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Religious Miscellany.

The Passage through the Red-Sea.

BY REV. T. H. DAVIES.

Six joyous days had pass'd since Israel's hosts
Had left the house of bondage, and had felt
The sweets of liberty: no longer tasked
By Pharoah's men severe and made to toil,
And form beneath a burning sky each day,
The tile, straw mixed, and smooth to beautify
Old Egypt's palaces and pyramids,
That stand and frown against the face of Time!

There was a freshness to their pallid cheeks
In the free air, that seemed now to tell them,
As it brought health and vigour to their limbs
That they were free.—Each object had new charms:—
The green herbage, and the smiling flowers;
The brooks swift running o'er their pebbly beds;
The birds sweet singing from the breeze-moved boughs;
The sun rejoicing in his wide domain;
The stars bright shining by the hand of God,—
And in their vivid light reproving strong
The darkness, error, pride, and wrong of man:
All things above, around, spoke to their hearts,
And told them they were free: Even the rude rocks
To them a beauty had surpassing far
The sculptur'd forms of Egypt's cities,
Where grandeur, tyranny, and misery dwelt.

Not children feel more joy or pleasure pure
When just immerged from plodding task at school,
To keep their holiday in youthful sports,
O'er the green fields, beneath the cheering sun,
Than did the Hebrew tribes to be encamped
In the free wilderness, no more oppress'd
But glad to look upon the works of God,—
Nor dread a surly task-master at their side.

By Baal-Zephon now the glad tribes reposed,—
On a narrow plain encamped; on each side high
A mountain-mass of rocks arose sublime;—
As if they had been piled by Ruin's hand,
To mock the wasting power of mighty Time!
Before them lay a barrier to their progress,—
The waters of a sea, rapid and wide.

But now a sound is heard, like that oft made
By a far off ocean on the pebbly shore;—
But louder soon it grew like gusty winds
Still higher rising to a tempest's rage:—
The truth at once their minds absord, and quail;
Pharoah's proud legions came with thund'ring tread;
Their thousand horses, and their chariot's proud;
Their warlike weapons and their men of might;
And Pharoah at their head, with fiendish heart,
Unhumbled still, beneath God's chast'ning rod!
Weaken'd by bondage, and but feebly moved
By warm *Religion* and inspiring *Faith*,
The hosts of *Israel* trembled like a leaf
Rough touched and shaken by the fitful wind.

But *Moses* was a host—he knew his God:
His *eye* had reached *Jehovah's* awful *throne*;
His *ears* had heard the dictates *it* declared;
His *heart* had borne all *Israel* and their wants
Up to the eye and hand that fills the earth
And heavens with varied good,—unfailing still.
He soon receives his orders from on high
To muster *Israel's* hosts, and move them onward
To the *Red-sea*, and there anew behold
The mighty arm of God,—outstretched to save.

Their fears increased as Egypt's horse rush on,
And the *Red-sea* just bursting on their sight,
Now mocks their sorrows, and forbids their march!
But Moses stands upon its banks, and moves
The *rod*,—emblem sacred of Jehovah's might,
And bids the waters form a passage through!
The sea obeys; touched by the hand that holds
The mighty oceans in its palm, and binds,
As with a *Swaddling-band*, the watery worlds.—
Two walls of water, like smooth shining glass
Appear high-raised, and let them pass dry-shod
Between, where so late the sea-monster played
And finny-tribes disported in their caves:—
Down where the foot of man ne'er pass'd before:
They see the marble caves and rugged rocks
That lay beneath old ocean's feet long hid!

But most they wonder 'midst that fairy scene
To see each side the *watery wall* unmoved!
While the bright-light of *the pillar* of God
From the heaven's shed a red-beam diffused
Upon their path:—'Twas Jehovah's *lamp* hung up
To guide their feet safe through the rugged way,
Their new made road, with oozy seaweed spread,
And beauteous coral, red as blazing fire,
In forms fantastic, branching wide, that seem
Now trees; now bushes; now a gay *parterre*
Of verdant flowers,—all fixed, and rigid stone!
Some fears assail them yet, for as they pass
Along the walls, the cry of Egypt's hosts
Pursuing still, tell them their foes exist,
And have with them a passage thro' the flood!

But on the banks safe-placed,—*not one* astray,
Of all their numerous host!—children, and men
Bent down with age,—and mothers with their babes,
All kept in safety in their toilsome march:—
Moses again his *rod* waves high,—the flood
Pours down from its walled-like heaps, and spreads
Abroad commingling wide, and fills the road
That Israel's hosts so late in safety passed:—
The sad Egyptians saw, with dread amaze,
The sudden rush,—and perished in their might:
God looked on them from his stormy clouds,—
Drove off their chariot-wheels, and kept them back,
Till all his hosts in safety stood afar;—
Then rolled the floods upon their haughty foes!
Men, horses, chariots, implements of war,
And *Pharoah* in one wide ruin blent,—
Tell Israel's people of the power of God,—
Unfold his awful justice to their view,
And loudly spread the triumphs of his grace:—
Their hearts are glad;
The song of praise ascends to God, and fills
The wilderness around with vocal joy.

WHEN I come to this blessed Word, which is God's Book, I am safe; and if I have to stand alone, I would stand alone. I love that word spoken by the great Reformer, when he was told that the world was against him—"Then," replied he "I am against the world."

The Door that is always Open.

A friend of the Chaplain had been speaking to children, and at the end of the services, a young man, much affected, came to him and said, "I will tell you an incident that you can relate when you talk with children."

There was a pious mother in New Hampshire—a widow, with an only son. The mother's heart was bound up in this boy. Everything that she could do to make him happy was done; and above all, she sought to keep him from bad company, and to lead him to Jesus that he might become his disciple. The boy had a loving heart, and knew God had given him one of the best of mothers, but he unfortunately found bad associates, and gave himself up to their counsels to the great grief of this suffering mother.

Finally the lad was induced to run away. He directed his course to the sea-coast and shipped on board a vessel for a long voyage. From this he exchanged to another, so that it was full three years before he returned to his native land. During this time, as it often happens, the "prodigal" boy came to himself. He remembered the prayers of the devout old mother in New Hampshire. He sought and obtained a Bible, to read over again the Scriptures which she had so often read to him. With a broken heart he asked the forgiveness of his heavenly Father, and determined to take the first opportunity to return to the house of his mother, and relieve the anxiety that he knew must be crushing her heart. Perhaps she had died under the dreadful blow which his conduct had inflicted upon her! How this terrible thought quickened his conviction of his sins and his penitence before God. Immediately upon reaching port and securing his discharge, he started for his New Hampshire home. It was late in the evening when he reached his native village. With what a beating heart he turned his course to his mother's cottage! He could see no light from the windows as he approached the house. What tumultuous thoughts filled his heart! Was she still alive! Would her worn face, if living, show the consequences of his misconduct! How would she receive him!

He thought she had probably retired for the night if still at home. He would go round to the outer door, he said to himself, and see if it was open, but would not make a noise to disturd her, if she had gone to her rest. He passed on to the door of the sitting-room, and trying carefully the latch, it answered at once to his touch. The movement was so quiet that the only occupant of the room remained undisturbed. There sat his mother by the fireside with her Bible closed upon her lap. She had evidently just risen from her knees. The tender, tearful face told sooner and surer than words for whom that evening prayer had been offered. Stepping quietly across the room, the boy (or rather the young man, for three years and rough exercise had made a great change in his appearance,) kneeled down and buried his face in his mother's lap. He could only say, "Mother forgive me!" He felt the touch of her trembling hand upon his head, and the silent dropping of her tears. She pressed him to her heart, and, kneeling by his side, thanked God that a mother's prayers had been answered.

After recovering a little from the mingled joy and sorrow of the hour, the boy turning to his mother, said to her,

"Did you know that your door was unlocked?"

"O, yes!" was the answer.

"Don't you think it a risk to have your door unlocked so late in the evening, as you are so far from the village?"

"That door," the mother answered, "has not been locked for three years. Since the night my boy left me I have never shot the bolt. I have continued praying for him, and expecting his return. I left the door open, so that if he came in the night, as I thought he might, he would know that *I was waiting for him.*"

The broken-hearted, but doubly forgiven son—forgiven of God and of his injured mother—could only respond with tears to this touching evidence of the unquenchable power of a mother's love. He had grievously sinned, but the door of forgiveness and of affection had never been closed. Even in the first bitter hour of disappointment and wounded love, the door had been left unfastened and had remained unbarred day and night until the prodigal's return.

Thus, dear young readers, *He* waits for us who once died for us. We wander far away from Him. We grieve the Holy Spirit. But the door is open! The Saviour's heart is never barred. Like the mother, he not only offers daily prayers in our behalf, but "he *ever liveth* to intercede for us." We shall find when we come, with trembling hearts and weeping eyes, that they are *waiting* for us."

"All heaven is waiting to resound
The dead's alive, the lost is found."

—*Zion's Herald.*

Prayer-Meeting.

No evangelical christian can doubt the Divine authority for what is technically termed the prayer-meeting. But thousands of professed christians habitually absent themselves from these services. Such christians are so strong in the faith, so confirmed in Gospel principles, that they do not need such assistance; or so cold, so backslidden in heart, that they have lost all relish for such services, and are insensible to their needs, and we very much fear the latter is the case. A man who has an earnest desire to do right, should make that desire active by availing himself of every assistance within his reach. We are in an evil world, exposed to the suggestions of an evil being, and greatly weakened by an evil nature. And he is foolish, indeed, who treats with indifference this combination of evil that every moment threatens to undermine his purity and thwart his efforts to do right. If there is any power in association, and who can doubt it? it is every way proper to apply it to our religious struggles.

Many a man has been corrupted by the association of evil men, and many purified by association with the righteous. Many a poor victim has had his depraved appetite or violent passion revived and brought back again to life, restored to its full power over him, by stepping into the bar-room or gaming saloon, where others were indulging in the very vice that was his besetment. And many a heart that was waning in its love, that had well nigh lost its relish for spiritual worship, that had already paused in its service to God, has had its love for the Saviour revived, its relish for spiritual enjoyment restored in all its force, and caught a fresh impetus on the way to heaven, by spending an hour in the prayer-meeting, amid old associations, and resuming the old habit of joining the pious in the inspiring songs of Zion, and uniting in the ardent, believing prayers at the throne of grace. Few men ever leave the prayer-meeting room, however dull the services, without experiencing some benefit, and feeling an increased religious influence.

But these services ought not to be dull, and to prevent their being so, we should be ever trying to give them interest. This may be done in a great measure by going to them from our knees, and without stopping in some shop or store to gossip on the way. But the dullness of the prayer-meeting is chiefly attributable to stereotyped formality. One accustomed to attend almost any prayer-meeting, could remain at home and give a very correct description of its progression, could tell who prayed, when each prayed, and give a general outline of each prayer, and also what hymns were sung. With so little variation, habit becomes cold formality, and the prayer-meeting grows dull. To give interest to the prayer-meeting and perpetuate that interest, great liberty should be allowed, and the services should be so varied as to destroy all monotony. There is great propriety in the minister's conducting the services, but there is little propriety in his reading a long chapter, and then giving a long lecture, or a semi-sermon to soothe into slumber one part of the worshippers, and excite the impatience of the other part.

The leader should select, in the main, the hymns to be sung, but it should be understood that any one present desiring to sing a particular hymn, should feel at perfect liberty to announce it or start it. And to allow opportunity for this, a decent pause should be allowed after each prayer or exhortation. The singing will not, cannot possess the same vim and spirituality, if directed conventionally and mechanically by one person, be he leader or otherwise, as when liberty is allowed to those present, to act upon the impulse of the moment to sing a certain hymn; and to give variety, and add to the interest, the privilege should be given not only to follow the heart-prompting to voluntarily lead in prayer, but also to make a speech, give an exhortation, or relate an experience at the end of any hymn or prayer. It is the duty of all to be ever ready to lead, or take a prominent part in religious worship; but there are times when we feel more like talking, praying or singing than at other times, when our feelings *prompt* us to make a speech, lead in prayer, or sing a certain hymn, and it not only adds to our own individual enjoyment to be allowed this privilege, but it increases the spirituality of the exercises for individual worshippers to respond to these promptings. To secure this order of things, the leader must not be too hasty in announcing a hymn, (unless *he* particularly desires it sung,) nor in calling some particular one to lead in prayer.

But the church itself must co-operate with the pastor in keeping up the interest of the prayer-meeting; for this cannot be done by the simple order of the exercises. The members must go to the church prepared for the services, *ready* to engage in *spiritual* worship. Some are martyrs to the dread of being called upon to take part in the services; and to keep from being noticed by the leader, we have known them to come in in time of prayer, dodge down behind the stove, a piller, or some brother, and there remain crouched during the whole services. It is impossible that one in such a state should engage in the worship with such freedom, heartiness and zest, necessary to spiritual enjoyment. Their devotion is never neutralized by their pride; for it is nothing but pride that renders them less free in their public prayers than in their private devotion. They pray to be heard of men, are anxious to pray as fluently and correctly as others, and their inordinate ambition ever defeats itself, by producing an embarrassment that confuses the mind, thickens the tongue, and freezes the heart. We must pray to *God* and not to the people, if we would secure an active tongue, a placid mind and a devout spirit. Instead of yielding to this harrassing and embarrassing dread, and giving place to this carnal pride, let such ask help and relief of God, every time this ghostly vampire makes its appearance. An ejaculatory prayer will never fail to banish him, and by entering fully into the spirit of the services, and keeping the attention fixed, there will be no place for its fell appearance.—*Meth. Protestant.*

The Name in Gold Letters.

Not long ago, at a meeting in the east of London for the purpose of promoting the better observance of the Lord's day, the Rev. Wm. Tyler related the following remarkable instance which had come under his own notice, of the benefits resulting from keeping the Sabbath-day holy:

Some years ago, in one of the streets in Spitalfields, notorious for its open shops on the Lord's day, a young man with whom he was acquainted opened a cheese monger's shop. Mr. Tyler called upon the new shop-keeper, on his first day of opening, to wish him success. In the course of a short conversation, Mr. Tyler said:

"Now, my friend, what about Sunday? I hope you do not intend to open your shop on the Lord's day."

The reply was, "You see, sir, all the people about here open on the Sabbath. I fear I shall be *obliged* to do the same."

"That is no reason why *you* should do so," rejoined the minister. "Don't let them be guides for you. Give me pen and ink and a large piece of paper, and I will show you what to do."

Upon this request being complied with, Mr. Tyler immediately wrote in clear, bold letters the following notice:

"This shop will not be opened on Sundays."

"Now," said Mr. Tyler, "take my advice, put that up in a conspicious place. Hoist your colors at the out-set; God will not let you suffer for doing your duty."

At this moment the wife came in, and seconded the appeal; upon which the shop-keeper took a hammer and nail, and struck the announcement on a butter cask behind the counter, near the window, so that it could be read by all customers who entered the shop.

About seven years after, Mr. Tyler was passing by this tradesman's shop, when he noticed that the proprietor's name was being placed upon the front shop in *gold* letters.

The shop-keeper presently appeared, and said, "Mr. Tyler, I have to thank *you* for that. I am the first member of my family whose name has ever appeared in gold letters! Nearly every tradesman who was in business in this street when I commenced, and who opened his shop on Sabbath, has *failed*, whilst I have prospered."

Time passed on, but it only brought with it greater prosperity; and when Mr. Tyler last heard of the tradesman, in whose welfare he had taken such an interest, he found that God had so far blessed his industry and conscientiousness, that he was enabled to retire upon a comfortable competency to a country residence; thus verifying again the promise, "Them that honor me will I honor." For although it is true that no man ought to be religious for the sake of what he can get by it, it is also true that "godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—*British Workman.*

Religious Intelligence.

(From the Evangelical Witness.)

Canadian Methodism.

Methodism is emphatically a child of providence. The conversion of John and Charles Wesley; the formation of the first society, with its eleven simple rules; the open-air preaching, forced upon them by their exclusion from the churches, and the building of the chapel at Bristol, all bear evidence of the extraordinary circumstances attending the rise of Methodism. Were other evidence wanting to establish her claim to a providential birth, we would point to her unparalled efficiency as a triumphant vindication. Considering the opposition pitted against her, the rapidity with which Methodism has spread is truly surprising. In one hundred and thirty-eight years she has accumulated to herself three millions of church-millions, with more than nine millions of adherents; making a grand total of more than twelve millions of souls under her influence. Much of this success has been achieved in countries where older denominations had precedence, and were supported by "state patronage." Her vast aggressive powers have unfolded themselves on every field she has entered, and wherever she has reared her standard victory has perched upon her banner. And in no country has her success been greater, in proportion to the difficulties by which she has been surrounded, than in Canada. Only about eighty years have elapsed since its introduction, and yet we find Methodism side by side with the combined force of all other Protestant denominations. According to the latest statistics, Canadiam Methodism numbers to herself one hundred thousand church members, and three hundred thousand adherents; making a total of four hundred thousand souls, or one-seventh of the entire population of the two provinces directly under her influence. That she has gained something by emigration is a fact; but this has not been sufficient to account for the rapid increase. Of the Protestant immigrants the larger proportion of the English and Irish are Episcopalians and Presbyterians, while the Scotch are almost universally adherents of the latter church. Taking into consideration the large proportion of Roman Catholics in the aggregate of immigration, and it will be seen that so far from one-seventh being Methodists, not one in twenty have been members of that persuasion. It is evident then that her growth is attributable to her aggressive force. Quite the larger portion of her accession have been from the ranks of the world: Stones taken from the quarry by her industrious workmen. Methodist ministers, if not the most classical, have ever been among the most zealous ambassadors for Christ. They have gone "everywhere preaching the word," and "being filled with the Holy Ghost, they exhorted the people," of whom thousands annually flocked to the altars of the church. There is another reason that may be assigned, which will account to a good degree for the steadiness with which Methodism has advanced. She has ever been in the forefront of moral reform. The spirit of the age is progressive, and many things which were tolerated as evils, in the past, the Christian world now repudiates. Methodism has led the van in all these revolutions in public opinion, and consequently has gained the respect of all lovers of truth and humanity. Her testimony against Sabbath-breaking, intemperance, slavery and political demagogueism has been long and loud. All organizations for the suppression of the liquor traffic in Canada, have looked to Canadian Methodism as their strongest dependency. Nor has Canadian Methodism been wanting in an educational spirit. Her three leading educational institutions are not only respected at home but they are attracting attention abroad. The thoronghness of management, together with their superior moral influence is exciting general remark. With a continuation of the judicious management of the past, we predict a glorious future for these institutions. With the increased facilities at her command, there is no good reason why Canadian Methodism should not exert a proportionately increased influence on the moral and religious destiny of the new Dominion of Canada. The superior qualifications of her ministers, her increased educational advantages, together with her numerical and monetary influence, should make her more than ever efficient. But in order to avail herself of her actual advantages, it is necessary that Canadian Methodism rid herself of the superabundance of her present internal weakness. The elements of this weakness have never been so apparent as now. We refer to the numerous divisions in the Methodist family. These have not been so extensively felt in the past, because the opposition has not been so well concentrated as at present. The work of Methodism in Cananda has heretofore been, to a great extent, that of pioneering; going into neighbourhoods and communities, and establishing societies preparatory to a more systematic plan of procedure. But the only efficient plan for Canadian Methodism to pursue is to build up and consolidate a strong Methodist church. Other denominations are tending in this direction. Minor differences are becoming of less and less importance, and the great fundamental principles, held in common, are becoming the nucleus around which all are rallying. This is timely, for the enemy seems to be gathering all his forces for a general attack on the Church of God. In this conflict between truth and error, Methodism has a distinct work—a work which none will do for her. Shall Canadian Methodists continue less wise than other denominations around them? While others are tending to consolidation, thus presenting a solid phalanx in every contest, why cannot Methodists lay aside their petty difficulties, and consolidate into one strong and influential denomination. If there were vital differences existing between these divisions, which were irreconcilable without the violation of religious truth, the case would be different; but no such differences exist. The doctrines, held by each, are those of common Methodism, and the validity of the government of each is acknowledged by all the others. The points of difference are those of prudential measures only, and such as we believe a pious and wise committee of conference should be able to reconcile, in one tenth the time it has taken to bring about the measures of Confederation.

Missionary Enthusiasm.

The right principle in regard to giving for Missionary purposes was well presented in the thrilling address of Mr. Garrett, at the last Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society:—

I believe that our luxuries must give place to others' necessities, and that our necessities must give place to others' extremities. It must come to that; and when it does there will be no more need of pumping; the money will bubble up of itself. I am tired of pumping; it makes one's arm ache so. We shall then take the world by storm. But we must make sacrifices. Where is the one among us who is prepared to make a sacrifice this year? Who is there among the ladies who will do without a new bonnet? Indeed, if they were to do without them altogether they would scarcely be missed. Where is there any one who will be prepared to make a sacrifice—that is my point—a sacrifice for Christ? O! if, instead of spasmodic giving, the whole case would be met. Let us say, Here is a pound a year for Jesus Christ. If all our members and friends were to do that, and some of our friends give more than our members, we should soon have a million of pounds.

Gentlemen, shall we do this? In the sight of a perishing world shall we resolve to do it? It seems to me that what we want in every circuit is an enthusiastic lover of missions. There is no doing anything without enthusiasm. Let us then have men who think, pray, and never cease tormenting everybody about missions; who, in short, are always at it. The next year we shall have an income that our secretaries never contemplated in their fondest dreams. Having achieved that, we must then look up. At the battle of Alma, we are told, when one of our regiments was being beaten back by the hordes of Russia, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colors; but the reply of the ensign was, "Bring up the men to the colors." Well, there is George Piercy yonder bearing our colors.

Eighteen Hundredth Anniversary of St. Peter's Martyrdom.

The *Herald's* Rome special says:—The late religious ceremonies in the celebration of the Eighteen Hundredth Anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom and St. Paul's canonization, twenty-five Dutch and Spanish martyrs in Japan, as Saints, was one of the most gorgeous witnessed in the world since the days of King Solomon. The observances commenced with a general illumination of the city. St. Peter's looked like a great church on fire. At 7 A. M. a grand procession of prelates, priests, monks and soldiers from the Vatican to St. Peter's. The Pope was carried from his throne. St. Peter's was magnificently decorated with cloth of gold, silver, tapestries, painting, and 200,000 yards of crimson silk. The building was lighted with many millions of wax candles. A hundred thousand people were inside the church, including the ex-King of Naples, foreign ministers, and five hundred Cardinals and Archbishops. Many thousands of clergymen, priests, monks, nuns, and soldiers, from all parts of the world, were present. The Pope celebrated the Gregorian mass in Latin and Greek. Two interruptions occurred. The curtains of one of the windows took fire, but it was promptly extinguished. A man became crazed by the splendor, and cut his throat. The Pope at once reconsecrated the church, stained with the blood of a suicide.

General Miscellany.

Shall I go to College, And if so Why?

BY REV. E. O. HAVEN, D. D., LL. D.,
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About fifty thousand young men in these United States are students in colleges. About one fortieth of the entire male population between the ages of fifteen and twenty-years are enrolled on the college books. Not more than two-thirds of these complete the course of study upon which they have entered, so as to become alumni of a college. In this estimate we do not include the students in academies, high school and seminaries, which embrace perhaps as many more of the same age, but we confine our attention to colleges. Nor do we include in this estimate the great body of students of Medicine, Law and Theology, but simply undergraduates. We find here an army at least fifty thousand strong.

Perhaps a hundred thousand young men are now deliberating whether or not to "go to college." For the advantage of this great multitude of young men is this article written.

"Why should I go to college? It will consume at least four precious years of time. If I am unprepared, it may require six years or more. It will cost, including expenses for clothing, books and travel, even if I seek the cheapest college, at least two hundred dollars, probably three hundred dollars, a year. All this must be taken out of the morning of my life. Will it pay?"

To answer this question, consider a few facts. These facts illustrate a principle.

In Lanman's "Dictionary of the United States Congress," published in 1864, the names and short biographies of three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two men (if we count aright) are given, who have been members of the United States Congress, from 1789 to 1864. Of more than one thousand of them it is expressly stated that they were educated in college. About as many more are said to have been well educated, (probably some of them in college,) and of many no information is given except the date of their office and the States which they represented, the fact whether they were educated in college or not being unknown, while a considerable number reached their honorable position by the reputation acquired by success in military pursuits. Colleges are now more numerous relatively to population than formerly, and we are sure, from a careful investigation of the matter, that considerably less than one in a hundred of the men in the country have been graduates of colleges.

Following the general average, therefore, less than one in a hundred of the members of Congress should have been educated in college; but the fact shows more than one in three, perhaps nearly one in every two! This fact deserves attention.

In like manner, according to the general average, only one in a hundred of our Presidents of the United States should have been educated in college, and it would not have been strange if as yet not one such person had been chosen; but in fact, of the fourteen men elected directly as Presidents, all but five were graduates of college, and three of the five non-graduates owed their influence to their reputation as military leaders acquired in war, and the fourth, Abraham Lincoln, not able to go to college, surmounted difficulties by hard work, and made himself a statesman and an orator, and to a large extent a scholar. Nine out of fourteen is the number educated in college, instead of one in a hundred. The same thing would be found true of governors, judges, and other such officers.

Again, take such a book as Alibone's History of Authors, and as you cast your eye over the catalogue of distinguished names, observe that nearly all of them have been educated in universities. All preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers, and editors, at least should have a systematic education equal to that obtained in a college.

"But," says the hesitating young man, "I know of many exceptions." Of course you do. Many have achieved success in literature and science and in the professions by obtaining their training and skill in some other way. Generally by reading books written by college-educated men, and by actual contact and work with such men. But this is a kind of left-handed operation. The man works at a disadvantage. If he is very plucky he may succeed, just as one can learn to play on an organ without a teacher, or learn to speak a foreign language without a grammar. But why adopt this difficult and incomplete method, when a better way is offered? You can travel from New York to California on foot, if you please: better earn some money, buy a ticket, and go by steam vessel and railway.

Perhaps many a young man would reply to this: "I do not aspire to be a member of Congress, or the governor of a State, or an author, or editor, or teacher, nor am I anxious to enter any of the professions, so-called. There are lawyers and physicians enough, and I am not called to be a preacher—is there any reason why I should go to college?

I reply by asking you a few questions: Do you wish to lay in store a good stock of valuable mental power? Do you wish to learn the laws of thought, of language, of nature? If so, and your circumstances allow it, go where you can accomplish this end the best—to college. As it regards time, the best use to be made of the years of youth is discipline. Who likes to see a precocious boy? A monstrous infant, from five to fifteen, as dignified and precise and grave as an old man? Who would not be shocked or moved to laughter to see a child of this age gray-headed, and his face clothed with a full beard? But why should the mind outstrip the body, or the occupation outstrip the mind? It is wrong for a young man to be in a hurry about assuming the cares and success of mature life. These "men of business," from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, generally go to seed early, and bear a small crop. What man—whether merchant, farmer, or whatever his business—ever regretted spending too much time in obtaining an education? Those who start at twenty-five well educated generally outstrip those who start earlier uneducated.

"But I am poor. I shall have to earn my own expense."

Do it then. Thousands have done so before you—strong, successful men. If you cannot take this advice, do the next thing best. Be studious. Read and think systematically. Do not be in haste to get rich. There is true wealth in bodily health, in a well-stored mind, in a genuine religious character. With these life is essentially noble.

"But WHAT SHALL I STUDY, if I enter college?"

A few years ago this question would have been about as superfluous as for a soldier with regular rations, or half-rations, before him, to ask what shall I eat? All had one prescribed course. Now, however, there is a variety. In the University of Michigan for instance, (and we refer to it only as an example,) there are five parallel courses of study, partly separate, and partly in common with each other, and all on one platform. The student now must inquire, Shall I study the good old time-honored classical course, with its Greek and its Latin? or a scientific course, embracing Latin? or one excluding Latin and substituting modern languages? or civil engineering? or mining engineering? Do not decide this question hastily. Consider your ultimate purpose. Are you young, or do you wish to "intermeddle with all wisdom?" Take the old course. Have you no taste for Greek or Latin? Select one of the other courses. At any rate, lay a good foundation. Pursue your preparatory studies thoroughly. An extra year spent on them is not lost. Finally, if you cannot complete a college course take such a part of it as you can. Wherever you leave off, the thought you have acquired, and the discipline you have gained, will be a perpetual profit.

I cannot conclude this condensed article—and therefore, liable to be misconstrued—without remarking that I entertain no illiberal spirit towards those who achieve true scholarship out of college. Manhood is what we want, however acquired, whether in the printing office, the blacksmith's shop, or on the farm. Strong men overcome all obstacles. Wise men, however, chose the easiest paths. Would you like to be a first-class boat-rower, pugilist, musician, painter, or anything else? You would avail yourself of the best instruction. A true man respects manhood wherever found, and however gained. If in one who "never went to school a day in his life," still if he has a healthy brain and a good soul, he deserves honor. All we advocate is a practice based on common sense. Inquire how you can make the most of yourself, for man and God, and perseveringly pursue that course.—*New York Ledger.*

A Whirlpool in a Rain Drop.

Among the most beautiful and interesting microscopic animals are the *Rotifera*. Their tiny bodies are so transparent that all the internal structure can be distinctly seen, and, to all appearance, they enjoy sporting in their drop of water as much as the lazy porpoises do, tumbling about in a bay full of it. Most of them are rovers; but sober members of the family attach themselves to a leaf or stem of some water plant, and remain, like a barnacle, fixtures for life. They forthwith set about forming a protection for their heads, in the shape of a hill or cup, and out of this the animal can protrude its head and shoulders at pleasure. Then, as the naturalist watches it through his magic glass—for it seems little short of magic to develope such wonders in a single drop of water—behold the little *Rotifer* spreads out the sails of th windmill, from which he gets his name, and such a whirlpool as he creates! "A tempest in a teapot" is nothing, compared with this maelstrom in a rain drop. The smaller fry are whirled around and around in a manner which must create a terrible panic among the shoals; but there is no resisting its might. Worst of all, there sits the giant in his den, culling out the choice bits which are brought to his very mouth by each returning wave, and enjoying them as much as Polyphemus did his grubs.

What a wonderful contrivance for supplying food to this tiny animalcule! What but an infinite Power could create and sustain such a wonderful system? To think, too, of the countless drops in the ocean, and in all the waters of the earth, each filled to overflowing with these perfect living things! Surely the microscope has revealed to us wonders as vast and glorious as its twin sister, the telescope. How overwhelming are the views it presents to us of the power and greatness of God!

A Lover Still.

No longer a lover! exclaimed an aged patriarch; ah, you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of the birds, and above all the silvery ring in the laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows, where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when with my ringlets flying loose in the wind and my cap in hand, years ago I chased the painted butterfly. I love yon aged dame. Look at her. Her face is careworn, but this ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the bitter cup of sorrow with her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity.

Together we have placed buds in the pale folded hands of the dead—together wept over the little graves. Through storm and through sunshine we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled the old style 'kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye, that shrinkingly fronts the glad day—the sunlight throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, shine through those withered features, and the growing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come.

Say not again I can no longer be a lover.—Though this form may be bowed, God has implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flames.—*Olive Branch.*

Baltimore.

The following is from the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*:—This most beautiful of cities freshens with age. The material of which it is built gives it a very lively expression—a smooth, clear-lined, regular brick, and pure white marble. Occasionally the red sandstone is used, and furnishes a fine contrast to the brick house. One is impressed with the architectural freedom and good taste displayed on every side. The situation and shape of the lot determines not the size of the building merely, but its expression and ornaments. The dead uniformity of long rows, as in Philadelphia, has been escaped. There must have been much classic taste in the builders who were at work here forty years ago, and the chaste lines of the Washington Monument are reproduced all over the place. It is a striking instance of the importance of public works of taste in educating the tastes and habits of a population. Having seen the great centres of Europe, we speak with great confidence when we say that this city is more imposing and agreeable to the eye than any city of Europe. There is no such simple grandeur among the most aristocratic quarters of the old world, as we see in the several places immediately around the lofty marble shaft that crowns Baltimore. Nor is it less fortunate in the formation of the surrounding country, and in the villas which in great va-