The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America

Volume XVIII. No. 48 — HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1866. — Whole No 197

Religious Miscellany.

The Christian.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

Who is as the Christian great?
Bought and washed with sacred blood;
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

Who is as the Christian wise?
He his naught for all hath given;
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth and heaven.

Who is as the Christian blest?
He hath found the long-sought stone;
He is joined to Christ, his rest;
He and happiness are one.

Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join;
Make the character complete—
All immortal, all divine.

Lo! his clothing is the sun,
The bright sun of righteousness;
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head,
Feasts for ever on his love.

Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of Kings.

Who shall gain that heavenly height?
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I who claim it in His right,
Christ hath bought it all for me.

The Twelve Gates of Heaven.

The city had twelves gates; on the east, three gates; on the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; on the west, three gates; ..... and in the midst of the street, and on either side of the river life, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—Rev. xxi. 12–13; xxii. 2.

There is another glimpse of the heavenly city, which rises in the world to come, outside our little span of life. These words are figures, but they are figures of a great truth. They represent to us the *variety* the *diversity* of heaven. They express in an outward picture, what our Saviour said also under a figure, though more simply: "In my Father's house are many mansions." We do not know whether "those that shall be saved will be few or many." It may be that those who are able to struggle through the straight gate will be very few. It may be that thee good, and the true, and the just will be in a minority in the next life, as they usually are in this life. But whether few or many, the Bible reveals to us most clearly the truth which our carnal, narrow hearts are very unwilling to receive—namely, that amongst the good whom we hope to meet in heaven, there will be every variety of character, taste and disposition. There is not one "mansion" there, but "many." *There is not one "gate"* to heaven, but many —*there are* not gates only on the north, but "on the east, three gates; on the west, three gates; and on the south, three gates." From opposite quarters of the theological compass, from opposite quarters of the religious world, from opposite quarters of human life and character, through different expressions of their common faith and hope, through different modes of conversion, through different kinds of instruction and teaching, through different portions of the Holy Scriptures, will the weary travellers enter the heavenly city and meet each other, "not without surprise," on the shores of the same river of life. And on those shores they will find a tree bearing, not the same kind of fruit always and at all times, but "twelve manner of fruits," for every different turn of mind—for the patient sufferer, for the active servant, for the holy and humble philosopher, for the spirits of just men now at last made perfect; and "the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing," not of one single church or people only, not for the Scotchman or Englishman only, but for the "healing of the nations"—the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Russian, for all those from whom, it may be, in this world its fruits have been farthest removed, but who, nevertheless, have "hungered and thirsted after righteousness," and who, therefore, "*shall be filled.*"

And here let me tell a tale of the dark night, which shows how the light of the other world, in this, its most evangelical aspect, dawned upon the soul of a great teacher amongst ourselves. It is said that John Wesley once, in the visions of the night, found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. He knocked and asked who were within. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" he asked, "Yes," was the answer, "a great many." Any Church of England men?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Presbyterians?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Wesleyans?" "Yes, a great many." Disappointed and dismayed, especially at the last reply, he turned his steps upwards, and found himself at the gates of paradise, and here he repeated the same questions. "Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Church of England men?" "No." "Any Roman Catholics?" "No." "Whom have you, then, here?" he asked in astonishment. "We know nothing here," was the reply, "of any of those names that you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is 'Christian;' we are all Christians here, and of these we have a great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues."

Yes, we shall be obliged in heaven to meet with Christians, with good men, of very different opinions. Had we not better prepare for that blessing, by consenting to meet with them on earth? We shall be obliged there to make little of our differences, to put up with diversity of opinions, and ranks, and pursuits. Had we not better moderate our differences here, and bear and forbear with these diversities in this world? Is it not a waste of time to try to force all our fellow-travellers through our gate now, when we shall be obliged hereafter to welcome those who enter from the western gate, though we have entered from the eastern; and those who have entered from the southern gate, though we have entered from the northern?—*Stanley.*

"Thy Will be Done"

The Rev. Wm. Tennant, an American divine, died March 8th, 1777, aged 72. The following is a suitable illustration of the text, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labor: yet what I shall choose I wot not." Phil. i. 21–22.

When Mr. Whitfield was last in America, Mr. Tennent paid him a visit, as he passed through New Jersey; and one day dined, with other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. Whitfield adverted to the difficulties attending the Gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said that he was weary with the burdens of the day; declared the great consolation that in a short time his work would be done, when he should "depart, and be with Christ;" he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should go to rest. They generally assented, except Mr. T., who sat next to Mr. W. in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On which Mr. W., tapping him on the knee, said, "Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you will be called home?" Mr. T. bluntly answered, "I have no wish about it." Mr. W. pressed him again; Mr. T. again answered, "No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and, if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death, my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and to serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home." Mr. W. still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr. T. replied, "I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say, if I was to send my man into the field to plow, and if at noon I should go to the field, and find him lounging under a tree and complaining, 'Master, the sun is very hot, and the plowing hard; I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do, master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service?' What would I say? why, that he was a lazy fellow, that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home." The pleasant manner in which this reproof was administered rather increased the social harmony of the company, who became satisfied that it was very possible to err, even in desiring, with undue earnestness, "to depart, and to be with Christ; which in itself is far better," than to remain in this imperfect state; and that it is the duty of the Christian in this respect to say, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Giving as God Gives.

You have read that story about the forest that took fire on the slopes of the Pyrenees; whilst it was burning the heat brought up a lode of silver from beneath. So where there is fire—love—it will bring out mines of wealth, and they will be consecrated to God. I want you not merely to give whilst the fire burns; I want you to give on principle, not simply because there is some scintillation of eloquence. There are some people whose guineas come out like fire from a flint stone—they are forced out when somebody can hit hard enough; but the fire does not keep burning. I should like you to get the principle that will lead you to give as God gives to you. Give ever as God gives you; so be you givers every day. What a good thing it is that our great Master accepts such little things! Artaxerxes showed his greatness in two ways; first, by doing great things for his friends; second, by accepting little things from them. What great things our Master has done for us; and oh! what little things he accepts from us. They tell that one poor peasant, when he saw men giving their gifts to Artaxerxes, dipped his hand in the stream and lifted the water in his palm to the lip of the king; and the king condescendingly took the water from the man's palm; and when he had done so, he gave to him a dish of gold, and filled it with coins, that he might afterwards be able to serve the king more loyally.—You do your little for Christ, and he will help you to do a golden thing in his good time. You do what you can, and he will bless you in your deed.—*Rev. S. Colley.*

Henceforth.

O, that solemn henceforth; solemn to each of us as we part to-day, thinking of no more than the chances and changes of this uncertain life; if infinitely more solemn as we each look forward to the hour which will certainly come to each, when the past will be done with, our whole life here gone by forever, and only eternity before us. Henceforth glory, or henceforth woe! We shall never properly understand until we each come to die, how thoroughly, then, the past is gone, and our only portion is in the future. You may feel it in some measure, looking on the face of one departed; thinking how utterly the many cares that drew those lines on it are past and gone—looking at the gray hair and thinking that now your friend is no longer old. What a sharp, complete end of all the interests of this world has come! how free the heart is from all the little troubles and vexations that fevered it but a short while since! Yes; gone, where these things are not! Entered upon the great Henceforth; the life beyond the grave! The day will come to each of us when we can have nothing but what we can have there; when all the things we toil for and value here will avail us nothing; when the places and the people we knew, the books we used to read, the church where it was pleasant to worship, the room we sat in, will all be things long since past away; things that ceased to be for us years and years ago; and nothing about us and before us but the great eternity; Henceforth only that, and what we can have there! And, blessed be God, there is that we can gain here, and take with us there! No wonder that St. Paul declared that he counted all things but loss, that he might "win Christ." For the good part in our Saviour is not merely the best possession now; in a little while it will be the only one; the only possession that will not pass from our falling hand when we die; the only possession we can take with us into the other world.—*Graver Thoughts.*

"Not of Us."

—A sermon entitled "The Treasure in Earthen Vessels," by the Rev. T. Whitfield, concludes with the following reference to the last clause of the text:

"Not of us." God is as much glorified in our emptiness as he is in his own fullness. His glory is "not of us," and it is his glory that it is so. "Not of us;" this is the key-note of all the apostle's writings. "Not of us;" this is the language of every book, every prophecy, and every statement of God's blessed Word. "Not of us;" this is the first breath of the new man in Christ Jesus, and the last utterance of the saint, ere he wings his way to glory. Not of us;" this is the first lesson of the Spirit of God, and the last ere he presents the soul perfect in Christ Jesus. "Not of us;" this is the song of the redeemed, as they cast their crowns of glory, in wondering admiration, at the feet of the King of kings. "Not of us;" this is the song of the Church militant and of the Church triumphant; of the Church above, and of the Church below. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory." "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Brethren, may this be the deep feeling of all our hearts. May these words, "not of us," be a motto for our hearts and lips when we leave this church; may they be the preface of every sermon, the meaning of every duty, and the inscription written over every act of our life, in characters that all may read and understand for Jesus Christ's sake.

Religious Intelligence.

Revival in South Africa.

In the Wesleyan Missionary Notices for November we have gratifiying intelligence respecting the progress of the Work of God in several stations of South Africa. We give extracts from two letters in our pleasant issue, reserving further accounts for a future number:—

GRAHAM'S-TOWN.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. William J. Davis, dated Graham's Town, August 15th, 1866.

You will doubtless have already heard from some of the brethren of this District respecting the gracious visitation of Gospel blessing wherewith the great Head of the church has vouchsafed to bless us in this country during the past few months. The faithful of Christ's followers have for a long time been earnestly praying for a revival of God's work; and when it was known that one who had been so signally blessed in California, and among the Methodist churches of Australia, was about to visit this land, our people were led to pray yet more fervently for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and all hearts were filled with earnest longings, and all minds with expectancy, that he might be the instrument employed by God for effecting His own gracious purposes in the conversion of sinners, and in deepening His work in the hearts of believers.

On Mr. Taylor's arrival, the Ministers of the Graham's Town Circuits heartily co-operated with him in the special services held, and glorious were the results which followed. Every evening, and at mid-day also, the house of God was filled; at every service penitents were pardoned, and God's people were stirred up afresh to consecrate themselves more fully to His service. In the English Circuit, more than two hundred conversions have taken place, and some of them of a very remarkable character; but as the brethren who labour in that Circuit will doubtless give you full information as to the work there, I will confine myself to a brief account of what has been effected in the native Circuit, which is under my own care and supervision.

No movement took place among the Kaffir natives of Graham's Town until the work of revival had been in progress for some weeks in the English Circuit, and Mr. Taylor had left the city for King William's Town. On Sunday evening, the 10th of June, a most solemn feeling pervaded the congregation, and during the service suppressed cries and deep sighs were from time to time heard in our midst. At the close of the sermon, I announced a prayer-meeting, and invited all who were convinced of sin to come forward to the communion-rail, that we might give them suitable advice, and pray for them. Forty individuals responded to the invitation, mostly young persons, and ten found the blessing of pardon that night. During the ensuing month, we held special services every day, and *daily* there were added to the Lord many that were saved. We have had some delightful fellowship meetings, wherein many of the new converts have borne testimony to the power of Divine grace in delivering them from the power of darkness, and translating them into the kingdom of God's dear son. The avowal of the conscious possession of the favour of God, and the statements of a work of grace on their hearts, have been very cheering, and satisfactorily scriptural. We can now rejoice over two hundred and fifty-seven natives who in this Circuit have found peace with God since the 10th of June last, and the work is still progressing. On Sunday evening last there were thirty penitents around the communion-rail, and eight found peace. This feature of the work is very cheering, viz., that although at every service several are saved,—at one service twenty-seven were brought into liberty,—yet the number of seekers is kept up, showing that the convincing power is still accompanying the word. One remarkable characteristic of the work is, that *the whole land is being blessed.* In every place, the word of God is the power of God unto salvation to many that believe; His power to save is abundantly manifested. At some of our native stations, as many as three hundred, five hundred, and in one place eight hundred, conversions have taken place. More than two thousand have been saved of the native population, and certainly more than six hundred conversions have taken place among the English; and this saving work is still progressing. All praise be to Him who alone doeth the good that is done in the earth, and blessed be His glorious name for ever! Amen, and amen.

HEALD-TOWN.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. William Sargent, dated Heald-Town, July 30th, 1866.

At the commencement of the present year the people of the station and out-stations were in anything but a satisfactory state, religiously considered. In our March Quarterly Meeting, to the question, "What can be done to improve the spiritual condition of the people in this Circuit?" it was agreed "to hold a series of earnest meetings, first at Heald-Town, and then on the out-stations." These meetings were well attended, and a very gracious influence rested upon all who took part in them. The plan I adopted was to appoint a day, and at the time appointed to go in company with several of the most earnest of the Local Preachers and Class Leaders. When the people came together, I explained to them the object of our meeting, and then mingled exhortation with prayer. These meetings were followed with encouraging, although not very manifest, results. There was evidently "a shaking among the dry bones;" but we seemed yet to want the "breath from the four winds, to breathe upon the slain, that they might live."

This the great Head of the church was pleased to grant in a way we looked not for, and through an instrumentality we had never anticipated.—No doubt you have long ere this heard of the providential visit of the Rev. W. Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of California. He seems to have been sent to this colony at the very period of time when the work of God in most of the Circuits in this part of the Lord's vineyard had reached such a point of preparation and expectancy, that it only required the divinely-qualified instrument to bring it to a crisis, and to gather in a vast harvest of precious souls.

Mr. Taylor, having visited Port Elizabeth, Graham's-Town, and other localities, with wonderful results, was invited to visit us at Fort Beaufort, and Heald-Town. He did so June 15th to 20th. I need not say much about Fort Beaufort, as it is Mr. Wilson's Circuit, and I have no doubt but he will send you full particulars of the wondrous work of God in that place. I believe that during the series of services held there some sixty souls professed to have "found peace with God." Although I attended those services with my family, yet I will pass on to give you more detailed accounts of what has recently transpired at Heald-Town; and I cannot do this better than by copying a few extracts from a hasty journal which I kept of the events.

Tuesday, June 19th.—What a day! I know not how to record it. I never witnessed anything which so reminded me of what is recorded of the Day of Pentecost in the 2nd of Acts. At 9 30 A. M., I started with Mr. Taylor for Heald-Town. The people had already collected in the chapel, and were engaged in an earnest prayer-meeting. Mr. Taylor addressed them, through an interpreter, from the words, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The effect was manifest.—The truth told with wondrous power on the congregation. At the close, those who were desirous of seeking the Lord were exhorted to stand up, and then to kneel round the communion rails. About three hundred fell simultaneously upon their knees, among whom there was a considerable number of Europeans, many of whom had come from Beaufort. There was now a great weeping. At first all seemed chaos and confusion. Even the native Local Preachers and Class Leaders were confounded; and it was some time before I could get them into working order. The first paroxysm of excitement having subsided, the native agents distributed themselves all over the chapel, speaking to, and praying with, the penitents. The distress of some souls was extremely great, but after awhile one after another entered into the liberty of the children of God, passing from the excess of grief to the excess of joy. The scene was indescribable, at first one and then another rose to praise God, with eyes sparkling, and countenance beaming with joy, and tears flowing in copious streams from their eyes. One exclaimed, "Satan is conquered! Satan is conquered! Satan is conquered!" Another, a very old woman, lifted her eyes and hands toward heaven, and exclaimed, for five or ten minutes, at the top of her voice, "He is holy! He is holy! He is holy!" A very old man, who had been in an agony of distress, when set at liberty, exclaimed, "My Father has set me free! My Father has set me free! My Father has set me free!" These are merely specimens. We were five hours hard at work; and, at the close, one hundred and forty persons professed to have obtained a sense of the pardoning love of God.

Thursday, 21st.—Returned to Heald-Town in company with Mr. Taylor: a great number of Europeans following us from Fort Beaufort.—The chapel was crowded to excess. Mr. Taylor preached a very searching and powerful sermon on the "Ten Commandments." After the sermon those seeking salvation were invited to the communion-rail. I suppose more than two hundred fell upon their knees, crying aloud for mercy; sobs, and sighs, and groans filled the chapel.—After the first burst of powerful emotion, I got the Local Preachers and Class Leaders to distribute themselves among the penitents. After a while, the shouts of the pardoned strangely mingled with the cries of the penitents. We continued the meeting for five hours! and at the close one hundred and sixty professed to have "found peace and joy through believing," making, in the two days, three hundred who had professedly "obtained peace."

I am happy to say that the work is still progressing; and we seldom hold a meeting for inquirers without a number coming forward, and several of them getting into liberty. These have not numerically increased our church members, as some might suppose, as the majority of those who have "found peace" were already members of society, but had never obtained a clear sense of pardon, or having obtained it in years gone by, had lost it through unfaithfulness. Yet I may add, that a considerable number consists of young people who have been brought up in our Sabbath and day schools. There I am now forming into juvenile classes. These are still many seekers in the congregation, especially among the young; and at the close of every evening service the bushes and rocks about the station are for hours vocal with the prayers of those who are earnestly pleading for mercy.—Since this work began the desire for learning among the young people of the station is something wonderful. Children now come to the day school who never came before; and the numbers have been about doubled. The difficulty now is to find books and teachers for them.

The work has not been confined to the natives; but the few European families living on the station have likewise "been made partakers of the benefit." Nearly all who were not members before have now joined the Society, and are rejoicing in a sense of the Divine favour. Several European children have been formed into an interesting class; and not satisfied with this, they have, at their own instance, formed themselves into a juvenile prayer-meeting, which I allow them to conduct in their own way, without the presence or interference of any adult.

Week of Prayer for 1867.

The British Evangelical Alliance have issued a circular, recommending, as in the past few years, the universal observance of a week of special and united prayer, at the commencement of the year. The time proposed, and the topics for devotion suggested, are as follows:

Sabbath, January 6th.—Sermons on the Presence of Christ with his Universal Church.

Monday, January 7th.—Thanksgiving and Confession of Sin.

Tuesday, January 8th.—Prayer for Nations; for "kings and all in authority;" for the increase of righteousness, the prevalence of peace, and the holy observance of the Sabbath.

Wednesday, January 9th.—Prayer for the success of missions among Jews and Gentiles, and for a divine blessing to accompany the efforts to evangelize the unconverted of all lands and classes.

Thursday January 10th.—Prayer for all who have suffered from the recent wars; for our brethren emancipated from slavery, and for our fellow-Christians persecuted for the Gospel sake.

Friday, January 11th.—Prayer for Christian families, for schools, colleges and universities.

Saturday, January 12th.—Prayer for the Catholic Church, for all ministers of the Gospel, and for the increase of holiness, fidelity, and Christian charity among its members.

Sabbath, January 13th.—Sermons on the unity of the Church, and the duties of believers to manifest it by mutual recognition and active co-operation.

General Miscellany.

Literary Originality.

Originality, as it is called, is, in popular estimation, a first merit in a writer; but then originality may either attract or repel. In itself originality is not necessarily a merit. The color-blind man is original in a world of men gifted with normal powers of vision. To a sane individual there is nothing more frightfully original than the seething brain of a lunatic or madman. Our dreams are more original than our waking moments, but they are, on the whole less wise. The feeling of strangeness with which one occasionally, for the first time peruses a book does not usually go for much. It is frequently the mere foreign looking husks and wrappings of the matter—the wampum-belt and scalp-tuft of the Pawnee Indian, the bear and snow shoes of the Esquimaux—rather than the matter itself. The highest beauty does not dazzle at first, it frequently seems a simple plainness. The writers who strike you as original are never original enough, just as the man who strikes you as cunning has not been cunning enough to hide his cunning." All the colors sleep in a beam of pure white light. The generations of books are like the generations of men, the one begets the other, and not unfrequently the features of an ancestor recur in a descendant of to-day. Absolute originality, even were it possible, would be of no effect. An absolute original book would resemble the scenery of the moon. It would be a world without an atmosphere. In reading such a book one would be raft away from the mighty aids of association and use and want. In the sense of newness and strangeness Australia is the most original country on the planet, and it is the least interesting. In the same sense Asia and Europe are the least original and the most interesting. The strange kangaroo of the one continent is nothing to the homely sparrow of the other, which has been man's companion and chirped on his thatch during six milleniums. In poetry the gaudy parrot is as nothing with the brown lark. It is astonishing, when one reflects upon it, to what few and simple root ideas the entire poetry of the world may be traced. I am, I was, I love, I hate, I suffer, I am glad, I must die—these lie at the bottom of all song. After the death of Abel, the first family had pretty nearly gone the round of all possible experience. In the primodal elements of human experience there is nothing trite—except to the trite; and the only faithful originality comes out of an entire and noble apprehension of those primordinal elements, and the man who can to that noble apprehension give musical utterance is a poet and a sufficiently original one, too, for all purposes. The generation of singing-birds pass, but the music of the spring mornings goes on, although it has hardly changed a note since Adam. Originality is not a thing which a man can put on like a cloak to masquerade in. It is, if we have it all, the pure outcome of his personality—the clear unobscured, unobstructed utterance of his nature—that which is to himself special and peculiar, the tone of his voice and the play of his features, an undefinable something of which he is in the most profound unconsciousness, but by which he is made recognisable and is set apart from other men. Thus it comes about that the original man is the least conscious of being original. And the undefinable something which sets a man apart from his fellows is the most valuable thing in the world; it is absolutely priceless. You cannot forcast its next manifestation any more than you can conceive a new color. It cannot be imitated, it can never be forged; no counterfeit by any possibility can ever pass current—and yet every man and woman is born into the world with some proportion of it more or less. To this pure, clear, natural note of the soul all the world listens, for a whole grove of clever mocking birds no one cares. Nature makes the Kok-i-Noor, and Birmingham will turn you out a bushel of imitations. And it is this special and individual something in great writers which, above all things, subserves a noble culture. These men bring a new thing into the world with them, and when they die they leave it as an inheritance. Scott writes, and the historic past is no longer pale and cold, but warm and many-colored. Wordsworth writes, and ever after the solitariest place breathes an austere contentment, and to the thoughtful men there is no such thing as utter loneliness in the world. Keats writes, and the coldness of Greek marble is faintly tinged with passion. In modern culture all the poets are represented by their best.—*Argosy.*

Street Minstreley in Scotland.

A correspondent of the Round Table, in a letter from Helensberg, Scotland, says:

"The manners and customs of lower classes are not altogether disagreeable. It is indeed a considerable compensation for much discomfort that one finds every evening male and female minstrels—generally a violinist and a woman's voice—singing sweetly all the Scotch ballads. These are the only concerts that the people have here, and they gather around these minstrels in large crowds, nearly all giving a penny or a half penny.

"There is a woman who sings every evening under our window, who has such a sweet, beautiful voice that I am sure it would have made her fortune had she been born in Italy. She sings without ever getting out of voice, the dear old ballads of her country, and with an indescribable pathos. She is seemingly the daughter of a gray-haired old man who goes about with and accompanies her voice tenderly with his violin. She is about twenty years of age, and has a sweet, homely Scotch lassie's face, and an unpretending garb. No orator ever moved a crowd more than she did when last night she sang 'Highland Mary.'

"A fashionably dressed woman passing with her husband on the street, had paused to listen to her singing. She then came forward through the hundreds who had collected, slipped a coin into the singer's hand, and then whispered something into her ear. It was probably a request that she would sing Highland Mary again. At any rate the minstrel broke forth with that old hymn of love divine, and poured her whole soul into it. Each note seemed to float winged into the moonlight; every noise was hushed along the street, and the very surging of the Frith seemed to pause.

"As she went on, many a tear must have been born in silence, and many a heart thrilled. When it was over, nearly every one came forward with his or her tribute; even the children with their half-pence Throughout the country the old ballad tunes and the music of Burns are still sung with accuracy and feeling by the working people. The fishing people, particularly sing them all the day long. I have often had occasion, roaming about Scotland, to remember the best thing that George Gilfilan ever said—that Robert Burns set the human heart to music."

The Signature of the Cross.

The signature of the cross is confined in our day to those unable to write their own name; and it is inferred very naturally that when it was almost universal centuries ago, it indicated a deplorable ignorance among all classes of people. But an exchange takes exception to this opinion, and says: "How many of these who daily see X appended to a document of those who are unable to write, ever take the trouble to discover its signification? The mark that persons unable to write are required to make instead of their signature, is the sign of the cross; and this practice, having been formerly followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of the ancient times. This mark is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance anciently. The use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attachment of the good faith of the persons signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write.

"In those times if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive or presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word 'clericus,' or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity or people, who were not clerks, did not feel any necessity for the use of the letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its holy association, and generally its mark. On that account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakespeare, says the expression of 'God save the mark,' is a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

"This phrase occurs three or four times in the plays of Shakespeare; but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity. With those associations clustering round it, the sign of the cross should not be made a subject for ridicule, but rather be treated as having important meaning when appended to a document, being at once a signature and affirmation to the truth of what is there written."

Young Ladies.

One of the three great social evils of this age is admitted to be the reluctance of our young men to early marriages. They won't marry now, we are told, as they used to, on £300 a year.—Depend upon it, in many cases it is not the odd hundred or two that is wanting—it's the attraction. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbors' families, where young people's individualities had space and opportunity to develop themselves, and heart met heart. Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully that nobody thinks it worth looking for.—Who is to choose the "one" out of a bevy of proper behaved damsels like a row of hollyhocks, differing only in height and shape and color? They all look alike, and walk and dress alike; and, for anything that appears to the contrary, think and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention, matrimony prepense; very few men have nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butcher's and baker's bills before they take such a plunge as that. Don't think I talk like a cynical old bird, not to be caught with chaff. I talk as the exponent of what my own feelings would be if I were young, and once was to conviction of bright eyes, as my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion, gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressive, decidedly.

"What I missed most," said he, in his open-hearted, unabashed simplicity, "was the sight of a woman's face."

Whereupon I spoke—

"I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking room of a club. Why not pick up a nice girl and set up the family man at the old manor?"

"Well, so I would," said Jack interjectively between the puffs of his cigar; "but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies! Catch me marrying a young lady!"—*Blackwood.*

Depths of the Sea.

The soundings effected with reference to the new trans-Atlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depths in the neighborhood of continents; thus, the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep; and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130 feet. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet; while to the south-west of Ireland where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1000 feet; while a little more to the East it is 3000 feet. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6000 feet. At 250 miles South of Nantucket (South of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7000 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the West of the Cape of Good Hope, 16,000 have been measured; and to the West of St. Helena, 37,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 20,000 feet.

Charms.

Even in these late ages the horse-shoe is not unfrequently seen nailed over the door of the cabin or cottage, to "charm" away misfortune, or to "keep off" disease. There are intelligent men who have carried a buckeye in their "unmentionable" pockets for years to "keep off" piles! Children can be found at school, any day, with little bags of brimstone attached to their necks by a string, to "keep off" some particular malady. There are many young gentlemen and ladies who have half a dozen "charms" attached to their watch chains, it being a remnant of the ancient superstition. We give a pitying smile at the mention of these absurdities, for we know them to be unavailing. But there are "charms" against human ills which are powerful to save from physical, mental, and moral calamity!

Bearing about in one's heart the sweet memories of a mother's care, and affection, and fidelity, often has a resistless power, for many a year after that dear mother has found a resting place in heaven, to restrain the wayward and unsettled from rushing into the ways of wicked and abandoned men. John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to repeat in his later days, and always with quivering lips, that while he was quite a young man, in Paris, he was repeatedly on the point of plunging recklessly into the French infidelity which was so prevalent during the terrible "revolution" of the time; but was as often restrained by the remembrance of that far-distant time, when yet in his infancy, his mother used to have him bend his knees before her, and, with his little hands in hers, taught him in sweet but tremulous tones to say nightly, "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc.

A Scotch mother, when her son, a lad of sixteen, was just about leaving for America, and she had no hope that she should meet him again, said to him: "Promise me, my son, that you will always respect the Sabbath day." "I will," said he. His first employer in New York dismissed him because he refused to work on Sunday. But he soon found other employment, and is now a very rich man, an exemplary Christian, and an influential citizen.

Tens of thousands are there in this wide land who, by the "charm" of the temperance pledge, have gone out into the world, singly and alone, to battle with its snares and temptations and sin; they have been surrounded at every step by the great tempter, with the allurements of passion and pride; of sensual gratification and of corrupting associations; but keeping their eye steadily fixed on the beautiful "pledge" to "touch not, taste not" the accursed thing, they have bravely come off conquerors, and to day stand in their might the pillars of society.

—Young gentlemen and young ladies, too, make it your ambition to bear about you "always" the "charm" of the "pledge" of reverence for the Sabbath day, the holy memories of a sainted mother's religious teachings, and you will pass safely to a ripe old age of happiness and health.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Expression of the Eye.

They play at a game in France in which certain members of a company are entirely concealed, with the exception of their eyes. Everything is hidden except the eye itself—and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had played at this game told me that the difficulty of such identification is incredibly great, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed. More than this, it happened that on one occasion a lady celebrated for her beauty, and especially distinguished by her fine eyes (la Duchesse de M——) was drawn into engaging in this pastime, there being only one other person hidden besides herself, and this an old gentleman not celebrated for his eyes. The pair were duly concealed and bandaged up, with nothing but their eyes visible, and the person—a lady—who was to declare to whom the respective eyes belonged, was introduced. Without a moment's hesitation, she walked up straight to where the old gentleman was placed, and exclaimed, "Ah, there is no one but la Duchesse de M——— who can boast such eyes as these!" She had made the choice, and it was the wrong one.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*