













The New Way of Getting There.

(Slightly altered from "The Celestial Railroad" of Nathaniel Hawthorn.)

PART II.

The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate; anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian.

At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where, in his days dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims.

It was late in the day when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating beneath the sun.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures which are the grand object with too many visitants.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend!" rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that the whole concern is a bubble."

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure.

the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration; which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple.

"How amazingly well those men have got on!" cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear, never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river."

"Poh! nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad.

Finally, after a long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted Giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here.

"It seems but slightly put together," I remarked, looking at the frail, but ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains; and traversed the field where in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs.

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the Enchanted Ground, the air of which encouraged a disposition to sleep.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height and depth, and sweetness in the tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory.

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"Never fear, never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river."

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances which betoken the departure to be immediate.

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no!" answered he, with a queer smile and disagreeable contortion of visage, "oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good-bye! We shall meet again."

Smooth-it-away, laugh outright; in the midst of which exhalation a smoke wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkling of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze.

I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heartquake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a dream!

Church Work.

Its Progress and Its Needs as Seen by our Correspondents.

Mississippi.—Once more the doors of Grace Church, Canton, are closed, and the people deprived of priestly ministrations.

The Church in Winona is blessed with the presence of faithful laymen, who are willing to spend their money liberally for Christ and His Church. Winona is a small place, and the number of communicants does not exceed thirty.

The Rev. M. M. Moore, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Oxford, recently gave his parishioners a very pleasant surprise in the shape of an annual report, showing the financial capacity of the parish to be far in excess of its hopes.

Tennessee.—The Rev. F. A. Juny writes us as follows: "Randolph is a station in my field which, in the past, was regularly visited, at least once a month."

Oh, how I yearn for the day when the Lord will, in his own good time, allow me to visit Randolph and try to rebuild His temple and gather the remnants of His scattered flock.

Southern Ohio.—The Cincinnati Clerical met at the Gibson House, as the guests of Bishop Jaggard, on Monday, Jan. 15th. The Rev. S. W. Young, of Covington, read an essay on "The Christian priesthood; are they sacrificers or prophets?"

Indiana.—The Bishop of Springfield visited St. James' parish, Vincennes, on the 8th of January accompanied by the dean of McLeansboro, the Rev. Mr. Hoyt, and the Rector of St. Paul's, Mt. Carmel, Illinois, the Rev. B. S. Lassiter.

The day after the Bishop's visitation, the Synod of the Southern Convocation of the Diocese met in the same parish. The first Service was held at 7:30 P. M., Tuesday; the Service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bradley, of Madison, and the Rev. Mr. Reeves, of Worthington.

On Wednesday morning at 10:30, there was an able sermon from the Rev. Mr. Dooris, of Evansville, on the "Manifestation through God's Blessed Sacraments," then followed the Holy Eucharist administered by the Dean, assisted by the Rector of the parish.

Connecticut.—On Sunday, January 14th, Bishop Williams preached the semi-centennial sermon before the Missionary Society of Trinity College. This organization, founded late in 1832, has numbered among its members many who have become prominent in the American Church.

A very impressive Service, in memory of the late Rev. C. H. B. Tremaine, was held in St. John's Church, New Haven, last week. The Bishop and very many of the clergy were present.

In blessed memory of Rev. Charles Henry Belknap, Entered into Life Eternal December 1st, 1882, aged 39 years.

For six years Rector of St. John's Church, New Haven, Conn.

A Priest endowed with innocency of life and faithful unto death. Requiescat in Pace, et "lux perpetua luceat ei."

The fine new parish church of St. John's will soon be ready for use.

Albany.—The new Dean of All Saints' Cathedral, the Rev. Frank L. Norton, was solemnly installed by the Bishop, on Sunday, the 14th inst, in the presence of a large number of clergy and an immense congregation.

The endowment of the dean's stall by an unknown benefactor, was announced in these columns last September. It fixes the salary at five thousand dollars a year, and helps greatly to secure the position against all human contingencies.

Michigan.—The Bishop consecrated St. Paul's Church, Bad Axe, on Monday, the 8th inst. He preached an eloquent and practical sermon from the Parable of the Talents.

Nebraska.—As the first Sunday after Epiphany was the Hospital Sunday of Trinity Cathedral, Omaha, the annual report of the Child's Hospital was read by the Bishop, and an address was made by him on "its work, and history and hopes."

A service commemorative of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Talbot, the late Bishop of Indiana, was held on Sunday in Trinity Cathedral, Omaha.

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