

The Provincial Westsman.

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Religious Miscellany.

Sowing and Reaping.

Sometimes the heart grows weary with the load of efforts fruitless grown, and withered hopes, Of love that sought in vain to pour itself Freely and fully forth into the hearts Of others, God's appointed cups for love; Sometimes the heart grows weary with the sight Of those whom God made men with living souls, Groveling, if not in crime, in vice—if not In vice, in that rank selfishness and sloth That rot the soul piecemeal, even ere they kill. Sometimes the heart grows weary with the din Of wealth, and cry of want, and sullen laugh Of hollow sorrow curling into hate; Ay, with that groan of universal woe, Wherein the whole creation, as of yore, Traverseth in pain together until now; Sometimes the heart grows weary, very weary.

Revivals.

Of all the gifts of God to men, none exceeds in the richness and glory of its results the revival agency. Revivals are the legitimate woods of the growth and progress of Christ's kingdom on earth. The third Person of the adorable Trinity made his sudden and glorious advent on the day of Pentecost, to inaugurate the great revival movement of the Christian scheme. The descent of the Holy Ghost was the last great act preparatory in the long drama of redemption. His forces were not in perfect order. Salvation, as a glorious and divine process of saving the world, was now complete. On the day of Pentecost a young and struggling Christianity, planting a new and unknown power among men, achieved such a victory as the world had never seen. The Gospel has lost none of its revival power. Its object still is to conquer men and bring them to Jesus.

Buying Religion.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to feel as I did in 1820," said a man of thirty years, as he listened to an account of revival scenes occurring in his native village five years after. "I was very near the kingdom then; it seemed as if only a small matter kept me from becoming a Christian."

Warning to Stray Hearers.

I am aware that I have many here on Sabbath mornings who never were in the habit of attending a place of worship at all. There is many a gentleman here to-day who would be ashamed in any society to confess himself a professed hearer. He has never, perhaps, for a long time heard the gospel preached; and now there is a strange sort of fascination that has drawn him here. He came the first time out of curiosity—perhaps to make a joke at the minister's expense; he has found himself enthralled; he does not know how it is, but he has been all this week uneasy, he has a feeling as if he were waiting for some one to say to him, "He will be watching for next Sabbath. He has not given up his sins, but somehow they are not so pleasurable as they used to be. He cannot swear as he did; if an oath comes out edge-ways, it does not roll out in the round form it used to do; he knows better now. Now, it is to such persons that I speak.

Every House has its Cross.

A widow lady was almost in despair from the variety of hindrances, relaxations and disappointments she had to endure. She was quite overwhelmed with her domestic cares, and had scarcely the heart to go on with her daily conflicts. "No other relief," she complained, "Oh, if I could, if I could, I'd give a hundred thousand dollars to die a Christian."—*American Messenger.*

Madagascar.

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Life in the Trenches.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* gives the following interesting sketch of life in the trenches: "Humboldt once said that the most exciting life that one could lead would be to cross from peak to peak of the Alps on a *corde elastique*, and keep it up from day to day. That, indeed, would be a dangerous mode of life, but I question whether it would be more exciting than that which is every day experienced by our gallant boys in the rifle-pits. They take their position in the darkness of the night, when the keen eye of the rebel cannot pierce through the mists between the lines. The enemy raise their heads above their works, but they can see nothing, can hear nothing, save the occasional sound of a discharged rifle. Our men peer over the breastwork, but cannot see a living thing. This is the hour for stationing men in the trenches. Both rebels and Federals, covered by the thick darkness that veils them, are, for the moment, comparatively friendly—not of their own wish, but made so by the interposition of Nature.

Religious Intelligence.

From Missions of various Societies.

UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT OF THE HEATHEN.—The Rev. E. Porter, a missionary in India, attended by a native evangelist, has lately travelled seven hundred and twenty miles among the Telegoons in the district of Hyderabad, visiting upwards of ninety towns and villages, and reports that: "The people are a worldly, dissipated, and great drinkers. They are however, free from prejudice, less wedded to caste, and far more willing to listen to the Gospel than the people in other districts in Teloug. When they heard the Gospel, they asked: 'How long have your people known this way?' 'We have known it for many years,' they replied. 'Why did you not send us instructors before, to tell us of this good way?'"

General Miscellany.

Checking Perspiration.—If, while perspiring, or while something warmer than usual, from exercise or a heated room, there is a sudden exposure to a still, cold air, or a raw, damp atmosphere, or a draught either at an open window or door, or street-corner, an inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous cooling of the pores of the skin, by which the perspiration ceases, and the system is checked in its way out, and is compelled to seek an exit through some other channel, and break through some weaker part, not the natural one, and harm to that one is the result. The idea is presented by saying that the cold is set in that part. To illustrate: A lady was about getting into a small boat on the canal at Delaware; but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit stand, she ran up the bank the other way, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated; for it was summer, but there was a little wind on the water, and the clothing soon felt cold to her; the next morning she had a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption. A stout, strong man was working in the garden in May; feeling a little tired about noon, he sat down in the shade of the house and fall asleep; he was waked up, chilly; inflammation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest, there was such an extensive decay that the matter was scooped out by the cupful.

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We have many famous stones in the world—principally to be noticed the Stone of Honor and the Elmsy Stone. But we doubt if many of our readers ever heard of the Stone of Silence in the Island of Arran. Its discovery happened in this way. An English tourist being recently "doing" Scotland, was ambitious to tell his friends on going home that he had scaled Great-fall with a guide. Against this mad project a "pawky" western Celt, who is not wont to get his "measles" money out of adventures with a

Religious Intelligence.

Madagascar.

The history of Christianity in Madagascar is a triumphant vindication of its divine authority and power. The first missionaries were forcibly expelled, and the native converts suffered martyrdom by hundreds—many of them thrown headlong into the sea from the cliffs. But thousands have received the Word in their hearts, and hid themselves; and after years they come forth, having themselves become the courageous heralds of the Gospel. This is an illustration of the true theory of missions; the missionaries must become the apostle to the unbelieving, and by their instrumentality God will raise up native preachers, who shall be apostles to their countrymen. These are the successful missionaries, and by their ministry the word of God will run and be glorified. Thus it is becoming in the important island of Madagascar, lying at the outlet of the Red Sea, and being a fortress for Christianity from which it may send out expeditions for conquest westward into Africa, and eastward into Arabia, and to the islands of the sea.

Life in the Trenches.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* gives the following interesting sketch of life in the trenches: "Humboldt once said that the most exciting life that one could lead would be to cross from peak to peak of the Alps on a *corde elastique*, and keep it up from day to day. That, indeed, would be a dangerous mode of life, but I question whether it would be more exciting than that which is every day experienced by our gallant boys in the rifle-pits. They take their position in the darkness of the night, when the keen eye of the rebel cannot pierce through the mists between the lines. The enemy raise their heads above their works, but they can see nothing, can hear nothing, save the occasional sound of a discharged rifle. Our men peer over the breastwork, but cannot see a living thing. This is the hour for stationing men in the trenches. Both rebels and Federals, covered by the thick darkness that veils them, are, for the moment, comparatively friendly—not of their own wish, but made so by the interposition of Nature.

Parliamentary Reporting.

Complaints have occasionally been made by members that their speeches are not reported verbatim. The plan of giving verbatim reports was once tried by Mr. Stoddard, when he conducted the *New Times*. The result of the experiment was to set the public at naught, and the editor of the kingdom to the other. Lord Cardigan exhibited himself as "standing prostrate at the foot of majesty," and as "walking forward with his back turned on himself." Sir Frederick Flood, one of the Irish members, and a great advocate of verbatim reports, appeared one morning as having delivered a speech with the following profane eloquence:—Mr. Spaker:—As I was coming down to the House to perform my duty to the country and old Ireland, I was brutally attacked, by a mob, Mr. Spaker, of ragamuffins, sir. If, sir, my honorable gentleman is to be assaulted, Mr. Spaker, by such a parcel of equine air, as were attacking me, then I say, Mr. Spaker, that if you do not see after protecting gentleman like myself, sir, we cannot be after coming to the House of Parliament at all, at all. And you may be after asking you, sir, what would become of the business of the country, Mr. Spaker, in such a case? Will you, sir, be after answering myself that question, Mr. Spaker? It's myself would like an answer, sir, to the question, as soon as convenient, Mr. Spaker. This proved a complete extinguisher to Sir Frederick Flood's partiality for verbatim reports. He is said to have gone, the day on which his oration appeared, to the editors of the morning papers, and informed them that he would thereafter leave his speeches "to the discretion of the reporters."

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