

Awake.

[TUNE: 'Wake, O wake the world from sleeping.']

Awake, awake, ye Saints from sleeping!
Hear the servants of the Lord—
Awake, awake, receive their teaching,
And through them receive God's word.

CHORUS:

Awake, awake to your salvation—
It is God that doth command;
Awake, awake to reformation,
Ere he sweeps you from the land.

Awake, awake out of your sleeping!
God commands you to reform—
Awake, awake out of your dreaming,
For you have become lukewarm.

Awake, awake out of your stupor,
To repent and sin no more;
Oh, come forth and do your duty—
First confess, and then restore.

Awake, awake to true repentance!
Learn to make transgression rare
Turn and seek the Lord of mercy
By humility and prayer.

Awake, awake and clear your conscience—
Purify your hearts by fire;
Cleans throughout your habitations,
Then the Lord will hear your prayer.

Awake, awake and heed the warning—
List ye sinners, hear the call!
Awake, awake at God's commanding;
In Jesus' name wake, one and all.

Awake, awake and God will bless you
With his Spirit from on high;
You shall then receive a fullness;
Truth must live—it cannot die.

Awake, awake and prove his promise,
That his Spirit you may know,
And he'll shower such blessings on us
That our hearts will overflow.

CHORUS:

He desireth your salvation,
And it is his great command,
To begin a reformation—
Then he'll bless us in the land.

SUSANNAH.

Doesicks on Popular Preachers.

Things have changed. Before my hair turned grey with age and piety, clergymen used to take their texts from the Bible and preach peace and good will to men, women and little girls. Our old minister, whose Sunday sermon chastised my Saturday's apple-stealing, didn't take a gunpowder text, and under Aromatic Schnapps inspiration, preach a bowitzer and 6 pounder sermon, having a submarine battery peroration, with a large invoice of revolvers and bowie knives thrown in by way of rhetorical graces.

He used to think it was his duty to keep his people from war and strife, and teach belligerent humans not to pull off their coats for a free fight every time anybody tread on their corns.

But now-a-days a pastor must make sermons to draw big houses, and we have 'star' sermonizers just as we have star actors, and star performing dogs at the Museum. Our city churches are built by joint stock congregations, in order to speculate by selling the pews—so the minister must fill the house and run up the price of stock in the tabernacle, or else he is not a good investment for those careful Christians who want to save their souls and turn an honest penny at the same time.

Discourses on the ordinary duties of man to his neighbor and his Maker don't 'draw,' and hence we have sermons on the 'Amiability of the Devil,' 'Satan, considered as a gentleman,' 'Hell fire chemically analyzed,' and 'How to make fire-proof garments for expiring sinners,' and various other subjects interesting to the community generally. These are all advertised in big letters in the morning papers, that the minister may be popular, the house be filled, the pews sell, and the speculation turn out well.

I recently attended the performance of the Rev. Bloodandthunder Screecher, who is renowned for his prolonged shrieks for Freedom, Disunion, Free Kansas, Runaway Darkies, Sharpe's Rifles, Bowieknives, Bull-dogs, and a big muss generally. He preaches electioneering sermons, and it is said that he carries his pocket full of Fremont ballots, and makes his people take a vote on the Presidential question every Sunday, to see that they are all 'sound on the goose.' It is also asserted that he spends his leisure hours firing at the iron man in the shooting gallery, and in throwing a tomahawk at a mark: occasionally varying these delightful occupations by taking boxing lessons, and learning how to 'gouge' Missouri, taking long drinks of Aromatic Schnapps between times.

Organist executed a grand Kansas battle piece in five sharps, with vocal imitations of the shrieks of the settlers and the curses of the Border Ruffians. Then the minister came up through a trap-door like the Harlequin in the pantomime when the devil has got an invitation for him—he prayed a long prayer in his overcoat—that he took off his overcoat and read a hymn, very quick metre, with a very strong chorus—then he sat down on his overcoat and read his letters.

The organist made preparations to gyrate, he rolled up his coat sleeves so as not to interfere with his fingers—then he rolled up his pantaloons, so as not to trouble his toes; then he unbuttoned his cravat, and loosened his vest—at this instant a very muscular man disappeared from the ranks in the gallery, vanished through a cubby hole, and was instantly lost in the anatomy of the organ—then there was a great rattling in the bowels thereof, as if it couldn't digest the muscular man, but had a great deal of wind on its stomach.

Then the singing commenced—the opera folks stood up to earn their money—they sang as if the musical scale had been greased on this occasion, and they were climbing for a pig on the top of it—they would go up a note or two, and then slip back—each one went one notch higher than the one before him, but fell back before he reached the prize, and his voice subsided into a discordant growl low down in his ribs.

At last, after five trials, each one of which ended in an attenuated squeak, one female with a mouth like a hatchway, loosened her bonnet strings, made a desperate scream, and went so high that she finally got a firm hold of the oleaginous reward of merit, and bore it off in triumph—then they all stopped.

Here the minister read a number of gratis advertisements for concerts and 25 cent pic-nics—then there was another single handed combat between the organist and his old enemy, and some more greased pig vocalization by the thousand dollar choir, after which, the 'star' preacher began to perform in earnest—he read a text and stuck to the subject for fifteen minutes, giving his hearers 'fits' about their shortcomings when the plate is passed—then he gave a glowing description of the joys of Paradise, and by his eloquent words had got us so far into the Spirit Land, that we could almost hear the departed spirits blow their noses, when suddenly he cut short his high flown piety, and began to talk politics and general news—he spoke of the state of the stock markets, gave a notice of the new patent ballot box, a review of the encouraging prospects of Fremont, the value of Sharp's rifles, and the retail price of Schiedam Schnapps.

Then he gave, with great gusto, a delightful account of some imaginary pleasant transactions in Kansas, wherein a couple of men were roasted alive in a burning log cabin, while their wives were compelled by the amiable Border Ruffians to superintend the cookery.

Then he made some very good jokes, at which the people laughed; then he said something about the 'Union' which they applauded; I should have supposed myself in a mass ratification meeting if the men hadn't all had their hats off, and there hadn't been so many women,—soon he put in a word about 'Buchaneers,' and 'Black Republicans'—I thought then I was in a political meeting sure, and expected every minute to hear No. 5's boys come down with three times three and a 'tiger' for 'Buck and Breck.'

Then he took a two minutes' rest, and made a prayer containing a summary of the political news for the week—then he put on his overcoat and disappeared through the trap door.

The organist played the people out with a grand march, in which a trumpet solo was very conspicuous, and added a few dancing tunes by way of keeping the Sunday School children quiet.

RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITIES AT ST. PETERSBURG.—Fortunately for the visitors, the week has been signalized by two important religious solemnities, to which the Russian people attach the greatest interest and importance. I allude to the blessing respectively of the water and the apples, which is performed with all the pomp and ceremony of the Greek church.

The first was solemnized at Peterhoff, in the presence of the Emperor, on a small piece of ornamental water, consecrated for the purpose.—The Greek prelates and priests walked in procession, dressed in their most gorgeous vestments, followed by the imperial family, also walking, and when they came to the waterside the cross was plunged in, the choristers singing as the officiating prelate performed the rite.

The distance from town prevented the presence of many strangers, but I recognized some English faces amongst the crowd. The second, 'the blessing of the apples,' a ceremony which forms an indispensable preliminary to the mastication of that refreshing fruit, took place yesterday in every church throughout St. Petersburg, but with peculiar pomp in the Kuzan Cathedral, by the metropolitan and fifteen officiating priests. The costumes were most gorgeous, and the Archbishop, who was robed in the middle of the church, was one blaze of gold and jewels.

The ceremonies, which seemed exceedingly complex, consisted of numerous genuflections and symbolic groupings on the part of the priests, who formed themselves into squares, and other figures typical of the Trinity, the Tabernacle, and the various doctrinal data of Eastern Christianity. The congregation, amongst which there was no classification, and who stood the whole time of service, was of the most varied appearance and character.

Russian princes and generals, covered with decorations, prayed side by side with the poor mujik, and both seemed equally impressed with the solemnity of the occasion; while the Russian countess, in the most fashionable Parisian toilette, did not feel her dignity ruffled by the vicinity of the poor Livonian or Finland woman, whose quaint national costume gave wonderful variety to the scene.

In the churches here there are no carefully stuffed pews or separation of ranks—all pray together, and perform their genuflections, which are exceedingly numerous, in the same earnest and profoundly devout manner. Indeed, I have had frequent occasion to remark, since my arrival, an affability on the part of Russian people of distinction to even the humblest of their countrymen which might be imitated with advantage by the English aristocracy, even in cases where the line of social demarcation is by no means so broad.

But this by way of parenthesis. After the service came a sermon, the text and character of which I took the trouble of ascertaining for the edification of your more serious readers. The preacher, Sydnowski, is a man of great eloquence and talent, and, in consequence, of so much influence amongst the masses as to be almost a power in the state. He has, I am informed, suffered persecution from his more conservative brethren for his advanced opinions; but, however

that may be, he is now one of the best popular preachers in the capital.

His text was 'The Lord is my strength and my shield,' and his discourse, which he dexterously applied all through, not only to the text, but to the occasion, was, judging from the wrapt attention and occasional emotion of the people, most eloquent. That it was delivered with both grace and fervor was apparent even to those who did not understand a word of the language. At the conclusion of the sermon the Metropolitan came forward and solemnly blessed the people, the apples, and finally himself, and a hymn of almost unearthly solemnity terminated the ceremonial.

I should mention that the Russian choral singing is very peculiar, having on one side the trebles, on the other the basses, the latter of peculiar depth and force, being selected from the whole population of the empire, without any consideration of expense. The boys, who have beautiful voices, sing, for instance, 'The Lord have mercy on us,' and hardly has the late-like sweetness of their tones fixed the ear, when, from the other side, the tremendous basses thunder forth the same burthen in reply.

This music, which is without instrumental accompaniment, sounds strangely at first, but soon begins to attract by its strange and unearthly solemnity. It must also be observed that almost every person, whether priest or chorister, employed in the service of the Greek church, is of tall stature and commanding presence, so that nothing is wanting to give effect to the general coup d'oeil. But the religious element seems to pervade everything that is done in this singular country.—[St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily News.]

The Niceties of Law.

The following is a part of an admirable sketch from the pen of Paulding:—

The other day a little catfiff was caught by Moses, the gardener, making off with the spoils of half-a-dozen hen's nests. Being seized by Moses—who, by the way, is the meekest of men—he was brought before the judge; and there being at that time a young student at law on a visit at the house, he was called upon to exercise his talents in drawing up the indictment, of which I shall give a brief analysis for the benefit of all young practitioners.

The indictment alleged or set forth, as the case may be, that the culprit, to-wit: Jacob Bumpus, on the twenty-eighth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, did, feloniously, maliciously and without regard to the rights of property or the obligations of conscience—being, doubtless, instigated by the devil—seize upon, abstract, discompose, take away, purloin, steal or otherwise make free with as aforesaid, certain eggs as aforesaid; the property of Nancy Dawson, spinster as aforesaid.

First count—It was alleged that the defendant, &c., &c., &c., did, &c., &c., seize upon, &c., &c., &c., the aforesaid eggs with his right hand.

Second count—That the defendant, &c., &c., &c., did seize upon the aforesaid eggs with his left hand.

Third count—With both hands.

Fourth count—With the fingers of his right hand.

Fifth count—With the fingers of his left hand.

Sixth count—With the fingers of both hands.

Seventh count—With the thumb and fingers of his right hand.

Eighth count—With the thumb and fingers of his left hand.

Ninth count—With the thumb and fingers of both hands.

Tenth count—In some manner and by some means to the prosecutor unknown.

On examination, it was proven by the testimony of Moses the gardener, that he arrested the culprit in the very act of escaping from the poultry yard with his hat full of eggs; that to have procured them he must have climbed over the poultry yard fence, and that his crime was aggravated by the atrocious circumstance that not a single nest-egg was left for the consolation of the bereaved hens.

The criminal being called on for his defense made no denial of the charge, but alleged in mitigation of the offense, that another boy, whose name he refused to disclose, had told him that another boy, whose name he likewise refused to disclose, had told him that some of his hens laid their eggs there, and desired him to go and get them.—He also put in a plea of insanity, but that was overruled by the court.

The judge, who felt the delicacy of his position in being called upon to decide in a case of so much importance, decided that inasmuch as it was not proved to the satisfaction of the court that the culprit used either his right hand or his left, or indeed any hand at all, in abstracting the eggs; and most especially that as the hat stated so positively to be his hat, actually belonged to somebody else, the prisoner must be acquitted.

The court accordingly acquitted Bumpus with a lecture on the enormity of robbing hen-roosts which had such a powerful effect that he left off the practice, and was shortly afterwards detected with a bank note in his shoe, which he had stolen from a pains-taking cobbler of the village.

ELEVEN COURSES OF SOUP AND GINGERBREAD. Immediately on entering, the guests were desired to seat themselves, the Commodore, with Captains Buchanan and Adams, occupying the highest table on the right hand, and the regent and his associates the one opposite on the left. A pair of chop-sticks was placed at each corner of every table; in the centre was an earthen pot filled with saki (the intoxicating drink made by the Low-Chewans) surrounded with four acorn cups, four large, coarse China cups, with clumsy spoons of the same material, and four tea-cups. On each table were dishes to the number of some twenty, of various sizes and shapes, and the exact basis of some of which no American knoweth to this day; possibly it was pig. Of the

dishes, however, which were familiar to western apprehension, there were sliced boiled eggs, which had been dyed crimson, fish made into rolls and boiled in fat, pieces of cold baked fish, slices of hog's liver, sugar-candy, cucumbers, mustard, salted radish tops, and fragments of lean pork fried.

Cups of tea were first handed round; these were followed by very small cups of saki, which had the taste of French liqueur. Small bamboo sticks, sharpened at one end, and which some of the guests mistook for toothpicks, were furnished, to be used as forks, in taking balls of meat and dough from the soup, which made the first course. Soup constituted also the next seven courses of the twelve, whereof the repast consisted. The other four were gingerbread, salads made of bean sprouts and young onion tops, a basket of what appeared to be some dark red fruit, and proved to be balls composed of a thin dough rind covering a sugary pulp, and a delicious mixture compounded of beaten eggs and a slender white root with an aromatic taste.

Novel as was this bill of fare, the gentlemen of the expedition endeavored, with true courtesy, to do honor to the repast, and at the end of the twelfth course respectfully took leave, though they were assured there were twelve more to come. The number of the courses indicated a desire to do our countrymen a double share of honor, inasmuch as twelve is the prescribed number for a royal entertainment.—[Dr. Hawks' Narrative of Japan Expedition.]

SIT STRAIGHT.—How often do children hear this. 'Fathers, mothers, teachers, aunts, uncles, all unite in this short bit of advice 'sit straight.' 'Oh, why?' The children sometimes whiningly, or it may be angrily, ask—'Why?' Because God made your backbone to be erected, and not a curved bunch. It is true he forced it of several bones, in order that it might be flexible, that is easily bent in order to suit different motions of the body, but its natural position is erect. Sit straight also to give your lungs room to work in. They contain two sets of cells or tubes, one set for the air, and the other for the blood, separated by a thin membrane. It is necessary for life and health that the membrane should come into contact with the air, and take from the air that part of it which is called oxygen; oxygen purifies the blood, and gives it life and freshness. Now when you stoop you cannot take in a sufficient quantity of air to answer these purposes, and therefore the blood remains bad, and the little tubes squeezed together, become sore and irritated.

By and by, the lungs ulcerate, and then you are likely to get sick and die. Give your lungs room enough to pump in all the pure air they want, and lay the foundation of a sound and strong constitution. There is a good reason for the advice, 'sit straight.'

DEFINITION FROM A RAILROAD OFFICIAL'S DICTIONARY.—An occurrence is said to have taken place when two engines come in collision, and there are only two or three passengers killed and five wounded.

An accident—When ten passengers are killed and fifteen wounded.

A terrible accident—When the engine is disabled, and baggage car smashed, and some—it don't make much difference how many—of the passengers are thrown off life's track.

A Heart-rending Calamity—When actions are brought, and damages recovered against the company for some of the lives lost, and limbs broken, in consequence of a train of cars running over an embankment, or plunging into a river.

A Truly Awful Catastrophe—When, in addition to the disagreeable features of the foregoing repeated, the life of a director of the road is endangered, and its president's arm is slightly contused.

HOW TO MAKE A TRUTHFUL BAROMETER.—Take a clean glass bottle and put it in a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water.

On the approach of rain or cloudy weather the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. Thus, a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction, this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

THE MEASURE OF RANK.—At Saratoga the tip-top crumbs in the upper crust of society were those whose wardrobes were most extensive and amazing, or who had the greatest credit with their milliners and dress-makers. This, of course, necessitated a corresponding extent of baggage, and the quantity of trunks formed a sort of thermometer of a lady's 'position.' Krautsalaat says that he overheard the following conversation at a ball, between two ladies, while there:—First lady—'You spoke of Mrs. De Kodfish. Does she move in good society?' Second lady—'Oh! certainly; she is a 22 trunk woman.'

A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue.

If in whisky, then he is a rogue in spirit.

If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed.

If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

And if he cheats when he can, he is in deed, in spirit, in grain, a measureless scoundrel.

ANXIOUS FATHER.—'What am I to do with you, sir—what am I to do with you? Do you know, if you continue your present course of cruelty and cowardice, you will be fit for nothing but a member of Congress?' Distracted mother—'Oh, don't say that, father! don't father, you will humiliate the boy!'