

SABBATH TREASURY.

SCRAPS FROM A NOTE BOOK.

[Written for the Advance.]

On a gloomy evening in April of 18— I was sitting alone in my room, the stillness of the apartment and the murky atmosphere without, had perhaps their full influence upon my sensitive nature, but be that as it would I soon found myself busily occupied with thoughts less congenial to my feeling than the solitude which surrounded me, and though accustomed to looking at the brightest pictures in the great panorama of life, yet owing to the realities of my situation I had no control over the thoughts which intruded themselves upon my hour of meditation. I had always been industrious and given satisfaction to my employers, I had endeavored to be punctual, upright and honest, and now I had sought attainable employment which I felt competent to undertake—once, twice, thrice,—and was doomed to disappointment. I had not only to depend upon my own exertions for a livelihood, but there were others dearer to me than life whom I felt bound to protect by every sacred tie. My means were nearly exhausted and soon poverty would stare me in the face! What could I do? Where should I turn? Those with whom I daily associated endeavored to rally my drooping spirits and though I appreciated their sympathy, I could discover no mine wherein I might search for gold. Could I expose my situation to those whom I saw around me? My pride was unconquered and revolted, I could not. I had already received assistance from distant relatives and forebore to afflict them by disclosing my sad tale of sorrows—my deep untold anguish! I belonged to Societies whose confidence I enjoyed, but my voice was silent—my heart beat heartily and I inwardly shuddered at the faintest idea of making known the cause of my embarrassment; and what was most piercing of all I was connected with those whom fortune had favored with wealth, but who passed me by, with only a cold bow of recognition, and why? Had I ever done anything to merit coldness or contempt? Alas! the sun of prosperity did not shine also for me; I had tasted life's bitter cup and proved the emptiness of human professions; I had experienced the injustice and cruelty of masked selfishness and hollow-hearted treachery. I had given no cause for such ungenerous treatment. I reflected upon my past life but became the more firm in the opinion that the balance of account was in my favor; I had cheerfully responded to every call, even at the risk of my own health and happiness. Was not this—my hour of need, the very time when I had a right to expect sympathy? But the return was chilling neglect, heartless ingratitude! O! base, human depravity—how all that is noble and good in nature revolts at the developments of thine inhumanity! And were it not there are magnanimous and generous spirits—that there are green and sunny spots in the garden of life—that there are fragrant and beautiful flowers scattered all along its pathway, the world indeed would be a desert, where the gentle and good, the fair and the lovely could never dwell. But to return, the evening was wearing away, the coals which had been glowing in the grate were becoming dim, and I was about comparing them with my sinking hopes and unfavorable prospects, when the question arose in my mind—shall I who have battled bravely with all the trying vicissitudes of life, give way to despair? I who have faced death and danger and struggled with the wild waves of adversity as they have rolled recklessly around me while the elements were in fearful commotion? I who have been so often guided by the cheering star of hope and have learned to meet difficulty and disappointment, trial and suffering with composure—learned to control passion and to govern my wishes and tastes? But I was unprepared for the trial of seeing those whom I loved subjected to the iron grasp of poverty. No—I would not despair—I would arouse all my energies, I would make another effort, I would school myself to diligence and patience, listening to the teaching "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shall thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man." I arose as if inspired by the thought while

I seemed to hear a whisper "Prosperity shall be thine." Suddenly I heard a gentle tap at the door and the well known voice of a friend inquired "Have you seen the morning Paper?" I answered I had not. "Here is a notice of your engagement in—." Was it a dream? I took the Paper and what was my astonishment when I beheld my name;—it was really so. I was overcome by emotion. I wept for joy while a deep feeling of gratitude pervaded my whole being! The heartfelt pleasure of that moment far outweighed the trial and suspense of the many weary hours which had preceded it and at the same time taught a lesson of trust and submission which might nerve the faintest heart against apathy and despair, to move onward through the vast unseen future with a firm and even step, while hope, like a constant, brilliant star through darkness, continually points to a blissful Heaven.

PICTURES.

[Written for the Advance.]

How strange it is that we should overlook the beautiful things around our daily paths and admire only the far fetched and famous. How many admire the delicate shading which a brush pencil has laid upon a painted flower, who never turn aside to wonder at the inimitable tracery of color in a forest blossom. We gaze with wonder at the curious and perfect crystals the chemist produces in his laboratory, and never notice the myriad forms of beautiful crystallization which come drifting down in snow-flakes about our very doors. We pay our quarters to visit the Dusseldorf Gallery or Athenaeum, and feast our eyes with gazing on master-pieces of art and talk with enthusiasm of a Murillo, Rembrandt, Guido or Lessing; and this is well, for the love of the beautiful is next to a love of the holy, and blessings be on him who paints a beautiful picture, but we overlook the magnificent scenes, which like moving panoramas are ever before our eyes, with the picturesque grouping of objects, the play of light and shade, the misty haze upon the distant hills, the matchless colouring of sky, and gorgeous cloud drapery which no pencil can reproduce, no painter's art rival.

We may have gazed with rapture upon a picture of sun-rise on the hills, and never stopped to admire the stealing on of the real sunrise, the gradual brightening of the eastern sky and all the changing brilliancy of clouds, till the crimson and golden drapery is dazzling in magnificence and the distant hills light up with a rosy blush, and at last the broad disc rises above the horizon and the world awakes to another day.

We have looked with delight, it may be, upon the artist's "Italian sunset," and never watched to see our sun fold his robes about him and lie down to rest with the golden rays gleaming up behind the hills, and the grand old mountains, like giants resting in consciousness of night, rearing their heads in the fading light till the stars come out in the early twilight bind a coronet upon their brows.

Every day brings new pictures to gladden our eyes and let us not be unmindful of them. While we love the works of art and glory in him who "paints for immortality," let us not fail to love better the pictures which the Infinite One presents to us, the work of him who gives immortality.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her;—he her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy.

In the words of Ruskin, "All those passages to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robes, and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and distinctness, and clearness of the simple words "Our Father which art in Heaven."

When Presbyterianism was at its height in Scotland, the great object of life was to be in a state of affliction. A Christian must beware of enjoying his dinner, for none but the ungodly relished their food. To write poetry was a grievous offence, and drawing was extremely sinful. Smiling, provided it stopped short of laughter, might occasionally be allowed; still, being a carnal passion, it was a sin to smile on Sunday. We ought to feel thankful that our lives were not cast in such a doleful place.

WOMAN'S ELOQUENCE.

Reader, you know as well as we do that woman will talk. You have a general idea that she talks partly from a constitutional necessity, and partly from a dangerous habit. You feel, generally as though you were not called upon to believe all she says nor give her credit for doing so. In a word the world of masculines speak slightly of her influence as a talker. It gives her the credit of being garrulous, but seldom of being eloquent. You have shared in that opinion. Without assuming to be her champion, or without admitting, as we may have been willing to do at times, that she is inclined to take small occasions to "make talk," we give you her own defence, on being arraigned as being inclined to scold, which was her "highest form of eloquence." Read it, it will do you good perhaps, or at least convince you that that sometimes a woman can be in earnest.

Scolding isn't their "highest form of eloquence" either. Acid philosopher, whose gall and bitterness evolved itself into that outrageous sentiment, did you ever have a mother? Do you remember back to the days when you were a little child, and she used to tell you whispered stories, with your head resting upon her shoulder, while the golden crescent of the young moon hung in the violet sky, above the hills? Has the world ever brought you aught of eloquence to surpass those softly murmured syllables? Did you ever have a wife? Did you ever come home at night, wearied and worn out, disgusted with frail humanity, and sick at heart of life's discordant tumult, until her gentle voice and pure sweet sympathy kindled a nobler fire on your heart's altar? Did you ever hear the murmured music of her half uttered prayers over your baby's fairy pillow? Did you ever stand where the April wind was idly stirring the violets over a little grave, and listen to the tearful words about her little one who has passed through the pearly gates?—words so full of hope that you almost seem to behold the tiny feet wandering the celestial asphodels that blossom on the hills of heaven!

If you know nothing of these things, you have no more right to profane the subject than the man who plays a hand-organ has to criticise the marvelous melodies of Handel and Mozart. You don't know even the alphabet of woman's eloquence, and you don't deserve to know it. Leave it for those to talk about, who understand it!

BELOW THE ATLANTIC.

Soundings in the Atlantic have been particularly pushed forward, and have excited, on account of the telegraph cable, more general interest than any others yet taken. They have revealed the fact that at least two hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Ireland the water is still shallow; in other words, that there is another Ireland, only waiting to be raised—thus reversing the famous panacea for keeping the country quiet. It is just beyond this that the true Atlantic begins, the gulf suddenly sinking to nine thousand feet. Thus Ireland may one day have a coast line as high as the Alps. The whole floor of the Atlantic is paved with a soft, sticky substance, called ooze, nine-tenths consisting of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and a thousand of which could float with ease in a drop of water; some resembling toothed wheels; others, bundles of spines and threads shooting from a little globe. Some, however, are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea-water—which is more than every chemist can do; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skeletons of these little creatures. Parts of this ooze are doubtless from the clouds of rain-dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America, in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter, and which, after sweeping like a simoon over the country, lose themselves in the "steep Atlantic." No bones have been found, of the larger animals; so that the kraken and sea-serpent might sleep their last sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to tell the tale. Not a mast or anchor, not a block or strand, not a coin or a keepsake, has been found, to testify of the countless gallant ships and more gallant men who have gone down amid the pitiless waves.

ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Dim and mysterious is the early history of man on this continent. It is enveloped in darkness, never, it may be presumed, to be penetrated by human research. And yet ruins of ancient cities are frequently discovered, that tell of a race which has long since passed away—probably exterminated by the ancestors of our present Indians, who are also fast departing from the human family—fairly dying out before the ever advancing influence of the pale-faces. But these monumental cities indicate great population, and prove the existence of mighty men of old. A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archaeology by a discovery, recently made, some ninety miles north-east of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has appeared in the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times.

The plain upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward toward the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness. The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the building on the outer line being pierced with loop-holes as though calculated for the use of weapons. Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of dark granite rock, which could have only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor.

There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bas relief and fresco work. Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artists hands as those of Thebes and Palmyra. The buildings are all looped-hooped in each side, much resembling those found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed are cemented together by a specie of mortar of a bituminous character; which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock.

ATHEISM.

"What can be more foolish," says Jeremy Taylor, "than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance—when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects, and no cause; a motion, without a mover; a circle, without a centre; a time, without an eternity; a second, without a first; are things so against philosophy and natural reason, that he must be a beast, in his understanding, who does not assent to them. The thing formed, says that nothing formed it; and that which is made, is, and that which made it is not. This folly is infinite."

PUNCTUALITY.—It is said of Melancthon that when he made an appointment he expected not only the hour but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense; and of Washington that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another watch, or I another secretary."

DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.—When Voltaire came to die, he was in the greatest horror. As the physician came, he exclaimed, "I am abandoned by God and man. Doctor, I will give half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months of life." The Doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks!" "Then" said Voltaire, "I shall go to hell, and you will go with me!" and soon after expired.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common delicacies, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

A THOUGHT FOR DRUNKARDS.

While the proclamation, "Drunkards shall not inherit the Kingdom of God," is, in its aspect earthward, a terror from the Lord to alarm the guilty; it is, in its aspect upward, a consoling promise to the heirs, that their home in Heaven will not be disturbed by those wild fears that terrified or tore them in the house of their pilgrimage. When the Lord, and they who waited for Him, had, in symbol, entered into the eternal rest, "the door was shut." The clang of the shutting door resounds in both directions—a terror indeed to those who are without, but a thrill of joy unspeakable through all who are within.

"Nothing shall enter that defleth."

DR. FRANKLIN AND THOMAS PAINE.

When Paine was writing his infamous "Age of Reason," he sent part of it to Franklin, for his opinion respecting it. In the reply of the latter, he tells the skeptic, "That probably he (Paine) is indebted to his religious education for the very habits of virtue on which he prides himself," and he closes by advising him to employ his talents on some other subject; "For," he adds, "among us, it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother;" concluding with the remark, "If men are so wicked even with religion, what would they be without it?"

The Christian rule is this:—"When you make up your mind to take any one as your friend, or as an object of your love, take him in the plenitude of his weakness, and faults, and sinfulness. Determine at the beginning, or soon after, that you will love him on account of what you have got, and not on account of what he has got; and say, 'I will bring a heart to love him that will overcome the effect upon me of any deficiencies which there may be in the compliance of his disposition and life, with my ideals.' If you take the one course; if you sit all your life long judging, there will be, as the result of your friendship and companionship, a quarrel with two sides to it—your friend a restless culprit; and you, an angry judge before whom he is arraigned. But if, on the other hand, you enter into friendship and companionship on the ground of mutual imperfection, and say, 'I will not love by nice measuring, by worth, by estimates, by weighing, but will have such a likeness to Christ as to love things that do not suit me, as to love being rather than quality,' then there will be that which will outbrave the storms of life, and life itself. You must bring the Christian element into your friendship and companionship, or you cannot have the highest element of love. You must keep in mind the element of immortality, or you cannot have patience to bear with the imperfections of men. The nearer you bring together people that are not armed with this victorious influence of love, the harder it is for them to live together."

PAYING THE DEBT OF NATURE.—"Death," says John Foster, "is not, to the Christian, what it has often been called, 'paying the debt of Nature.' No, it is not paying a debt—it is rather like bringing a note to a bank, to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case, you bring this cumbrous body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it, from the eternal treasures, liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture."

A GREAT DEAL OF our heart life is cryptogamous—mosses and, inconspicuous, blooms hidden in the grass, thoughtlets, the intents of the heart. We are hardly aware of this life; but as God sees in winter all the flowers which are yet sleeping beneath the soil, so He sees all the hidden feelings of our hearts. He knows every root, and what will spring from it, and comprehends its intents, which are yet but germs, as well as its thoughts, which have already blossomed.—Becher.

A GOOD RULE.—"Two persons, I believe a husband and a wife," says the memoir of Howels, "being very much at variance, referred their quarrel to Mr. Howels. Each accused the other, and both declared themselves to be without blame. Mr. Howels heard them very patiently, and then said, 'my judgment is this: Let the innocent forgive the guilty.'"

GREAT TRUTH.

No evil propensity of is so powerful that it may be by discipline.

God puts the excess of in order that it may be man who is despondent.

The stream of life for is apt to run in one char in another.

As flowers never put clothes for Sunday, but less raiment and exhale day, so let your Christian stain, ever give forth the love of God.

THE BIBLE.—"There elements of mighty power copy of it, rent asun of the man of sin; and sions of its might will e the foundations of all si

THE world is so fruit hardly even blunder v forth some good. We scheme, however wild ar but it will strike off son from the tree of knowlec

It is with the singing tion as with the sighn the forest, where the not rustling leaves, and the upon each other, altoge mory, no matter what t: discords.

DEATH AND SIN.—"W death would never have were it not for death, have an ending."

IF ANY man is rich comes under that law the higher branches mus ings of the sun, and sha lower; by which the tal tect the weak plants Beecher.

APPROPRIATE TO ALL of God," says Bishop troubled about what is tience against God, to l what is present; and an troubled for what is pas

ABUSE.—Plutarch, ir biographies, tells us the being scurrilously treat who led a licentious ar said to him quietly: "A thee and me, is very u: cannot bear ill language return it with pleasure; 'tis unusual for me to l agreeable to speak it.

A PRECIOUS TRUTH.—count his converts by th by hundreds, nor yet by them by units, saying, 'the presence of God ove repenteth.' He valued yet at last shall he welc ed as an innumerable r no man can number."

RELIGION TO BE FI faith that only reaches never sanctify the ha without experience, wil than fainted fire will bu water cleanse. It may d as the knowledge of I was useful to him, while the flood."

MANY children grow dler bell glasses. They only by artificial and pr They are house-bred, r bred, mother-bred—eve bred. The object of tr the child to take care many parents use their c kind of spoon, on which own experience; and th corded until they peri break all bonds and ce ruin by reaction.—H. W

THE BIBLE.—"We ha more truthful remark of all books," than the f Bible," says Rome, "is c dangerous for whom? for infidelity, which i gerous for sins, which i ous for Satan, whom it gerous for false relig masks; dangerous to ev dares to conceal it fro whose criminal impost sions it brings to light.