

BOOK OF HEALTH
his own Physician
AYS PILLS,
way's Ointment!

of the stomach,
and Bowels.

the great centre which influence
of the system; abundant
indigestion, offensive breath
are the natural consequences.

and Sore Throat
common violent discor-

The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

Volume XX. No. 31

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1868.

Whole No 990

Religious Miscellany.

Watch.

Watch, for the time is short;
Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest temptations overcome;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!
Watch, for the flesh is strong;
Watch, lest the heathen knock in vain;
Watch, though he carry long;
Chase slumber from thine eyes;
Chase doubting from thy breast;
This is the promised prize
Of heaven's eternal rest.
Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
The Spirit witnesseth for thee;
Till from his brow the blood sweat poured
Great drops of agony.
Take Jesus for thy trust;
Watch, watch for evermore;
Watch, for thou soon must sleep.
With thousands gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up,
Now, while 'tis called to-day,
O now, in thee accepted time,
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!
—Church of England Magazine.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

A Visit to the Cemetery.

By MARY E. HERRICK.
"He giveth his beloved sleep." Psalm cxxxvii. 2.
"Of the earth, earthy," is too often the verdict the Christian is obliged to pronounce against himself. Surrounded by the deadly influences of a world opposed to the Gospel, amid the hurrying pressure of business, of the daily round of social and domestic cares and duties, the lessons taught by experience, of the instability and fleeting nature of earthly goods, are too readily forgotten, and the heart, sitting down, as it were, to some desired enjoyment exclaims, "Here will I take up my rest."
Thus prone to carelessness on matters of the highest import, it is the part of wisdom from time to time to "stir up the mind by way of remembrance," and by every means in its power to rouse the sluggish and torpid heart to a sense of its own mortality, and well calculated to awaken and nourish devout reflection, is the occasional turning aside from the noisy city of the living, to visit the populous, yet how silent, city of the dead.

On a lovely morning a few weeks since we wandered our way. The streets of the city through which we passed were gay with a busy multitude, and cheerful with the rattling of wheels and hum of business. The windows of the shops displayed their choicest merchandise; the parades were crowded in and out in eager quest of varied commodities; and merry laugh, and gay tones, and cordial greetings, fell pleasantly on the ear. Every face was eager with expectation; every form active in pursuit of some object. In those noisy streets, amid that toiling, vigorous throng, Death seemed to have no part nor place, and one might almost imagine that his scepter extended no farther there; that they had been exempted from the common doom.

But fainter and fainter grew the sounds of busy labor as we drew near the city of the dead. We entered its gates, but no voice saluted us,—no hand was stretched out to give the clasp of welcome. Slowly we trod the winding shaded avenues, or passed to rest beneath the grateful foliage.
Laden with fragrance, the balmy air, as it gently rustled the tall grass and the overhanging branches, seemed like some ministering angel whispering peace; above the turf which covered the sleepers, flowers gaily bloomed, birds sang their sweetest songs, butterflies, those beautiful emblems of the resurrection, gorgeously apparelled, flitted hither and thither, while the birds of tiny insects dispersed in the glad sunshine. We stood by the grave of our loved ones, but our presence awoke them not;
"Still the quiet was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token."

and as we passed, from one hallowed enclosure to another, where rested those whom we had known, esteemed and loved in life, the heart was stirred to its depths as ever recollection brought back the past, the ceaseless attention and untiring love of which we had been the recipients, from those who now inhabited the silent chambers of the dead.

But sweetly to soothe the troubled spirit came the sentiment of the Psalmist, "He giveth his beloved sleep." As though dwell on it, the Cemetery seemed to have lost its mournful aspect, for the passage breathed of life was surrounded by the trophies of the soul,—and with grateful joy in the midst of our grief, as we stood by the graves of treasured kindred and friends, we exclaimed, "He giveth his beloved sleep."
Yes, from life's turmoil and perplexity,—from its wearying cares,—from its countless sorrows of anguish,—God called them aside to rest,—and surely they sleep sweetly!
Beautifully has one sweet poet, a tender loving woman, who but a year or two since herself, like a third child, fell asleep, caught up the sentiment, embodying it in such fervid strains, that though we read it but in childhood, it lingers still like music in memory.
"What would we give to our Beloved?"
and then, enumerating some of the treasures which Love, ever Royal in its largeness, would fain lavish on the object of its regard, declares that God's gift infinitely outweighs them all, "for He giveth his beloved sleep."
Yes, Love, mighty principle though it be, has often to befall its own powerlessness to aid, and succor, and confer rich blessings on those whose welfare it prizes "above all price,"—and this no doubt is wisely permitted, for sometimes, in its blindness, the best would bestow gifts that would lead to wretchedness and mistakes, and while "Glad makes glad," so sometimes say,
"But have no power to chase away
Sad tears that through the Iris creep,"
so softly enfolded in their Father's embrace, on the pillow of Peace the heavy head repose, on the bosom of Love the mortal frame rests, and the weary body sleeps till the morning of the resurrection, while the happy emancipated spirit exults

In the presence of Him, where there is fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore.

Oh friends, long parted but beloved still, as we stand by your silent graves, with selfish grief shall we mourn your departure? Shall we lament that here the tired feet rest,—the active hands are folded,—the aching heart has ceased its throbbing; that the fragile frame thrills no more with intense agony, as pain's fiery darts shoot through each sensitive nerve; shall we grieve that all is over, the briefer or longer career has come to an end? Nay, though tears will fall at the separation, we dare not ask you to return to the bustling and toil of existence, for with joy and gratitude we remember you, in life, as the "Beloved of the Lord,"—and know, "He giveth his beloved sleep." Happy they who can truthfully say the language, in reference to their departed loved ones, and for themselves, as they contemplate their own mortality, can say,
"And friends, dear friends, when shall it be,
That this low breath has gone from me,
And 'er my grave you come to weep;
Let the most loving of you all,
Say 'tis his heart shall be laid here."
He giveth his beloved sleep."
Dartmouth, July 21, 1868.

The Elder Son.

The type of character that is unfolded to us is of a very remarkable sort. He seems to have been a man reserved and unsocial, with very little of the milk of human kindness—a man who could not have been temperate if he would, at least without tramping upon all the barriers of his temperament—a miser rather than a spendthrift. The prodigal, at his wildest, was redeemed by a careless generosity that might have shared his last shakel with a beggar; but the elder son would have been free from all suspicion of being guilty of any extravagance of charity. The prodigal turned out the whole of his nature—the worst of him was patent to the son; but the elder constrained himself to a decorous service, and hid behind a plausible countenance and a staid air. At the best, there is nothing wanting about him; he is but a living servant of the Lord. A son with the heart of a son, might have been supplied when he heard of the unwelcome marriage; but his inquiry of the cause would have been made, not of the errand but of the father, and the ice would have melted from his heart, even if annoyance had not been frosted off, when his father came out and embraced him to fill the reserved seat, and share the general joy. Brethren, there are such ungrateful professors of religion now—men "whose lot," in the quaint words of another, is always cast in the land of Cabul. They are always "in the field," when the prodigal comes home; they are always ready to give the first shake of the hand to the wanderer; they fret at the bustle of his reception, partly because it disturbs their ease, and partly because it reveals their littleness. Their religion is a task-work, not a sunny travel home. Meet them where you will, the atmosphere becomes suddenly polar; their trials are grievous, their discontents are many. To them there is no life in the church, no summer in the world. Their principle of activity is to suggest a deficiency or to expose a fault; for in proportion to their discernment is their conscientiousness, for, as it is a literary canon that the critical tendency lodges in the shallowest brain, even so the slanderous tendency coils about the weakest heart. If they are in the vineyard at all, they are stunted shrubs, or trees of eccentric growth—they do not flourish in the beauty of the palm, nor endure in the vigor of the cedar. They know not of the delight of conversion, they rejoice not in God's favour. How utterly ungrateful they are to the Father who has redeemed them! The elder son of this type are their own worst enemies ever. They would not go in. Well, and who suffered but himself? The lights were not put out, the music did not cease, the festivity of the gathered household flowed evenly and merrily on. Even the fatter, when he came out to entertain, and was grieved at the silliness and sin, went in again to those who could appreciate his kindness, and whom his smile made happy. Father, servants, friends, prodigal, all were rejoicing together; he alone in the outer darkness excluded himself from the light and gladness of home. O, if there are any here who thus banish themselves from the church's common joy, I pray you think upon your folly! That Cabul is an unthankful place of sojourn, and there is no passport from it to heaven.

If, however, you narrowly look into the spirit of the elder son, it is to be feared that we can scarcely accord to him the unqualified praise of being a sincere but eccentric striver after light. Closely examined, there are many points of identity between him and his brother, as his brother was when we first made his acquaintance, while there are features about the elder which make his impy not only lamentable but repulsive. There was the same alienation of heart. It betrays itself in its very words. "Lo these many years I do serve thee." A son would have said love thee; but the spirit of the slave and of the hireling degraded the affection into a servitude undertaken for the hope of a reward. Hence he complains as a servant mist who wages have been unjustly withheld, "Thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." There was the same selfish longing for freedom from restraint and for indulgence in independent merriment. He, too, must have comrades that were unfitted for the presence of his father. With equal love of pleasure to his brother, but with greater selfishness, he parted for the license which yet his worldly prudence forbade him to request. How much better were his "friends" than the "barlots" of his brother's brood? Did not the one answer to the prodigal's own lips—wrong from him in an unguarded moment when the mask slipped off from the countenance, because anger had convulsed it—as guilty as the brother he despised. There he had other vices, which he could not forbear to display, and from which his more reckless brother was free.

The faults of the prodigal were far removed from the dastardly and mean; in the days of His flesh Christ reserved His severest rebukes, and a judgment in the elder brother's soul. There is an implied isolation in the fact of his being

left "in the field" until the ordinary hour of his return.

The father knew his selfishness, and feared his ire, or the fretful of foot would have been dropped, as if the summer fleece of love. Then he displays the anger of offended pride, and cry, too gross and foul a fend to be harbored in a good man's bosom. Then the indignant remonstrance, which was the cruel answer to the father's entreaty, discovered not only his servile spirit and his servile hope of advancement, but the complacent and haughty self-righteousness which, like Peter's Galilean speech, "betrayeth" the Pharisee all the world over. "Lo these many years I do serve thee; neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments. How utterly dost thou blind the conscience of thy perpetrator! I have seen a drunkard stagger out an indignant protest against a charge of intemperance. I have known a sweeter drinker with an oath, that he was ever guilty of a habit so profane; and here is a poor deluded sinner, in the very act of sin—sin against the love due to his brother and the honor due to his father—together—laying to his soul the union of a perfect righteousness, as if the summer fleece of love were impure in his presence, as if the rose flake stained beside him. What concentrated evil-bredness, moreover, is there in the whole of his reference to the prodigal. "This thy son"—as though he had no affinity of blood, as though he would take care to shake free from the leprosy of such polluted relationship—"was come"—not was come back; that thought was a thought too high, his was too callous a nature to be thrilled with the great idea of return—"was come"—because necessarily impelled him, and hunger drove him hither, an unfriended and miserable beggar—"How knowest thou that he had shared his last shakel with a beggar; but the elder son would have been free from all suspicion of being guilty of any extravagance of charity. The prodigal turned out the whole of his nature—the worst of him was patent to the son; but the elder constrained himself to a decorous service, and hid behind a plausible countenance and a staid air. At the best, there is nothing wanting about him; he is but a living servant of the Lord. A son with the heart of a son, might have been supplied when he heard of the unwelcome marriage; but his inquiry of the cause would have been made, not of the errand but of the father, and the ice would have melted from his heart, even if annoyance had not been frosted off, when his father came out and embraced him to fill the reserved seat, and share the general joy. Brethren, there are such ungrateful professors of religion now—men "whose lot," in the quaint words of another, is always cast in the land of Cabul. They are always "in the field," when the prodigal comes home; they are always ready to give the first shake of the hand to the wanderer; they fret at the bustle of his reception, partly because it disturbs their ease, and partly because it reveals their littleness. Their religion is a task-work, not a sunny travel home. Meet them where you will, the atmosphere becomes suddenly polar; their trials are grievous, their discontents are many. To them there is no life in the church, no summer in the world. Their principle of activity is to suggest a deficiency or to expose a fault; for in proportion to their discernment is their conscientiousness, for, as it is a literary canon that the critical tendency lodges in the shallowest brain, even so the slanderous tendency coils about the weakest heart. If they are in the vineyard at all, they are stunted shrubs, or trees of eccentric growth—they do not flourish in the beauty of the palm, nor endure in the vigor of the cedar. They know not of the delight of conversion, they rejoice not in God's favour. How utterly ungrateful they are to the Father who has redeemed them! The elder son of this type are their own worst enemies ever. They would not go in. Well, and who suffered but himself? The lights were not put out, the music did not cease, the festivity of the gathered household flowed evenly and merrily on. Even the fatter, when he came out to entertain, and was grieved at the silliness and sin, went in again to those who could appreciate his kindness, and whom his smile made happy. Father, servants, friends, prodigal, all were rejoicing together; he alone in the outer darkness excluded himself from the light and gladness of home. O, if there are any here who thus banish themselves from the church's common joy, I pray you think upon your folly! That Cabul is an unthankful place of sojourn, and there is no passport from it to heaven.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently preached

at the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn. In it he draws a contrast between true and misguided religious zeal, in the following graphic language:
"It seems to me that this is a very fit exhortation to the Young Men's Christian Association of our land: 'Go tarry until the Holy Ghost descends and bring you power from on high.' There is a rash and wasteful expenditure of activity; there is such a thing as coming into the service of the Lord, or into the service of man, as an unprepared state as that of a wanderer rather than a pilgrim. I desire to impress this thought upon you, that your power in outward endeavor, in practical labor, will be in the ratio of your hidden life. That is, your power to plan, to achieve, to think, to feel, to influence the minds of men depends upon the internal, the spiritual condition of your soul."
It is one of the characteristics of novels to represent bodybodies in other men's matters, and it is also one of the strongest literary criticisms to point at men that are eternally fluttering, not as bees in the Lord's garden, gathering honey, but as flies in the Lord's house, annoying everybody, and stinging them everybody. There is an activity that seems scarcely less than impertinent. Ever full of buzzing, ever full of activity, men settle down upon your ear and are brushed away, to settle upon your face, bringing you nothing and carrying away nothing. They awake you if you slumber, they pester you if you read, they perpetually torment you, and not the less because they are so insignificant. In the heat of

summer what is more nimble than a fly? When every other thing seems to drop under the heat, and to become leaden and lethargic, then they triumph in the swiftness of an annoying nimble and activity.

I have seen men that had rarely the same sort of activity, who were great in little things; who were continually running hither and thither; who were full of new plans; full of new thoughts and projects; who ran about hither and thither continually; and in the end are nothing but husbodies and blusters. What do they do? What do they amount to? A thousand of them would not make a man. Straw thistles are they, but that have never had any wheat in them.
There is always something that they have to do, and by doing that universal something they might hit the right something. There is, with them no deep communion with God; no realm of invisible truth; no hill over which they have ranged, and from which they came clothed with fresh power; no real religious sympathy; no depth of feeling. Their will is empty, and they have nothing to draw from it with. If it had any were impure in his presence, as if the rose flake stained beside him. What concentrated evil-bredness, moreover, is there in the whole of his reference to the prodigal. "This thy son"—as though he had no affinity of blood, as though he would take care to shake free from the leprosy of such polluted relationship—"was come"—not was come back; that thought was a thought too high, his was too callous a nature to be thrilled with the great idea of return—"was come"—because necessarily impelled him, and hunger drove him hither, an unfriended and miserable beggar—"How knowest thou that he had shared his last shakel with a beggar; but the elder son would have been free from all suspicion of being guilty of any extravagance of charity. The prodigal turned out the whole of his nature—the worst of him was patent to the son; but the elder constrained himself to a decorous service, and hid behind a plausible countenance and a staid air. At the best, there is nothing wanting about him; he is but a living servant of the Lord. A son with the heart of a son, might have been supplied when he heard of the unwelcome marriage; but his inquiry of the cause would have been made, not of the errand but of the father, and the ice would have melted from his heart, even if annoyance had not been frosted off, when his father came out and embraced him to fill the reserved seat, and share the general joy. Brethren, there are such ungrateful professors of religion now—men "whose lot," in the quaint words of another, is always cast in the land of Cabul. They are always "in the field," when the prodigal comes home; they are always ready to give the first shake of the hand to the wanderer; they fret at the bustle of his reception, partly because it disturbs their ease, and partly because it reveals their littleness. Their religion is a task-work, not a sunny travel home. Meet them where you will, the atmosphere becomes suddenly polar; their trials are grievous, their discontents are many. To them there is no life in the church, no summer in the world. Their principle of activity is to suggest a deficiency or to expose a fault; for in proportion to their discernment is their conscientiousness, for, as it is a literary canon that the critical tendency lodges in the shallowest brain, even so the slanderous tendency coils about the weakest heart. If they are in the vineyard at all, they are stunted shrubs, or trees of eccentric growth—they do not flourish in the beauty of the palm, nor endure in the vigor of the cedar. They know not of the delight of conversion, they rejoice not in God's favour. How utterly ungrateful they are to the Father who has redeemed them! The elder son of this type are their own worst enemies ever. They would not go in. Well, and who suffered but himself? The lights were not put out, the music did not cease, the festivity of the gathered household flowed evenly and merrily on. Even the fatter, when he came out to entertain, and was grieved at the silliness and sin, went in again to those who could appreciate his kindness, and whom his smile made happy. Father, servants, friends, prodigal, all were rejoicing together; he alone in the outer darkness excluded himself from the light and gladness of home. O, if there are any here who thus banish themselves from the church's common joy, I pray you think upon your folly! That Cabul is an unthankful place of sojourn, and there is no passport from it to heaven.

Panting after God.

The rebellion of Abimelech was a sore trial to David. The shocking crime of disobedience to parental authority was only a small portion of Abimelech's offense. He was reckless, crafty, ungrateful and rebellious. His plot to overthrow and execute that it was for a time successful. In his flight from Jerusalem David did not until he reached the Jordan, and here it is supposed he composed 42nd Psalm, which begins with the words:
"At the hart panteth for the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before thee?"
According to Townsend, Dr. Wells and others both the 42nd and 43rd Psalms were written at the Jordan while David was flying from Abimelech. He had great occasion for humiliation and penitence, and yet his faith grasped the Infinitesimal and he successfully met the trial which had so overwhelmed his soul with sorrow. The expressions of the Psalm are infinitely beautiful and touching. All other resources had failed, many of his people had forsaken him. Many of his officers had proved traitors. His own son was leader of a rebellion so far from him. He had left his palace and the temple. He missed greatly the holy places and the solemn worship of God's house. His enemies taunted him with his losses, and Shimei had cursed him and cast stones while in his flight. Mournfully he says:
"My tears have been my meat day and night, I lie they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?"
The deep sorrows of his soul found vent in the bitter lamentation:
"O my God! My soul at down within me."
Yet from this distress his faith mounts on steady wing and he closes the song with these memorable words:
"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God—for I shall yet praise him, Who is the health of my countenance and my God."
How vain are all the honours of time, and all the glories of royalty! What a wonderful source of love, joy and peace is God—our Father in Heaven! The greatest cure inflicted upon man by sin is his separation from God. Men do not live for God nor desire him. They live for themselves and too often pursue phantoms instead of realities.
In the pursuit of happiness men waste their days, and end life bitterly disappointed and lost. Immortal powers within us can not be satisfied without something more than fancies and momentary pleasures. God alone can fill an immortal spirit. The capabilities of the human soul never can be met by things that are as transient as the meteor's light. God is the only object worthy of our supreme affection. His presence completely satisfies the soul. His glory, worship and praise gives delightful enjoyment, and his attributes make a study that eternity cannot exhaust. David looked to God and to him alone in his deep distress.
His ardour was displayed in seeking God—nearness to God. What passion, what intensity in the words in which the royal poet begins his holy song. "As the hart panteth." Behold the chased hart seeking safety in flight and hurrying to the brook to slake its thirst. The king had fled from Jerusalem to the Jordan filled with grief. Love for Abimelech, and a sense of power in his thought upon you, that your power in outward endeavor, in practical labor, will be in the ratio of your hidden life. That is, your power to plan, to achieve, to think, to feel, to influence the minds of men depends upon the internal, the spiritual condition of your soul.

Religious Buzing.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently preached at the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn. In it he draws a contrast between true and misguided religious zeal, in the following graphic language:
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tain, and triumph which cries, "O death where is thy sting. O grave where is thy victory."

On the sweet consciousness of Divine love and fellowship! God in us, with us, all around us, evermore, as Mr. in him!
Come, poor trembling, dying sinner, you too may come to God the Father of all, through Jesus Christ his Son. Backsliders may come again to God. Even the erring, sinful Abimelech would have been pardoned, if he had sought forgiveness. Nearer my God to thee." Cost what it will of sacrifice, toil, penitence or bereavement bring us all "Nearer to Thee."—Central Ad.

Religious Intelligence.

Mexico.

The following communication is from Mr. Anderson Lindsay, a Scotch gentleman, who has been engaged with a commercial house in the city of Mexico for more than four years. On his way homeward to Scotland, he writes, on the impulse of an earnest Christian spirit, seeking to impart facts that help to quicken the zeal of God's people in behalf of that long and sorely afflicted people. Mr. Lindsay says:
"It has occurred to me, that a short statement of what came under my own observation in connection with the work of evangelization in Mexico might be a means of assisting the few already in the field.
The British and Foreign Bible Society have an agent there, a Mr. J. W. Butler, with whom I formed an intimate acquaintance. He has a room in the city, where the Scriptures only are sold, but as the sales seldom average more than \$40 per month, he is obliged to travel over the country in the dry season with the books, and dispose of them as he best can. He also employs colporteurs, who are paid \$1 a day, and travelling expenses, which are small. Mr. B. is also doing what he can to establish agencies for the sale of the Scriptures in the various States, his intention being ultimately to settle down in the Capital, making that the centre of his operations, for corresponding with his agents, and supplying their orders."
The circulation, in 1866, amounted to about 14,000 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions. In 1867, on account of the civil struggle in the country, when the depot was closed for some months, and business in the city entirely suspended, less than 4,000 copies were disposed of. The circulation this year will probably exceed that of 1866. The cost of such a work is heavy, and quite exceptional, compared with other countries. Not only have the books to be transported from Vera Cruz to the Capital, a distance of 280 miles, generally to other parts of the country. In addition, there is the cost of the books, salaries, rent of depot, agents' commissions, colporters, wages, &c. In 1866, the expense of the Mexican agency to the London Society was more than £1,100 sterling. Yet the Directors of the Society, so far from wishing to curtail their operations, have expressed their determination to extend the work.

Modern Windows.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.
The windows of fashionable modern houses are expected to admit light. They are, it is true constructed as they were in those primitive days when it was their function to admit light into the dwellings. The sash is still there, and panes of glass. But architecture loves to keep as mere ornaments what it once created for important uses. The function ceases, and the organ becomes a mere decoration.
In early times much was made of light—sunlight. With much pains and expense it was introduced into the house. Now, with even greater care and expense, it is excluded.
First, while the house is building, openings are left in the rising walls, the frames are expensively made, the sash is filled with costly glass, and the sun, breaking over the horizon line, comes in like a flood, pouring cheerful light through all the room. But that would make the house as pleasant as it is out of doors. The luxury is too great. It might lead to self-indulgence. A series of ingenious arrangements have been devised to stop out the sunshine and all light whatsoever. First are the outside blinds, North of New Jersey they are slate shutters, whose movable lattice work lets in air, while, if properly adjusted, it keeps out the poison light. These green blinds are evidently a souvenir of the Mediterranean, or of Bryan land, where the ingenious architect sought to strain the glaring sunbeams, and to bring in the air without its light. In our motherland, where but a few weeks of summer are ever oppressive, these lattice blinds are exotic.
In Philadelphia, and in all the region under her architectural influence, white, solid, battened shutters are used, which defy both air and light.
Next, we find curiously folded into the window-jamb, a series of inside shutters,—pannell, solid, impervious.
Within a course of years, innovation has inserted in them some slight peeping holes; say two panes of movable sash. This might let in some little light. But the disaster is prevented by supplemental arrangements; for a linen curtain rolls down behind them, and dims the little light that struggles through. Next, Venetian blinds; their movable slats rise or fall to a cord on the other side, and if slanted aright quite exclude the light. But so dangerous is sunlight that prudent people will not be content with such protection. Lace curtains, embroidered with curious vines, flowers and scrolls, hang like a mist behind the blinds. It is true their resisting power is feeble, but they are wedded to magnificent brocades, or silk damask curtains, which like vertical carpets, fall in vast folds from the ceiling to the floor, and sweep it with voluminous superfluity. The work is now sure and effective. The light is defeated. Even should an adventurous ray creep through some neglected opening in the folds, it comes in from the solar flood without as a half-drowned man creeps up to the beach from the waters of the ocean.
When once the interior is thus protected against the light, the modern housekeeper has reached the ideal of upholstering bliss! Now

My Church in Town.

My church in town! It fronts our square,
With Gothic portals—Scott designed—
Tall spire, and painted windows rare,
There's nothing in all London finer,
A church that's counted "very high."
A ritualistic rector owning,
Who makes a claim to heaven's key,
On crosses, candles, and incensing,
And crowds of worshippers come there,
Who give one morning of the seven,
To treading with exorcising care—
A fashionable road to heaven—
Fine ladies who long bending pray,
And high for services in Latin,
And mostly the 1st of each day
In glancing robes of silk and satin,
The curate, "such a dear," you know,
A white hand to turn his pages;
I hardly think St. Paul did so,
When preaching to Athenian sages,
His doctrine, 't'was but a fancy,
Stands much in need of force and flavor,
And makes me think the Gospel said,
Has nearly lost its savor.
Where Dives sits, I look in vain,
For Lazarus, even at the portal,
I wonder how their creed maintain,
The rich man only is immortal?
And yet my mind is somewhat eased;
So vain and vapid is the preaching,
That Lazarus hardly would be pleased
To gather fragments of such teaching.
It would be wondrous of the times,
And talk of charitable causes,
If we took care the Sunday comes,
Should sometimes sound in silent places,
The broiler'd altar-cloth might tell
Of pious hands and yet be plainer;
A simpler, homelier rite were well,
So should the poor man be a gainer.

Those Good Old Times.

There is a certain class of discontented mortals who are continually sighing for the good times and the old-fashioned ways of former generations. "The former times were better than these," is their continual cry, and their fundamental doctrine seems to be, that "whatever is, is wrong."
Now I presume if you were to take things item by item, and seek to exchange their present comforts for the old arrangements, they would refuse point blank. It is only old times "in a general way" that they wish were back again. Who would exchange the old-fashioned log-cabin of the pioneer for the warm and comfortable homes of to-day. Who would take a journey of twenty miles, with a bag of corn on a horse's back, over a road impassable for a wagon, to the nearest mill where meal could be had, in preference to ordering a sack of flour at the dealer's office, and having it delivered at your door? I suppose anyone who would prefer the way our forefathers managed, could have the privilege.
To go back a little further, we can judge how our ancestors in England lived, by taking a glance at the style which prevailed among the nobility. Of course, as none of us boast of royal blood, we must be content with a more humble mode of the display.
Carpets were a thing unknown in the early part of the sixteenth century. The walls were rough and unplastered, though sometimes hung with tapestry—the kind which spiders weave was always abundant. The floors were covered with rushes, which every few months were swept out and fresh ones scattered in their places. What would a modern housekeeper think of sweeping her house once in three months? But her floors would be clean compared with those royal ones. The dogs and cats were allowed free access to the eating rooms, and all the fragments and bones were thrown to them: They ate till they were satisfied, and the remainder was left to decay under foot. The drainage of beer vessels and all manner of refuse was thrown out upon these rushes, and the dining hall would be thought too unclean for a modern menagerie. Even the monkeys would turn up their noses at them. The highest style seemed to be "a rough and wasteful extravagance."

The Sunday School.

Let us see if we can find among the brethren before us one who is qualified to occupy the position.
A. is a good man, and highly respected by the church. Will he do it? No. His age was his, and he is not enough in sympathy with the children. Besides, he is notoriously tedious in his prayers and explanations.
B. will not do, for he is too unsteady. He is full of the Holy Spirit at times, and then, like the wind, he goes where he "listeth." When the wind blows, as he is excited he moves; but when there is a calm he is like a windmill—As can't start.
C. will not do, for he is too impatient and too distrustful in his manners. The children do not love him. He has no patience with those who do not come up to his ideas of propriety. He is general intelligence and Biblical knowledge he is more intelligent than any other member of the church.
D. will not do, for he lacks executive power. Besides, there is no order about him. He has scarcely any idea of fitness or propriety. Everything around him is in confusion and confusion. On his farm, and wherever he goes, you see disorder. If he were superintendent he would be as likely to put a child into a class with whose members had scarcely more in common than cobbles stones have with "peach-blow" potatoes, as to put him in a class whose members are on a level with him in mental and spiritual attainments. He certainly will not do. Better far to have no superintendent than to have him.
There is E.—just the man for the position. He is a good man. No breath of slander has ever dimmed his righteousness. There is not a shadow on his character. He is a man of faith. Like Abraham "in the plain of Mamre" he relies on the promise of God and goes to Moriah's summit in obedience to God's command, without a single fear. He has the Spirit of his blessed Master. The children love him, come to him, and listen eagerly to all he says. He is a good singer himself, and knows how to direct the musical impulses of a child's nature.
He is a man of unwearied patience. In storm and in sunshine he is the same, and always at his post. He understands that temples of rare beauty are not raised in a single day from foundation to "turret near the sky." Therefore he waits while he watches, and with perfected patience prepares carefully the living stones for the glorious temple of our God.
In character and in ability he is a model. Every voice responds, "He is the man for our superintendent."—S. S. Journal.

Why is a judge like a person reading aloud?

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