The Provincial Wesleyan.

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Religious Miscellany.

[From the Religious Intelligencer.]

An unknown correspondent has forwarded us the following beautiful, and (to us) touching lines, without either title or signature, but hinting in the note which accompanies them that they may be original. We do not remember ever having seen them before, and we insert them in our columns with much pleasure—There is something far better than poetry in them. —ED INTEL.

Speak kindly to thy Preacher.

Gently fold aside the curtain,
Let the sunlight's golden beams
Softly steal into the chamber,
Where the preacher sits and dreams.
Let thy songs be sweet and holy,—
Break not thou the spell of thought
That is swelling in his bosom,
With high hopes and feelings fraught.
Very gentle be thy footsteps,
Very gentle be thy tone,
As he gathers from his heart-cells,
Thoughts that purify thine own.

Speak thou kindly to thy preacher—
Think how lonely he must be,
Parted from his home and loved ones,
Tossed on life's uncertain sea.
Think how oft his spirit yearneth
For affections looks and smile,
Strive, oh! strive, by gentle kindness
All his sorrows to beguile.
Hearts are delicate as harp-strings,
Touch them gently as ye may;
For the softest hand will ever
Wake the sweetest, richest lay.

Oh! speak kindly of thy preacher,
Whatsoe'er his faults may be,—
Breath them kindly while he prayeth,
From those errors to be free;
Breathe them not among the many,—
Breathe them not among the crowd;
Let his errors be forgiven,
Folded in love's holy shroud.

Pray for him,—much prayer he needeth,
Passing through life's shadowy vale—
Pray that he may never faltar—
That his steps may never fail:
That sustained he may pass upward,
To that everlasting land,
Where the pure in heart are gathered—
Gathered all at God's right hand.

Precious Thoughts.

Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of Christian graces. To sit where he places us; to be what he would have us to be, and this as long as he pleases.—*Cecil.*

I see there is nothing like entering into God's design concerning us. Let us say as God says, *Destruction to sin!*—*John Smith.*

In these last times I can hardly speak at all of my dispositions It is because my state has become simple and without any variations. It is a profound annihilation. All I know is that God is infinitely holy, righteous, good and happy. I see nothing below myself; nothing more unworthy of his bounty. To me every condition seems equal; all is lost in God's immensity, like a drop of water in the sea.—*Madame Guyon.*

Hold fast your confidence, but rest not on it; rest on Christ. "Put me in remembrance." When you pray be sure to bring the promises with you. I conclude, if I have faith to give full credit to God's word, that promise which I lay hold of is mine, and all it contains, as far as my wants are concerned. On the other hand, if I entertain a doubt or stagger at the truth of God, I consider that I have no claim, and my prayers will not find access. Such is the dreadful effect of unbelief that it binds the hands of God.—*Carvosso.*

Keep to this; repentance toward God, faith in Christ, holiness of heart and life, a growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, the continual need of his atoning blood; a constant confidence in him.—*Wesley.*

It is by hanging on Jesus, as an infant on its mother's breast, I retain my peace, and love, and joy; by watching, prayer and praise; by pressing after degrees of humble love, communion with God and active holiness. Endeavour after a calm, recollected spirit—a heart-felt union with a holy God—love in us is his nature imparted.—*Mrs. H. A. Rogers.*

The light of eternity alone can reveal the superior blessedness of that soul, who, through the blood the everlasting covenant, has entered into, and abides in, a state of holiness. —*Mrs. Palmer.*

To a man of nervous mind, and resolute decision, nothing seems to give so great an increase of determination as the absence of all encouragement from without. A feeble spirit will falter in such a situation; but the having to rely on his own resources, makes him who is capable of elevation truly great. Where mighty interests—the interests of truth and eternity—depend upon the plans which he has adopted, his perseverance under discouragement is the highest moral sublimity—the truest and most illustrious heroism. No test of strength of mind is so severe, or so infallible.—*Treffry. Junr.*

Copying a Blot.

"Mother, who of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern?" asked a little boy who was looking round for a good example.

"Who should you think?" asked his mother; you know the big boys better than I do."

The little boy thought. Then he said, "There's Dan Parker, he smokes; there's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones, he's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he sprees it; Jim Wood, he hates study; Joe Blake, he's cross; Charlie Doe, he goes fishing on Sunday; Gus Tyng, he tells whoppers. Mother, there isn't one that, if I copy, I should'nt copy a blot from."

"Oh, how the ugly blots in our character stand out. "Well," said his mother, "there is one perfect pattern." "Who," asked the boy eagerly; "I should love to know him." "The Son of God,' answered she, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, and who left us an example that we should follow his steps." O, children, God knew you would need a perfect pattern to copy from! You could not copy God, because he is a spirit! therefore he sent his Son to become a child in this world, to show you the pattern of a heavenly boy, and he wishes you to begin when a child to grow into his likeness. In his character there is no blot to copy. He is pure.

Robert Hall as a Preacher.

John Foster says of Robert Hall:

"In the most admired of his sermons, and invariably in all his preaching, there was one excellence, of a moral kind, in which few eloquent preachers have equalled, and none ever did or will surpass him—*oblivion of self.* The preacher appeared wholly absorbed in his subject, given up to its possession as the single actuating principle and impulse of the mental achievement which he was performing His absorption was so evident, and there was so clear an absence of betraying signs of vanity, as to leave no doubt that reflection on himself, the tacit thought, 'It is I that am displaying this excellence of speech,' was the faintest action of his mind. His auditory were sure that it was in relation to his subject, and not to himself, that he regarded the feelings with which they might hear him.

"The entire possession and actuation of his mind by his subject, evident in every way, was especially so by two signs: First, that his delivery was simple and unconsciously governed by his mind. When it was peculiarly animated, or solemn, or pathetic, or indignant, it was such, not by rule, intention, or any thought or rhetorical fitness, but in involuntary accordance with the strain of thought and feeling. In this sense, he 'spake as he was moved,' and consequently nothing in his manner of delivery was either out of place or in it by studied adjustment.

"The other indication of being totally surrendered to the subject, and borne on by its impetus when the current became strong, was (in perfect contrast to what is described above) the rapid passing by and passing away of any striking sentiment or splendid image. He never retained it in view by republications or amplifying phrases, as if he would not let it vanish so soon; as if he were enamored of it, and wanted his hearers to be so for his sake; as if he wished to stand a while conspicuous by its lustre upon him. It glistened or flashed for a moment, and was gone.

"The shining points were the more readily thus hastened away, as they intimately belonged to that which was passing. They occurred not as of arbitrary insertion, but with the appropriateness of a natural relation. However unexpectedly any brilliant idea might present itself, its impression was true and immediate to the purpose. Instead of arresting and diverting the attention to itself, as a thing standing out, to be separately admired for its own sake, it fell congenially into the train, and augmented without disturbing the effect. The fine passage would, indeed, in many instances, admit of being taken apart, and would, in a detached state, retain much of its beauty; but its greatest virtue was in animating the whole combination of sentiments. Mr. Hall's imagination always acted in direct subservience to his intellectual design."

The Importance of Life.

The importance of this life as a season of probation steadily increases as we come in sight of the end, and see a vast eternity not far before us. The interests at stake grow larger and larger. Those things which ordinarily occupy the attention of mankind, dwindle almost to nothing. The earth, as it moves in its orbit from year to year, maintains its distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the sun; and the sun, except when seen through an hazy atmosphere, at its rising or its setting, seems at all times to be of the same magnitude—to human view an object always small, as compared with our own world. But suppose the earth should leave its orbit, and make its way in a direct line towards the sun How soon would the sun seem to enlarge its dimensions! How vast and bright would it become! How soon would it fill the whole field of vision, and all on the earth dwindle to nothing! So human life now appears to me. In earlier years eternity appears distant, and small in importance. But at the period of life which I have now reached, it seems to me as if the earth had left the orbit of its annual movements, and was making a rapid and direct flight to the sun. The objects of eternity, towards which I am moving, rapidly enlarge themselves. They have become overpoweringly bright and grand. They fill the whole field of vision, and the earth, with all which is the common object of human ambition and pursuit, is retiring in the distance, and vanishing away. —*Albert Barnes' Sermon on Life at Three score Years.*

Victoria's Family.

One of the speakers at a mission meeting in Leicester, England, gave some information concerning the teachers and nurses to whom is intrusted the training of the children of the royal family. The monthly nurse in the Queen's household, he stated, was a member of Dr. Steane's (Baptist) Church, at Camberwell. The Princess Royal, now the Princess Frederick William, was awakened through reading a sermon of Adolphe Monod, and became thoroughly religious. When the last child was born a Wesleyan was selected for nurse The teacher of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gibbs, was a Nonconformist. Previous to appointment he was sent for twice, and for two hours was subjected to a severe questioning by the Prince Consort and Her Majesty to test his knowledge. All the heads of the departments about Her Majesty were pious people. Every child that was born in the Royal family was born amid many prayers. The pious members of the household assembled themselves together and continued praying for the Queen until the child was born, when they gave God thanks. He thanked God for such a Queen and such a Court, and that under her God was prospering Britain as he had never prospered it before.

Pastoral Visiting.

John Wesley said: "By repeated experiments, we learn that, though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect nor preserve a society which is collected, without visiting them from house to house." A writer in an exchange says: "One hundred years of Methodistic labors, sufferings, and successes, have greatly added to the strength of the remark."

And yet the well-nigh unanimous testimony of the accredited writers on the subject is, that the pulpit is the chief source of the preacher's usefulness. For weakness or indolence there, running about from house to house is a poor substitute. The oldest settled minister in this city, a man who for half a century has stood with ever growing influence and power at the head of an important charge, has confined his social intercourse with his flock almost wholly to occasions of sickness or bereavement. We by no means undervalue pastoral visitation; but it is idle to attempt to make its place superior, or even equal to that of pulpit labor. To do that, would be to oppose the experience, not of one hundred, but of fifteen times one hundred years.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Looking at the Sun.

A traveller in the east relates that a pilgrim joined in their caravan who had long been engaged in journeying from one to another of those places held sacred by the Musulmans. It had been one of his religious acts to gaze constantly at the sun. His eyes had become nearly blind, and the muscles of his neck rigid in that position. Still this earnest but deluded seeker for salvation continued the destructive practice. Christian, you are bid to look to the Sun of Righteousness and be not blinded, but blessed with an increase of sight. You have looked to him, and been saved from death. You must continue to look unto him for all you need to sustain, to promote, to perfect the life implanted in your soul. Paul says, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." Happy is it for you, if your spiritual muscles are already become fixed in that position. He that looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God.

While we gaze steadfastly at the sun, other objects fade from our sight. So let us gaze at Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, and the sinful attractions of earth will fade away and be forgotten before His supreme glory.

A Desirable Disease.

The pious John Newton closes a letter to a friend in the following truly instructive language:—

"You kindly inquire after my health: myself and family are, through the divine favor, perfectly well; yet, healthy as I am, I labor under a growing disorder, for which there is no cure—I mean *old age.* I am not sorry it is a mortal disease from which no one recovers; for who would live always in such a world as this, who has a scriptural hope of an inheritance in the world of light? I am now in my seventy-second year, and seem to have lived long enough for myself; I have known something of the evil of life, and have had a large share of the good.—I know what the world can do, and what it cannot do: it can neither give nor take away that peace of God, which passeth all understanding; it cannot soothe a wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with comfort. That you, my dear sir, may have an abiding and abounding experience that the gospel is a catholicon, adapted to all our wants and all our feelings, and a suitable help when every other help fails, is the sincere and ardent prayer of your affectionate friend."

Religious Intelligence.

The Revival in Scotland.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan:

SIR,—Having in my last communication referred to the work of God in Cullen and Port Knockie on the Banffshire coast, I shall now proceed to state its progress in the villages adjoining. Accompanied by a friend from Cullen, and escorted a short distance by two of the people, we proceeded along the coast, which is here rugged and bold, to Findochty, a fishing village which has a population of about five hundred persons.—A farm servant was ploughing in one of the fields lying on the roadside, and on being asked if he had found Jesus, replied, No, but that he was seeking him. A few remarks were made, suitable to his case, and we passed on. This little incident may show how general the interest at this time felt in religious matters. In the first house we entered at Findochty we found a young man reading the Scriptures; and on making known our wish to have public service in the hall used for this purpose, it was promptly responded to, and a crowded audience was speedily gathered. Perhaps nowhere on the coast has the work of revival been so thorough as here. The Banffshire Journal says: "Mr. Turner, after he came to Port Knockie, visited Findochty—a village some two miles further West. He had there, at the very first not a few of his former hearers, some who had come from Findochty to take part in his former services at Port Knockie; also people who went in turn to join in worship with their Findochty neighbors. An excitement very soon appeared here. Meetings, held every night, were continued till late hours in the following morning. The crowding of the hall was excessive; and the enthusiasm of the people very extraordinary. Nearly the whole village has been more or less affected; many tell very joyously that they have found peace, and speak of the Saviour in the most endearing terms; but some are still in a very unsettled and agitated frame of mind." In reference to this last remark, we need only say that it refers to those who were still anxiously concerned about their salvation, not having yet found peace with God. We have been accustomed on arriving at different places in other parts of the country, to enquire as to the number of Christians who could be found; but here we were actually informed of the number of those who had not yielded to the claims of Christ, and were surprised to find that they were so few. In this place the preponderating influence in society is on the side of truth, and the mightiest forces at work are truly Christian in their character. One good man told us that before this revival he, with two or three others, had carried on a small Sabbath School for a considerable time, and that as they went up the hill to the room they were laughed at by both men and women, who were hanging idly about the doors of the houses or the corners of the streets; but now the change is most pleasing: there is a Sabbath School of one thousand and eighty children, and no want of teachers; whilst the Sabbath itself, which was formerly spent in idleness and sin, is well observed. We had it from good authority that most remarkable scenes were witnessed under the preaching of the work, and that the whole audience was oft bowed down under the manifestations of the divine presence.—There is no church nearer than the parish one, which is at some distance, and several of the people attend the various places of worship in Buckie, which is about three miles distant. There is a hall—the enlargement of which is now contemplated—in which religious services are occasionally held.

There seems an opening for Methodism, with its lay agency, along this coast, and the people are wishful to have a Methodist Minister, but unfortunately the idea of extending Methodism in Scotland is viewed as fraught with many difficulties; and the ill-success which has attended former efforts of this character almost disheartens from making any further attempt. In leaving this place we have to say that the parable of the sower may be illustrated by and by, yet that we are persuaded that not a few in subsequent times will date their conversion to God from this period of revival

Having left Findochty we reached Portessie the same day, where we stayed for the night. This is also a fishing village, and has two or three boat-building establishments, and a population of about seven hundred inhabitants. An old Methodist again received us. Being a boat-builder, he has four apprentices living with him. Since this revival began they have been converted, and it is their custom at each meal to sing a Psalm or a hymn, and for one or more of them to engage in prayer; before this they had no love for such a means of grace. Similar scenes were witnessed here, as in the other places mentioned, and very many persons were awakened and converted to God. Amongst other remarkable incidents, may be mentioned that of a boat's crew which left, at the commencement of this gracious work, for the fishing; some of them had attended one or two services, and felt somewhat of the power of the word.—After an absence of some time they returned home, having found mercy whilst upon the deep, to the joy of their friends who had made prayer for them without ceasing.—It was the custom here and elsewhere on the coast for a crew, before leaving for the fishing, to club together and spend so much money in the public house the last evening they were on shore; the crews of several boats have left since the revival began, and instead of being found as heretofore in the public house, have been found in the house of prayer, praying for themselves, their families, and the whole population. Well may we ask, What but the power of Grace could accomplish this? My friend and brother minister preached here an excellent sermon from Romans i. 16; after which some hymns were sung and several persons called upon God. A gentleman living at a distance, who had heard of the revival movement and had seen it set forth as a species of raving fanaticism, determined to be an eye witness, and to form his own opinion by observing its progress and practical results, and thus writes to one of the papers: "On Saturday, March 10th, (two days after we had left) I started for Buckie, a distance of nearly forty miles; on reaching there, I made enquiry concerning the meetings, and was informed that a Meeting was to be held at Portessie that evening at six o'clock. I went to the village, and found about one hundred and twenty persons assembled—mostly fishermen and their families—for prayer. There was nothing peculiar or striking in the proceedings. Prayer was led by a layman, then a hymn sung, after which the Rev. Mr. Barras, U. P. minister, delivered an address, clear, pointed and earnest; then several fishermen prayed feelingly and intelligently; several more hymns were sung, when Mr Hector, of Hilton, a gentleman whose whole energies are devoted to the furtherance of religion, delivered a short address, or rather exhortation, on the duty and necessity of prayer as a means of promoting God's work in that District. There was nothing unusual, even to the ears of a stranger, excepting a deep groan uttered occasionally, and the amen responded to by the whole assembly. One thing was quite apparent, the people were laboring under deep conviction of sin, while others by their prayers gave full evidence that they had found peace in Christ, and were rejoicing from being conscious of pardon and forgiveness." A person who lives at Portessie visited Inverness a few days ago, and declared that the change in the habits of the people was most marked, and that if it were only permanent it would be a blessed change. The assistant to the parish minister, with whom we had been previously acquainted, expressed his opinion that the work was of God, whilst deploring what he regarded as the excesses of the movement—meaning thereby the excitement, and late hours, &c. The people here have no place of worship nearer than the parish church, which lies some distance from them, and the different churches which are to be found in Buckie, which is more than a mile distant. A building which was put up in connection with the fishing, for the purpose of drying nets, &c, has been used for these special services, and has been consecrated by God's presence, and the prayers and praises of God's people; it was scarcely finished at the time, and, as one remarked, had it not been for this we should have had no place of meeting.

(To be continued.)

Revival Services in Penrith.

These services have been continued during the last week, and their results are assuming most surprising dimensions. We have carefully watched their progress from the first—having attended the whole of them—and are amazed at the immense spread of divine influence among the people. At their commencement, the crowding of the chapel was confined to the Sabbaths, but such was the effect produced by the remarkable conversions taking place, that last Friday evening, the congregation filled it. One pleasing feature about this revival is the evident genuineness of it. It is not mere excitement, but the power of the Holy Ghost spreading among, awakening, converting, and sanctifying the people. Proof of this is seen in the very satisfactory way in which it is extending to all classes, and people of every calibre of mind, and of the different classes of society, are yielding to the influence of the Spirit. It is not the mere youth, or the ignorant, or the poor you see bending at the altar of prayer, but the strong man, the hoary head, the educated, and the gentle go there and are converted. Many who were among the most unlikely to kneel as penitents among the Methodists, have found that God was there, and have been made to rejoice in Christ as their Saviour. Such was the state of the overflowing congregations last Sabbath, that we rejoiced most heartily that it was not a political gathering, for some revolutionary purpose, but people drawn together by the Holy Ghost, for the purpose of being saved from sin and eternal death. Upwards of eighty were at the altar of prayer, seventy of whom were penitents, and the rest believers, who were sanctified through faith in the blood of the atonement; and the total number (from the commencement of these services) who have received these blessings, is above five hundred and fifty. While we would give all the glory to God, we would honour the instruments he employs. All classes in the town ought to rejoice that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have visited it, and that their labours are thus crowned with success. What a glorious change has taken place in many individuals! How many have been made happy! The poor drunkard, miserable in himself, and making others miserable around him, has here found his way back to sobriety and peace. As our beloved friends have kindly consented to continue these services another week, and over another Sabbath, we sincerely hope that hundreds more who have not yet attended them, will embrace the earliest opportunity of doing so.—*Eng. Paper.*

The Irish Revivals.

From the Glasgow Commonwealth.

Now that the first impulse has subsided, and experience has been able to gather materials for deliberate judgment on the real nature of the movement that so deeply affected the North of Ireland, it now becomes an interesting question to inquire how far the good and evil have mingled, and what the dispassionate judgment of dispassionate men now is regarding the revivals. It may be mentioned, in the first place, that the balance of opinion leads undoubtedly to the belief that a great and good work has been going on, that numbers have reformed their lives, that the intemperate have become sober, that the licentious have abandoned their courses, that the reckless have been brought to consider, that many are now clothed and in their right minds who previously were noted for their breach of every moral law, and that, on the whole a powerful influence of some kind has really pervaded the districts where the revivals have taken place. Such are the opinions that seem to have become settled in the minds of those who have the best opportunity of judging Whether they approve or disapprove of the outward manifestations—whether they do or do not admit that a certain amount of evil was walking like a shadow at the side of good—whether they took part or stood aloof during the period that the revivals were in active operation, they almost without exception, are agreed on this one point, that society is better than it was, and that the people who were reached by the revival influence are not the same people they were before. Let the explanation be what it may—let this or that theory be adopted—let the cause be natural or supernatural—divine or human—in the ordinary course or out of the ordinary course—one fact appears to be established beyond dispute, namely, that the good has been done—that whereas many before were blind, now they can see, do see and continue to see. This fact appears, after all, to be the important one. If it still were a disputed point whether the work were good or evil, it would be difficult to allege what the work was—how it should be classed—and upon what principles it should be examined, but as we are bound upon enquiry fully to admit that the work has been a good work, and belongs to the operation of Christianity on the hearts of men, we are able to look at it without suspicion, and to ask if there be any reasonable cause that might help to account for it. Whether or not an explanation can be found, it is in the highest degree satisfactory to know that the good is there.

So far, then as we have been able to ascertain, we feel disposed to regard these revivals—at least those that have taken place in Ireland—as an awakening of the lower orders of society to intellectual and spiritual consciousness. As a rule, the revivals have confined themselves to those classes that are the bottom of society. Others have also experienced the influence, and some who had led moral lives, and who were actively engaged in work connected with churches—such as Sunday Schools—have also declared that they had come to a knowledge of Christian truth in a manner that was not previously the case. But these, probably, are the exceptions. We believe we are correct in stating that, as a rule, the poorer, the less educated, the more ignorant—and what are termed the lower classes—are those in whom the revivals have mainly wrought. They have been brought to see and understand that the Christian truths proclaimed day by day from the pulpit, apply to them as well as to others, and they have awoke suddenly and in a mass, to realize the fact that they are intellectual and moral beings, that they have minds that require to be cultivated, and souls that require to be saved. They have for the first time, grasped the truth that they are not merely labouring creatures, struggling for a maintenance of the things necessary for their bodies, and trusting, passively that God will be merciful to them because they are poor. For the first time they have come to realize the fact that they as much, as any, are interested in the whole story of the gospel of Jesus Christ—that it was for them, quite as much as for others, that the gospel was intended—that they, as much as others, must come willingly, and of their own accord, out of the practical heathenism in which they lived, and that they, as much as others, must strive to enter in at the strait gate.

Life appears too short to be spent in nursing animosities or registering wrongs.

General Miscellany.

Speak not Ill.

Nay, speak not ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind:
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan:
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give us the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface:
How can it please e'en human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No! let us reach a higher mood,
A noble sentiment of man:
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known,
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

"The Grit Bare-legged Laddie."

Sixty years ago a stout bony youth of eighteen years old, who had been known among his neighborhood as "a grit bare-legged laddie," called on a poor village school-master, and said—

"I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"What do you wish to study?" asked the teacher.

"I want to learn to read and write," replied the lad.

The teacher looked into the lad's face with a somewhat scornful glance, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"Very well, you can attend."

Now if that bony lad had said to the teacher, "I mean to become a great inventer, to be the companion of rich and noble men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great men of the world," I dare say the teacher would have called the boy a fool for cherishing such wild dreams. Yet that poor bony lad, who at eighteen did not know the alphabet, did all those things before he died.

Who was he? His name was George Stevenson, the great railroad pioneer.

It was not the fault of young George that he was ignorant, it was only his misfortune. His friends were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a colliery. His birthplace was a cottage with a clay floor, mud wall, and bare rafters. He had to help to earn his living from his earliest years, first by herding cows and barring up the gates of the mine at night. Next he was put to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which hauled coal from the pit. By and by he was made assistant fireman to his father. When he was seventeen he was made plugman of a pumping engine—a higher post than his father's—and had climbed, as it seemed, to the top of his ladder. What hope was there for a youth who could not read at seventeen?

But George had hope in his breast. His engine was a lesson-book to him. He took it apart and put it together again, studied it, loved it; and when he was told there were books which told about engines he made up his mind to go to school.

To school he went, and soon learned all that the village masters could teach. When twenty years old he was made brakesman, and began to think about inventing better engines than he saw about him.

Thus working, thinking, reading, he kept on, avoiding all bad habits, until he built a locomotive that traveled at the rate of four miles an hour on a tramway. This was a great affair at that time.

His next work was a railway eight miles in length; and from this point he went on until he was known as the great railway pioneer of the world.

George was often laughed at by men who thought themselves much wiser than he. One day he was proposing to build an engine to run twelve miles an hour. A grave-looking gentleman, thinking to put him down, said:

"Suppose one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Stephenson, "very awkward indeed—for the cow!"

Thus, by his own industry, did the "grit bare-legged laddie" climb to a very high place among men. Great men, and even kings, sought his advice, wealth flowed into his purse, his name was honored, his character respected. At a ripe age he died and went to his eternal reward.

Let this sketch of the "grit bare-legged laddie" cheer on the boys and girls to patient effort in the path of duty. Learn something every day. Press forward! Be good and you will prosper.

Venice.

If a spark of that old chivalric fire which in the Middle Ages so often converted the soldier into a knight and the knight into a disinterested hero, and so led men to do battle for the oppressed—if an inkling of this sacred feeling and force survived in our busy, commercial, luxurious, and egotistic age,—the spot towards which such champions of humanity would hasten, would be Venice. The scorpion of Austrian tyranny driven out of Lombardy,—powerless in the States of the Church, and threatened in Hungary,—concentrates her spite and cruelty upon Venice. Every week scores of the best citizens of that glorious old city are transplanted in chains to distant northern fortresses for the identical crime that made the British government in 1776 set a price upon the heads of Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

The wrongs of the outraged people of Venice invoke redress;—that Venice so familiar and dear to readers of English thro' the works of Otway, Shakspeare, and Byron, and Rogers, Cooper, and Ruskin,—that Venice so admirably self governed during her brief interval of freedom under the provisional auspices of the noble Manin and his patriotic comrades,—that Venice, ever the mart of commerce—the seat of the most famous press in Europe—whose architecture and paintings delight and instruct to-day as they did centuries ago. Her outraged people now dwell there in mute suspense, under the perpetual espionage of Austrian soldiers, whom, to avoid, they quit the *cafe*, cross the piazza, cease talking with a friend. A word, a look, a peculiarity of costume, a volume or newspaper in their hands, a letter taken by them from the Post Office,—the slightest cause, is enough to excite the suspicion of the vigilant myrmidons of Austria, and lead to arrest, long and secret imprisonment, confiscation and death!

Venitia is becoming depopulated; gloom and fear hang like a cloud over her palaces; scarcely a family remains which is not agonized for the fate of a loved son, brother, husband, or father. It is a spectacle to move the heart of the civilized world—to justify the intervention of a crusade. If Napoleon had but driven the Austrians, as he promised from Venetia—if he would but now insist upon reform and mercy—the world would applaud and sustain him. The condition of Venice becomes indeed more and more deplorable. The baffled despotism of the vilest tyranny in Europe finds unrestrained scope in this defenceless State; while the public mind of England and France, as well as Italy, is intent upon the Papal problem.—*Boston Transcript.*

Woman's Qualities.

The characteristic qualities of women, when true to the type of her being; her delicacy, modesty, reserve, and chastity in thought and feeling, word, and action; her sweetness, gentleness, patience, sympathy, tenderness, dependence, devotion; her sensibility to beauty and grace, order, fitness and propriety in speech, dress, behavior, everything; her intellectual faculties, more receptive than productive, thought resting more on feeling than feeling on thought, making her more susceptible of culture and refinement than apt for grasping the abstruse and rugged in science and practical life; all these are her charms for man, through which man gets unspeakable good to his own nature—while man's harder texture in body and mind, his strength, courage, self reliance, his grasp, force, and productive power in the world of thought and action, draw woman to him. Thus each finds in the other what each one needs. The womanly woman feels herself strong and brave when she leans on man, and man's manly courage grows stouter, and at the same time the rugged hardness of his nature is softened by tender reverence, as with one arm he supports and with the other protects the gentle one clinging to his side. In everything, in short, in which they are made different, it is that each may find their proper counterpart in the other. They are made different in order that they may become one. Out of this very difference springs the closest and richest union, the union of mutual love, whereof marriage is the outward representation. Only in this true married union, and in the home of love that builds itself up out of it, can the fullness, and perfection of the individual life, dignity, and worth of each be found and realized.—*Doctor Oldham*

What Brought the Quarterage.

The writer of this a few years ago travelled the Irvine Circuit, —— Conference. At a certain appointment lived old Brother W., who had a fine farm and plenty of negroes to work it. He was a great politician, and a large part of his time was spent in every political movement. The stewards of the Church had assessed him five dollars for quarterage. The year had nearly gone, and he had not paid a dime of it. The last appointment came; the preacher preached a farewell sermon, and then mounted his horse to leave. Riding through the farm to the road, the following conversation took place between the preacher and Brother W.:

Bro. W. Well, from what I understand, Brother L., you'll not come back to us again?

Bro. L No; and I have very little desire to do so. I have preached as faithfully as any preacher could do at your house; they have assessed you only five dollars, and I have not received one cent out of the whole congregation.

Bro. W. That's bad indeed; but really my dear brother, I don't think I could spare that amount at the present time, or you should have it. I am very much pressed just now.

Bro W. That just the case with myself; I'm pressed all the time. Here's conference coming on, and will be here in two weeks, and I'm needing money. We Methodist preachers, Brother W., have a hard time of it; here's the presidential election coming on, and we don't get a vote.

Bro. W. Don't vote! (very much astonished;) why, why's that, Brother L.?

Bro L Why, sir, here you see I must now leave the county for conference, and consequently Fillmore loses my vote.

Bro W. Never! never! (running his hand in his pocket, and pulling out his pocket book well filled) I have plenty of money here, and can furnish you any amount you need; just remain till after the election! I'll pay your board, and it shan't cost you a cent.

I thanked him kindly, and reminded him how a few moments before he could not spare a dime. The old man saw how he was caught; in a few days he sent me ten dollars, but I lost my vote.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

"The Human Face Divine."

It has been well said that no face can be called ugly if lit up with a smile of good temper. Jeremy Collier quaintly remarks: "Smiles are much more becoming than frowns; if, therefore, people have a mind to be handsome, they must not be peevish and untoward." He continues: "What can be more significant than the sudden flushing and confusion of a blush, than the sparklings of rage, and the lightnings of a smile? The soul is, as it were, visible upon these occasions; the passions ebb and flow in the cheeks, and are much better distinguished in their progress than the change of air in a hour glass. A face well furnished out by nature, and a little disciplined, has a great deal of rhetoric in it. A graceful presence bespeaks acceptance, gives a force to language, and helps to convince by look and