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JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH
At this Office.

Selected Tales.

MY SWEETHEART'S GHOST.

BY WILLIAM NORTH.

This is not a tale of spiritual rappings. I never heard any. Possibly I am not worth a rap, being an artist. My table does not hop, or rear up, or fly. Between you and me, it is lucky it does not. If it did, the claw would come off to a dead certainty. I think it right to mention this, and to warn any playful young ghost or ghostesses of the fact. Now to my tale.

Aurelia Garford and I loved one another passionately, so passionately that at the age of seventeen we resolved to marry.—Both our parents opposed the scheme.—We had neither of us any money, and though I thought myself a Titian, the portraits I daubed were poor things even for sign-painting. But we could not wait.—We grew desperate. We determined to run away into the wide world.

The wide world! How narrow it is, after all! A gimlet eight thousand miles long would bore a hole right through it. And what is eight thousand miles! Less than most people walk in a couple of years. "What is anything compared to everything!" as the editor down east observed.

Aurelia's parents lived in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street. Their house is near the corner of Fourth Avenue. It is a long way "up town." Some say there is no such street. But that of course is nonsense, because I know Aurelia lived in it. Many people, no doubt, have started off in the cars to look for the street, and never found it. It is not easy to find; though as it is the next street to Two-hundred-and-twenty-first street, it is not so difficult after all. But I know the street like a book. There was only one house in it, and that was only half built, owing to the owner's want of funds. I need not add that that house was the house of Aurelia's parents.

There was a large garden to the house. People can afford space for gardens in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street.—It was a very nice garden. Only one thing grew in it, and that was grass. But give me grass to walk on. Trees are all very well for climbing, and timber is useful for building. Fruit is a capital thing if you want to eat, and flowers are very pretty if you care to look at them. But Aurelia and I only wanted to walk about; and we preferred grass to trees, as we did not want to climb like squirrels, or build like carpenters. We valued grass even more highly than flowers, because we preferred sitting down upon it, and looking into one another's eyes, to gazing at all the roses and magnolias in creation. And as for fruit, we scorned to think of earthly peaches or apricots, when our lips could be so much more sweetly occupied in exchanging celestial kisses, of which no amount could possibly give us a surfeit.

It is my deliberate conviction that the garden of Eden was a grass-grown bit of land, with a good high fence around it to cast a shade in hot weather. The rest was love, which makes a paradise of any place.

We resolved to run away. And we did. We met one afternoon behind the wall of the grass-grown garden, and made for the cars. As we went along I summed up the items of my happiness, drew a line, and calculated the total. The items were:

1. An angelic disposition.
2. The softest black eyes in the world; silken tresses to match.
3. A complexion as pure as the whiteness of a peal.
4. A mouth which beat all the Greek statues to fits.
5. A neck and shoulders of human though quite equal to vegetable ivory.
6. A slender, graceful figure, that would have destroyed St. Anthony's saintship to a dead certainty, and so much the better for him if it had tempted him.
7. Love for a certain individual, (who, like Mr. Ferocious in "Tom pepper," shall be nameless,) carried to the confines of hero-worship.

Total: Aurelia Garford.

I was in a state of tremendous exhileration. My soul cut capers and threw up its hat inside my breast; at least so I conjectured from the thumps I felt against the walls of that portion of my body. Aurelia and I took one long-drawn, champagnish sort of a kiss, just before we turned the corner of that, to many, apocryphal Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street, and in another minute we were at the railway station.

So was old Garford!

He had come home two hours before his time from his office down town, where he was supposed to make money somehow. Not that he ever made any. His wife had a small income of her own, and that supported the family. Mr. Garford, at least so it appeared to me, was allowed to play at business just to keep himself out of mischief.

"Hollo, young people!" he cried, jovially, "taking a walk, hey! Where are you off to! and what does my pretty Aurelia carry in that confoundedly bugly basket there?"

"Oh, papa!" cried Aurelia, whose self-possession was up-set by the sudden rencontre, and the dear girl burst into a passionate flood of tears; tears of disappointment and vexation, I conscientiously believe.

"Hollo! what's this, what's this, young gentleman?" said old Garford sternly, smelling a rat for the first time.

"Why sir," said I, perhaps stupidly impelled by an irresistable impulse, "if you had not met us so unlucky, we should have run away and got married."

"Hum!" said old Garford, looking at me fixedly; "is there any particular reason for your getting married in such a hurry?"

"Yes sir," said I.

"And pray what is it!" said old Garford, severely.

"We love one another!" said I, looking him boldly in the face.

"Oh, is that all? Very well. You need not run away. I have not the least objection to your being married."

"Oh, sir,——"

"Stop a moment. I *have* a great objection to your marrying without any thing to live on. Much as I was attached to Mrs. Garford, sir, I should never have dreamed of marrying her unless we had had between us sufficient to support a respectable establishment, sir."

"But sir——"

"But, sir," resumed Mr. Garford, who evidently took a pleasure in playing his part of heavy father in the drama; "but, sir, you perhaps imagine that I can give my daughter a fortune. You anticipate——"

"Not at all, sir," I interrupted, eager to disclaim all interested motives. "I know very well that you cannot give your daughter anything."

"Indeed, sir, *indeed?* And pray *how* do you know that I cannot give my daughter a fortune? Are you aware, sir, that the business I am engaged in is one by which some of the largest fortunes in this city have been realized, sir!"

To use a somewhat worn, but expressive phrase, I had hit my intended father-in-law "in the raw," and all attempts to conciliate proved fruitless. Nor did a hint from Aurelia, that "papa knew very well he had not paid the rent of his office for the last two years," at all mend matters.

Finally, Mr. Garford positively forbade my farther visits or correspondence with his daughter, until I could show him that I was worth five thousand dollars clear, and making an income of at least two thousand a year.

Thus we parted. I made several attemps to see Aurelia, but failed. In the end I resolved to set to work to make the required sum and income with the least possible delay.

Luckily I made friends with a very clever painter, who undertook to put me in the right way. I had to begin again.—The fact was, I had a tolerable dexterity in the blending of colors, but I drew like a Chinese, or a Yankee as I was. My master was a Frenchman; he had studied at Paris under Delaroche. He opened my eyes. I was quick. In a few months, with considerable labor, I could produce a portrait at any rate tolerably correct in outline and perspective. This at once raised me above the majority of my rivals, and I soon procured considerable custom.

I had just laid the first stone of my fortune in the shape of a hundred dollars deposited in a bank, when an overwhelming blow destroyed the whole edifice of my hopes.

I received a letter announcing the death of Aurelia from her father. She had been dead three weeks when the news reached me. My friend the painter was present. He saw me turn pale and cover my face with my hands.

"What is it?" he asked, kindly.

"She is dead!" I replied, in a shaken voice.

He knew my history, and needed no farther explanation.

I threw myself on a sofa and wept convulsively. When I had exhausted the first violence of my grief, my friend approached me, and in a grave smypathy asked me of what I was thinking.

"Of death!" I replied.

"Of suicide!" said he.

I made no answer.

"Do you not possess her portrait?" said he.

"Yes, a daub of my own, but which reminds *me* at least vividly of the original. I have also a daguerreotype, but daguerreotypes have always a cold, ghastly look."

"You should paint her."

"Paint her!"

"Yes, paint her as an angel of heaven; realize your memory of her beauty on the canvass. Leave a monument of your love and talent behind you. Then die, if you please."

The artist's suggestion pleased me. No youth of eighteen is in a violent hurry to die, even for love. I resolved to adopt my friend's idea, and a gloomy sort of ambition seized me to make this work a work of art worthy of its model. Nay, I even dreamed of posthumous fame; of going down the stream of American art-history, as the man who painted a real angel, and then pursued its prototype into the world of angels.

I commenced my task that very day, and labored as long as the light allowed, without cessation. My master aided me by his counsels, and when the work was complete, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said, "Truly you are a pupil worthy of a greater master!"

We had the picture framed and sent to the exhibition of the Academy. On the very first day my triumph was unquestionable. "An Angel" was decidedly *the* attraction of the exhibition. The same afternoon an offer to purchase it for a large sum arrived from one of the richest merchants of New York. I sat with this letter in my hand trying to read it by the already waning light in my studio, when I heard the door open and somebody enter. Supposing it to be the painter, I did not look round.

Presently I raised my eyes, and beheld to my horror a shadowy figure in white, with a face of unearthly pallor.

The face was Aurelia's.

I confess that fear seized me. My shattered nerves, my recent over-exertion, my fasts and vigils, had increased my nervous sensibility to an alarming degree. I tried to reason with myself, and account for the vision on grounds of mental delusion, when I was startled out of all reasoning by the figure saying in a low but distinct tone:

"Frederick! do you not know me?"

"Yes, I know you," was my solemn answer.

"And you still love me?"

"Now and forever!"

"Then why do you not embrace me?" said the figure, gliding nearer.

"Can ghosts embrace?" I cried, rising dubiously, and gazing more assuredly at the pale phantom.

"Try!" said the ghost.

And I did try, but it was no spectre, it was a living, breathing angel I folded in my arms.

"What is the meaning of this? I thought you dead!"

"And I believed you buried. They told me so at home. I have had a fever in consequence; see how pale and thin I am!"

"But I am alive; so are you!"

"That is evident."

"What could have been your father's motive for such conduct and such falsehood?"

"An insane wish to marry me to his partner, Mr. Smithson."

"His partner!"

"Yes; he has caught a partner with money, as mamma says, and she thanks God she will not have to pay the rent of the office out of her own income any longer."

"But how did you know I was alive?"

"Dead men do not paint pictures."

"Then you know?"

"Yes, I have *seen*—oh! you flatterer!"

"Flatterer! not at all. But look at *this*—an offer of seven hundred dollars for the picture. An hour ago I would not have sold it for seventy thousand. But now, suppose we take the seven hundred dollars and run away at once!"

"It is not necessary; my father gives his consent—and here he is."

Old Garford entered.

"Well, sir," said he, "I congratulate you on your success. We shall be happy to see you at Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged."

Shortly afterward I was married. As soon as Aurelia and I were alone in the carriage that bore us from the church, I said to her, smiling, "My dear little ghost, I sincerely trust you will haunt me to my dying day!"

"I will try," said Aurelia, looking full at me with beautiful and fathomless eyes, "to be your ghostly comforter as long as I live."

It is my opinion that a ghost is very much improved by having a body attached to it.—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

The Royal Agricultural Society of England offers one hundred pounds sterling and the gold medal of the Society as a prize for the discovery of a manure whose fertilizing properties shall equal the Peruvian guano, and which can be delivered in unlimited quantities to the English farmer at a cost not exceeding £5 per ton.

THE BURNING SHIP.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

BY FRED. TRYSAIL.

In the year 1845, I was in Liverpool without a ship, neither was I in any hurry to obtain one. With plenty of money in my pockets, and a great number of acquaintances, I managed to pass away time rather agreeably, without thinking of the morrow. One afternoon I strolled down towards the docks to see what was going on, not with the least idea of shipping, for I had not squandered all my money, and of course did not feel like going to sea just then.

I stood leaning against one of the spiles, watching the confusion attendant upon the departure of the New York and Liverpool packets. Freight was piled up on her decks, emigrants' baggage strewed around in admirable disorder. I was awakened from my reverie by a stout, well dressed man, asking in a quick, sharp tone:—

'Well, my man, do you want a ship?'

'No, sir, not to-day,' I replied.

'How long have you been to sea?'

'Five years, sir.'

'What made you leave your ship, and who was master of her?' he asked in a quick, off handed manner.

'She was sold—Captain Johnson commanded her,' said I, answering both of his questions at once, without using any superfluous words.

My reply appeared to please him, for he gave me a quick glance, and then said:—

'I am in want of a second mate for the Sturdy, the packet ship before you. Would you like the berth?'

I was almost bewildered at the sudden prospect before me. Not twenty years old, and the idea of getting a second mate's billet on board a fine *liner*, was great luck.

'I am afraid I am hardly qualified, sir,' I replied, at length.

'I will risk it. If you are willing and quick, we shall get along. When can you come on board—we sail to-morrow forenoon.'

'In an hour's time I can have my traps in the ship, and be ready for duty.'

'Do you want any advance?'

'No, sir, I have a few dollars left,' I answered.

'Then come with me to the American Consul's and sign the articles;' and without more words he strode along, I following as close as possible.

In a few minutes I had signed my name and found myself enrolled as second mate on board the Sturdy.

'Now, Mr. Trysail,' said Capt. Hardy—for such was his name—I expect you will be on board this afternoon, before sundown.'

'I shall be on board before that time, sir,' I answered, as I took my leave.

Punctual to my word, I had my clothes on board in an hour's time, and commenced my duties. I am not going to enter on a long digression to show what those duties were—but one thing I will say, the man who goes as second mate does not have much time to devote to idle purposes.

The next day we hauled out, took a steam tug, and before sundown we were forty miles from Liverpool, dashing down the Irish channel with studding sails set on the starboard side, and four hundred sick steerage passengers.

The captain was called a Tartar, yet I thought him a pretty easy sort of man. If I made an occasional blunder, he was always ready to overlook it without any cross words. In fact I got along with him much better than the chief mate, who, for one or two reasons, did not stand very high in his good graces.

We had been out five days. Fortune had favored us with fresh winds, and plenty of them, until on the evening of the fifth day, the weather moderated, and by eight P. M., the wind had died away to a three knot breeze. It was my first watch from eight to twelve. I paced the deck, thinking of home, and listening to the loud laugh of the cabin passengers, as they paced the deck, smoking their cigars and spinning long yarns, until towards four bells, one by one dropped off to their berths, and I was left alone.

I leaned over the rail and watched the stars and cloudless heavens, and then glancing along the horizon I was startled by beholding a bright light a bout two points to our starboard bow. I waited a few minutes longer, but instead of decreasing it grew larger.

'Light off the starboard bow, sir,' shouted the lookout, suddenly waking out of a short nap.

'I see it,' replied I, and then stepped into the cabin to give the captain a call. The 'old man' turned out, hurried on his clothes, and in a few minutes was scrutinizing the light through his night glass.

'What do you think it is, sir?' I asked, after he had had a good look.

The captain did not answer for a few moments, but appeared to be meditating. At last he replied:—

'If we were on the track of whalers I should think it was one of them 'trying out,' but as this is no place for whales, I am afraid it is a vessel on fire.'

I thought with orror what our situation would be in case of fire, with so many passengers on board.

'Brace the yards, and then luff about two points,' the captain continued, 'we'll see what we can make of her.'

By the time the yards were braced, a number of the passengers had assembled on deck, conversing in low tones. In half an hour's time we had drawn near enough to make out that it was a ship on fire not more than two miles distant. In vain we whistled for a breeze to take us to the relief of the stranger; the wind grew fainter and fainter, until at last we scarcely moved through the water.

'This will never do,' said the captain, after taking another look at the fire.—'We shall not reach the vessel for an hour or two at this rate. Clear away the quarter boat. Mr. Trysail, jump in, and take five good men with you, and see what you can do towards saving the lives and property of the crew.'

I needed no second command, and in a short time was dancing over the water, propelled by the stout arms of five good sailors. The men did not need any encouragement to exert themselves; they knew that the lives of human beings must be in danger, and that is always a sufficient excuse for a sailor to strain every nerve to afford all the assistance in his power.

As we neared the burning ship, I could see that the fire was mainly confined to the masts and rigging, the hull being not much injured as yet. In a quarter of an hour's time after leaving the Sturdy, we were within ten yards of her, when the men lay on their oars and I hailed, not daring to go along side for fear of the masts falling and crushing the boat.

There was no reply to my first hail and, I began to think the ship deserted, when I heard a faint voice begging our assistance. We pulled under the ship's stern and an old, gray-headed man put up his head out of the cabin window.

'Jump in the boat, old man,' I shouted, 'you have no time to lose.'

'I cannot come without my daughter,' he answered. 'There is nobody on board excepting her and myself.'

'Then lower her into the boat and get in yourself,' I replied.

'Alas, sir, I have not the strength, and my daughter is insensible.'

There was a moment's hesitation. To venture on board a vessel half consumed by fire was not a very trifling affair, especially when there might be a few kegs of powder in the run. It was no time to deliberate, however. Some one must go and risk his own life to save the father and daughter.

'Throw a rope to us from the taffrail, so we can get on board,' I shouted, for it was with difficulty I could be heard.

The old man disappeared, and in spite of the great heat, forced his way aft and threw the rope. One or two of the men appeared anxious to have the glory of rescuing the strangers, but grasping the rope, I rapidly worked my way to the cabin windows and entered.

The cabin was already full of smoke, still not so dense but what a person could breathe. My first care was to find the lady. Seeing a state room door near me partly opened, I entered, and saw the lady lying on the floor insensible! Without wasting a moment's time, I grasped her in my arms, and bore her to the cabin windows.

'Stand ready, men, to take the lady,' I shouted. Every man jumped on his feet, and with outstretched arms stood ready to catch her. Watching my opportunity as the ship settled down from the effect of a heavy swell, I let go my hold, and she fell safely into the arms of the men.

My next care was to find the father, who I had not seen since I had been on board. Already had the fire made much headway, and as I attempted to reach the deck, I found myself driven back by the intense heat. There was no help for it, so I sorrowfully prepared to retire to the boat. As the men began to grow impatient, swinging myself down by the rope, I safely landed, and found the lady had partly recovered from the swoon.

'Where is the father, sir?' asked one of the men.

'I don't know, I have seen nothing of him.'

'My father—is not my father safe?' asked the lady, starting up, and gazing wildly at the burning ship.

'I hope he is, but he has not been seen for some time,' I replied.

'Oh! do not for Heaven's sake go until my father is safe—he is rich, and will well reward you for saving his life.'

At this instant a form appeared at the taffrail, with singed hair and clothes burnt nearly to a cinder. He cast a look of despair at those in the boat, and appeared undecided what to do.

'Jump!' we shouted with startling energy; 'jump it is your only chance.'

He paused a moment, then raising his hands high above his head, leaped boldly from the rail. There was a hissing sound heard as his body struck the water, and in another moment he rose within a few feet of the boat, and was safely drawn in and placed beside his daughter.

'Now, men, give way and let's get aboard as soon as possible,' and as I spoke the masts came crashing over the side, sending the sparks high in the air, and illuminating the ocean for miles in extent. I cast a hasty glance around and saw the old Sturdy within a quarter of a mile, heading directly for us.

The men bent to their oars with hearty good will, and in ten minutes time we were alongside, and had the boat hoisted up, while our doctor paid every attention to the wants of the lady and her father.

'Did you find nobody else on board Mr. Trysail?' said Capt. Hardy.

'No, sir, the boats and crew appeared to have left before we got there.'

'I can hardly think there are people in this world so cowardly as to leave a woman on board a burning ship,' muttered the captain, 'load one or two of those guns and fire them so that if they are in this vicinity, they can stand some chance of getting on board.'

By this time the fire began to grow fainter and fainter as the flames reached the water mark, and after one or two efforts to brighted up, all grew dark. We discharged three or four guns and sent up half a dozen rockets, and then waited until daybreak, but could see nothing of the boats, and for a long time nothing was heard of the crew, but at last information came that they had been picked up and carried to France, and from thence they all arrived home in safety.

In a few days the old gentleman and his daughter were well enough to come on deck, and I was one of the happiest second mates to be found in the world, when I came to look at the beautiful young girl I had been the means of saving. Dark eyes, fair skin, white teeth, and such a smile; and when she came up to me, and put her little white soft hand in my huge hard paw, and thanked me with tears in her eyes, I though I should like the privilige of taking her in my arms again. I have never been able to this day to recollect what I said to her in reply. I suppose she saw that I was confused, and so ceased to bother me with her thanks.

We then found out how they came to be left. The foresail of the ship had taken fire, and when the captain saw no means of saving the vessel, he had ordered the two boats to be lowered, but while Mr. Whitley (such was the old gentleman's name) had gone into the cabin for his daughter and a few articles, the crew pushed off, not thinking about those on board. He had left Liverpool two days before the Sturdy, bound for New York. Mr. Whitley was returning to America, after having made the tour of Europe for the benefit of his daughter's health, which was now quite restored, but the old gentleman vowed it should be the last time he would set foot on salt water if he arrived safely on shore.

When we got to New York Mr. Whitly gave each of the boat's crew a hundred dollars; to me he did not offer anything but his thanks, and I considered myself amply repaid by them; but when the Sturdy was ready for sea I found that I was promoted to the rank of chief mate, and one quarter of her bought and paid for in my name. Three voyages after that I took command, and then—well, the fact of it is, Miss Whitley has been my wife for four years, and I have never regretted rescuing her from the burning ship.

IRISH EDITORS.—There are few journals more interesting than those published in Ireland; they give a never-failing supply of laughable-humorous, or horrible-interesting facts. The worst of the matter is, you never feel quite certain who made the pun, or who did the murder—the editor or the person assigned. You cannot dismiss from your memory the old story of the Irish editor in the hotel:—The printer's devil enters. "They want a small paragraph to fill out a column, sir" "How ong?" Mr.——says about ten lines, sir." Well, let me see—Oh! tell him to *burn a child to death at Waterford.*"

☞ An old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a faithful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention, when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum?"—How much must I give you to do without it?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it, you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer. "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed" said Jonathan.

The eldest son then said;

"Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshal, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep also, if I do without rum."

"Yes Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

THOMAS HAMBLIN, Esq. the theatical manager, who died in New York on Saturday evening, fell a victim to brain fever, which he was attacked the Monday previous. He has been the manager of the Bowery theatre for the last twenty-five years, with the exception of a few short intervals. The Bowery was filled with a large audience at the moment of his death, but immediately on its announcement the performance was suspended, and all quietly retired. The Bowery Theatre, which he mainly owned, was destroyed by fire three times during his possession of it, and any less elastic and indomitable man would have been prostrated by such a series of calamities. But Mr. Hamblin always rose superior to misfortune, and in a few months had his theatre re-built.

About a fortnight ago, the sum of $350,000 was offered for the Bowery theatre, and refused by Mr. Hamblin. He was sole owner of the property, which is unincumbered with the exception of a small mortgage of some $15,000 or $20,000.

☞ An old toper complained to a doctor that the ardent failed to exhillrate his spirits. The doctor, knowing the inordinate nature of his appetite, told him he had better try *aqua fortis.* A short time afterwards he was surprised by another visit from the individual, who told him that aqua fortis did very well at first, but it wasn't strong enough. "I say, doctor," said he, "don't you think a little aqua *fifties* would about fix it?"

Sunday Reading.

Thoughts for the Season.

Though the festival of the Epiphany be past, yet it is well for us to let our minds dwell for a while upon that which that day commemorates: the first few handfuls of the great harvest of the nations. Then we, who are by nature aliens from God, and strangers to the covenant of promise, began to draw nigh to Him; for He who was to make both one by breaking down the partition which was between us, was as on this day manifested forth to us "by the leading of a star."

At the birth of our Lord, the two extremes of life met together, to testify to Him as the promised Messiah. His first witnesses were the humble shepherds—the first messengers of these glorious tidings, uneducated men, versed in no knowledge but that which related to their calling. But others, far different from them in character and position, were to unite with them.

From the distant East came His second witnesses. From that land of dim and dreamy tradition, which had been the fountain of all the wisdom and philosophy of those days, selected from the most learned class existing in that country, they were led a long journey by miraculous means, and all, it would seem, for the sole purpose of testifying to the truth of Christ. Thus, poverty and wealth, ignorance and wisdom, united at this particular crisis.

Beautiful indeed was this exhibition of faith in the Eastern Magi, and therefore the Church has held them in remembrance by this festival, as week after week she celebrates the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. It was no hasty impulse, but a calm and deliberate conviction, which could bide the test of time and the accomplishment of a wearisome journey. And the very gifts they had prepared were interpreted by the ancient fathers as being significant of their faith. They offer Him, say these early writers, incense, as their God—gold, as their king—and myrrh, as typical of a human body, subject to suffering and death. Yet more valued in His sight than any thing their land could furnish, was the unseen offering they brought, more pure than gold, more fragrant than frankincense, more precious than myrry. It was the offering of a simple faith, a humble mind, and a holy heart, which resigns the wisdom of this world as foolishness with God.

Such then was the Epiphany—the revelation of Christ to the Gentiles. These were the first fruits of those countless thousands who were shortly to be gathered into the fold of Christ. For soon the Apostles overpassed the barrier which separated Jew and Gentile, and proclaimed to the latter the Gospel hopes in all their fullness. And then for three centuries the faith went on—to the farthest bounds of the West, and the shores of almost unknown Britain. It penetrated through the forests of the North, and was wafted in the anthems of numberless disciples over the plains of Asia. And when shall we again see these triumphs, and as of old, "nations be born in a day?" When there is a revival of apostolic zeal and self-denial, and the Church becomes what once it was, a missionary of Church.

But has the star of Bethlehem faded away into the dark night, and left nothing in its place to guide the tired wanderer? Is there no substitute to whose leading we can commit ourselves, knowing it will conduct us to the shrine where alone our worship should be paid? Yes; there is a nobler light than that star of old, which was but the morning star of the New Dispensation. It heralded the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and its beams now rest not only on Bethlehem, but also on the mount of Calvary. It discloses to us, not an infant king, but a suffering, dying Saviour. It summons us to bow before that, His only earthly throne—to prostrate ourselves before a King crowned with thorns, with the purple robe in mockery cast about Him, and the reed in derision placed in His hand. Yet let us have the faith of the eastern wise men, and we shall look beyond this outward drapery in which our Lord in His humiliation arrayed Himself, and recognize Him as "the King immortal and invisible." Then, too, the Day Star shall arise in our hearts, and around us shall be breathed the atmosphere of heaven—a foretaste of the bliss which one day the just shall enjoy forever.

Worshippers of the Sun.

The worship of the sun, under the name of Baal, was once well nigh universal in Asia. And it demands a doubt, whether the race of worshippers of the sun has become wholly extinct, even in Christian lands. For we have in our Christian communities, a large class of people who take no part in the public worship on the Sabbath, excepting *when the sun shines.* If the skies are overcast, their duty seems to be veiled from their view—if a small mist is falling, or if there is a moderate rain, the main element and attraction of their worship are gone, and they are absent from the house of worship. Whether this justifies the inference, that the sun is their God, or that fair weather is their God, the reader will judge. But it has been common, to call them fair-weather worshippers. But *sun-worshippers* could be easier and as truly spoken.—*Puritan Recorder.*

Influence of a Newspaper.

A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to