

easy for the clergy, when they are
ened, to make ecclesiastical regula-
flexible, than it is for a good man to
date with his conscience, even when
oned with the privations of the last
nents. This, too, is a very important
s, scarcely less so than the other. The
tion of Turin seems to have under-
it so. The honors paid to the Count
nta Rossi show this clearly, and are a
r step, probably, towards their eman-
on from the sacerdotal yoke. The
shop and clergy of Saint Charles
een arrested, but more of this another
—*Correspondent Ado. & Journal*

Family Circle.

Domestic Happiness.

What so refreshing, so soothing, so
ying, as the placid joys of home! See
aveller—does duty call him for a sea-
leave his beloved circle? The image
earthly happiness continues vivid in
membrance; it quickens him to diti-
; it makes him hail the hour which
is purpose accomplished, and his face
d towards home; it communes with
is his journey, and he hears the pra-
which causes him to hope: "Thou
know also that thy tabernacle shall be
acc; and thou shalt visit thy taberna-
nd not sin." Oh the joyful reunion
lived family, the pleasure of renew-
terview and conversation after days of
ice! Behold the man of science—he
the laborious and painful research,
his volume, smooths his wrinkled
leaves his study, and unbending him-
to the capacities, yields to the
s, and mingles with the diversions of
hildren. Take the man of trade—
reconciles him to the toil of business!
enables him to endure the fastidious-
and impertinence of customers; what
ds him for so many hours of tedious
ement? By and by, the season of
sorrow will be behind the scenes of his
and the children of his love, for whom
signs his ease; and in their welfare
smiles he will find his recompense.
er comes the labourer—he has borne
arden and heat of the day—the dew-
ing sun has released him of his toil,
is hastening home to enjoy repose
way down the lane, by the side of
stands his cottage, his children run
et him. One he carries, and one he
The companion of his humble life
dy to furnish him with his plain re-
See his toil worn countenance as
an air of cheerfulness! His hardships
orgotten, fatigue vanishes—he eats,
satisfied! The evening far, he walks
ncovered head around his garden—
rag on, and retires to rest; and "the
labouring man is sweet, whether
little or much." Inhabitant of this
dwelling, who can be indifferent to
omfort? Peace be to this house.—
W. Jay.

The Lily.

ung Louisa admired a lily of singular
ness, which had beautifully blossomed
midst of an elegant parterre. The
whose height was scarcely above this
erous flower, amused herself in look-
its petals and to view most with dew-
lured it, calling it the most beautiful
thly flowers; she was even penetrated
he sweetest sentiments of gratitude,
ming her little hands she blessed the
r for all his marvels.
parents, witnessing this touching
saw, overwhelmed with tears of ten-
s, "Our Louisa is as beautiful and as
as a lily and already her piety as-
to heaven a sweet perfume."
alas! before the end of the year,
died, and her poor mother, when
nth of May returned, seeing the
lily flowers sparkling again in the
rays of the sun, felt again despair and
abundant tears. Her husband
nd to her: "Do you remember the
removed the lily which grew in the
in the corner of the garden to trans-
it to the middle of the parterre?
then observed to me that I would

injure the growth of this beautiful plant, but
when placed in richer earth, it produced
flowers of great perfection. Louisa, de-
lighted, thanked me for having made them
the greatest ornament of the garden. To-
day thy grief resembles hers. Louisa is in
heaven. A happier day dawned for her.
Let us not murmur against Providence; let
us endeavour to obtain by a pious resigna-
tion the grace of being united to our lily of
beauty and innocence, who now blooms in
a celestial world."

The Mother a Sculptor.

The world worships with breathless ad-
miration before the beautiful statue which
art has created from the inanimate block of
marble; but who pays the merited tribute
to the mother's labors? The mother is a
sculptor. She daily sends forth from her
hands specimens of a higher, nobler art
than the most gifted sons of genius ever
conceived. It is hers, not to imitate in life-
less stone nature's most perfect productions,
but to mould human character after the
purest models of truth and nobleness. The
artist disengages the enchanted limb and
furnish from the rude block; the mother
awakens the slumbering intellect, vivifies
and properly directs the uncultured affec-
tions, and develops and strengthens the
dawning moral sentiments. The artist dis-
misses the productions of his chisel to
enchant the world; the mother sends out
the workmanship of her hands to control
human destiny.

Reverence for Age.

Reverence is always due to aged people.
God, nature, and a proper education, say
to the young, reverence old age. Grey
hairs are crowns of glory, when found in the
way of righteousness.
The promptings of our kindly nature
teach us to revere the aged, to respect his
face the hoary head. The dewy eye, the
furrowed brow, and temples thin and bald,
who would not respect, reverence, and love
them?

General Miscellany.

Bad Books.

Whilst a public press is sending forth in
rapid succession a valuable works in every de-
partment of useful knowledge, the great enemy is
using the same mighty engine for the worst of
all purposes—the degradation and ruin of our
race. It is admitted on all hands that the press
exercises an incalculable power for good or
evil. Of what consequence is it, then, that it be
employed in counteracting the baleful influences
of licentious literature, the productions of
which is one of the worst features of our age.
We have in view especially that class of cheap
publications which is hawked about through the
country, and is thrust upon our notice at almost
every turn of the streets by some impudent
pedlar, or by a glaring advertisement. It is particu-
larly annoying to be beset on board of steamboats,
and in the principal thoroughfares, with the ven-
ders of such moral poison. The corrupting influ-
ence of this species of reading may be slow, but
it is not the less dangerous and fatal in its effects
—perhaps the more so from the secrecy with
which in most cases it is presented. Few of
those who indulge in reading immoral books do
so publicly. Nor do these books appear in the
book-case or in the drawing room. The outward
respect that virtue exacts even from the litera-
ture, causes them to be concealed and read stealth-
ly.

With what horror does an affectionate parent,
for the first time, behold the staggering step and
flaming countenance of a beloved boy, and by
every means that parental duty and affection can
suggest, set himself to reclaim him from the we-
ful fate of the drunkard? And should he be less
alarmed when he finds his son polluting his sus-
ceptible mind with the rankest impurity—reading
infamous books privately, which shame would
prevent him from exhibiting openly? Parents
and guardians have need to exercise the utmost
vigilance over the young committed to their care
—to see not only that they do not read such
books as are calculated to corrupt their morals,
but to provide suitable reading. And the young,
as they value their own welfare, their character
and usefulness, should shun, as they would the
plague, this trashy reading which is the ruin of
their way. As a general rule, that book is not fit
to be read which has to be hidden, or which one

could not put into the hands of a mother or
sister.—*Toronto Ecclesiastical and Missionary
Record.*

The Working Man's Day.

Man was not made for unceasing labour.—Nei-
ther his body nor his mind can stand it. We do
not need the testimony of physiologists and medi-
cal men to prove to us the necessity, and the per-
nicious results flowing from the absence, of it.
Experience teaches us that man can no more go
on smoothly for months and years without the rest
of the Sabbath, than he can go on day by day
without sleep by night. Some persons may be
able to hold on for a few days by taking occasional
at repose, as others may for years by occasional
relaxation; but the tone of the constitution, both
of body and mind, will be far best kept up in the
way provided by the God of our nature, by taking
regular sleep every night, and regular rest every
Sabbath.

When the curse came upon the earth on ac-
count of sin, the Lord, mercifully remembering
man's frame, suffered not the curse to fall on that
seventh day, which he had blessed and sanctified.
For that day, at least, the sentence was repealed,
which doomed man to fall in the sweat of his brow
until he returned to the ground. Six days he
was to labour, but to rest on the seventh.

Those who, in the providence of God, are placed
above the necessity of hard personal la-
bour cannot enter into the glorious beneficence of
his enactment. The Sabbath is specially for the
poor man's privilege, the working man's day. To
him it is a sublime spectacle, this Sabbath in Eng-
land—More than four millions of working men
over the land secure one day's rest out of seven
every seven years, and their families secure a
maintenance on that day, without the tediousness
of the rest of the week, and one day's free to
renew their bodies by rest, and to refresh and re-
vitalize their spirits by the freedom of society and
recreation. It is a day which is the property of
the working class, and the hallowed day
cannot be taken from them without the loss of the
old and sacred of God's merciful ways to the en-
richment of men.

During the French Revolution the Sabbath was
abolished for a time, and one day in seven was ap-
pointed as a national holiday. But it was soon
found that the public health and the commercial
prosperity of the country were alike injured, and
the ancient and divinely appointed day of rest
was publicly resumed.

We could easily prove, by statistical facts, that
with nations, as with individuals, the proceeds of
work during any lengthened period, would be
greater from six days of the week, than from
the whole seven; that by due observance of the
Sabbath, the amount of human labour would be
greatly economized, and the average length of hu-
man life throughout the country materially in-
creased; and that by the better economy and ap-
plication of labour, by the diminution of crime,
and its concomitant expenses, by the improve-
ment of public health and morals, a vast amount
of expenditure would be saved, or, in other words,
a vast revenue added to the treasure of the coun-
try. Verily, even in a commercial view, there is great re-
ward.

Voltaire, toward the end of his life, remarked
to some of his infidel associates, that all his vani-
ty had been lost, and that it was utterly vain to
try to put down Christianity, saying as he was
the Sabbath so long as every seven days, men
were compelled, more or less, to have their
thoughts turned to the things of God. "Thus,"
therefore, even its enemies being obliged, the
Lord's day may be reckoned one of the chief of
works of social, as well as religious constitution
of the land.—*English Press News.*

Wonderful Structure of the Heart.

An anatomist (as Dr. Price observes) who me-
ditated the structure of the heart might say, he
saw, and that it would play, that he would expect
I think, from the complexity of its mechanism,
and the delicacy of many of its parts, that it should
always be liable to derangement, or that it would
soon work itself out. Yet what this wonderful
machine goes night and day, for eighty years toge-
ther, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes
every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke
a great resistance to overcome, and still continue
in action for this length of time, without disor-
der and without weariness.

Even a vessel of water that continues to move
steadily, the least obstruction, from the least cause,
in one hour, from which it follows, that it
passes through a certain every hour four thousand
cubits, or three hundred and fifty pounds of
blood. Now the whole mass of blood is said to
be about twenty-five pounds, so that a quantity

of blood, equal to the whole mass of blood, passes
through the heart fourteen times in one hour,
which is about once every four minutes.—*Luck's
Practical Exposition.*

Correspondence.

To the Newfoundland Readers of the "Wesleyan."
No. 11.

DEAR FRIENDS.—I cannot recollect what the
subject of my last letter was as I keep no copy,
however, I must now give you whatever is fresh
in my mind. I have just returned to Boston
from Salem where I had been spending the
last week. Salem is fifteen miles east of
Boston, and contains a population of about 20,000.
It was once the capital of Massachusetts and ex-
tensively engaged in the East India Trade, but
has declined in commercial importance, most of
its shipping having been removed to Boston,
although continuing to be owned in Salem. A
number of persons doing business in Boston re-
side here, they leave Salem by the morning train
and return by the evening train. Salem is cele-
brated as being the place where a number of
women were hanged supposed to have been
witches. Chestnut street is one of the hand-
somest thoroughfares in the country, has rows of
elm and other trees on either side, and contains
many splendid mansions, churches, and other
public buildings. Here there is a steam Cot-
ton Factory, employing upwards of 500 hands,
and is one of the largest of the kind in the U.
States. The Museum of the East India Marine
Society contains an extensive variety of natural
and artificial curiosities collected from all parts
of the world. One of the most interesting
collections I have ever seen is in the possession
of John I. Atwood here, consisting not only of
valuable minerals, but also some of the most
curious pieces of machinery invented by himself.
From Salem I proceeded to Portsmouth, New
Hampshire, which is the principal town in the
State, although Concord is the seat of govern-
ment. Portsmouth contains a population of about
15,000. Here there is one of the U. States
Navy Yards. The North America, the first line
of battleships launched in America, was built
here during the revolution. From Portsmouth
I proceeded to Portland, visiting all the inter-
mediate towns as far as Augusta, which is the
capital of the State of Maine. It is distant from
Boston 140 miles, and situated at the head of
navigation of the Kennebec river, 12 miles from
the sea. It lies on both sides of the river, com-
municated by a bridge 520 feet long; a short dis-
tance above the town a dam has been constructed
across the river, at a cost of \$200,000 forming
a very extensive water power. The State House
is a spacious and elegant structure, built of white
granite, seated upon a beautiful eminence, and
surrounded with trees. On the east bank of the
river stands one of the United States Armories,
a very fine building, a short distance from which
the State Insane Hospital is a splendid granite
edifice occupying a plot of 70 acres. It is one
of the finest buildings of the kind I have seen in
the country. Shipbuilding is carried on more
extensively in this State than any other in the
Union. Having heard of the arrival of my friends,
I proceeded at once to Boston and from there
to Worcester at the place of my residence.
Our carriage stopped on the outskirts of the
city. One half of it is occupied by J. B. Syme,
Esq., and family, who have just arrived from
Edinburgh, Scotland, to reside at the Editors
of Hogg's Weekly Journal, and has written for
one of the most popular periodicals published
in England; he is now one of the Editors of
Burritt's Christian Observer. The carriage is
surrounded with beautiful trees. In front is a
grand hall and in the middle of it with French
Apple, Pear, Cherry, and various other fruit
trees interspersed with flowers. It is a lovely
spot. House rent is very high in Worcester
24. Syme and I pay 24 dollars per annum for
the carriage.

At Worcester we have for the present
made give you our further account of the place.
It is well supplied with the various kinds of which
are splendid buildings. Three of our children
go to one of these, and a short distance from
where I live. The building is about the size of
the new Columbia Building in Scotland. It is
enclosed with a large garden, and four stone
fountains, there are four different kinds of school
kept in this building, and a number of teachers.
The rooms are spacious and airy, and the
work is daily carried on. The children are usually
sent with the school, leaving at half of nine
each in a Room and each chamber fastened
to a iron post in front of which is a polished
mirrored clock about two feet long for each
child. The School House is surrounded
by a spacious lawn, and with rose trees,
shaded with trees, and in the middle is a
mable fountain. The children are sent out into
the yard every day, and each child has a
small house in the garden. The Scriptures
are read every week. Some of the children are
taught in the school, the smallest child is taught

the notes. Every kind of learning is taught in
this school, and the only payment required for
all this is to pay for the books used by the child-
ren. Such an education could not be obtained
in any of the British Colonies for any money.
The Educational Institutions of this State, Mass-
achusetts, I have no doubt, are the most perfect
in the world. I think it an utter impossibility in
passing through this State to find an ignorant
young man or woman. The manners of the
American people generally, are very cold and
reserved, and there is a great want of that politeness
which is exhibited among the English peo-
ple. That friendly social intercourse to which
you are accustomed in Newfoundland is un-
known in this country. But I admire the Amer-
ican people for their intelligence, mere youth
can converse on almost any subject, and know
what is doing up to the present hour in every
part of the globe. Worcester is a flourishing
city, and contains a population of about 20,000
inhabitants, it is situated in the heart of the State
of Massachusetts, and is the centre of a great in-
land trade. It is distant from Boston 45 miles,
from Albany 156, and from New York 194 via
Norwich. Worcester is the centre of an impor-
tant railroad communication which makes it one
of the greatest thoroughfares in the country, and
contributes much to its growth and prosperity.
It has railroads diverging from it, in almost every
point of the compass. The Blackstone Canal ex-
tends from Worcester to Providence, on both
sides of the Blackstone river 45 miles. The City
is pleasantly situated in a valley, surrounded by
hills of slight acclivity. It is abundantly supplied
with water, brought through an aqueduct from
the neighbouring hills. The most important
street is called Main street, 100 feet wide, shaded
on either side with chestnut, elm, maple, oak and
a variety of other trees, it is more than a mile
long, built of brick and stone, some of the build-
ings are magnificent. The R. Catholic College
stands about half a mile from the City, it is a
large and elegant building. The Worcester
Common is a beautiful place, it is a great pre-
mence, and in the evening crowded with peo-
ple, sometimes a band of music plays. It is sur-
rounded by a railing, outside of which are wide
streets lined by handsome buildings. It is shaded
with trees of various kinds, and gravelled walks
extend in different directions through the whole.
There is one Episcopal Church, two Methodist,
four Congregationalist and two R. Catholic;
there is no Presbyterian Church here; besides
these there are Churches belonging to other de-
nominations. I mention the above denomina-
tions as being those you would feel an interest in.
Worcester is one of the most beautiful towns in
New England.

As many of you do not know what is meant
by New England, I must inform you that New
England comprises six States—viz., Maine, New
Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Con-
necticut and Vermont. The State Lunatic As-
ylum at Worcester is one of the best institutions
in the U. States. It is built of brick, and con-
sists of centre buildings 76 feet long and 40 wide,
and four stories high, with two wings, each 96
feet long and 36 wide, and three stories high.
At each end of the wings are two other build-
ings 134 feet long and 31 feet wide, forming with
the main building three sides of a spacious square.
The interior arrangements are admirably suited
to the accommodation of the different classes of
patients who inhabit it. There are several fine
Halls and other public buildings in Worcester.
The American Antiquarian Society at this place
was founded in 1812 by Isaiah Thomas, L. L. D.,
who was the father of printing in New England.
The Hall of the Society is a large and elegant
building, in which is a library of 12,000 volumes,
a valuable cabinet of antiquities, and many in-
teresting specimens of early printing. Worcester
is well stocked with Reading Rooms and other
public institutions. It is the residence of several
celebrated men, amongst some of whom are
two ex-Governors of Massachusetts, judges, law-
yers, military men, &c., and the world renowned
Edin. Barritt, who is now, however, in London,
where he has been attending a Bazaar to aid the
cause of universal peace and brotherhood. The
Bazaar was opened in the Hall of Commerce,
London, on the 30th May, and continued three
days. This demonstration far exceeded the ex-
pectations of its best friends. I think I told you
in one of my former letters that there would be
stalls for different countries, in each of which a
variety of beautifully wrought articles, the pro-
duct of the ladies of each country, would be ex-
hibited. There were stalls for the different coun-
ties of England. Over two of these stalls, Mrs.
Richard Cobden and Mrs. Milner Gibson, Mrs.
Vernon, sister of John Bright, and Mrs. Schwabe,
the wife of one of the most eminent manufactur-
ers of Manchester presided. The first three
names mentioned above are well known to most
of you as being identified with some of the lead-
ing reformers of the British parliament. The
French stall was presided over by ladies from
Paris. Among the objects of interest in the
French stall, was a tablet of flowers exquisitely
printed by Melame de Lamartine, embosoming
some lines of poetry written expressly for the of-
ficing by her illustrious husband, which sold for
ten guineas. The American stall was presided
over by Mrs. Ellis, whose name and fame as a
writer are so well known. On the 6th June a
Bazaar was held in Norwich, about ten miles