenty-six years older than Gen. Washington, and was thirty-seven years the senior of Thomas Jefferson. In the number of years that he lived, John Adams was the patriarch of our statesmen, dying at the extraordinary age of ninety-one years. He lived twenty-seven years longer than Gen. Washington, who was appointed, on his motion in the Continental Congress, Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies during the War of the Revolution. His son, John Q. Adams, was also very aged, being eighty-one years old. The Adams stock was distinguished for its longevity.

A little girl was one night under the starry sky intently meditating upon the glories of the heavens. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven was so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

From the Western Christian Advocate.

Buncombe Circuit.

"Every man his own Boswell."

Buncombe Circuit having nearly run down—I do not *say* through the inefficiency of my predecessors—the Conference last fall appointed me to take charge of it, and see what could be done by way of bringing it up to its former high position.

I was promptly in my new field, marshaling the forces, and preparing for a glorious campaign. The first thing to be done, I soon ascertained, was to *undo* nearly every thing that had been done before—I do not *say* that my predecessors had not done their duty—and begin at the beginning. My way is to make thorough work of whatever I undertake.

The circuit was in a deplorable condition. The congregations were small, the class and prayer meetings neglected, and the business generally upside down. I do not *say* that anybody was to blame for this.

There had not been a leaders' meeting held for months, as I was credibly informed, nor had the trustees of the churches been called together for business for years, according to the best information I could obtain. I heard of many families that had not received a pastoral visit for twelve months. After the most diligent search I was unable to find more than three hundred of the four hundred and fifty members reported to the last Conference, and, even among what I did find, were many who ought to have been disciplined long ago—though you will not understand this as a *reflection* upon my predecessors.

Under these discouraging circumstances, I went to work. At our first meeting, the congregation was said to be larger than it had been for years before. At the next appointment it was still greater, and at every subsequent meeting it has increased. At present, the congregations are fully double what they were when I commenced, and we have a solemn and sometimes a melting scene at every coming together. In fact, I never have preached to so quiet and attentive a congregation. At times you could hear a pin drop.

There had been no revival on Buncombe circuit for ten years. As I have never failed, in a single instance, to have a powerful work, this fact did not discourage me—I resolved to have a revival, and I carried it on entirely alone, working night and day, almost without intermission, for three months.

On coming to the circuit, I found the parsonage in a sad plight. The fences were down, windows were broken, the walls black, the floors dirty, the chicken coop leaked, and the pig pen had a board off. (I do not *say* that my predecessors had not taken care of the property.) Of course, I went to work, coat off, and shirt-sleeves rolled up, to put things in order. I organized a sewing society, and, with the proceeds of its suppers and fairs, have put the parsonage in complete repair, besides building a new wood house. Of course, I claim no credit for all this, as it is simply what every preacher *ought* to do, and what I always have done.

The Church at Buncombe had been groaning under a heavy debt upon their house of worship. I found the brethren entirely hopeless of having this incubus removed. They talked of allowing it to be sold, in which case, the Catholics, of course, would have purchased it. I immediately drew up a subscription, heading it myself with one hundred dollars, and in less than three weeks had the whole amount subscribed, and thus saved the house.

I have also had the audience room refitted in handsome style—the floor carpeted, the pews painted, the pulpit remodeled, and an elegant chandelier introduced.

Heretofore, Buncombe circuit has paid about seventy-five dollars into the missionary treasury annually. I resolved to double that amount. Accordingly, I prepared a special sermon for the occasion, and having unusual liberty in the delivery of it, succeeded in raising the missionary spirit to a higher point than it had attained before in this region. The collection amounted to one hundred and seventy-five dollars—more than any previous year.

The Sabbath schools on the circuit I found in a terrible condition. At every point they needed reorganization, and new life infused into them. I have the pleasure now to inform the lovers of Zion, that in this department of the Church, Buncombe circuit is next to none in the Conference. Our schools are models in every respect, and never had one-quarter as many scholars as at the present time.

I have made seven hundred and seventy-seven pastoral visits during the year, and have met some families who assured me I was the first preacher they had seen in their houses for five years. I ought to add, to the praise of the brethren on this circuit, that my salary is one hundred dollars above that of any previous year, and all paid—a circumstance which never happened before.

JOHN SMYTHE.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO VISIT EUROPE?—This interesting question is thus satisfactorily answered by a correspondent of the Boston Post:

This is a question that I am asked not unfrequently, and something may be said in answer that will be of advantage to the inexperienced traveler. Were I to state that I spent ten or forty thousand dollars during my first visit to Europe—and it was nearer the latter sum than the former—it would really be saying nothing definite, so I will tell what may be done. Stay-at-home people often have some singular ideas of the expense of foreign travel. I am not writing for the information of beggars, robbers or gamblers, but for those who take money enough with them to pay all their expenses, personal or otherwise. During my last visit to Europe, I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Northern Italy and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I have sometimes asked my questioner to "guess the amount." The sum named has been usually $2,000 or $2,500. It was about one-fifth of the latter sum—to-wit: five hundred—and the very same scenes can be visited for one-half that sum, and travel respectably. Money being usually an important consideration, we wish, in travel, as in other investments, to get as much value as possible for our dollars. I believe travelers usually do not get more than one-half what they might. If a man wishes to become well acquainted with the English people at home, or any other people in their domestic and social relations, and their political condition, he must stay awhile, making his home with them.

REPLY TO THE SCOFFER.—To a young infidel who was scoffing at Christianity, because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said: "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then, don't you see," said Dr. M., "that, by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The young man was silent.

The Man of One Book.

In 1816 the Rev. Thomas Bingham, of Whitechurch, England, published an interesting account of a poor cripple, William Churchman by name, who, confined for life to his room, had never been outside of a church, had never heard a sermon, read any book but the Bible. Mr. Bingham paid him a visit in the hut where he was confined, and by a variety of questions drew from him a confession of faith. Mr. Bingham, wishing to converse with Mr. Churchman with perfect familiarity did not tell him he was a minister, and after the interviews held with him, wrote down the replies he received to his questions. They are interesting as illustrations of the conclusion to which a sincere inquirer may be brought by the diligent study of the Scriptures as his only guide.

In response to an interrogation, William gave the following account of the way in which he was led to put in Christ.

William. I read the New Testament all through, and all seemed to condemn me. Now I came to it exceeding great and precious promises, but could not see any of them then; I could only attend to such awful words as these: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.' Yet I began to read the Testament over again, and when I came the second time to the blessed first chapter of the first epistle of John, and read these precious words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin,' I felt that precious blood relieve my conscience, and I seemed to myself as if I were in a new world. I could *now* repent; I could love God; and if I had a thousand lives, I could have laid them all down for Christ."

"*Mr. B.* Do I understand you rightly; that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live, now Christ is become your Savior?"

"*William,* (with indignant feeling.) God forbid! how shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, that they which live, should not any longer live unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again."

Mr. B. says:

"I was desirous of knowing whether he had, from searching the Scripture, obtained any distinct views of the nature of Christ's kingdom on earth; and whether, as he conceived himself at a remote distance from any of Christ's disciples, he had turned his attention to the order and government of his church. To my inquiries I received with surprise the answers which follow:

"How many churches do you apprehend God may have in the world?"

"One only," was his reply.

"What church is that?"

"The general assembly and church of the first-born, which is written in heaven."

"What then was the church of the Jews?"

"The shadow of good things to come, but the body is of Christ."

"How are these visible to the world?"

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"Yes, as individuals; but how shall they be visible as a church?"

"Where but two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them."

"That may be in many places at once, but are they not called churches? why is this?"

"Because each is like the whole church, as Paul says, 'In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.'"

"How do any unite with such a church?"

"They first give themselves to the Lord, and to us according to the will of God."

"What officers are there in the church of Christ?"

"Bishops and deacons."

"What is the office of a bishop?"

"To feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer."

"What is the deacon's office?"

"To serve tables."

"Were those officers appointed for enriching or advancing the persons holding them?"

"Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. Not for filthy lucre's sake; not as lords over God's heritage, but as helpers of your joy."

"Who are to act in choosing those officers?"

"Wherefore look out, from among yourselves, seven men of good report, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, whom we may appoint over this business."

"But if wicked men creep into the church, how are they to be dealt with when they are discovered?"

"Put away from among yourselves that wicked person."

"But if they repent afterward?"

"What shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?"

"Does the power of kings and rulers relate to our bodies, or our consciences?"

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; but unto God the things that are God's."

A writer in the Evangelical and Literary Magazine, in commenting on this case pertinently remarks:

"Perhaps in these views of William Churchman, respecting the constitution of the Church, we can find a reason for the opposition of many, both in this country and Europe, to the Bible Society. Nothing is more certain than that the Bible, 'without note or comment,' is unfriendly to high pretensions, both in Church and State. It refuses to give to *Cæsar* the things that are *God's;* it everywhere recognizes the *right of private judgment;* it teaches us to own no lord of conscience but our great Creator."

COOL COURAGE.—A correspondent of the Dover (N. H.) Gazette relates the following instance of cool courage, exhibited at the burning of the store of Parmenter & Co., in Barnstead, a few weeks ago:

The proprietors, with other citizens, were immediately on hand, and on going into the store and up stairs, and seeing the entire attic in a blaze, Mr. P. returned and told his neighbors to save the goods, as the store they could not. In the meantime some had commenced to stay the fire and others to remove the goods. Parmenter again went up, and seeing fire dropping upon the heads of a couple of kegs of powder, again retreated, and meeting Mr. Nathaniel T. Smart, cried out, "For God's sake don't go up, as there is powder." Mr. Smart pushed him aside and went into the chamber, *extinguishing the fire which had caught the paper stopple of one of the kegs, with his thumb and finger,* then tipped them up and brushed the fire from the heads, and taking them under each arm, walked deliberately down and out into the street, thus securing themselves against further danger from the powder.

The Baltimore (Md.) Clipper says that the small State of Maryland contains a greater free negro population than the mighty Empire State of New York by over 25,000, and exceeds Pennsylvania by over 21,000.

FROG NOTES.—Among the voices of spring now falling on the ear, the notes of the frogs are not to be forgotten nor despised. They are now in full chorus, and in the twilight hour we find a pleasure in listening to them. "In the month of April," says an enthusiastic lover of nature, "what is finer than a symphonious frog-pond!" Dr. Livingstone, who found in Africa "a splendid esculent frog nearly as large as a chicken," which it resembles when cooked, says its "music was always regarded as the most pleasant sound that met the ear after crossing portions of the thirsty desert; and I could fully appreciate the sympathy for these animals shown by Æsop, himself an African, in his fable of the 'Boys and the Frogs.'" This esculent frog has a wonderful power of adapting himself to circumstances in that dry climate, where water so often fails him. He makes a hole at the root of certain bushes, and there ensconses himself during the months of drought. As he seldom emerges, a large variety of spider takes advantage of the hole, and makes its web across the orifice. He is thus furnished with a window and screen gratis; and no one but a Bushman would think of searching beneath a spider's web for a frog. As soon as the rain falls, however, the frogs rush forth into the hollows filled by the water, and the natives, seeing such numbers come with the rain, where before none were visible, believe that they fall down from the clouds.

The frog has been set down as a croaker, but though his voice is somewhat lugubrious, this is a great mistake. He is always happy when he croaks, and it was in Bœotian ignorance of frog-life that the word was used to describe the irrational groanings of the human biped. "Nature is never melancholy," says Coleridge, and, adds a writer in Blackwood, "as 'Wilkes was no Wilkesite,' so frogs are no croakers." When the frog opens his mouth it is not to complain of his hard lot, but to proclaim his love! The writer above referred to tells us—

"There are fissures at the corners of the frog's mouth, which admit the external protrusion of certain bladder-like cheek-pouches, and these are inflated from the wind-pipe, and with these instruments the croaking noise is produced. The male frog alone possesses these voice-sacs, and Mr. Buckland supposes that their use is for the purpose of apprising the lady of the presence of the gentlemen. There can be no doubt of that. The frog is a dumb dog when the tender passion is not on him, but when he would 'a wooing go,' gallantly does he blow his amorous acclaim. To Madam Frog the song is sweeter than any Sappho ever sung, and she is as much charmed as the thrush is with her gallant mate perched on the neighboring elm-top, piping impetuously his mellifluous notes."

SCHOOL STATISTICS OF MISSOURI.—From the last report of our State Superintendent of Common Schools, we extract the following summary of school statistics:

Total number of School Districts in the State	3,658
" " School Houses	2,671
" " Colleges	9
" " Academies	48
" " Male Teachers	2,409
" " Female Teachers	480
" " Children bet. 5 and 20 years	302,126
" " Children taught during year	97,907
" amount paid teachers' wages	$379,815 88
" " derived from State School Fund	181,275 51
" " derived from Township Fund	64,706 09
" " raised to build and repair S. H.	32,571 96
" " of unsold School Land in acres	189,357 38

These figures are for the year 1857. It is not pretended that they are absolutely correct, or that they exhibit the greatest aggregate results obtained under our present system. From many counties only partial returns were made. As the people and school officers become more familiar with the duties incumbent upon them, we may look with greater accuracy, and more comprehensive statistical information as to the condition and progress of the schools.

In future numbers of the Educator we intend calling particular attention to this subject. Through the kindness of the Superintendent we shall be able to exhibit facts and figures that cannot fail to interest deeply every true friend of the cause.—*Educator.*

DOTH GOD REASON?—We have seen this before, but it is good enough to repeat. It is an admirable syllogism. A deaf and dumb pupil in Paris was asked: "Doth God reason?" He replied: "To reason is to hesitate, to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, therefore God doth not reason."

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single beat. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed forever, and unchanging in the solid marble. Well! so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of malice, and uncleanliness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.—*Plain Parochial Sermons.*

A THOUSAND PRAYERS.—Who ever offered so many? You have, during the past year, if you have kept the resolution of the Psalmist: "Evening and morning, and at noon will I pray." A thousand prayers! Have they all been answered? Were they all "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous," which avails? What reason have you to praise God, who enabled you to offer them?

Has your heart not been right with God, so that in these there has been only the form of prayer?

Perhaps a parent, child, or friend, has prayed so many times for you. Will you resist the Spirit of God, and sink unsanctified under the weight of so many prayers?

In nothing is the corrupt memory of man more treacherous than in this, that it is apt to forget God; because out of sight, he is out of mind; and here begins all the wickedness that is in the world; they have *perverted their way,* for they have *forgotten the Lord their God.*

Those that resolve to serve God, must not mind being singular in it, nor be drawn by the crowd to forsake his service. Those that are bound for heaven, must be willing to *swim against the stream,* and must not do as the *most* do, but as the *best* do.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

OLD FATHER JONES.—Two or three years ago, if our memory serves us rightly, old Father Jones was appointed Chaplain of the State Prison, and a very appropriate appointment it was. At the time, when the announcement of this fact was made, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within the range of one of the circuits where he had preached for years, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, got on his horse, and having to pass by the house of brother P———, on his road, concluded to "pass off a joke." Now brother P——— had been all the days of his manhood a zealous, active, spirited member, prompt in his responses of "amen," and such like, and always seemed peculiarly delighted with Father Jones' preaching, for he would sit in the corner of the church and co-operate with great satisfaction to himself and that minister. Seeing this worthy brother standing before the door, the good-humored disciple rode up to the fence, and, after the usual salutations accosted him thus:

"Brother P———, have you heard the news?"

"Why, what news, brother S———; anything strange?"

"Why they say old Father Jones has been sent to the *Penitentiary* for one year."

On hearing this, brother P———, with unaffected astonishment, indulged himself in such remarks—

"Why, you don't say so! Is it possible! Is it really a fact?"

"Why," says brother S———, "I guess there's no mistake about it. I hear it from brother C———, and he saw it in the papers; so I reckon it must be so."

"Well," says brother P———, sitting himself down on the truth of the rumor, "now, brother S———, I can't say that I am surprised at this; but, between you and me, I always thought old man Jones wasn't the right kind of a man. The fact is, he's better in the Penitentiary than out of it, and I told my wife he'd go there some day."

Having thus delivered himself of his opinion, and after a few similar comments, brother S——— left him without explanation, astonished and amused at the effect of the information.

How brother P——— felt when he learned the truth about it we never learned.

This illustrates that many are disposed to kick anybody down hill who has, in their opinion, got a start that way.—*Lawrenceburg Press.*

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—An anxious mother in Maine thus writes to her son in California:

My Dear Son—

Come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Your affectionate mother.

To which Young America, with equal laconism, replies:

My Dear Mother—

Come here. A setting hen never gets fat.

Your affectionate son.

ANOTHER.—A merchant in New York, wishing to know whether there is any change in the market at Liverpool, writes to his correspondent there as follows:

Dear Sir—

?

Truly yours.

The faithful correspondent replies:

Dear Sir—

0

Truly yours.

Explanation:—(?) What is the news? Answer, (0) nothing.

STILL ANOTHER.—Jonathan used to manage the business of an uncle in Pittsburgh, who, among other peculiarities, was very economical of words. One day the old gentleman, hearing that there was a boat at the wharf by which he wished to make a large shipment of coal, wrote thus to Jonathan:

Dear Jonathan—

; board.

Yours, UNCLE.

Jonathan beat him, though at his own game. He wrote back:

Dear Uncle—

:

Yours, JONATHAN.

Explanation:—Se-mi-col-on board. (See my coal on board.) Col-on. (Coal on.)

DON'T ASK FAVORS.—Rely upon yourself, and ask no favors. It is a great deal better to suffer than to be dependent upon others. Obtain what you desire by your own exertions, or make up your mind to go without it. There is more true dignity in comparative poverty with an independent spirit, than in the most luxurious indolence, gained through cringing and asking favors. And then, too, it is so humiliating to be refused by those who are abundantly able to aid you, with "I am very sorry I can't accommodate you." "I really wish it was in my power." "Dear me, if you had only applied yesterday," and all the other old musty speeches which have been stereotyped from time immemorial, ready for use by those who gladly avail themselves of any excuse, rather than put themselves to any inconvenience to do a favor for those who say they are their friends. We recently knew a man who had always been ready to do favors for his kindred, brought into a tight pecuniary fix, and though he had many wealthy relatives, who, without any trouble, might have assisted, yet there was not one of them that was willing to do the least thing for him. The better way is not to try even the nearest relatives we have on earth, by asking favors of them. If a man, however, has connections or friends, who really are noble hearted, and who, when they see him in trouble, come forward, of their own accord, and offer him assistance, let him accept it, and rejoice that he has such,

"That are friends indeed,
Because friends in need."

Don't ask favors then. Rely upon your own efforts; go ahead, work hard; and if sometimes embarrassed, and a whole-souled man comes along and offers the helping hand, do not let a foolish, mistaken pride, not of independence, prevent you from cordially and gratefully accepting the proffered aid, and be ready to prove your appreciation of his kindness by doing him a good turn the first opportunity that occurs.

PULPIT PRONUNCIATION.—The Presbyterian Banner and Advocate says: "The good old possessive pronoun, my, is losing its distinctive enunciation, being changed into the objective me; or, worse still, into a short mi, and made to rob the word which follows it, of a letter. Thus, we have 'mis-oul,' 'min-eart,' 'mil-ove,' 'mig od,' instead of my soul, my heart, my love, my God."

MODERN SERMONS.—The style clear, strong and pointed, the divisions and subdivisions not too numerous, but distinct, are a great assistance to the memory. I cannot bear the new-fangled essay plan, with no subject announced, no plan, no application.—*Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta.*