### "Love Lightens Labor."

A roud with root from her bedran morn. And throught with a nervine dumit til the rul-s of election to be weeked, and Nord then a dozen menths to be fed. These sees the most, to get for the men in th And the collines to 32 away

To salved, and the mucho be side uned and thereof.

And all to be done that day.

It had estated in the night, and all the wood Was wet as wat could be There were problem and plos to bake, besties Alcal of cake for sea. And the day was Lot, and her aching head Throbled wearly as she said, 'Il maid-its know what good nives know, They would be in no bease to well!

"Joanit, while do you think I take Den Room ?" Called the famuer from the well; And a fineborept up to his bronzed beau.
As his eyes half backfully felt; "Is weathis," he said; and coming near, He souled-end slooping down, Rispedhor cheek-"it was thus; that you were the And degrest wife in town!"

The farmer weat to the field, and the wile In a smiling and absent way. She'd not sung for many aday; And the rein in her head was gone, and the clothes Were white as the foam of the sea; Her broad was light, and her butter was sweet,

And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath; 'Tom Wood has ran off to sea!' "He wouldn't I know, if he only had Ashappy a home as wa." The night came down, and the good wife smiled.
To herself she softly said, Tis so sweet to labor for those we love : "It isn't strange that maidens will wed f' -Journal of Industry.

### Dr. Arnot's Preaching.

A correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer, writing from Edinburgh, Scotland, says:—"We went to worship at the Free church over which the Rev. Dr. William Arnot is pastor. We could hardly have chosen a church or pastor that holds more calmly or conscientiously to the old paths, and yet the service was fresh and free from beginning to end. We were early at the church, and were most courteously welcomed by three grey-haired men at the door, one of whom gave us a seat. I was struck at once by the number of books in each pew. There were Bibles, (two or three in a pew,) the Book of Psalms, for song, (as many,) and the little hymn book which is silently working its way, and bringing these sons of the Covenanters into closer covenant with Protestants into other lands. I looked for an organ, but there was none there. I then wondered if the last Psalm of David was in their version, and upon looking, found it there. At the appointed hour the pastor entered from a door in the rear of the rulpit and eiting down home. rear of the pulpit, and sitting down, bowed his head in prayer. He is a man of sixty; of fine physical proportions, rather stout, grey-haired, with a thoughtful, kindly face. His prayers—the 'short prayer and the 'long prayer'—were very brief, but comprehensive. He talked to God as a child to his father.

"The singing was congregational. Old men and women, boys and girls, all sung. and it was thrilling.

"The Scripture lesson was short, followed by a few pithy comments, and the sermon, fifty minutes in length, was an exposition of James iv. 13—17.

"The Doctor has a rich Scotch brogue, which added to his passages of pathos. Now he is practical, going into home and business life; now he catches up the gem of a sentence, and sets it about with other precious gems of Scripture. Now he wanders into the Highlands, and takes a beautiful and fresh illustration from nature; and now, with quick modulations of voice, he appeals to Christians and to sinners. All the way through he honors the Bible and holds up Christ.

"It was a feast of fat things." There was just this to mar it all—whenever he lifted his face from the Bible he shut his eyes with a peculiar squint, and never once opened them upon us during the whole sermon. His attitude, too, was far from eaning far he rested his head upon his hands, and so stood for more than helf the time. But these Scotch Christians have little care for the manner. Give them the meat of the word, and they are content."

## The Log House of Norway

A correspondent of the Scientific American, who has been having a week of unin-terrupted sunshine near the North Cape, gives that journal some description of Nor-wegian houses which may interest our readers. "You may suppose," he says, "that log houses were born on Plymouth Rock: but I find the most says. Rock; but I find the most convincing evidence that they existed in Norway centuries, perhaps, before Plymouth Rock was known. A yet more interesting fact—at least to me—is that the fashion has not least to me—is that the fashion has not changed. Improvements there have been in many ways, but the log house of Norway is the most fashionable, perhaps because the most comfortable, house. In regions far removed from timber, and where stone and lime and clay abound, even there the log house obtains universal professions. log house obtains universal preference. During my trip up and down this long line During my trip up and down this long line of Norwegian coast, I have had many opportunities to examine the old as well as the new constructions. Let mo tell you first of the old. The logs are squared and nicely dovetailed at the corners. Grooves are then out with the breed are on both are then cut, with the broad axe, on both the under and the upper surface. When the under and the upper surface. When the log is finally laid to its place, this the log is finally laid to its place, this double groove is filled with moss, and moss is afterwards caulked into the log seams. The partitions are built with the louse, and in the same thorough manner at the outside walls. The louses are never more than two stories high, and the roofs are steep and heavily timbered. A covering of slabs is fitted, round side down, to the roof into Spanish for publication.

timbers; and over these slats come one or more layers of birch bank. Then comes a heavy timber coping along the cores and up the roof at either and. On this is laid adds of rich earth well packed to a thickness of whom six inches, and these, in this resident and the second than the second th most departs founds an standard grassy finish. The only re-ential differences between the old and the new Norwegian styles of hone holding area in the substitution of red tiles, and occasionally of slats, for the sed roofs, and the casing of the timber, which forms the body of the house, with this heards for bable selection. with thin boards, for looks sake.

Within a year the town of Names, about one hundred miles north of Dron-theim, and almost totally destroyed by fire; and it is now in course of rebuilding. Here, notally, the work of building is going on upon a considerable scale, and the two modes appear side by side. A few inished buildings there are, which would hold high rank among the best of our American country homes, in architecture; while in comfortable exclusion of cold, we have not a country house, of whatever material, that would bear a rigid comparison with the poorest of them. Double glazing of win-dow sashes—outside and in—the packing of every window and door frame with mose, of every window and over traine was more, and a careful papering of every room, are some of the means taken to prevent any circulation of the frosty air. For winter comfort, combined with the utmost facility for every conceivable ornamentation, commend to me the Norwegian log houses.

#### The Decay of Romanism.

What was Rome in 1790, and what is it now? Within these eighty years the Church-State and the temporal power of the Ger-man Episcopate have been dissolved; the possessions of the Church in France, Spain. and Italy, have been sold as national property. Everywhere has Protestant heresy obtained civil rights Protestant chapels flourish in Rome as well as in Madrid; the Protestant clergyman walks about unmolested, and disseminates his Bible by thousands and tens of thousands. Had not-since Napoleon's Consulate in France, and in other Catholic and Protestant States since the Congress of Vienna—political power steadily stood up for the Church; had not. since 1848, political reaction; leagued itself ecclesiastical reaction; had we done what the spokesman of Ulramontanism now so carnestly, so persistently demand left the Church to herself-the veil of the temple had long since been rent asunder. The German Catholic movement of 1840 by no means foundered on Peter's Rock; it was first hindered, then repressed, and finally strangled, though police measures, by State persecution. To the Church's advantage, in the very heat of t' contest, a Pope pronounced from the pulpit the word "Reform"—a Pope who, at that time, loved that his name should be connected with that of Ganganelli. The infallible Pope, Pius IX. was in the year 1840 the ideal of the Italian Liberals whom to-day he curses. The transformation which the world then hoped for at the hands of the Roman Cath-olic Church already east widely before it its majestic shadow. Wherefore secode from majestic shadow. Wherefore secone from a Church which intends to make its peace with modern culture and society? so said quiet, thoughtful people, and remained. The Syllabus, the "Non Possumus," and the mallibility dogma were necessary to prove that between modern society and Rome nothing real or durable can exist except war. Roman Catholicism is being surely driven to take up that position, which, fifteen hundred years ago, perishing heathendom oc-cupied with regard to ambitious Christen-

dom. It is the religion of the uneducated . . . So long as Rome could dispose of the secu-lar aim in herservice, and the night of ig-norance beshrouded the world, her mastery was easy. No intelligence was required to burn dissidents. The conflict of which we are now engaged in Germany derives the are now engaged in Germany derives the desperation of its character only from the fact that the State has too long favored and furthered the agressions of the Church... The Liberals over-estimate the strength of the adversary. In the end this battle must become a battle of intelligence; and upon that territory the Jesuists, ghostly as well as worldly, with all their dogmas and the miracles of the saints to boot, cannot but quickly come to grief. quickly come to grief.

Let Roman Catholisism look which way it will, it can claim as its own no great man of learning, no great poet or paint-er. Its most distinguished theologians have fallen away from it; the absolute contra-diction in which, sillily enough, it has set itself against modern discovery and natural science, presses it hardly even upon its own special field—theology. No man of learning can approach the Bible now-a-days in the harmlessly naive manner with which that Book was worst to be interested. that Book was wont to be interpreted at the beginning of this century. . . . The ora-tors of the Ultramontane journals, and orators against the professors of theology are well-known; but how much is wanting ere one of the partisans of Infallibility shall equal or surpass Dollinger in erudition? When they throw dirt at an artist like Kaulbach, they truly manifest a vulgar vigor: but they cannot set up against him a paint-er of equal eminence. There were once a Catholic erudition, a Catholic poetry, a Catholic school of painting and music; but they exist no longer. The last blossems on the life tree of Catholicism were Manzoni, Chateaubriand, and De Maistre. And how little in harmony with the priestly ideal thow little in harmony with the priestly ideal of the first of the nritable Bishop Ketteler, or the cursing Pius IX! No, it is in vain you strive to conquer the genius of the nineteenth century through that of the sixteenth.—Berlin National Zeitung.

THE son of a distinguished Spaniard, a THE son of a distinguished Spaniard, a Christian of high education, for some time connected with the ministery of the Roman Church, but who for years past as been a decided Protestant, has recently gone to Mexico, to take part in the Episcopal work in that remultic both in the ministers of

## Chinese Visiting Cards.

The Chinese are a cerially people, and their courteries are of a most hall study and punctitions abstractor. Visiting, for exanyle, is a serious affair, and has to be conoutled in accordance with a conventional ties, varying with the respective positions of the victor and visited, Cords are extensively used, but of a color and style far different from what we are accustomed to employ so mediums in the interchange of civiliues. The shapes and sizes, moreover, vary considerably with the excasion and the individual. The common plane earle used between equals consists of a single sheet of crimson paper, about 12 inches long by 4 inches broad, with the surname and name stamped or written in black ink, the more manimoth-like the character, the more im-posing and responsible. This is generally used smeng officials pretending to some rank or position. A card of about half the size is used by men of mienor rank and commoners, or even by the ingher officials where the parties are or intimute terms. Then there is the "complete card, as it is called, which is only employed on grand occasions, such as new-years calls, visits of congratu-lation on weddings, births, birthdays, acquirement of literary degrees, and the like ilso of condolence on deaths, etc. This card is folded, and must contain ten tolds, each sheet of which is as large as that of the first card described. The name of the individucard described. The name of the individual is inscribed on the right hand lower corner of the first fold; prefixed by the words, "Your stupid younger brother," and followed by the compliment, "bows his head and pays his respects." When the person visited belongs to a generation senior to the visitior, the latter styles himself, "Your stupid names "if two generations sonior the nephew;" if two generations senior, the visitor writes, "Your more than stupid nephew." Should the individual visited belong to a younger generation, the visitor takes to himself the name of "uncle" instead of "nephew," retaining, however, the depre-catory appellative of "stupid." There are still further varieties of self-designation, according to the particular graduations of re-lationship; but those I have quoted will suffice to give an idea of the punctilious rules peculiar to Chinese visiting. I may add that the eard last described is, as a matter of etiquette, always to be understood to be returned to the visitor; it being, presumably, expensive to leave such voluminous proofs of regard with a number of friends.

—The Foreigner in Far Cathay, by W. H. Medhurel. Medhurst.

### How Drinking Causes Apople xy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common, hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special harm results. But suppose a man keeps on this harm results. drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast, in such large quantities, that, in order to make room for it, the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so they press against the more yielding flaccid veins, which carry the blood out of the brain and thus diminish the size of their pores, the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence, a man may drink enough of brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is literally being dead drunk.

## Works of Creation.

Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation, wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupation of consummate interest and subject of clarated modificing terest, and subject of elevated meditation. The contemplation of the works of Creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble, accomplishing the object of all study—which, in the ele-gant language of Sir James Mackintosh, is "to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, and of that supreme and eternal lind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness." By the love or the delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for the high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from sciject of study which can be derived from seionce. The magnitude and splendor of the
objects, the inconceivable rapidity with
which they move, and the enormous distance between them, impress the mind with
some notion of the energy that maintains
them in their motions, with 2 durability to
which we can see no limit. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great First
Cause, in having endowed man with faculties by which he can only appreciate the
magnificence of His works, but trace, with
precision, the operation of His laws, use the
globe He inhabits as a base wherewith to
measure the magnitude and distance of the
sun and planets, and make the diameter of sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firma-ment. Such pursuits, while they cunoble the mind, at the same time inculcate hu-mility, by showing that there is a barrier which no energy, mental or physical can which no energy, mentat or physical can enable us to pass; that, however profound-ly we may Lenetrate the depths of space, there still remain innumerable systems, compared with which these, apparently so yast, must dwindle into insignifiance, or even become invisible; and that not only man, but the globe he inhabits—nay, the whole system of which it forms so small a part—might be annihilated and its extinction be unperceived in the immensity of creation.—Mrs. Somerville.

#### Oustoms of Madagascar.

The form of government in Madagascare was, and we may say is, patriarchial. The unit, or simple element, is the Emily; and just as the father is the ruler of his children and dependents, so in the village the head-man, along with the elders, or old men, exercized the duties of magistrates. The king, again, was the great father of his subjects; and to the present day the sovereign is addressed as the father and mother of the peo ple; and he in turn, reversing the compli-ment, speaks of the people as his father and prother. Thus, when the present Queen of Madagascar was crowned, addressing the people, she said, "O ye under heaven here assembled! I have father and mother, having you; therefore, may you live, and may God bless you!" Then referring to the judges and officers, and explaining their relation to the people, she said, "I have made them fathers of the people, and leaders to teach them wisdom." The Malagasy are firm believers in the doctrine of divine right. The sovereign is, in their eyes, in very truth God's vicegerent. Indeed, until with in the few past years, it was customary to salute him as God, or God seen by the eye. The late Queen Rasoahery was the first who forbade these blasphernous appella-

The very belongings of the sovereign are treated with respect. It is no very uncom-mon thing, while being carried about the streets, for your bearers suddenly to run off to some side path to be out of the way. On looking for the cause of this, it will be found that a small procession is passing along, consisting of a forerunner, with a spear, who duly shouts out for the passengers to "clear the way!" Behind are two or four men, it may be carrying water-pots filled with water for royal use, and followed again by an officer armed with a spear. The summons to get out of the way is obeyed by a rush to the side of the rond, and the passersby stand uncovered until the procession has passed. This is to prevent the water, or whatever else it may be, being bewitched. The Queen, and some of the higher mem-

bers of the royal family, who have principalities in distant parts of the country, in addition to a good many other feudal rights, are entitled to a rump of every bullock that is killed on the island. The actual rump is conveyed to officers appointed to receive it. This is a custom curious to all, and is deeply interesting to the student of antiquities. Why, the very name anatomists give this part is suggestive. It is called the sacrum, or sacred part, the part devoted to gods in Greece and Rome. But, tracing this up to a higher source, we find that in the Levitical law this part was specially directed to be offered up to the Lord. Thus we read in the third chapter of Leviticus: "And if his offering for a sacrifice of peace offering unto the Lord be of the flock, male or female, he shall offer it without blemsh. If he offer a lamb for his offering, then shall he offer it before the Lord And he shall lay his hand upon the head of his offering, and kill it before the tabernacle of the congregation: and Aaron's sons shall sprinkle the blood thereof round about upon the altar. And he shall offer of the sacrifice of the peace-offering, an offering made by fire unto the Lord; the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it shall be taken off hard by the back-bone; and the fat that covereth the inwards.....And the priest shall burn it upon the altar: it is the food of the offering made by fire unto the Lord" (ver. 6-11.) We may just mention also that the same part of the fowl is upolly given by whith. fowl is usually given by children or servants

to their father or superior. When the Queen goes abroad she is attended by above a thousand soldiers, and a great number of camp attendants. She is carried in a palanquin, as the roads are too bad to allow carriages to be employed. When a carriage which had been presented to Radama I. was carried up to the capital, he seated himself in it; and instead of being drawn in it by his faithful subjects, they lifted it, wheels and all, and he had the satisfaction of enjoying a carriage drive after a fashion altogether novel. The palanquin is preceded by attendants dancing, shouting, and singing, with music.—Harper's Il'cek

# Trial.

You can't stand it! Why not? Others are had a much harder time than you. You can't stand it! Why not? Others have had a much harder time than you. You have not been used well? Very hkely. A great many have not been used well; but that is no reason they should kill themselves. You don't mean to kill yourself, but go where they will use you better! Is that the best way? Now, is it not better to think more of how you use others, and less of how they use you? Think of it awhile. Was Jesus always used well? What then? Did they run from the cause? Let me tell you what to do. "Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Why, bless you, trial is for your good. Endurance is a part of the Christian life, you know. Sometimes it is the best of doing. Read the Benedictions. Does Jesus say, Blessed are the it is the best of doing. Read the Benedictions. Does Jesus say, Blessed are the people that have a 'good time'? And yot what a good time we sometimes have in doing and enduring. And can we not endure? You can not see what trials are for? May be to prove you, and show you what is in your own heart. what trinis are for containing to prove you, and show you what is in your own heart; may be to keep you from folly, and lightness, and sin, into which mon fall if they are not tried; may be to let you know how precious Jesus is to the tried and tempted

"Trials make the promise sweet, Trials give new life to prayer, Bring me to the Saviour's feet, Lay me low and keep me there,"

A talking man makes himself artificially deaf, being like the man in the steeple when the bell rings .- Jeremy Taylor.

Milton has carefully marked in his Satar, the intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism, which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven.—Colcridge.

Make it a rule neverto utter any unnecessary complaint or murmurs, but in patience to possess your souls.—Mrs. Cameron. Ohurch Music.

Eusebins, one of the Brothers Prims of Eusebius, one of the Brethers Prime of the New York Observer, has been on a visit to St. John, N.B. Writing from that city he thus describes the singing which he had heard on the previous Lord's Day, in a Congregational Church in New England. The solemn worship of God was intro-

The solumn worship of God was introduced by a solo, "Consider the Lilies," performed by the leading singer of the choir gracefully accompanied by the organ. So far as the music was concerned, it was beauiar as the music tifully and faultlessly rendered. The voice tifully and faultlessly rendered. The voice was clear and melodious, every note was accurately struck, and every word distinct ly enunciated. According to the rules of church music which now prevail in the most refined circles at the present day it was all admirably done; but I am not among those who regard such performances as a proper mode of conducting the worship of God's house, or as in anywise conductive to devotional feeling on the part of the audience. The effect upon my own mind was to devotional feeling on the part of the audience. The effect upon my own mind was anything but devotional. The singer commenced, "Consider the lilies of the field," &c., and when she came to the application it ran thus: "And yet I say unto you—that even Solomon in all his glory—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—like one of these—was not arrayed—linterlude by the organ—was not arrayed—(interlude by the organ)—like one of these." And then she went back again and asseverated in the most emphatic manner, "I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—interlude by the organ phatic manner, "I say unto you, that even solomon in all his glory was not arrayed for poor Solomon, lest he should never get the first of his garments on for poor Solomon, lest he should never get

I was reminded of another piece of church—not sacred—music, in which the soprano leads off with the announcement, oprano leads on with the annual cement,
'I will wash"—Then comes in the contralto,
'I will wash"—And the tenor, "I will wash"— "I will wash"—And the tenor, "I will wash"—and then from the profoundest depths comes up the guttural of the basso, saying also "I will wash,"—and last of all they strike in together, crying, out in concert, "I will wash." No one would imagine that this singular and off-remoted a proposed of an intended ship. peated announcement of an intended ablution was a rendering in sacred song, for the spiritual edification of a Christian congregation, of these solemn words of the Psalmist, "I will wash mine hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altar, O Lord!"

the first of his garments on.

The fugue tunes, in which, in olden times, the several parts were made to chase each other up and down the scale and about, had this much to be said in their favor; they were not composed and executed for the silent admiration of a worshiping cut for the silent admiration of a worshiping assembly—the whole congregation was allowed to join in the chase. The author of the "Rector of St. Bardolph's" gives a ludicrous illustration, which I beg the printer to insert here, providing he can lay his hand mon it. hand upon it.

There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St, Bardolph's did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, they would have sung the sermon and way, they would have sung the sermon and made more out of the "Amen" than any other p. rt. But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the fugue tunes, in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the 183d Psalm:

'True love is like that precious oil Wha h poured on Aaron's head, Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes It's costly moisture shed."

In the prodigious effort of this perior-mance the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that oily current poured on Anron's head and which

Ran bown his beard and o'er his robes Ran down his beard-

And o'er his robes

Ran down his beard –ran down his

er his robes His robes, his robes, ran down his beard,

Ran down his Leard

h-i-s b-e-a-r-d, Its costly moist-

Randown his beard— —uro-beard-his-beard-shed Ran down his beard- his-down his robes-

-it costly moist-his-beard-ure shedhis-cost-his robes-his robes-ure shed I-t-s c-o-s-t-l-y moist-ure-shed.

Rector of St. Bardolph's, p. 160.] I am not among those who indulge in lamentations over the degeneracy of the times, but I am sure that in this part of the sanctuary there has been a great departure from the simplicity and spirituality of Code marking and appropriate very free that the simplicity and spirituality of Code marking and area from the very free that the simplicity and area from the very free that the simplicity and area from the very free that the simplicity and area from the very free that the simplicity and the simplici rature in the snapicity and spirituality of God's worship, and even from its very nature. In numberless instances to which I have been a suffering witness, the sacred service of God's praise has been turned in the amount of the sacred service. to a mere musical display, modeled after the concert-room, or the opera, designed simply for the entertainment of the congre-gation, and having no more relation to the worship of God than a theatrical perfor-mance. Now that our churches one point. mance. Now that our churches are painted and decorated more gaily even than the theatres, and the quartette of aristocratio performers are elevated to the most conspicuous place in the gaze of the congregation, and the style of music made to correspond, it appears to me that if the Master pond, it appears to me that if the Master should come again to our world and enter into one of our fashionable churches, of which there are so many of every name, he would use his scourge of small cords and say to those who are called to conduct the worship of the sanctuary, in some such words as these: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an overa-

make not my Father's house an opera-But I must pause.

No man is so happy as a real Christian; none so rational, so virtuous, so amiable, how little vanity does he feel, though he believes himself united to God! How far is he from abjectedness when he ranks himself with the worms of the earth!—Pascal.

As ships must at sea, a moment together, As supps meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without halling him, and if he needs, giving him supplies as Received.