

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD."

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

Oh, man, beset with cares, and clinging to the hollow vanities of life, Hark to His thrilling words, that echo yet to these— The tranquil, listening Galilee! To thee— To thee, His voice is calling: "Follow me, And let the dead bury their dead." Are all Thy thoughts and energies engrossed alone In toiling to amass the shining dross Of earth? Alas! Thou dost not know the slave, That thou must be, the high-born nature thou Must lose, to be the sordid worshiper Of Mammon.

Thou, perchance, already art Increased in goods; thy fondest hopes have all Been realized; thou hast grown rich, and yet, Delusion strange, thou know'st it all! A thirst Insatiate, no fountain can assuage. Consume thy heart; and, idle as a drop Of rain, would be upon Satan's breast. So is thy golden store to thee. For years, By that of falsely called "economy," Both soul and body have been starved. By hard

Exacting ways, termed "austerity," with Thy cruel, unrelenting grasp upon Thy pleading debtor's throat; with stony eye, Averted from the suffering within Thy path; with ear, too dull to hear the plea Of mercy; and with heart, perchance, e'en to The very dying moan of his own child, As pitiless and unfeeling as The adamant, men say that thou art worth Thy millions. What are they weighed in the scales,

Against thy soul? Alas! What art thou? Dead! Dead! To thyself; dead to thy fellow man; Dead to all hope, and peace, and happiness; Dead to all good; dead in the light of God: Whistling—dead, dead, dead!

Enchanted by the siren voice of Fame, Pursuing up her rugged, dang'rous steep, Thy eager steps, to reach the pinnacle Of earthly glory, or renown? What wouldst Thou give to sit in regal majesty, Alone, and unapproachable, far up, Within the thin, cold atmosphere, beneath The freer glittering of the sun, Upon The barren summit of the highest Alps, Or Chimborazo's dizzy peak, beyond All reach of human voice or sympathy, And thy return to all the gladness and The beauty far below cut off by an Unfathomable gulf of rocky wall, And craggy precipice? Alas! Such are Ambition's airy schemes, to which thy feet All torn and bleeding in the steep ascent, Would climb, to grasp an idle phantom at The top, and in thy bitterness of soul, For all the bliss that thou hast left behind, Within the mad pursuit to hug unto Thy breast the mocking shade, [and die, at last,

In utter loneliness! What, if thou shouldst Not reach the distant goal of all thy hopes? Ambition's pathway is a dang'rous one, And on the dizzy edge full many a one, Abstracted in his brightest dream, has stepped— Unconsciously, sheer out upon The airy void, and plunged with meteor speed, Headlong to ruin. In this toilsome path The sunniest slopes of fairest verdure are But vestibules converging upward in The trifling gorge; while on the very brink Of cliff most dangerous, that overhangs The yawning chasm under, tempting, grow The nodding fowers of rarest beauty. Ah! What is the victor's crown; the statesman's high Renown; the tongue of lofty eloquence: The poet's thrilling lyre, when ear and heart Unto the voice of their own praise are bent, And passionless and dead? What are they worth?

Apart from that, which makes man kindred to Angelic nature? They are curses to Those who possess them, breathing through the world The deadly leprosy of moral death. Forgetting God and all his fellow-men, Pursuing empty bubbles on the stream Of time, they waste their mighty powers, that die Might best mankind eternally, and win Themselves immortal glory. Alas! thy souls To all the higher life are dead; thy hopes Extend no further than the grave; they have No love for light but self; to all but blind Ambition they are dead.

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There will come a time when wars and rumors of wars will cease all over the earth, when the very art of war will be forgotten among men, and the nations of the world will dwell together united in the bonds of a most loving brotherhood. But to all human appearance that auspicious, long predicted and God appointed time is yet extremely distant. We are now on the threshold of a war that may prove in the issue one of the most dreadful and destructive conflicts known to military annals. This war has been ostensibly commenced on the most trivial grounds. It has been inaugurated in wanton disregard to the happiness and interests of the human family by a small number of selfish and reckless schemers. It is a most affecting, a most discouraging circumstance that it should be possible in this the latter half of the nineteenth century for a small knot of cruelly selfish men to involve at least eighty millions of highly civilized people in the calamities of a great war. It is almost still more affecting to consider that it is quite possible that the contest now begun may before it is ended rage with awful violence in every quarter of the world and draw within its vortex every civilized nation.

The Franco-German war has come upon the world as a surprise at the last. Yet a conflict of the kind has for a considerable period been deemed not far off. The parties engaged are armed to the teeth, and have for years past been ardent students of the science and art of war. But France and Germany do not stand alone in these respects. All Europe, it may said, is armed from head to foot—armed as never before. And probably there never has been a ten years since time began, so prolific in warlike improvement as the ten years just ending. Since 1859 especially, art and science, discovery and invention have been doing their utmost to perfect on land and

sea the methods of attack and defence. Seemingly these methods have reached a high pitch of perfection. It is safe to say that one of the best modern iron clad ships would, unaided, in favorable circumstances, be far more than a match for the combined fleets of the world at any considerably early period in the history of mankind. With equal confidence may it be asserted that an army of even moderate size well led, drilled and armed according to the latest improvements in tactics and fire arms large and small, would prove invincible to the mightiest hosts of other days. The Grecian phalanx and the Roman legion; the sturdy bowmen and the mail-clad chivalry of feudal times; the fiery Hun, the dashing Saracen and the fierce Tartar; nay, the men once armed with unrifled muskets and accompanied to the field with smooth bore artillery, such as Napoleon and Wellington had at command, would go alike down like grass before the scythe, if brought before the needle-guns and field artillery of the present day. Considering these facts the millennium would seem to be a long way off in the future. Indeed, were it not that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, one would be prepared to believe that the golden age of universal and long continued peace would never dawn upon the world. It has not been for peace, but for war, that the world has in these its most enlightened days been sedulously preparing itself.

Nevertheless, despite the discouraging facts glanced at, there are indications of progress being made in the direction desirable. The age in which we live is pre-eminently a commercial one, and the true spirit of commerce is a spirit of peace. Never before were commercial exchanges between the different nations of the world conducted on so large a scale as now. At no previous period have accurate views of the natural laws which ought to be left to regulate those exchanges, been so widely prevalent as at the present moment. And the prospect of much freer commercial intercourse between the various nations in the not remote future, is decidedly bright. So far this is good.

The public opinion of the world sustained and enlightened over wide areas of territory by the services of a fearless free press, is far more active and powerful than at any previous time. An enlightened public opinion will make itself more and more felt, it is to be hoped, in international councils in behalf of the maintenance of peace among the nations.

The number of those who love God, and earnestly desire to live in peace with all men is surely greater than ever before. That number is destined to grow daily, as God pours out of His saving grace upon the children of men. By and by these peacemakers will wield an influence potential among many nations.

But much has been done in recent times to render war a less dreadful scourge to mankind when it does rage than it formerly was. Strange as it may appear, it is unquestionably true that warlike weapons have become more deadly, the carnage of battle in proportion to the numbers engaged, has become smaller and smaller. There is a care, a tenderness and a skill too called into exercise in behalf of the wounded in our times which were by no means manifested in earlier days. The soldier's life is becoming more and more precious among the leading nations of the world. We believe that the proportionate mortality of modern campaigns, apart from the casualties of the battle field, is upon the whole considerably less than formerly. The treatment now extended to prisoners taken in war is in the main infinitely better than it used to be and the tendency is toward the exercise of still greater humanity in this respect.

The manner in which non-combatants in the localities that become the scene of war, are now generally dealt with, is very different from what it used to be.

Yet after making due allowance for the effect of the ameliorations of the harsh severities of war introduced into the practice of the warlike art in these later times, it must be admitted that war under any circumstances, is an awful calamity, a dreadful curse, and a tremendous crime against God and man when needlessly waged. It is the Divine Father alone, in pity to his afflicted children, that is able to cause the sword to be beaten into a plough share, and to spear into a pruning hook, and to still the angry passions from whose turbulence wars proceed. May He be pleased to compassionate His suffering creatures, speak peace to the warring nations, and compel them to keep the peace of God for many, and many a long year. J. R. N.

NOTES OF A PLEASURE EXCURSION.

NUMBER III. From Arlington Street we hurried to Tremont Temple, one of the great public buildings of Boston, and occupied by every variety of religious organizations for popular purposes. A Freedman's Missionary Meeting was opened here at 11.30 a.m. The great heart of evangelical America was throbbing in sympathy with a movement which had for its purpose the religious instruction of the colored millions recently disenfranchised by the Southern war. That movement was now well represented on the great missionary platform. Several missionaries, among them a Zulu from Africa, sat side by side with Honourables and the Society's official staff. Many things were said by able speakers as to the various aspects of the modern missionary movement, the facilities for operation, the liberality of its support, and the qualifications of its agents. There was here, as in almost every meeting we attended, a perpetual air of American importance pervading the speeches—what mountains and rivers and prairies were those of the United States for magnificence; and what endless webs of railways were being constructed; and how manifestly the grand destiny of the Republic was being unfolded; and how America was becoming in every sense the glory and admiration of the world! Loyalty is always beautiful, however, and even national vanity may be pardonable so long as it does not degenerate into obtrusive conceit. We felt proud of these cousins of John Bull notwithstanding their occasional flourishes at the dignity of their venerable transatlantic relation.

On descending the spacious stairway of Tremont Temple, a stream of human beings were passing into one of the larger rooms on the second floor. Following the crowd, we found ourselves soon seated among the worshippers in the Young Men's Christian Association prayer meeting. The singing was hearty and inspiring. Each sentiment as it fell from a speaker was at once responded to by a lively verse of sacred song. Not a moment was lost. Speaking as usual to five minutes in each instance. Many did not occupy one half that time. One colored preacher told us he had been asking them to pray for his son. Well, he had gone home to heaven trustfully, triumphantly! And the company responded gratefully. The youthful chairman, with most devotional, even beautiful countenance, with rich clusters of dark brown hair gathered on his noble brow, stood on his feet. A tear was glistening in his eye as he told us "How this old brother had been talking about his boy in these meetings till many were weary of the very name. We are rebuked to-day, for this man hath his reward. What a lesson of perseverance and importunity! A son saved because the father would give us and his God no rest. And then the speaker reverted to the theme which had more deeply agitated himself. He, too, had lost a child. In the evenings, when returning from daily cares, he was wont to hear a little girl shouting, "Papa is come" as she clapped hands to the music of her heart. But one evening he found his baby girl silent in death; and now he was waiting till the angelic toils. His could be over the threshold of his eternal home he would hear once more the joyful cry,—"Papa is come." He asked us to join in silent prayer for the dear boys and girls at home. Strong men could scarcely restrain their sobbings as we knelt there, and our more tender sisters did not attempt it. When the benediction was pronounced we could see emotion working profusely on many countenances. As for ourselves those few words had chased away the lingering cobwebs of Channing's mystic semi-blaspemy.

In the afternoon we visited Music Hall. This building is a wonder of architecture—immense, airy, elegant. Its magnificent organ would more than half fill our largest provincial church. For compass of sound few instruments equal this. Like the roar of many waters, or if the reader can conceive of muffled thunder whose reverberations mildly shake a spacious building, its louder tones and heavier throbs are astonishing. Yet again the finer notes, like the wailings of an infant far away, or "the music of the spheres" are equally surprising to the listener.

The Graduating Class from the Wesleyan Theological Institute was here for commencement exercises. An ambitious treat, this youthful collegiate aspirant, hiring the first edifice in Boston at a cost of three or four hundred dollars a day, in which to make for itself a name! One of the students delivered an oration on "The Heresy of Thinking," very radical, but neat, forcible and original. Another on "Tests in Religion" was even more daring in its conclusions, but like the other, with a wealth of facts and figures. Like the orator with Rev. Mr. Foss, of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, addressed the class on "The Harmony of Science and Religion." We scarcely knew whether to admire his genius and oratorical brilliancy or pity the absence of such coherency and finish as such a man and scholar ought to have exhibited before a Boston audience. His address might be compared to a series of magnetic explosions, quite as brilliant but with a little connection. No stranger would have distinguished in him any difference between the appearance and habits of a respectable auctioneer or second-class merchant, till he began to speak. Then, indeed, you became conscious of the man, powers, you had a love, a respect, a reverence. With all his eccentricities, and more or less of good advice and scriptural truth, he was a man of sense and energy. He swept down on the rationalistic and neological broods like an eagle in his strength. That vast assembly, fastidious as all surfeited assemblies must ever be, sat quietly throughout and at our own poor, weary brain and muscles rejoicing as the orator ceased his enchantment.

The American Sunday School Union held its anniversary in Music Hall also. Professor Tourjee, known as the musical genius who arranged and conducted many of the exercises at the great Jubilee of last year, was on the platform with several hundred children. Their singing was very fine; sustained of course by the gigantic organ. A venerable Senator occupied the chair. Our American friends know how to manage their men of talent and influence. When a good Christian has the misfortune to become an Alderman, they counteract all evil tendencies by electing him to the Superintendency of a Sunday School, or give him some charitable institution to manage. Should he enter the State legislature, he is actively engaged handing out gratuitously leaves and sheets of good advice and scriptural precept. But right beside them are the emissaries of error distributing papers, flattery to contain sneers, sarcasms and bold blasphemy against the Christian faith. One such was placed in our hands containing a picture of Satan flying away with Christ in his arms, followed by a clumsy attempt to refute the authenticity of a gospel account that would contain such a comment as that of our Lord's temptation. Another gave Thos. Jefferson's letter to a young student, urging him to avoid the imposition of anything claiming to be history, which contained a record of miracles contrary to the evidence of our senses. We thought of Franklin's reply to Thomas Paine when requested to give his opinion on "The Age of Reason," while in manuscript,—"Leave the Bible alone; if the world is so bad with the Bible, what would it be without it? Don't uncchain the tiger!" If Religion were cursing the nation there would be some reason for this opposition; as it is, the movement reems prompted only by fendiish hatred of what is true and pure and godlike.

SUCCESS OF MISSIONS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Fifty years of faithful missionary labor in the Sandwich Islands has resulted in the conversion of the rude, barbarous natives to Christianity. No greater triumph of the gospel among the heathen has ever been recorded, and no more important Christian conquest has been made in the present century. The semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of Christian missions in the islands occurred last month, and was celebrated by the natives with a whole week of festivities.

In the early part of the present century, a poor, obscure Hawaiian boy, Henry Obookiah, found his way to this country in an American vessel, procured an education, entered the ministry, and awakened such an interest among the people for his countrymen, that an American mission was organized. He has since been perfecting his arrangements for returning a missionary to his own people, he was stricken down by death.

Soon after the missionaries began their labors in the Sandwich Islands, a royal decree was published for the destruction of all the idols which the people had worshipped, and to which they had offered human sacrifice. At the time the missionaries were among them, there were a horde of naked savages, burdened by superstitions, and without a conception of Christianity. Says a correspondent of a Boston journal, writing of the great events that have been brought about in the Islands: "To-day the same people hold an acknowledged place among Christian nations. A constitutional Government [their constitution was framed by Chief Justice Loe] administers equitably the laws. The symbols and appliances of an advanced civilization are seen. Churches dot the land. Education is so generally diffused that the proportion of the people here who can read is larger than in Boston, and from this point the light of Christianity is radiating to the remote islands of the Southern seas."

The natives could not afford to let so great an event as the conversion in one generation of the whole of the Hawaiian Kingdom to Christianity pass without making it the occasion of a grand jubilee and hearty thanksgiving. So the King proclaimed Wednesday, June 15th a national holiday, as it was to be observed in commemoration of "the introduction of Christianity into this Kingdom, under the auspices and direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." Around this central anniversary day were clustered the festivities of the week. The exercises opened on June 12th with a semi-jubilee sermon by the Rev. M. Kusoo, a native pastor. In the evening members of the Royal family, Government officials, and foreign ministers assembled to hear an interesting historical discourse by Rev. Dr. Damon. The speaker noticed the occurrences which led to the coming of missionaries to the Islands, the remarkable results achieved, and expressed the opinion that the Chinese in time would take the place of the present people, who seem to be declining. The most interesting features of Monday and Tuesday June 13th and 14th, were the reading of memorial essays, and the children of the various Sunday-schools marched together, with flags and banners, making an imposing appearance. The King and Queen, and the various Government and foreign officials were present at the church, where services were held, together with about 3000 people, and many more were unable to gain admission. The interior of the church was finely decorated, and the following inscriptions were fastened to the walls: "1820—Jubilee—1870." Beneath this in Hawaiian is the national motto, "Ua mau ka ea o ka aia i ka pono," meaning: "The life of the land is preserved by righteousness." Dr. L. Smith opened the services with a prayer in Hawaiian, and Dr. Clarke made an appropriate address in English, which was translated and sent into the native tongue. The Minister of Foreign Affairs followed in a few remarks, acknowledging for the Government the great good accomplished by the missionaries, and extending a warm welcome to them. The American Minister and others made brief addresses. The intervals between the speeches were rendered by the choir.

The festivities of the day were concluded with a grand banquet, which the King had liberally contributed to. About 7000 persons sat down to the banquet table. Throughout the entire celebration, says the chronicler, the most admirable order was maintained.

The exercises of the week were participated in by Hawaiian, English, American, and native churches, and the Marquesas, "all freely mingling together and enjoying the profuse hospitality of a genial host." Connected with the missionary work are two literary institutions, the Oahu College and the Kawaiahae Female Seminary. The former has alumni of Yale and Oberlin Colleges as its professors, and the latter is conducted by the Misses Blinman. The most interesting events of the anniversary week.

From all this may be gathered some idea of the magnitude of the work accomplished by a few missionaries among a heathen and degraded people. Fifty years ago it looked like a gigantic task that would require perhaps two centuries to perform, but under the power of God it was effected in half a century. Let this glorious triumph stimulate all evangelical churches to strengthen and enlarge their missionary operations in foreign lands.—The Methodist.

PLAGIARISM.

Looking over some recent English papers, we tell upon the following, which we have since copied into several colonial journals.— "The Rev. Charles Townsend, the octogenarian rector of Kingston-by-Sea, who has recently died, was a sonneteer and epigrammatist. Once when thieves entered the rectory, taking everything of value that they could find, he found solace in the following epigram:—"They came and prigg'd my stockings, my linen, and my store, But they couldn't prigg' my sermons, for they were prigg'd before." How far this was literally true in Mr. Townsend's case we do not know, but unless murder is very false, there are ministers in the present day who really do take—we will not say steal—other people's sermons, in whole or in part, and pass them off as their own.

We should not regret it; but it is well known that it injures very seriously those who are not guilty of the practice; and it awakens suspicion in the minds of the hearers which is often very unjust in their thoughts and words about ministers.

We do not wish to dogmatize upon such a subject, but we cannot help declaring that, in our judgment, there is no kind of lying more mean and despicable than that of a man committing to memory the production of another, and going into the pulpit and delivering it as though it were his own. How, in so solemn an act as "preaching the gospel," is any man can be guilty of this deception passes our comprehension, and yet that this is done often, and by many who, in all other respects, are conscientious, honorable, and Christian men, cannot be denied. It is one of those varieties of conscious lying, in business and every-day life, exhibits itself in other forms, and makes us wonder how such good men can do such questionable things.

There is, undoubtedly, an implied compact between the pulpit and the pew, that the utterances from the pulpit shall be the preacher's "own," not in the sense of a mere effort of memory, but the result of his own thoughts and composition: in a word, the "sweat of his own brain." And this condition is not altered where the preacher reads his sermons or delivers them extempore. If he quotes he is as much bound to acknowledge it as is the literary man to put his quotation within inverted commas, or in some other way indicate his quotation. A literary man who borrows without acknowledgment is denounced in unmeasured terms, and renders himself liable to be ignominiously expelled from the honorable guild of literature: and he richly deserves such treatment.

Even in cases of manifest oversight, the refection is by no means light. It will be remembered that, from some oversight in correcting the press, quotation marks and other punctuations had been omitted or erroneously placed.—Mr. Wesley was exposed to most merciless criticism from the pen of James Harvey, and was charged with unworthy and dishonourable conduct. Is there, then, one law of ethics for the press, and another for the pulpit? Is the law of honour, honesty, truthfulness, to be less strict for the pulpit than the press? If so it is quite time that we understood it; but we have yet to learn that conduct, which would be creditable to a literary man, can be creditable in a minister of the gospel, when standing in the pulpit, and occupying the most solemn position which any man can occupy—speaking as a dying man to a dying man.

The "curiosities" of plagiarism in the pulpit would make a very interesting, though, we fear, a very humiliating volume. How many of Jay's, and J. A. James's, and Parsons sermons have been preached—save the mark—by clergymen of almost all denominations in various parts of England? Had Mr. Jay been in the habit of attending many Episcopal churches he would probably have had to repeat often what he once said in reply to a friend, as they came out of church,—"How did you like the sermon?" "I always did like that sermon!" said Mr. Jay; and, in explanation of the remark, said that the sermon was one of his own.

This pernicious practice is, we fear, not confined to any one denomination; although we doubt if it exists to anything like the extent which many imitate. We hope that there are few among the ministers of our own church who indulge in this habit. Gladly would we believe that it did not exist among us. Facts, however, would dispel any such belief. We have heard, for instance, of a young proponent, not now in our ranks, that to a large audience, in one of our principal towns, he delivered one of "Barnes's Revival Sermons," not had the sense to omit some portions which were inconsistent with Wesleyan theology.

Another proponent was in the habit of delivering Dr. Newton's and Dr. Bunting's sermons, and, upon the occasion of a trial sermon, actually gave before several ministers one of Dr. Newton's. Certainly, in this case, one cannot but commend the taste of the plagiarist in appropriating such excellent discourses.

A still more remarkable instance is that of a proponent, who handed in to the District Meeting, as a specimen sermon of his own, one which had been published by an eminent divine. The chairman of the district, as he compared the MS. with printed copy dryly remarked to the young plagiarist, that the comparison had reminded him, "That great minds often run in the same channels."

More remarkable than any of the foregoing "curiosities," is the fact that a sermon of Richard Watson's is printed in a volume entitled (we believe) the "Wesleyan Preacher," as having been delivered by a Wesleyan minister in a chapel in Australia. Then, too, we find in the volume of Whitfield's sermons, a discourse preached by Dr. Doddridge, on the occasion of the death of one of his flock, and was published by request. The sermons differ only in a few passages, but nineteen-twentieths are verbatim. It is published with a preface in Doddridge's works.

But what will be said when we come to speak of James Caughey as a plagiarist, and yet such is the fact. In a volume of the "Penny Pulpit" is a sermon preached by the Rev. Robert Aikin, at the close of his ministry in Waterloo, London, before his return to the Episcopal Church. That sermon, with a different text, and slightly varied at the commencement, is printed in one of the volumes of Caughey's sermons as his own.

Imitators generally copy the words, rather than the better features of their models, and we are afraid that some of Caughey's imitators have done this. Of one of them at least, we have been informed that he is in the habit of giving as his own, some of Dr. Beaumont's most eloquent sermons. On one particular occasion a minister and local preacher were listening to him. The latter now and then would nudge the former and say, "I know where he got that." It would be easy to extend these "curiosities," but we will not do so. We trust we shall not be misunderstood in giving them. Our design is not to lower, but to elevate ministers in the estimation of their hearers. It was recently inquired not long since, in one of the public journals, "Where is the difference between stealing a brooch and stealing a sermon?" Our answer would be, none, except that the latter is the more heinous theft of the two.

of the Pulpit," by Rev. T. Jackson,—a work of very considerable interest.— "One of the most popular pulpit orators in Indiana, (United States of America) gave a friend his experience a few days since in regard to plagiarism. 'Having to preach on one occasion, soon after I entered the ministry, in a large town, where I supposed I would have in my audience a great many learned critics, I was afraid to risk one of my own productions, and being selected and committed to memory one of the best published sermons I could find, it was a masterpiece, and I thought I might make it a great deal of good, and fixed it indelibly upon my mind. I never thought of the impropriety of such a thing till I got into the pulpit, when it struck me I had stolen another man's sermon, and was about to pass it as my own, and something seemed to say to me, 'Thief, thief! steal a sermon and pass it hypocritically as your own. Hypocrite, hypocrite, you need not think to escape detection. Many of those intelligent men have read that sermon, and will expose you all over town before the setting of the sun. Thief, thief! hypocrite, hypocrite! It appeared to me that the devil was let loose to torment me; for, 'thief, thief!' rang in my ear till my hair seemed to rise on my head, and the perspiration rolled off me. I could not tell what to do. The hour of preaching drew near, and I had no other sermon available. So I got up that sad night, and repeated the stolen sermon as best I could. As I came down from the pulpit, the audience assailed me again, saying, 'Thief, thief! you'll be found out. These men are looking on you with contempt now.' I hastened out of sight, and cried to God with the anguish of a condemned criminal, and said, 'O Lord God pity me. Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me. By thy grace I will never attempt such a thing again as long as I live. Let these men tell it; let them publish my shame to the world; I will tell it myself, and solemnly promise never to tell to God and man, and solemnly promise never to be guilty of the like again while God gives me breath.'"—Melbourne West. Chron.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT. The voice of war floating over Europe, and saddening millions of hearts and homes, is a new attestation to the living, that the world has not yet arrived at its best and golden age. The work shops of population and mighty nations will, with armies and navies, hastening to ensanguined encounters, and extensive districts of fertile country wasted, ravaged, their cities whelmed in ruins, their helpless women and children fleeing before grim-visaged war savages, are not the pictures that will embellish the valleys and mountain slopes of earth beneath the moonlight beams of a peaceful and glorious age. That better era in human history will not break and break along the shores of time till war shall cease. In that coming day the sword shall be beaten into the plough-share and the spear into the pruning hook. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.— There will then be no Napoleons to hurl one great nation upon another, and to struggle for a system for fancied insults, or in promotion of his dynastic safety and grandeur, or to humble the pride and stop the growth of a prosperous rival.

Such an age is coming. Prophecy so pronounced. History, in its perpetual progression, repeats the assurance of its advent. And the ever multiplying revolutions, that go not backward but forward to advanced and nobler ideas, are burdened with the same tale. Wars hasten to their Bayonet's end. Nations no longer contend to be drunched in blood and suffering without asking the reason for the baptism. The Franco-Prussian war will quicken such thoughts, and help to project the world forward in the path of progress. It is already saying to us that we shall not get rid of wars till the world shall rid itself of absolute and irresponsible kings. The impending horrors of blood will not be altogether in vain, if it shall open the eyes of European peoples to see that such rulers are among the greatest evils in history—retarding human progress—repressing and dwarfing the human intellect—pouring out seas of blood. The infinite folly of thirty-six millions of people submitting themselves so completely and helplessly to the rule of the few, that he can, at his pleasure, and without consulting them, drive them, like sheep, into slaughter pens, ought to disappear forever from history. It has been the fact in the past. France now repeats that fact. But the phenomenon should never be allowed to reappear among civilized nations.

Thank God, the world is rapidly outgrowing the divine right of kings, just as it has outgrown idolatry. When its irresponsible rulers shall be permitted to the oblivion of the past, it will have taken an important step towards dispensing with war. The people, in war times, have to do the hard fighting. It is they who bleed and suffer. They are never so ennobled of battle fields, as are irresponsible rulers prompted by ambition and a love of glory. And when the people, endowed with intelligence, shall come to rule in each nation, grim-visaged war will cease to find entertainment on the earth. Who can estimate the blessing that would follow in the train of universal and permanent peace—millions of soldiers remanded to fields of productive industry—no more war debts to be shouldered—taxes reduced to a minimum—no more war would lighten human burdens, and multiply around man opportunities for self-improvement, making the earth radiant with perpetual smiles.

When the divine right of kings to rule shall be permitted, like idolatry, to the shades of oblivion, there will still remain a war of principles to be universally fought and won by the followers of that which is good, before the earth shall be allowed to rejoice in the fullness of millennial glory. The people, not the rulers, must fight this war, even as they must inaugurate the reign of peace. It is they who are to push the battle of chastity against prostitution, of integrity against corruption, of temperance against intemperance, right against wrong. This is the interminable conflict, raging in all lands and with various issues, and in the shock of battle is but an episode. It invites all moral heroes, child and man, to the field, to battle for truth against error, just as France and Prussia are now gathering the last man possible from the farm and workshop to make them do the work of soldiers. Let none who love God and practice virtue stand idle in this ever-progressing and ever-enslaving conflict. All are needed. Each may promote some noble interest, and defeat some project of evil. Let the battle cry be taken up, and passed along the line. Go to the front. Deal heavy thrusts at vice and sin. Bless the world. Help the race upward and onward. And all high and holy achievements will furnish grounds of rejoicing, when the time shall come to retire from active engagements, and enter upon the rest provided.

This call for help is made imperative by the fact that iniquity is abounding in the land. Intemperance rules. Extravagance is ruining many. Bribery and fraud openly pursue their ends. The land is mourning by reason of the desecration of its Sabbath. The correction of these prevailing evils, and the reformation of their deluded votaries, will give ample work to the soldiers for Jesus. Let us do something for the Master, and to arrest the crying evils of the age. The times demand brave soldiers

General Intelligence.

MELANCHOLY STRIFE.—Yesterday afternoon, Mr. George S. Brown, son of Mr. W. M. Brown, committed suicide in his father's office on Court street, by shooting himself through the head. About 4 o'clock he went into his father's office, and stated that he was in difficulty and required funds, and not procuring any made up his mind to shoot himself. He was tired of life, and would destroy himself. His father replied, "that would be a cowardly thing for a strong man like you to do." He said he didn't care, that the father replied, "I could say nothing more. Nothing further passed between them, and after the expiration of a few moments the unfortunate young man in presence of his father drew a revolver from his pocket, put the muzzle to his ear, fired, and the bullet passing entirely through the brain, he fell dead at his father's feet on the floor. Coroner Cowie, held an inquest at 7 o'clock, and made a thorough investigation of the case. It appeared from the evidence adduced at the inquisition, that the young man, goaded by difficulties of various nature, had been driven to drink very hard of late, which excessive indulgence had produced a morbid state of mind, and that he had drawn the revolver from a revolver by his own hand, while in a fit of temporary insanity. The coroner procured the instrument of death. Deceased was about 31 years of age, married, and was formerly in business as an iron-founder.—Reporter's file.

FIRE IN HARBOURVILLE.—NAMES KINGDOM'S BURNED.—A fire at Harbourville, in the City of Boston, last night, destroyed Mr. C. S. Sturges' hotel, the Ocean House, with most of the furniture; a barn with four tons of hay, cow, wagon, sleigh, harness, &c.; a stable with thirty horses, and a large quantity of E. B. Bolser and D. B. Parker, with most of their contents. The houses, barn and furniture were destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon last. Estimated loss above insurance \$600. Bolser's store and goods, partially insured, lost about \$600. Parker's store and goods, partially insured, lost about \$1000. The fire was the work of an incendiary.—Kentville Star.

FIRE AT CANNING.—The Barn of J. W. Borden Esq., Canning, and the Barn near on the premises occupied by Mr. Thomas Graham and owned by Jacob Walton Esq., were destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon last. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary and Mr. Borden has suspicions of the person. The Barn of Mr. Borden was fired the evening previous to the burning of the barn of Mr. Walton before the flames had made much progress.—Id.

NEW INSTITUTION.—These excellent institutions commenced to-day the duties for the academic year. We notice some changes in the staff of Professors, and believe that the best care has been taken in the selection of those who are to supply the places of the ones not returning this year. The many friends of Dr. DeWolfe will miss his pleasant and familiar face from among the teachers, but we are glad that he will carry with him the best wishes of his community. The Rev. Dr. Stewart succeeds him, and is evidently qualified to fill the responsible situation of Professor of Theology. Of Prof. Allison and his capabilities, it is needless to say. We wish him a successful year; and, judging from the arrival of his wife, we have no doubt that it will be so. He has a large family, and we are surrounding himself with a good and efficient staff of Professors. Mr. Burwash succeeds Mr. Jos. as Vice-Principal. He is spoken of as a gentleman of high culture, and a man of great talents. He will be a great acquisition to the school. This year, the classes under his charge last year, and their success, must be pleased at their return. Miss Bent assumes the duties of teaching the English branches, and she is highly recommended. Miss Chesley will assist Prof. Martin in the Music Department. The Drawing and Painting Department is under the direction of Prof. Gray. Every thing prospers in these excellent institutions. The facilities for acquiring a sound education is surpassed by no school in the Dominion. Every attention is paid to the health, comfort, and recreation of the pupils of the public schools. The health of the pupils is a matter of great importance, and the school authorities are very anxious to see that the pupils are well cared for. The health of the pupils is a matter of great importance, and the school authorities are very anxious to see that the pupils are well cared for.

GRAND FIRE IN THE KEWICK DISTRICT.—On Tuesday last, says the Farmer of last week, the whole country in the neighbourhood of the Kewick was in flames. The fire raged with terrible violence, doing immense damage to property, and to houses, and to stock and crops. On the Kewick Ridge, three houses, a tannery and several outbuildings, belonging to Messrs. Jermiah and David Christy, were burnt, together with all their contents, and a large quantity of Christy's stock, sixteen sheep, and a number of young cattle, twelve tons of standing grass, an immense amount of fencing, all the farming utensils, wagons, &c. were being a total loss of over \$3000. Mr. T. Colburn, of the same place, lost his dwelling house, several cattle, and a large amount of fencing; his crop of wheat, 3 miles from Kewick, containing about four tons of hay. Two dwelling houses, with all their contents, belonging to Mr. James Yerxa, and Mr. Myhrer, of the Kewick, were burnt, and the inmates barely escaping with their lives.

In the Southfield Settlement barn and crops are said to have been burned up during the week. In fact the crops in the barn were destroyed, and the crops in every direction.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—We have been informed that a man by the name of John Doyle, who keeps a hiring stage at L. O'Grady's, was murdered by a man named Brown, who had a quarrel with Doyle. Brown was found lying on his way home, and struck him with a stump, fracturing his skull in two places, which resulted in Doyle's death on Tuesday. Brown made his escape, and has not been heard of. He is supposed to have come in this direction. The constables are in pursuit.—Summers' Journal.

The Annual Wesleyan Sabbath School Term came off in the Kensington grounds, on the 7th ult. The children, numbering over five hundred, marched from the school to the grounds. The procession presented a nice appearance, and the children were well served with bread and cake, after which they partook themselves of the songs, &c., provided for their amusement. At 4 o'clock tea was served, and the tea was of an excellent quality. It was so arranged that where we had the pleasure of taking our seats, a number of persons partook of the repast, after which others addressed the large assembly. The day was very fine, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.—Summers' Journal.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The statistics of Newfoundland, exported for the year 1869, has just appeared. It is a very interesting and important document, and it appears that the export of dried cod fish for the year was 1,200,000 quintals. The fishery is highly satisfactory as far as the export of cod fish is concerned, especially when we take into account the enhanced prices of cod fish last year. Taking this quantity at the low price of three and a half dollars per quintal, the value is \$4,200,000. This, be it remembered, is its price in Newfoundland at the rate at which the fisherman was paid.

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