Provincial Meslevan.

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HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1857.

Whole No. 418.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN !

The Unknown:

A POFM DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY.

Deep in the mind of man, That wondrous transcript of the Eternal Mind That brightest effluence of the central orb Which fills a vast infinitude with light, There ever lives, with ceaseless longing fraught The restless genius of enquiring zeal. The vast unknown, with all its mystic forms Of present darkness and of distant light, Is the wide circle of its starry course, Where glows with suns unnumbered the blo

Of heaven, it eager turns its asking eye And bends its pinions in celestial flight. Where mystery shrouds in drapery sublime The real essence of the things that are. It hovers with delight, and would assume The grand prerogative of Diety itself; It lives! No power beneath can ever daunt The burning iris of its flaming eye-No force can quell the energy sublime With which it seeks the sable realms of night It finds its wafture on the viewless wind Or on the vivid lightning's streaming flash ;-Its pathway, the unmeasured line of truth-Its resting-place, the universe of God. Child of eternity ! awake ! awake ! Spread thy fair plumage to the air of heaven For in the deep-toned voices of the past Is the sure pledge of victory to come

Onward thy path! though the cold clay m And leave the unimprisoned spirit free, Thy all remains -- thy destiny -- thyself --Firm as the pillars of the universe. Onward thy path! through all the endles

change That spirit knows-till on thy eagle course The full-orbed sun shall rise, and thou shalt

Even as thou art known. The hour will come When all of earth and all of fame shall die; Yet we may live may live with those who

Unceasing rapture round the throne of GoD.-May trace through epochs of eternal joy Fresh records of the power of Him who gives Us immortality. The soul yet lives; And casting of the dim forebodings of Its sadder hours, it ever lives to act. The swelling music of a distant world Unnumbered echoes warble in its ear, And scenes than starlit beavens more grand, are The bright'ning visions of its sleepless hours. Mysterious Unknown whose ebon walls Rise like the pillars of eternal night, Whose vast circumference no eye can trace

Not scan the summit of thy shaded form. The mighty herald of unnumbered toils. To know the mysteries-explore the night-People thy chaos-and with light reveal The densest shades of the all-grasping gloom. These are the noblest efforts of the mind, And task archangel intellect itself. Ages have rolled away

Since in Time's early dawn mankind stoo

Arrayed in garments of unsullied light. Trace through whole records of our errin Through all the strange vicissitudes of life;-

Stand were the crystal waters leaped, and view The loveliest vistas of a paradise, Where love beatified the passing hours: There you will find the same proud spirit rise To seek communion with the things unknown, That reigneth yet, with its resistless-sway Through all the wide-spread bosts of earth-born

From every vista of that rapturous scene The soul caught rays of borrowed light divid Sat by the gushing fountains of ennobling Thought, and loving pleasures drank from the Fore stream which ever flows fast by the throne And oracles of God.

This is a world of change-From the mere clod of perisbable dust To man, creation's ornament, it reigns Supreme. Borne swift along the unceasing

If time, beneath its crumbling touch thrones shake

And empires fall, and nations disappear, In dark oblivion for ever lost. Where once Judea's maidens touched their harps To the glad strains of Hebrew melody, The Moslem reigns and desolation sits Upon the land by angel legions trod, While o'er the spot where shone the Eternal Sun, thick darkness broods.

With all its beauty and revealing light, But chants the requiem of a perished world. The troubled Tiber, as it flows, awakes The welcome memories of distant years: The blue Ægean, with its marble brink, Still gladly sparkles in the Orient sun; Yet the gay crowds that sported on their banks The vestal virging and the men of might_ The thoughtful sages and the glorious ones, Whose names shall live, decked with the fade-

less charm Of immortalifty-whose thoughts outsoared The lowlier flights of unassuming man; Whose musings are the reverent theme of All succeeding time; -all these are gone, an Ebon night sits brooding o'er the grave.

let from their dust there bursts a vo through the Dim space of ages clear, that loudly calls To toil, to triumph, glory and renown. Ye future eras! that perchance may hear The toneful echoes of our warning voice, list as ye catch the distant notes which swee Forever through the passages of Time :-

"The trophies of our toils may rest in dust, Their radiant glories may have sunk in gloon And yet we live, because we snatched from death

That which may never die. We built our Upon a thousand bills. A thousand tribes The captive chaplet wore. These glories

And yet the stars that twinkle in the Eternal Blue—the glassy deep—the sylvan shades— These are the lasting pillars of our praise. No light from Heaven fell dazzling on our Pathway dim. The sun was unrevealed Which pours transparency on natures wide Domain; and know we not the One, whose

is everlasting light-whose beamings reach All the wide circle of eternity. Forever on! ye who have known the God Who reigneth well, the Mighty, Iufinite, Forever upward! till e'en flesh shall feel The conscious impulse of the stirring Soul Such is the cadence of the voiceless past.

May we but eatch the strains which ever sweep Its viewless strings. It is a God like aim To solve the mysteries of the dark Unknown, Which rises yet, with all the vastness of Infinity. The rugged path may lead O'er mountains of eternal snow, where freeze The tender thinkings of an aimless soul; Yet may it tend, in progress infinite,

To endless blessings, to Heaven, to God. It hath been trod by all the great, the wise, The good-by all who live forever In the hearts of men - an arduous, sun-lit path Shades of the mighty! Ye who ever rest On victor couches, or in laurel tombs !-The bright insignia of the robes ye wear, These are the guerdons of your sure reward. Thought rules the world. Its empire is th

Domain of all created things. It rises high On angel wings, and then with rapture dwells Amid the grandeur of an unseen sphere. It poured the streams of splendor wild, tha bathed

The sunny Orient in living light. It tracks the rolling surface of the deep, And revels in its disembowelled wealth. It marks the courses of the shining spheres-Those radiant forms of symbolled harmony. It climbs the mountain's crest, and rudely tear His proud regalia from the King of Night; While the clear brow, with regal glory stamped Bows in submission to its god-like sway. Divinest thought! be thy glad triumphs ours Triumps that never fade, that never die; Which like the spirit-essence, shall remain Forever living, and forever sure. There is a world

Of uncreated light, where ever dwell

The spirits of the just. No night obscures The noon-day radiance of that brighter sphere No sickness droops the loosened pinions of The eager soul. No intervening cloud Dims the bright vision of a scene so fair To spirit gaze. Beside the crystal streams That freely course the plains of blessedness, They quaff the waters of eternal youth; Before the throne of Him whose presence fills Angelic hosts with ecstasy supreme, They learn the song of immortality. Eternity their home, they ceaseless raise Their lottier anthems to the King of Light, As they behold in Heaven's unclouded Sun. The vanished myst'ries of forgotten time. Urge on your course! the path's forever free, The road to triumph and the way to God! The spirits of the blessed still find delight In all the wondrous sciences of Heaven. And seraphs burning from their thrones of gold View bright unveilings of Omnipotence. Why do ye pause? The spirit's summons bes That bids you leave the dreary realms of sense, Awake ! awake ' Your innate right assert, To sound the wonders of the world of thought, -The penetralia of the vast Unknown. Upon you path eternal light shall fall, And transient mysteries shall fade like dream

Where knowledge reigns, and darkness is un known, With all the great who sleep the sleep of death, Your bodies shall repose in glorious Sepulchre. Around the tombs shall float the Blessings of the good. Upward undaunted Press. Unloose the fetters of the struggling Soul, and emulate the hierarchs of

Old Age.

Heaven. *

There came one day into our office a brothe ninister, who, in a free and easy chat, men ioned that he had a short time previously preached a sermon to "the old people" in his congregation. The idea struck us as novel. We scarcely ever were pastor where there was enough "old people" to permit a sermon to them without being per anal-which seemed to descend from gens o species, if not also from species to indivi ual. The good man left the office, but the sermon and the topic would remain be hind. Of these we could not be quit. Ye not enough of the sermon was committed to our care to give a chance to steal. But we will now bave a talk with the aged.

This limits our audience, for in this gray heads- few whose days have reached "allotted span." The country is too young to have grown its old people. Few of advanced years come hither; and, we may as well say so, the hurry and rush, the stimulated life of the Northwest, despite the purity of the air and native healthfulness of the clime, are unfavorable to longevity. Pepper and spice are good, but one needs something else to live on. This lack of the old men is painfully apparent to the former residents of the Atlantic states, and

To those who come from the old countrie." We incline to think that men generally allop through and out of the world a long ime before they need to. This may startle some of our readers, and seem to be most juestionable theology; but we assure them hat it is gravely stated, and can be successfully defended. And it will be our first exhortation, Live so you may live as long as possible. It may affect your title to heaven you go to claim it too soon.

Old age comes on insensibly. "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he -comes upon that student, and he wonders why his eye grows dim-upon that orator. nd he wonders why his voice does not ring

that age, instead of losing the hold upon the

O my coevais' remnant of ourselves, Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave' Shall we shall aged mem-like aged trees, Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling, Still more enamored of this wretched soil' Shall our pale withered hand be still stretched (Tremble at once with eagerness and age, With avarice and convulsions grasping hard'

Oh, venerable fathers, do not strike on this rock, and make shipwreck just in sight of port !-struggled for, toiled for, prayed for Don't let a dollar destroy your soul! Again, advanced age is prone to censor

isness. Times have changed—men have changed, and forgetting that such conduct is not wise, they are perpetually crying, "The former days were better than these."— Times have changed, but the change is this -the seed the aged planted is now yielding its harvest. This is so in religion-so in politics-so in literature. Aged men speak of the strifes of this age. We would not have had them had not the fathers adjourned their hard questions to the next generation for an answer. But much of this murmuring arises from the want of a sweet spirit. The age has its evils-so had every age. There were always bad men since some time before the flood. Don't forget that when you abuse your times. Keep a sweet Spirit—keep a happy soul—SHOUT EVERY DAY! God has given thousands of blessings-praise him. "A merry heart is a continual feast."

A mirthful man was he; the snows of age Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety, Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain With such wild visions as the setting sun

So says the "Wizard of the North" mere mirth in old age. Christian cheerfulness is far nobler, far higher. It gilds life's sunset with loveliest hues-its blendings are richer far than prismatic colors.

Fretfulness is another special temptation and oh how sad to see one who must soon go before God, ceaselessly fretting, perpetually worrying! How much better to seek that resignation which says, "Allelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! I am sure that he is able to keep that I have committed to him unto that day. Hence I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Dear fathers and mothers! You are to the younger the real exponent of Christianity. It they see that it lives in you amid the winter of age, cheering all, blessing all, making all sunshine around you, then no infidel teaching can lead them away from this demonstrated faith. But if they see avarice, and censoriousness, and fretfulness predominating-if they can see no single victory worth fighting for, gained by grace -if, after all your professions of joy, confiing nor writing will convince those under your immediate influence that religion Twill lead you to the perfect realms of day, other than a bootless cheat.

And now, should you not be happy Look over "all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee." Is it not strewn with mercies? Have you not been kept until conflict and sorrow are almost over? Have you not a God worthy to be trusted and had in remembrance? A Saviour, loving, tender, kind, and "able to save the uttermost?" And is not heaven nearer than when you first put the armor on? Its glories ought to shine through the thin, blue vail, and gladden even now your eyes.— Your hard work is almost over you may

I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping-

Beyond the waking and the reaping
I shall be sowing and the reaping
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever

I : hall be soon; Beyond the rock waste and the river, Egyond the fock waste and the reEgyond the ever and the never,
I shall be roon.
Love, rest, and HOME!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come

Show us, aged men and women, who have walked with God, that "your labor is not in vain in the Lord "-that now you nighty Northwest we have few men of are sweetly upheld and are HAPPY! - West.

The Mountains on Fire.

The Rev. H ----, of the Kentucky con erence, related to me the following incident in regard to himself. When admitted to conference, his first appointment was to the mountains of western Virginia. His presiding elder requested him to study first the branches of science laid down in the "regular course of reading" for candidates for deacon's orders." He, remarked that during the winter he could study but little. as he had to lodge in the same room with the families among whom he had labored. In those days of log-cabins, parlors and well-furnished upper rooms" were not to be found in that region of country. However, in the summer he resorted to the woods to study the "prescribed sciences." "Oh sir," said he, "no language can describe how Satan buffeted me for a long season." Logic and rhetoric were dry and uninteresting studies to a man far from home-from wife and children. "At one time," said he, "I had a fearful struggle, knoweth not." Its footfall is silent and which lasted for several hours, and I had light as the steps of time, yet marcheth it as surely and as steadily. It comes upon that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, but he believes it not that man of business, and I had almost made up my mind to quit the field and return to my worldly occupation. But into my saddle-bags, my hand rested upon my pocket Bible. I took it out and commenced reading in it; I soon became deeply and his oratory stir the masses as in other interested. Bright and celestial rays dar days.

Old age brings peculiar trials which demand peculiar watchfulness. It is strange, that age, instead of losing the hold upon the were soon on fire, and I arose and made the world, stiffens and confirms it. Men ought to become liberal and large-hearted as they of 'glory to God in the highest; on earth advance in years, but the direct reverse is the rule. Men grow avaricious and closed dear reader, he saw by faith, while reading fisted and close-hearted, unless, with special the Bible, what the servant of Elisha could care, they keep their hearts in the sunshine not see—the mountain full of horses and of love. Aged men have special need to chariots. "After this victory," said the remember the warning, "Take heed and minister, "I always took my Bible with me that three-score years can give, I now, on in the abundance of the things of another scripture, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."

It is our solemn conviction, that many an old Christian will make shipwreck finally and fatally upon this rock, and from having seen a zealous, happy servant of Christ, will seen a zealous, happy servant of Christ, will seen a zealous, happy servant of Christ, will sisted that in the abundance of the things and especially the dread as habitually treating in an irrevent way the makes her rejoice in living more for her child than for herself, this burden and heavy being an are turned into pleasure. When we have come into the world, still it is only it is only it is only by through love—through long, patient, watch. God will make you strong to labor. We of reformation and a holy life.

Look again at the effect of this sin upon the feebleness of childhood, and the many and the many and loving friends and relatives; but that three-score years can give, I now, on the world, that there-score years can give, I now, on the shealth and shibitually treating in an irrevent way the makes her rejoice in living more for her child than for herself, this burden and heavy be an extended in a mother's heart, and which makes her rejoice in living more for her child than for herself, this burden and heavy be an extended in a mother's heart, and which makes her rejoice in living more for her child than for herself, this burden and heavy be an e he possesseth." The old miser also gives sad proof of another scripture, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."

on the Uthen read God's precious word constantly. Pray, also, as did Baxter, Luther, Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, Asbury, M'Kendree, Hedding, and many whom old Christian will make shipwreck finally and fatally upon this rock, and from having may almost do as much good in our closets been a zealous, happy servant of Christ, will by importunate, agonizing prayer, as many come to be a covetous idolater. Heed the ministers accomplish in the pulpit.—The

says: "This service may be finished with ediction." Strange as this seems to us, we But dancing has actually formed part of the vine a condition, that while fixing his sence. Nor has the delusion been confined tics arose at Aix-la-Chapelle, whose creed ommitting unheard of crimes were over-

and fanatical people, it is curious to observe he designed to re-enact the commandment that the lower any race is in the scale of quoted. humanity, the more enamored are they of able contact. The Malays, instead of bow ing, spit upon their partners when the music strikes up. - Peripatetic Papers.

Profanity.

An irreverent use of sacred names-particularly of the names of the Godhead—is a crime of no questionable grade, and is to be ranked among the most malignant exhibitions of human depravity. All sin is mathat he preferred reading the infidel. His day, and let him meditate upon it by night; him was reared by those to whom he cwes ignant; but this is so in a peculiar sense, acking as it does the presence of the usual incitements to sin. It is, apparently, the surplus rancor of a corrupt nature struggling for escape from a heart overflowing with bitter enmity to God. The heart profanes the name of God-the tongue is but the instrument; "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," especially in

blasphemy. The commandments of God disturb the selfishness and pleasure-seeking nature of man, and the violator of most of them can plead, in extenuation of his guilt some pre sent advantage, such as it is, for his indulgence-the Sabbath-breaker, the covetous the licentious, may offer some excuse; but the swearer-what can he plead? even the disgustingly paltry gratification which even sin, in ordinary cases, offers to its votaries.

Believe us, reader, it will not pay. Does t add to a man's respectability that he is profane? Nay, nothing is more disreputable in the eyes of all sober people. So far from being honorable, it is tolerated even only by the most abandoned of our race .-The intelligent, not to say pious, shrink from the atmosphere of profanity as life shrinks from death. One is disposed to press the juestion at every step, why do men swear? Revenge is sweet; but on whom are we avenged when anger finds expression in un-manly oaths? Your fellow worm offends you, and you blaspheme—do you strike at him or God? Against whom do you lift up your mouth? Why insult God because nother has insulted you? Do you not see that this stupid vice is utterly without mo-

Does it add to the credibility of what you say when you back it by an oath? A vice s new often found alone, and you may rest assured that nothing can so shake our confidence in the truthfulness of a man as to find him reckless of his duty to God. The rule is disturbed by but few exceptions, that where a man disregards one part of his moral obligations habitually, he is but little to be trusted in anything else where he is exposed to special temptation. Indeed we know not what is to restrain a man from any sin, f the fear of God does not; but the swearr—does he fear God?

How dreadful, too, is the effect of this

pre-eminently so here. A swearer will dangers which beset youth, to the strength multiply swearers around him. His oaths of riper years. So all important, indeed, Christian."

were usually interspersed with dancing, hundred fold. This practice sweeps away the milk from its mother's breast, is made which seems then, as now, to have been a all tenderness from the public conscience, to suck in the love of its mother along with very serious affair. And in the directions and reduces to zero the moral sensibility of it. Every meal it eats should teach it to for a grand cathedral service at the Church society. Nor is this all. Viewing the pre- love those who feed it; indeed, even brute losophy is sense ministering to reason of La Valliere in Rome, the official mandate sent state as in part retributive, we cannot animals do so. Every game of its childor without a dance"—which indeed may be "Because of swearing the land mourneth," Every lesson it learns should teach it to said of anything else—"if the dance be premourns, not only because of positive infliction love those who are so kind as to take the philosophy has no necessary connection ferred, it shall come immediately after the tions which may follow from the Divine trouble of training it up in the ways of Sanctus. And while the hymn to the hand, but also by reason of the many social knowledge and understanding. - Architecton higher powers is being sung, the four principal dancers shall regularly perform a ballet, accompanied with caprioles and entre
Not that every swearer would commit legal chats, and so after each stanza till the ben- perjury for doubtless many of them would abhor this crime; still there are others of should recollect that even in our own coun- less moral stamina, who, accustomed to the try the common people were at one time most awful trifling with the solemnities of played out of church at the end of the sermon an oath, find at last but little in its moral y a fiddle, when they formed a dance in the obligations to restrain them from legal per churchyard. "This harmless and pleasing jury where passion, or prejudice demands practice," says Rees, "has been totally abothe sacrifice of truth. Indeed to such an ished by the Methodists." The religious extent is the truth of these remarks taking origin of dances of this sort is obvious. - hold on the minds of serious men, that they regard oaths of office and of testimony as 100 eligion of some persons. There was one often a solemn mockery, courts of justice a Hermotinus among the Gnostics, who, we farce, and office-holders mere foragers on ead, frequently danced himself into so di- public revenues. The heaven-daring qualities of this sin thoughts intently upon any bright star, he will be seen more clearly when we look at was able to project his soul into it, and this the solemn admonitions of the Bible touchhe did repeatedly, till one night his wife inz it. It has a singular prominence in the burnt his body while his soul was away, so Decalogue. The prohibition stands in the

that when he come back he found that he first table, among our duties to God: "Thou had been clandestinely killed during his ab- shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold o individuals; for, in 1573, a sect of fana- him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. When the great Teacher would transfer onsisted mainly in dancing, and who, after to the new dispensation the moral sanctions

of that which was soon to disappear, he powered and slain by the Elector; and thus, said to the multitudes who thronged him, says Prynne, "were sent down to dance with "Swear not at all." The significance of the injunction was not so much to prohibit The records of the Jumpers and dancing Derwishes furnish similar instances of fana-oath, as to interdict utterly all use of the ticism. While we are talking of barbarous name of God in a profane way; in a word,

Whether, then, we consider the nature o this amusement. Gallina says, that if one this sin; its utter uselessness as to purposes plays a violin at the Gold Coast, the inhaber even of sinful pleasure; its unhappy influitants cannot refrain from dancing. In all ence upon the swearer himself, and the bale savage nations the practice prevails, frequently accompanied with great cruelty and him; the obliteration of the reverence which icentiousness. In Ashantee no less than should be felt for the sanctity of an oath, one thousand five hundred persons stand up and consequent decline in value of testimoat once,—the king in the midst, beating ny, and oaths of office; or, the prohibitions time on the tom-toms, and killing any body of the Bible; the warnings given, and the who spoils the figure. The Mexicans also dance in large numbers to the sound of low, we reach the same conclusion namely —if, after all your professions of joy, confidence, sufficient grace, and perfect love, no abiding fruits are seen, then neither preaching a difficult dance, and place him where it difficult dance, and place him where it man's rebellion against God.—Pittsburgh avoid a disagree- Christian Advo

The Infidel and the Christian Child.

"Uncle Bob" was a great scholar. He

don't you love God?" "I do love my God." " Who is that, uncle !"

"It is the Beautiful-beautiful object in nature and art." "Do you mean the Falls of Niagara and

the Crystal Palace." "Who made the Falls uncle!"

"I don't known, Nettie." " If you could see the one that made th Falls, uncle, would you love him?" " If that could be I should adore him. "I love him, uncle," said the little girl.

ove all who love him. You must read about him in my new Bible." "I know the Bible, Nettie. It is nothing but a piece of Jewish mythological his-

Are there any prophecies in other nythologies, uncle?

"All the world knows, uncle, that the Bible prophecies have been fulfilled, and I should like to know if any kind of mythology has ever been spread all offer the world, and created love, and peace, and joy in people's hearts like the history of our Savior?" Uncle Bob made no reply.

The Lesson of Love. The whole of our earthly life is a never-

ending, still-beginning lesson, that we are designed to live for others; not for ourselves. For suppose that we were to live solely for ourselves; suppose that the heart of selfishmen as to embrace the offspring of their own bodies; suppose that our parents, our nurses, our teachers, every one through the amount of its knowledge, but in the whose kind ministrations we have grown broad and noble principles of which that up to what we are, had lived altogether for knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. themselves, what would have become of us? The most laborious and successful stu-Should we ever have risen from our cradle? Should we ever have had a cradle to rise few of God's works; but this limited knowfrom? Surely our first moments would ledge of things may still suggest universal have been our last. We should have been laws, broad principles, grand ideas; and drowned like so many puppies or kittens. How dreadful, too, is the effect of this vice upon the person addicted to the habit. As it breaks down the hedge of conscience which God throws around every man, it leaves him without restraint in the hour of had not strangled it beforehand, for giving prehending, eternal!—Dr. Channing. excitement and solicitation to sin. How her so much pain. Yes, assuredly, the great is the value of natural conscience; and whole of our early life is a never-ending, ow great its struggles to keep a man pure, lesson of love. Only through love, accorduntil overborne by long continued disregard ing to that sacred law whereby mankind It is related of Coleridge, that in the deand outrage, it sinks at last into silence and are increased, only through love, unless that cline of life he remarked:—" I have known leaves the sinner to the unrestrained indulgence of passions and tempers which cast up
gence of passions and tempers which cast up
the world. We come into the

We come into the

We come into the

We come into the

If are, and what the more refined pleagence of passions and tempers which cast up a highway for every sin. There is not in the world a burden and grievous pain to our whole catalogue of human guilt anything that so completely debauches the conscience that so completely debauches the conscience which so planted in a mother's heart, and which that three-score years can give, I now, on make her waiting in living more for hear

Religious and other Dancing, will prove vital seed, which, finding a lodg- is this one lesson, that every other lesson Faith and Philosophy Compared ment in human hearts, will spring up with according to the laws of nature, ought to In the middle ages the public mysteries a fatal celerity—yielding thirty, sixty or a teach us this also. The child that sucks forget the declaration of the Scriptures, bood should teach it to love its playmates.

Rich in the Word.

such a thing as being rich in the word. A faith, soaring on angel wing above the low man may become rich in the word much and narrow horizon of time and sense, demore readily, than he can become rich in series the wast future, and looks at things lands, and it is a far more desirable kind of unseen and eternal. Is faith, then, a sub

money can supply. Money can supply the faith, philosophy is but as the gnat whirling wants of the body: the word can supply the in a circle round the dim taper in a dark wants of the soul

No amount of material wealth can furnish enters the region which to mere reason is ings, which if not met, render it unhappy. — never approach the horizon of unaided in They can be met only by having God for a tellect. Is it in habitual commu portion. Nothing short of the possession nion with the first truth and chief good. It of the infinite God can satisfy the wants of leaves the region of sense, and goes where

by a single precept, revealed in some chap- it ennoble all who possess it, raising them ters of surpassing value. The revelation runs throughout the whole word, and the apostles, martyrs and reformers, but with whole of it must be understood in order to God the Father, and with his Son Jesus fully one is acquainted with the word, the of mind deserving the sneer of philosophic wants of his soul for time and for eternity. vage, or the heaven-taught child, to an ele

imited credit can readily procure a supply son all but infinitely beneath them. - J. Anfor many of his bodily wants. There are gell James' Practical Believer Delineated. bodily wants which no amount of wealth can supply. There are cheeks to which the health could not be brought back the wealth of the world. He who is ich in the world can readily procure a supply for every spiritual want. There is no spiritual want which the riches of the word cannot supply. There is no spiritual disease for which it cannot command a remedy. The riches of the word are enduring.

No convulsions can lessen their value.-They are incapable of depreciation or destruction. He who is rich in the word is rich for eternity. He does not part with his riches at death.

Ie dies rich, and enters at once on a still richer inheritance.

She said to him one day, "Uncle, why want, when all the riches of the universe were within our reach !- New York Obser-

Great Ideas.

just as well as of I could see him, and I prehended and felt. It is not the quantity Exercti. but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of im mense information may, through the want of large comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a laborer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the laborer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history cattered as it is through countless volumes s summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the laborer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has great mind is formed by a few great ideas. not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. What avails it that a man as studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome, if the great ideas of freelom and beauty, and valor, and spiritual energy, have not been kindled by those records into living fires in his soul? The illumination of an age does not consist in dent is confined in his researches to a very these elevate the mind. There are certain

THE GREATEST OF ALL BLESSINGS .-

al mind-faith with the immortal soul; phifaith is reason ministering to religion; philosophy searches the works of creationfaith has to do with the Creator himself : with moral influence-faith is the root of all virtue; philosophy yields no motives to sub mission, and opens no source of consolation amid the ills of life—faith supplies the balm of consolation, and opens the springs of comfort for every sufferer; philosophy is of the earth, earthly-faith relates to the Di-There is such a thing a being rich in vine and heavenly; philosophy is wholly lands, and rich in money. There is also engaged about things seen and temporalject for philosophy to sneer at? Talk of It supplies deeper wants than lands or her eagle wing and eye! compared with room-to the birds of day soaring in mid The soul wants an adequate portion .- heaven to the sun in its zenith. Faith It has inspirations, longings, yearn- terra incognita and explores subjects which sense cannot follow it, and where even rea-The word tells us how this portion for son cannot go alone, and can only follow he soul can be secured. It does this, not with timorous, hesitating steps. How does into fellowship not only with prophets and ossess the fullness of God. The more Christ!' Surely, surely, this is not a state reater the means of securing, in all its in- pride or of literary contempt, when it raises inite perfection, the portion adequate to the the Christian peasant, or the converted sa-He who has unbounded wealth and un- vation which leaves the name of mere rea-

A Beautiful Picture. The man that stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives-by the laws of civilized nations-he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any once possessed, they can never be lost. other source. He feels-other things being equal-more strongly than another, the character of a man as lord of an animated world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and The greatest landholder enters eternity a heavens, a part is his-his from the centre pauper. Not so he who is rich in the word. to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible How many are eager to become rich in material wealth! How few are eager to he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm had taken degrees both of "physics" and of "divinity," and was a student of many books besides those handled in colleges. He could be material wealth! How few are eager to be a succeed in become rich in the world! Few can succeed has come down to him from his fathers.

They have gone to their last home; but he quote texts from the Scriptures as well as none need fail in becoming rich towards can trace their footsteps over the scenes of from the infidel writers. I am sorry to say God. Let him make the word his study by little niece, Nettie, about twelve years of let him adopt the means it points out of his being. Some interesting domestic traage was a Christian, and she felt truly sorry making its truths living truths in his soul, dition is connected with every enclosure. age was a Christian, and she left truly sorry for her uncle Bob, and for all the people wko do not love God.

making its truins itving truins it in a state of the favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot What is needed to elevate the soul is, not where his parents laid down to rest, and that man should know all that has been where, when his time has come, he shall be thought and written in regard to the spiritual laid by his children. These are the feelings nature, not that a man should become an of the owners of the soil. Words cannot Encyclopedia, but that the great ideas in paint them-gold cannot buy them; they which all discoveries terminate, which sum flow out of the deepest fountains of the up all sciences which the philosopher ex- heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, tracts from the infinite detaits, may be com- healthy and generous national character .-

The Way to Heaven

I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God just hovering over the great gulf; till, a few moments hence, I am no more seen. I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to of sects; nor is this needful. All theology, know one thing—the way to heaven: how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. O give visited thousands of renowned divines. A me that book! At any price, give me the ledge enough for me. Let me be homo unius libri. Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone—only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his book, for this end; to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights. Lord, is not thy word, " If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God?" Thou "givest liberally. and upbraidest not." Thou hast said, "If any be willing to know thy will, he shall know." I am willing to do : let me do thy will. I then search after and consider parallel passages of scripture, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual."—Wesley.

Do You Pray.

We presume you are a professor of religion. We presume you are a professor of religion. We presume, also, that you go to church Sunday morning, and perhaps in the evening, if the sky is clear. But do you pray? Do you have prayer once a week with your family, or every morning and evening? Do your pray in secret once a day or twice, or only once in a good while. and when you feel like it? Do you get happy, and how often do you get happy, and what for? Because you are regular or irregular in your prayers? Please look into this matter, brother. If you were to eat only once a week, your body would soon run to a skeleton and die. danger, in the neglect of spiritual duties, of your going to a skeleton and perishing for-ever.—Western Christian Advocate.

It does not depend upon one's self to prevent being spoken ill of; it is only in our own power that it is not done deservedly.