

Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife from her bed chamber... Love lightens labor...

The farmer went to the field, and the wife... Love lightens labor...

Just think the children all called in a breath... Love lightens labor...

Dr. Arnot's Preaching.

A correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer, writing from Edinburgh, Scotland... Dr. Arnot's preaching...

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

The Scripture lesson was short, followed by a few pithy comments, and the sermon...

The Doctor has a rich Scotch brogue, which added to his passages of pathos... Dr. Arnot's preaching...

It was a feast of fat things. There was just this to mar it—whenever he lifted his face from the Bible...

The Log House of Norway

A correspondent of the Scientific American, who has been having a week of uninterrupted sunshine near the North Cape... The log house of Norway...

timbers; and over these slats come one or more layers of birch bark... The decay of Romanism...

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 German Episcopate have been dissolved...

It is the religion of the uneducated... The religion of the uneducated...

Let Roman Catholicism look which way it will, it can claim as its own no great man of learning, no great poet or painter... The religion of the uneducated...

The son of a distinguished Spaniard, a Christian of high education, for some time connected with the ministry of the Roman Church... The religion of the uneducated...

Chinese Visiting Cards.

The Chinese are a sociable people, and their courtesies are of a most liberal and generous character... Chinese visiting cards...

How Drinking Causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain... How drinking causes apoplexy...

Works of Creation.

Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation... Works of creation...

The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science... Works of creation...

Customs of Madagascar.

The form of government in Madagascar was, and may yet be, patriarchal... Customs of Madagascar...

The very belongings of the sovereign are treated with respect. It is no very uncommon thing, while being carried about the streets, for your bearers suddenly to run off to some side path to be out of the way... Customs of Madagascar...

The Queen, and some of the higher members of the royal family, who have principalities in distant parts of the country... Customs of Madagascar...

When the Queen goes abroad she is attended by above a thousand soldiers, and a great number of camp attendants... Customs of Madagascar...

Trial.

You can't stand it! Why not? Others have had a much harder time than you... Trial...

Trials make the promise sweet, Trials give new life to prayer... Trial...

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

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

Make it a rule never to utter any unnecessary complaint or murmur, but in patience to possess your souls... Trial...

Church Music.

Eusebius, one of the Brothers Prims 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... Church music...

I was reminded of another piece of church—not sacred—music, in which the soprano leads off with the announcement, "I will wash"—Then comes in the contralto, "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 together, crying, out in concert, "I will wash."... Church music...

The fugue tunes, in which, in older 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 worshipping assembly—the whole congregation was allowed to join in the chase... Church music...

[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 made more out of the "Amen" than any other part. But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the fugue tunes, in which they emulated to interrupt and out-strip each other, as in the 138th Psalm:]... Church music...

True love is like that precious oil Which poured on Aaron's head, Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes Its costly moisture shed... Church music...

In the prodigious effort of this performance the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's head and which... Church music...

Ran down his beard and o'er his robes | Ran down his beard—his robes—

And o'er his robes— Ran down his beard—ran down his robes—

His robes, his robes, ran down his beard, Ran down his—

Ran down his beard—his robes—

Its costly moist— Ran down his beard—

—ran—beard—his—beard—shed Ran down his beard—his—down his robes—

Its costly moist—his—beard—shed—his—costly—his robes—his robes—shed Its costly moist—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 God's worship, and even from its very nature... Church music...

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 abjectness when he ranks himself with the worms of the earth!—Pascal.

As ships 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 halting him, and if he needs, giving him supplies... Church music...