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Religious Miscellany.

Christmas Eve.

See, the dawn from heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark! that hymn of glory, pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly
Sleeps the heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above—the holy,
Ever Holy One!

Welcome, Christmas.

"And many shall rejoice at His birth." (Luke i. 14.)

Welcome, Christmas, welcome here,
Happiest season of the year:
Fires are blazing thes to greet,
Families together meet:
Brothers, sisters, circle round,
Loud is gladness' festive sound;
For old England loves to see
All her children welcome thee.

Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice;
Not with foolish, idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth;
Far be such ungrateful thought:
Ours are blessings dearly bought,—
Dearly bought, but freely given,
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we then on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh;
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord:
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near;
May His love the season cheer,
And each gladden'd heart and tongue
Join the angels' Christmas song.

Birth of Christ.

BY G. P. DISOSWAY.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
—*Heber.*

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

"There is something in the very season of the year," says Washington Irving, "that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature .... But in the depth of winter when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheet snow, we turn for our gratification to moral sources. The dreariness and desolations of the landcape; the short, gloomy days, and darksome nights while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle." This is a beautiful vision, and there are peculiar delights of home at this glad season wherever the name of Christ is known and loved. These are the precious enjoyments which shun the stormy blast and make their abode with him of a cheerful temper, who find

December's as pleasant as May,

and in all seasons matter of delight and gratitude. In the beloved, pious family circle there lingers the summer of social and domestic joys.

By universal consent this is a season set apart as a time of festivity; and although its cheerful greetings owe their origin to religious feelings, they are too seldom conducted in a religious spirit. There is much reason to regret the abuse of enjoyments on this anniversary of our Saviour's birth. But to the Christian the advent of the Son of God is truly "*good tidings of great joy.*"

Who can estimate the tears that have been wiped away, the hopes inspired, and the guilty passions quelled by the glad tidings of salvation? What happiness, what sanctifying devotion, what benevolent deeds and holy aspirations have followed the glorious Gospel of the world's Redeemer! How can we contemplate the ransomed millions that shall surround the throne of the Lamb through a rapturous eternity, without being lost in wonder, love and adoration!

Such are thoughts inspired by the return of this joyful anniversary of the Saviour's birth. The brightest star of the winter's eve should ever remind us of "the Star of Bethlehem."

We love the old-fashioned Christmas times, and dreary would December be were it not to bring with it the "Merry Christmas," the holly, the ivy, and other beautiful evergreens, presenting a summer appearance to our rooms, and throwing a cheerfulness around our hearths. Southey somewhere beautifully draws an old fashioned Christmas scene—huge comfortable fires, well-spread tables and happy faces, the great arm chair, and the sire watching the children at their sports, and pausing to stir up the blazing hearth. In England, for nights before the happy day arrives, the village bells awaken the universal silence by their silver tones, throwing far and wide their joyful sounds over the wild wintry landscape. "Old Trinity, in our own native city, has revived this venerable custom with her splendid chimes; and well we remember the carols, chants and hymns which, with happy bands, we used to sing in the gray moonlight of Christmas eve and morn. We visited the dwellings of Christian friends and parsonages chanting how our Saviour on that day was born, and while shepherds were attending their flocks by night, the angel of the Lord descended and proclaimed glad tidings of good-will to all mankind. How tremulous and joyful did those old sacred songs fall upon the ear, sinking calmly and peacefully into the very heart, and filling the soul with holy and reverential gratitude and awe. Who, with us, that ever listened to these midnight Christmas carols will ever forget them?

Sweet midnight airs, ever to be remembered. Even their memory is delicious. Many who listened to them, and many who chanted them, have entered the upper sanctuary of the pious, and now, amid the heavenly bands in praising that Redeemer whose advent they always celebrated while on the earth.

There were Church services too upon Christmas morning, but few now seem to think or care much about sermons on that holy day—all appear to feel good enough without them. To our eye Christmas never looks so beautiful as when, ushered in by one of those clear, cold blue skies which sometimes hangs over the earth in December, and on such a day as I write the cottage chimneys sending up their columns of pale silver smoke, you can behold groups of glad faces returning from the ancient village churches, and as they meet relatives and friends bid them "*Happy Christmas!*"

On the glad morning of the nativity we clearly behold the riches of grace in Christ Jesus, and we should contemplate this matchless event with deep gratitude to our Heavenly Father. We journey not to a far country, like the wise men to find a Saviour. He is preached to us in the Gospel as an all-sufficient, ever-present and compassionate Redeemer. His glorious advent should be celebrated with songs of grateful praises; and we, like Zacharias, may bless the Lord God of Israel, because he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up a horn of salvation in the house of his servant David, as he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, who have been since the world began. How much are we indebted to this day-spring from on high which hath visited us with such rich and everlasting blessings!

Bands of angels rejoiced in the advent of our Redeemer. They passed by the great, the rich and the noble, announcing his birth to humble shepherds in the fields. They were filled with delight in contemplating the glories of God thus manifested in the wonderful plan of redemption. Well did these heavenly hosts rejoice in the prospect of the countless myriads who were to be redeemed by the blood of Christ and inherit the kingdom of heaven! Well did the angelic choirs sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men!" Our festivities on this joyful day should be harmless and religious, and not disgraced by those evil works which the Son of God was manifested to destroy.

How honoured was "Bethlehem Ephratah, though but little known among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.' (Micah v. 2.) *Bethlehem!* Here the patriarch *Jacob* stopped to erect a monument to his beloved Rachel; here honest *Naomi*, with *Ruth*, her modest daughter-in-law, manifested such striking proofs of their faith and holiness, and *Boaz* the generous benefactor, had his abode and possessions. At Bethlehem the humble *Jesse* sojourned, the favoured father of so many sons; the youngest rising from his pastoral life to the throne of Israel. Zerubabel the prince was born here, the descendant of *David*, the type of great Ruler and Shepherd under whose blessed empire *Israel* is one day to assemble and enjoy uninterrupted happiness. Then, in this city of the great king, the SON OF GOD appeared, who, by his birth, laid the foundation of our spiritual Zion and the salvation which the Redeemer, by his death, purchased for the whole world! Welcome then the nativity of Christ; let our dwellings be adorned with the unfading, beautiful evergreens, and the merry sleigh-bells ring; and above all, let our love of the Saviour be manifested by the most lively gratitude, incessantly offering the sacrifice of a pure heart and holy life to HIM, the world's Redeemer, who has done so much for us. Lord accept the homage of all we have and are; the sacrifice receive of our bodies and spirits which belong unto thee!

"Pious but Disagreeable."

It is a pity that such epithets should ever be conjoined in describing a character. Religion ought to be lovely and attractive, and to correct, or, at least, to obscure by its superior light, whatever of natural unloveliness belongs to a man.

And, surely, such a union of qualities is never seen among Christians! This must be one among the many hard sayings of malicious people, who are always ready to carp at men professing godliness. *Christian* men and women are surely never disagreeable! *They* are not, whoever else may be, irritable, sour, or cross-grained. They have their tempers under habitual control; and if, on any rare occasion, they are overmastered by passion, the fault is bitterly lamented and frankly confessed. Surely, they are "gentle, and easy to be entreated."

It would be very pleasant to affirm all this and give an indignant denial to any who declared the contrary. But there are people, we must admit, possessing many excellencies,—sincere, honourable, earnest in Christian work,—whom we cannot help disliking. There is a sourness about their temper, not to say a sullenness about their disposition, which repels us. They damage a good cause by engaging in it in a bad spirit; they spoil a good work by doing it in a bad way. Perhaps they rebuke some offender; but there is more of the carnal, than of the spiritual, in their tone and bearing. They encourage some mourner; but it is done very coldly, as if there were none of the sweet essence of human kindness in their hearts, and no sympathy with human sorrow. They work with you; but you must handle the tools as do they, and lay the stones after their fashion, or you are either assailed with perpetual fault-finding, or left to pursue your task alone. They travel with you on the heavenly way; but unless you go at their pace, and be content with their motions of a pilgrim's life, your fellowship with them is anything but a source of joy, and our burdens are by no means lightened.

It is wonderful that some professing Christians command no respect, and seldom bring peace and sunshine where they move? They are always giving people a "bit of their mind;" and a very hard, indigestible "bit" it is. The minister wants "stirring up;" and so they set themselves to do it by illiberal criticisms and repeated irritations. Their fellow-members are growing lukewarm, and far too worldly; and so they are frequently praying *at* them, and giving them "a good talking to." We know people who are always throwing stumbling-stones in the way of others, and hindering the best enterprises. Official meetings of the church are seldom quiet and loving if they are present. They are almost sure to introduce an element of discord.

All this is, verily, a sore evil. But the worst is, that many of this class of people actually think they are very fitting to be excellencies, their way rather for virtues. They never stand for half-governments. They deal out truth right and left, careless whom it may please or offend. They "have no patience with those who are so soft and honey-tongued with offenders." They "cannot bear the silly sentimentalism of some people." They "always make a point of speaking out, and meaning what they say;" and, for their part, they "never mince matters with anyone."

We are quite sure of this. They have no need to reiterate that which is so painfully obvious. We quite understand them, and, moreover, find such things hard to bear. And we think, and are candid enough to say, that, with all their zeal for God, and all their good points of character, they are just a little, and perhaps more than a little, disagreeable. And we deem that it would be a little better for the cause they profess to serve, if they would get some of these sharp corners of theirs rounded off, and seek to have their sourness sweetened with a gentleness and forbearance which an old Book sets forth as essential to the Christian character.

We might ask, and in no unkind spirit, What right have such persons to be always intruding their "why and wherefore," and raising objections to every scheme which is not of their own devising, or about which their opinion has not been specially asked? Has it never occurred to one of this unamiable class, that he is repelling, rather than attracting, those around him? If a parent, he is teaching his children to dislike the very name of religion, and to shrink from its habits and duties. If moving in any large circle, he is exerting an evil influence, and often as certainly and injuriously as the ungodly and the sinner. Does it never strike our censors that they themselves need some improvement? Surely they might, very profitably for themselves, and very much to the comfort of their fellows, begin to "look at home." It would be a happy day for themselves if they could learn that the chief grace of Christianity is love; and that love "hopeth all things," "believeth all things," and "endureth all things."

Good people will never be all alike. So long as there are differences in natural temperament, disposition, and habit, so long will there be differences in opinion, and in the modes of doing Christian work. But then every follower of the Saviour ought to be gentle, and loving, and, in a word, Christ-like, in spirit and bearing. No *Christian* ought to be of so thorny a nature, that on touching him you always get sharply pricked. A man may be sober without being severe, and strict in his principles without being morose. He may "sit in heavenly places with Christ," and yet move kindly and sympathizingly among men. He may hate sin, and yet be patient and gentle with the sinner. He may have his treasure and his heart in heaven, and still share in the innocent joys of earth. He may be separate from sinners, and yet not seem to say, "Stand by thyself; I am holier than thou."

"Is not one great need of our times the cultivation of a Christian temper? Is there not a call for living illustrations of the power and beauty of Christianity? Let every one of us prayerfully and sedulously cultivate in himself the spirit of love.—*Meth. Magazine.*

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Jesus Only.

"And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only."—Matt. xviii. 8.

What a subject for contemplation is here. In two words what wonders upon wonders rise. How great the announcement, "Jesus only." And whither shall we look, and not see it inscribed, when by "Jesus only" worlds were made? On rock, hill, vale, river, sea and ocean; on firmament, sun, moon and stars, this sentence is inscribed, "Jesus only." And what stamps such a value on the Bible? What exalts it above all other books? What glorifies it above all God's great name is displayed in the books of nature and of providence? It is this, its theme is "Jesus only." In its doctrines, and types and ordinances, and predictions and promises, "Jesus only" is held up to view as all our hope, all our help, all our salvation. In the experience of the Christian also it is "Jesus only." Is he quickened? It is by "Jesus only." Is he justified? He is so freely by the grace of "Jesus only." Is he adopted? He is brought nigh by the blood of "Jesus only." In all the Christian's acts of worship, it is "Jesus only," he would enjoy. In the closet, at the family altar, in the sacred Scriptures, in the sanctuary, and at the communion table, it is "Jesus only." In all these, the outspoken language of his heart is, "Sirs I would see Jesus." In heaven it is "Jesus only" what makes heaven so desirable to the Christian? what to him is the chief attraction? "Jesus only." With all its crowns, and harps, and robes, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, to the ransomed soul what would it be without Jesus? A place of weeping. O Lamb of God! made the "suffering" for guilty man, we turn to thee, to thee only. Where can we go but unto thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life. As immortals we have pantings and desires, and longings, which thou only canst satisfy. Be thou, O Jesus, the strength and the charm of our inward life. Our tears never relieved us until thou bad'st us rejoice in thy salvation. We found no way of peace, until we found our way to Thee. Hope was banished from us, until its dove flew downward from thee upon our hearts. All was dormant until thou did'st stir. All was as death until thou saidst to us "Live." Our eyes are still lifted up to thee, as to the hills whence cometh our help.

"Jesus only. None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

M. A. H.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.—We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage reflection; "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what is called *good things*. It has spots of honor and power, to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and contentious. It has innumerable blooms of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian, whose spirit is [illegible] and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "[illegible] I have what is far more than [illegible]. I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

Educational.

Religious Culture and Early Training.

BY THE REV. J. R. NARRAWAY, A.M.

The following from the *Colonial Presbyterian* of St. John, N. B., is the introductory article of a series on the same subject, the whole of which we purpose giving as they appear from week to week.

No. 1.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

Every right thinking person feels himself bound to do all the good he can—if it be possible, to leave the world better than he found it. He knows himself to be a debtor to the past for the manifold privileges which bless his lot, and he is conscious that his obligations in this respect will be best discharged by transmitting to the future unimpaired, nay increased in value, by diligent culture and by the gains of a just skilful usury, the advantages which ameliorate his own condition. The estate which he inherits is entailed, and he may not lawfully squander its precious wealth. He must leave it to his successor, neither with ruined mansion nor worn out fields, neither with dilapidated hedges nor wasted woods. The improvement of the present added to the accumulations of the past, will constitute the material mental and moral capital of the immediate future. Of all practicable methods of contributing to the future advancement of society, the proper training of the rising generation is at once the most available and the most effective. In forming the character of the young, and fitting them for coming usefulness, we operate powerfully and directly upon that class of agencies whose chief work will be to give form and spirit to the succeeding age, and we operate in that vernal season, sacred to culture and to growth, which once neglected never returns, and for the loss of which neither ripening summer nor mellowing autumn can compensate the indolent sluggard. It is therefore of the greatest possible moment to the well-being of society that the youth of our land should be trained and disciplined with the utmost care. It is of vast importance to the general interests of our country. In the approaching age, when the matured manhood of our day shall be laid low, our country will be precisely that which the youth of our time shall be able and willing to make it. For upon them will devolve the task of developing its resources from the soil and the sea. Their busy fingers, cunning or clumsy, will fabricate its manufactures, launch its stately white-winged ships, and steer them over the briny floods. It will be for them to extend their country's commerce, and enrich and beautify its cities. They will enact its laws, administer its government, and mould its institutions. Whether the men and women of the future day will acquit themselves nobly or ignobly, will largely depend upon the nature of the up bringing of the boys and girls of this day. No patriot can better evince his love for his country than by diligently attending to the careful and enlightened culture of its children.

Great is the importance, also, of this subject to the Church. Never has there been so urgent a demand for *intelligent* piety as that which is about to be made. Never, since the enthronement of Christianity in the palace of the Cæsars, has there been so much learned hostility to the claims and rights of Revelation as now exists. Never before has the domain of natural science been so deeply penetrated, so widely explored, and never before have so many of its facts and laws been arrayed against the *dicta* and records of the Bible. Never before has the critical art been so perfect, and never before have its resources been wielded with so much daring and dexterity by the wily band of highly-lettered scepticism. This war cannot be arrested in mid course. The questions involved—the principles imperilled—must be fought out to their rightful issue. The *truth* will triumph gloriously at the last. Meanwhile, increasing solicitude must be felt, increasing assiduity manifested in guarding from dangerous error the now youthful feet that in coming years will throng the courts of the sanctuary. The mystery of life is too pressing; its brevity too admonitory; its uncertainty too appalling, to admit of safe postponement of pressing duty till the last inquirer is satisfied, the last objector silenced, and the last unbeliever convinced. The hour of rest is striking for the aged, but the labour-bell is tolling for the youthful; and the work to be done demands judgment and understanding in the young workman. A penetrating intelligence, a large-minded comprehension, a large-hearted liberality, a deep-principled piety, strong and tireless in its activities, through the influence of carefully formed habits, the results of long years of faithful early training, will be the necessity of the coming Church; and the reaping of the future will respond in nicely graduated proportions to the sowing of the present.

But the heads of families have a vast interest at stake in the training of their children. The discharge of parental obligation, the relief of parental anxiety, the realization of parental hopes, and the gratification of parental love, accomplished in the true prosperity of their children, can scarcely be secured save by the blessing of God upon judicious parental training. Besides, there will come a time when desire shall fail, the grasshopper be a burden, the vision of the gazer be darkened, and the daughters of music murmur low; then it will be that the dutiful tenderness of reverent filial affection will richly repay the aged, feeble parents for the toil, and forethought, and self-sacrifice of former years on behalf of loving and grateful offspring. The anticipation of such an hour, with its inevitable sorrows and its possible solaces, should effectually stimulate laggard parents to the performance of this important duty. Nor ought they to aim at less than is desirable—the regenerated heart, the cultivated intellect, the healthful body—the first at any price, by every means, the others, if possible, and as far as possible. The means subsidiary to this needful and coveted result are many: none of them to be disregarded. The Common School is an instrumentality of much value toward the attainment of the end proposed. In no land has this precious institution reached its maximum of efficiency; in our country it is as yet far below the status to which it is destined to be raised. To improve and sustain this means, essential as it is to the general advancement, is worthy the strenuous endeavor of every enlighted man. It need not at length be here insisted upon that institutions that can never become common, but which are requisite for conducting the higher education of a country, ought to maintain a prominent place in the estimation of a wise and provident people, and be sustained as generously as circumstances will permit. No link of the curious, wonderfully wrought chain by which the best interests of society are suspended, can with impunity be neglected.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the worth of Sabbath Schools as being helpful to the proper training of youth. Incalculably great has been the service which they have rendered to the cause of Christ in the world. They have been choice nurseries from which have been transplanted to the more open vineyard of the Lord plants of fragrant renown. The Church should see to it that this most useful instrumentality is placed under the best management, conducted upon the best system, and plentifully supplied with the best literature. These schools deserve the warmest wishes, and they need the fervent prayers, of all good men. Too much attention can hardly be devoted to them.

Then, again, there are the heaven provided sanctities, persuasives, and instructions of Public Worship. No plausible scheme of human devising will ever supersede the just influence of the pulpit and the altar; they meet certain normal and craving necessities of the human soul. The young persons trained up, or permitted to grow up, in a state of indifference or dislike to the claims of divine worship, give but one vague and faint promise of a truly prosperous future. No wise parent will omit any judicious effort calculated to awaken for the sacred solemnities of of public worship, a genuine regard, or to strengthen the habit of intellect and regular attendance thereon. But none of these aids to the successful training of youth can compensate, however fully supplied, for the want of effective home culture. The noblest school ever organized for the education of children is the school enshrined in the centre of an intelligent, pious, well-regulated family. The influences that stream forth upon youthful worshippers from glowing family altar fires, that brighten around the gentle, saintly Christian mother's form in happy homes, that shine from a truly pious father's daily and hourly example, are among the most powerful and plastic of the impulses and attractions that mould the character and shape the destiny of mortal man.

General Miscellany.

Performances of Santa Claus.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brain for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I rose from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to the objects below:
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than engines his coursers they came.
And he whispered and shouted and called them by name,
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too:
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot!
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkle! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
The beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held right in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly—
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know that I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"*Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*"

My Property.

I know few men as rich as I am. I scarcely know where I amassed all my treasures. I have but a few things at home, and they are very precious, animate and inanimate. But, dear me, if you suppose that is all I own, you never were more mistaken in your life!

I have every ship that comes into New York harbor, but without any of the gross trouble which those deluded men have who think they own them. I never concern myself about the crews or officers, about freight or voyage, about expenses or losses. All this would be wearisome. I have certain men who look after those things, while I am left to the pure enjoyment of their beauty; their coming and going; the singing of the anchor hoisting crew.

I go about the wharves watch the packages going in or coming out of ships. The outlandish inscriptions, the cerons of indigo piled up, the stacks of tea-chests, the bales and boxes, the wine and spices, all pass under my inspection. I say inwardly to the men, 'Let these things be taken care of without troubling me,' and I am obeyed. I have also many shipyards, where they are building all kinds of craft. Other men pay the money; I take the pleasure, and they the anxious care!

The Yacht Club have been very obliging to me. At great expense they have equipped boats, that suit me to a nicety. I ask nothing better. They are graceful as swans, beautiful as butterflies. If I had them all to care for, my pleasure would cost me rather dear. But, with extreme delicacy, the gentlemen of the club relieve me of all that gross and material part of it, and leave me the boats, the pleasure, the poetry of the thing; and once or twice in the season I go down the bay, on a breezy morning, and see these fine fellows sail their craft; and I do believe that if they were doing it for their own selves, instead of my enjoyment, they would not exert themselves more.

Then, how much have I to thank the enterprising shopkeepers, who dress out their windows with such beautiful things, changing them every few days lest I should tire. It is a question of duty and delicacy with me whether I ought not to go in often as thus: 'Good morning, Mr. Stewart. Good morning Mr Lord, or Mr. Taylor. I am greatly obliged to you for these fine goods in the window. I have enjoyed them amazingly, as I did the other patterns of last week. Pray sirs, do not put yourselves to all this trouble on my account. Yet, if your kindness insists upon it, I shall be but too happy to come and look every day at such rare productions of the loom.'

And then how many men build handsome houses for me to look at, and fill their yard with flowers for me to nod to, and place the most beautiful faces of the family in the window to cheer me as I pass! Surely this is a kind-hearted world. And then how many fine country-seats are built, and grounds laid out for my enjoyment. The fee simple may be in some other man, but I own them. For he owns a thing who understands it best, and gets the most enjoyment from it!

This world was made for poor men, and therefore the greatest part of it was left out of doors, where every body could enjoy it. And though men have been building and fencing for six thousand years, they have succeeded in getting very little of the universal treasure sequested and out of sight. Suppose you cannot plow that fertile field, or own the crops, or reap the harvests, is there no pleasure to you in a fine field, a growing crop, a good harvest? In fact, I sometimes fancy that I enjoy plowing and mowing more when other people are engaged in them than if I were working myself. Sweet away, my hearties, I say; I am in the shade of this tree watching you, and enjoying the scene amazingly. I love to go into the pasture and look over those sleek Devonshires. The owner is very kind. He has paid thousands of dollars for them; he has spent I know not how much for the barns and premises; he keeps several careful men to tend them, and all for my enjoyment and yours! We walk through the fields, handle their silky vests, discuss their points, and enjoy the whole herd, full as much as if the so-called owner!

Sometimes I go out to look after my farms, for I own all the best ones hereabouts. And the orchards, the gardens, the green houses, the stately forests, and exquisite meadows that I possess, divested, too, of all vexation of taxes, care, or work, are enough to make one's heart swell with gratitude.

Beside all this, there is a royal artist that rises earlier than I do every day, and works gloriously every hour, painting pictures in the heavens, and over all the earth, giving inimitable colors, unexampled *chiaro oscuro* filling the day and the world with scenes that the canvass never equaled. And this state gallery with a dome like heaven, stands open, without fee or impudent janitor, to every poor man that has eyes. And the best of all is, that, glorious as is this manifestation, it is but a hint and outlaying suggestion of a word transcendently better, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*H. W. Beecher.*

For Health's Sake.

Never put a pin in the mouth or between the teeth, for a single instant, because a sudden effort to laugh or to speak may convey it into the throat or lungs, or stomach, causing death in a few minutes, or requiring the windpipe to be cut open to get it out; if it has passed into the stomach, it may as it has done cause years of suffering, ceasing only when it has made its way out of the body through the walls of the abdomen or other portion of the system.

It is better to have no button or string about any garment worn during the night. A long, loose nightgown is the best thing to sleep in. Many a man has facilitated an attack of apoplexy by buttoning the shirt collar.

If you wake up of a cold night and find yourself very restless, get out of bed, and standing on a piece of carpet or cloth of any kind, spend five or ten minutes in rubbing the whole body vigorously and rapidly with the hands, having previously thrown the bed clothing toward the foot of the bed, so as to air both bed, and body.

If you find that you have inadvertently eaten too much, instead of taking something to settle the stomach, thus adding to the load under which it already labors, take a continuous walk, with just enough activity to keep up a slight prospiration on the skin, and do not stop until entirely relieved, but and your exercise in a warm room so as to cool off very slowly.

Never put on a pair of new boots or shoes on a journey; rather wear your easiest, oldest pair; otherwise you will soon be painfully disabled.

A loosely fitting boot or shoe, while travelling in winter, will keep the feet warmer without any stockings at all, than a tight pair, over the thickest, warmest hose.

If you happen to get wet in cold weather, keep moving on foot with a rapidity sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness until you get into a house, and not waiting to undress, drink instantly and plentifully of hot tea of some sort; then undress, wipe dry quickly, and put on warm dry clothing.

Never go to bed with cold feet if you want to sleep well.

If a person faints, place him instantly flat on a bed, or floor, or earth, on his back, and quietly let him alone at least ten minutes, if it is simply a fainting fit, the blood, flowing on a level, will more speedily equalize itself throughout the system; cold water dashed in the face, or a sitting position are unnecessary and pernicious.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

History of a Necklace.

The "National Quarterly" gives us the following stirring history of phonographic shorthand:—

"The proceedings of the American Congress were very imperfectly reported before the time of Mr. Joseph Gales, senior, the father of the late Mr. Gales of the National Intelligencer. He was the first who made a report of the Congressional debates which appeared in the paper the next day. This was considered a most astonishing feat at the time. His son, Joseph Gales, was also a reporter, and one of the best in his day, that the country could boast. He first became connected with the National Intelligencer as reporter in October, 1807; he was then just twenty-one years old. He and the present Mr. Seaton afterward were the proprietors of the paper. They were both the reporters and editors of the Intelligencer—one of them devoted himself to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. As a general thing, they published only running reports—on special occasions, however, the speeches and proceedings were given entire. The peculiar talents of these gentlemen were duly appreciated, and they had seats of honor assigned them beside the presiding officers. To these enterprising and accomplished reporters we are indebted for many of those splendid specimens of eloquence which adorn the political literature of our country. The speeches made by Webster and Hayne, during their celebrated intellectual combat in the United States Senate, were preserved from oblivion by Mr. Gales, whose notes, handsomely bound, and enriched with Mr. Webster's annotations, are kept as a precious memento in the family library. The following anecdote may, perhaps, be read with some interest in this connection. The day Mr. Webster made his reply to the attack of Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, Joseph Gales met him as he was going to the Capitol, and inquired how long he intended to speak. 'About half an hour, was the reply. The editor's duties at that time were pressing, but he ventured to take so much time from them. Mr. Webster, however, directly after was joined by Judge Story, who said that he thought the time had come for Mr. Webster to give the country his views on the Constitution. To this proposition the Senator assented. Mr. Gales took up his pencil unaware of this new arrangement, and alike unconscious of the lapse of time under the enchantment of the orator, he continued to write until the close of the speech. But, when he came to look at the notes, the magnitude of the task that it would be to write them out appeared so formidable, that he shrunk from it as an impossibility. Soon after Mr. Webster called on Mr. Gales, and requested a report of his speech. 'I have the notes,' said the reporter, 'but I shall never have time to write them out.' This led to some remonstrance and persuasion, but the overworked editor stood firm. At this juncture Mrs. Gales came forward, and offered to undertake the task, saying that she could decipher her husband's short-hand, as she had occasionally done so. She had heard the speech, and the resistless sweep of its argument, and the gorgeous magnificence of its imagry, were yet vivid in her mind. In the course of a week Mr. Gales submitted to Mr. Webster the report of his speech in the handwriting of his wife. Scarcely a word needed to be changed; and soon a set of diamonds, costing a thousand dollars, accompanied the rich thanks of the eloquent statesman. Thus was saved to literature the most memorable oration of the American Senate."

Obituary.

MRS. NATHAN WOODWORTH OF CORNWALLIS.

Julia, the beloved wife of Mr. Nathan Woodworth of Canning, died on the 29th of Sept. She was the daughter of the late Doctor Baxter, for many years a medical practitioner in Cornwallis. Although like many others, she grew up in life, forgetful of the one thing needful;" during a protracted meeting held on this Circuit, many years ago, she sought and found the pardoning mercy of God. She then united herself with the Wesleyan Church of which she continued a most acceptable member until she exchanged mortality for life. Subsequently to her conversion, her husband gave himself to God and his church, and thus with his now sainted wife prosecuted the christian course.

For many years their house has been a happy home to the Wesleyan Ministers, and long will live the recollections of their *cheerful* and intelligent piety in the estimation of surviving friends. Recently, both brother and sister Woodworth, have by affliction been prevented making their accustomed visits to the house of God. But although with the psalmist they could say "My soul longeth, yea faintest for the courts of the Lord," yet striving to submit to the Divine will, they were permitted to prove that God was not confined to the great congregation. The writer takes peculiar pleasure in meeting with *cheerful* christians, and this predilection was always gratified in visiting the house of H. Woodworth And why should christians be cheerful?

"Away sad doubt and [illegible]
Mercy is all that's written there."

Her husband having for the last two years been