

EARLY METHODIST MINISTERS.—The early ministers of the Methodist church were restricted in their salary to sixty-four dollars a year, which was to include all presents and marriage fees, and out of which they were to provide their own horses, saddles, clothing and books. Marriage was discouraged amongst them, as their official duties required their whole time. Of Bishop Asbury, Mr. Milburn says:—"With all respect to Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Channing, and other eminent and pre-eminent men of New England—I have read them all, and knew some of them—I think that Francis Asbury, the first superintendent and bishop of our Methodist church was the most renowned and redoubtable soldier of the Cross that ever advanced the standard of the Lord upon this continent. Yet you will not find his name in a single history of the United States, that I know of, and it is a burning shame that it is so. He travelled for fifty years on horseback, from Maine to Georgia, and from Massachusetts to the far West, as population extended, journeying in that time, as was computed, about three hundred thousand miles. He had the care of all the churches; was preaching instant in season and out of season; was labouring indefatigably with the young men to inspire and stimulate them; winning back the lost, and bringing amorphous elements into harmony, in a church, which, when he began with it in 1771, numbered probably not fifty members, and which, when he was an old man—he died in 1816—numbered, white and black, from Maine to California, and from far Northwestern Oregon to sunny Southern Florida, nearly a million members."

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.—Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day

saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: "Thou wilt one day be a king!" the Protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?

SINGULARITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—"Your language," said a learned philologist, in speaking of English, "is the most unphilosophical, and yet the most *practical*, in the world." We become familiar with contradictory modes of expression, and do not notice them as do children and foreigners. When we *sand* the floor, we cast *sand* upon it; but when we *dust* the furniture, we remove dust from it. When we *paint* the house, we lay something *on*; but when we *skin* the ox, we take something *off*. We dress a child by *overlaying* it, and scale a shad by *removing* that by which it is overlaid. If it be proper to say, 'skin the ox,' why is it not proper to speak of *woolling* the sheep, instead of *shearing* it? What would we think of a farmer who should talk of *corn*ing or *grassing* his fields, or *appling* his orchard; or of his wife who should speak of *feathering* her geese, or *black*ing her knives, or *dirting* the clothes? But we do that which is equally ridiculous when we speak of *dusting* the furniture, *skinning* the ox, and *scaling* the fish, although custom has sanctioned those modes of expression, and Noah Webster recorded them in his dictionary.

CARD PLAYING.—"To dribble away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch."

STORY OF THE BIBLE.—Intense study of the Bible, says Coleridge, will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style.