The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XVII. No. 39. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1865. Whole No. 843

Religious Miscellany.

Press On—There is Light Beyond.

Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,
Soul! thou shalt venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,
And thy fair home above.

O! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,
The Sabbath morn come on,
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—
Sweeter the labor done.
All finished!—all—the conflict and the sorrow—
Earth's dream of anguish o'er,
Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience, then, patience! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying
Beyond the waveless sea,
Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,
His darkest dealing trace;
And by those fountains where His love will feed thee,
Behold him face to face.

Then bow thine head, and God shall give thee meekness,
Bravely to do His will;
So shall arise His glory in thy weakness—
O! struggling soul be still!
Dark clouds are His pavilion shining o'er thee,
Thine heart must recognize
The veiled Shekinah moving on before thee,
Too bright to meet thine eyes.

Behold the wheel that straightly moves and fleetly
Performs the Sov'reign Word;
Thou know'st His suffering love! then, suff'ring meekly
Follow thy loving Lord!
Watch on the tower, and listen by the gateway,
Nor weep to wait alone;
Take thou thy spices, and some angel straightway
Shall roll away the stone.

Then shalt thou tell the living Lord hath risen,
And risen but to save;
Tell of the might that breaks the captive's prison,
And life beyond the grave!
Tell how He met thee, all his radiance shrouded,
How in thy sorrow sure,
His piping voice breathing, when faith was clouded,
This own familiar name.

So at the grave's dark portal thou may'st linger,
And hymn some happy strain;
The passing world may mock the feeble singer—
Heed her, but sing again.
Thus wait, thus watch, till He the last link sever,
And changeless rest be won,
Then in His glory thou shalt bask for ever,
Fear not the clouds—PRESS ON!

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Zeal.

A Christian Poet has written:

"Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies,
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise."

The Apostle Paul wrote as truthfully when he declared of some, "They have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." Even religious zeal then, is not always the "flame which love supplies. Zeal has been defined, by one of our popular Lexicographers as, "Passionate ardor in the pursuit of anything." Perhaps the better word is fervency, which, as we learn from its Latin derivation, signifies to boil. It is not so strong a word as *ardor*, which means to burn. This word applies more especially to the passions,—while fervour refers to the emotions—the feelings. This word has precisely the same signification as the word zeal. Each according to its derivation,—one from the Greek, the other from the Latin, primarily means to boil,—to be hot, having reference to water, but, by a common figure of speech, is constantly used in reference to mental exercises. The word zeal then, has reference only to a being professing a moral nature,—is in fact, a certain state of moral feeling. How very beautifully the derivation of the word unfolds its meaning in all its applications. When water is first placed in a vessel over heat, for a time there is no motion. There may be even a considerable degree of heat, but it is only lukewarm, until the boiling process commences; then the whole volume is in motion, all is activity, the application is easy. Zeal whether good or bad makes us active. It is wrong however to be zealous in doing evil. The Divine word teaches, "It is a good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." Genuine religious zeal is evidently a very scarce commodity in all the branches of the Christian church. Alas! that there should be less here, than in many other departments of human activity! And still more painful the fact, that much of the zeal of christians,—so called,—is expended on matters of secondary importance! How frequently we see the zeal for modes and forms of worship, than the vital doctrines of the gospel. How many more words have been used in discussing the subject of Baptism, than in praying for the gift of the Holy Spirit! Many are more ready to fight for Calvin or Wesley, than to work or suffer for Jesus!

Zeal for God! Is is not too often zeal for our party! Do we not often overlook a hard word against christianity, when we would not endure quietly, an insinuation against our church? Of the Lord Jesus we read, "That He gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity; and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Not zealous for good opinions,—good purposes,—a good conference and good church arrangements,—for these there is an abundance of zeal,—but zealous of good works. Our works discover our principles. We may profess what we like, but our works declare just what we are. Nor is it easy to live any length of time without working. Ceasing to work in the vineyard we soon begin to work outside. Do not, dear reader, hastily conclude, that because you are actively engaged even in religious things, that you are working for God. It may be that your money-giving, to churches and to the poor, is after all but splendid sinning. You may do it for God,—but not to God. O, how unselfish was our master, Jesus! What a remarkable word is that, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up!" How He toiled for man! Wearied and faint, yet he pleased not himself, but "went about doing good," willingly consuming all his energies for the sake of doing good.

More frequently has the question been asked, than answered,—Why is it that we are not more zealous for God's cause? Many reasons might be given; but I am inclined to think, the want of faith is the chief cause. That is an alarming question, perhaps not referring solely to the infidelity of the Jews, in our Lord's day, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" It will be objected to this idea, that evangelical truth is spreading. I grant it. But is the truth heartily believed? Does it influence us? We profess to believe that sin is an abomination in the sight of God; and yet refuse to renounce it. We acknowledge that religion is the one thing needful, and yet make it a matter of secondary importance. A few years ago, when assured that our soldiers were suffering in the Crimea, we felt deeply, and acted promptly. But who feels deeply for the salvation of sinners, and the honour of God in the earth? Am I not safe in declaring, that the present great want in the Christian church, is a greater amount of holy, intellectual, loving zeal. This lack, cannot be supplied, by mere organizations, enterprizes, money, or mental gifts.—Individual zeal,—religious fervour, must be obtained and retained, or our churches, like those of the East, will become lukewarm, and be overrun with deadly error. But how shall we get the necessary fervour? The Psalmist intimates in these words, "While I was musing the fire burned." *Serious thought* brings serious *feeling*.

Let us then pray like that man of God, the Rev. J. Wesley,—

"For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint;
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread,
O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce thro'—dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire:
With holy conquering zeal inspire."

G. O. H.

Lukewarm Christians.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

A Christian is one who professes to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not believe that among professing Christians there is any large number of wilful hypocrites who enter the church of Christ with a lie in their right hand, and a deliberate intent to deceive others. But at the same time I as certainly believe that there are a vast many within the pale of the church who give no evidence of a genuine conversion. Some come in through the unwise persuasions of others. It is as dangerous to *urge* people to join a church as it is to urge people to marry. Both of these great steps in life should be taken from the spontaneous promptings of the heart. Give a man the reasons for making a profession of faith; point out the happy influence of a sincere 'standing up for Jesus,' and then let him decide for himself.

Some come into the church through a lamentable self-deception. They were the victims of a spurious religious excitement. They were alarmed by pungent preaching or a view of their own sin, and mistook fright for contrition; they afterward fell into the hands of false comforters, and then mistook the reaction of their excited feelings for true conversion. They were indiscreetly announced as "new converts;" they felt *committed* to a certain course of conduct; and, before time was given them to put their own hearts to a severe trial or to see how their religion would *wear*, they hurried into the church with the most solemn vows before God or man upon their consciences. Alas! how soon have such rootless professors withered away! How can such self-deceived souls be anything else than LUKEWARM—"neither cold nor hot"—neither out of the church nor yet honestly within it? From our inmost heart we do pity those unhappy persons who are thus chained to a church with which they have no sympathy—professing to love what they regard with utter indifference or else secret disgust. The true course of such is to burn up the stubble of a false hope, and seek at once genuine hope in Christ before it is too late. If it is a kindness to point out a fatal disease on a friend, how much more is it a kindness to shake down the rotten hope of a self-deceived or lukewarm professor. Reader! if you do not believe that your professed piety is a true piety, then lose not an hour in fleeing to Jesus. Do not flee out of the church; but flee to the Saviour. Thousands have been converted within the pale of the church.

II. A second portion of the lukewarm in nearly every church—perhaps the larger portion—are so from a culpable declension of heart-religion. They were once converted; but are now downright backsliders from God and from duty. They have lost their first love. Jesus Christ has ceased to be the supreme object of their thoughts and affections. This strikes at once to the vitals. *For to love Christ is essential Christianity.* It is the morrow of true religion. It is this which links the soul to God; which keeps the passions down and the graces up; which vanquishes temptation; which puts the world under our feet; and which turns duty into a delight. Love to Jesus makes the dullest heart to glow and quickens a dull tongue to eloquence. Love to Jesus sent Henry Martyn to the sand-plains of Persia, and Samuel Mills to the boors of Africa; it made stout old Latimer sing at the burning stake, and it irradiated the seraphic countenance of Payson as he passed through the river of death. It is the very pith of every good man's piety.

When love to Jesus ceases to be the master-affection of the soul, the spiritual decline has commenced, and the sad effects soon strike outward into the life. As the inward fire burns low, lukewarmness begins. If love to Christ does not *draw* a man to the prayer-gathering, a sense of duty will soon cease to *drive* him there. If Christ is not allowed to keep a Christian's purse, selfishness will soon steal it. If a Christian is not conformed to Christ he will very speedily become conformed to the world. His moral sense becomes blunted. He gets *used to* neglecting his closet; used to shirking his duties; he gets used to sinning! A small excuse is enough to satisfy him. Instead of giving Christ "the casting vote," in every decision, he gives it to selfishness. Instead of growing in grace he dwindles every day. Having a name to live, he is dying at the root: I have seen such Christians gasping away like a poor animal under the exhausted glass "receiver" of an air-pump.

Put a score of such professors of religion into a prayer-meeting, and it becomes an ice-house. Put a church-full of such professors into a community, and it does about as much good as a monster snow-bank in a fence corner does to fertilize a field. I would not exchange the prayers and the power of a single servant girl that I have in my Brooklyn church for five hundred of these petrified professors sitting around the communion-table in meaningless mockery of a crucified Master.

Oh! it is terrible to think how low a Christian's religion's may sink, and yet the breath of life be still left in him. It is terrible to think how far a backslider may go who is yet not an open apostate. Terrible is it, too, to contemplate the mischief which these lukewarm professors make in the church and in society. Over such as they, sinners stumble into perdition. Every backslider commonly has one or more clinging to his skirts. In the terse words of the old Liturgy, such professors "do those things which they ought not to do, and leave undone those things which they ought to do; and there is no spiritual *health*" in them.

What did the Holy Spirit say unto a lukewarm church at Laodicea? "Be zealous, therefore and *repent!*" And the best way to repent of sin is to quit it. If sin have grown into a horrid ulcer, cut it out! It is better to enter into life maimed and bleeding than to be cast into hell.

The most effectual repentance for neglected duty is to resume that duty. Do not stop, my friend, to mourn outside a bolted closet-door. Open again the place of secret devotion, and, as thou enterest there, bathe with tears the feet of thy deserted Saviour! Rear again thy household altar. Go back to your post of labour. Implore the grieved Holy Spirit to aid you. And do it betimes. The Judge standeth at the door! To-morrow you may be in your shroud, and your soul be summoned to the bar of God.

Large Giving.

Certain circumstances threw me into the company of a Baptist minister, of whose charge I had heard the most favorable report, but the half had not been told me. After many matters had been talked over, I thought it would be well to send you the following gleanings, which may be fully relied upon, as it was taken almost *verbatim*.

The following questions were asked, and answers given:

Traveler. You say the people pay so much per family; how many families or parts of families belong to your Church?

Pastor. Nine; well, you may say ten families.

T. What is their occupation?

P. All farmers.

T. What amount of finances do they rise yearly?

P. This year, for all purposes, about $500. About $100 of this sum was raised by Sabbath collections and hearers.

T. Are your people rich? for this is wonderful.

P. They own their own farms, which may be nearly 1,200 acres; altogether; but their farms are new, and *they live in log houses yet.*

T. Can they pay their other liabilities while giving so much?

P. Pay their debts! yes sir; they are doing as well as most farmers; they have got the notion that they prosper by giving to God.

T. Do you think it right to give so much?—You say that some of them give $50 a year.

P. They do as well as I do—lay as much in store as I can, and more too; they can provide for their children as well as I can do for mine—and do you think, in the presence of a just God, that my people have any right and claim in these matters more than I have? No, sir, we believe in sound doctrine: of course they are not saving much money, nor yet am I doing so; pastor and people are alike, as it should be.

T. How often do you preach to them?

P. Twice every Sabbath; our people believe in having plenty of gospel, as well as giving liberally.

Many other matters were talked over. All the information sought for was very kindly given. I send it without note or comment; the congregation and the pastor reside about twelve and a half miles from Stratford.—*J. Milner, in Canada Christian Journal.*

"Those Dear Old Prayer-Meetings."

It was a beautiful and stately dwelling upon which we looked. On three sides of it inviting verandahs opened upon garden or lawn, where cooling fountain, or creeping roses, or tempting fruits, each in their turn, enchanted the sight, or gratified the taste.

As we wandered amidst this wealth of beauty, we approached our aged friend, who was seated near a side door, and exclaimed, "How beautiful! Everything that wealth could do, it has done to beautify your home."

Bending toward us, with quivering lip and moistening eye, he replied with tones we can never forget: "*I would give it all for one of those dear old prayer-meetings.*"

Quick as thought our minds were carried back to a little village far toward the setting sun, where, in the pride of early manhood, he had made for himself a home, and where with a heart consecrated to his Master's service, he had sought out those who in other days and more eastern homes had entered, as laborers, into the vineyard of his Lord.

We remember how he had gathered these praying ones about him, and a little church was organized, of which he was the leading officer and an unwavering supporter. We seemed to hear once more his earnest pleading for his pastor, and the flock over which he watched.

We seemed to see him again in the Sabbath-school, a living, active Christian teacher, never a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire; but since then you have lost your washing tray. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times; but these you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain."

Religious Intelligence.

Tractarianism.

FATHER IGNATIUS IN HIS MONASTERY CHAPEL AT NORWICH.

"Father Ignatius proceeded to read or sing "the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to St. John," Mr. Ouseley standing with uplifted and folded hands. At the words "it is finished," and "He bowed his head and gave up the ghost," an attempt was made to portray the lightning and thunder which the Scripture narratives record to have attended the real event. The thunder was more successful than the lightning, which may be said indeed to have been a mere flash in the pan; some of the kitchen utensils would seem, from the nature of the sound evolved, to have been concerned behind the scenes in the production of the thunder. At this extraordinary scene—or rather attempt at a scene—Brother Ignatius, Mr. Ouseley, all the monks, and most of the congregation, prostrated themselves for a few seconds. A veiled crucifix was then removed by Mr. Ouseley from the top of the altar, the crape which covered it was partially removed, and Mr. Ouseley, holding it aloft, said, "Behold the wood of the cross!" Brother Ignatius and the congregation responded, "Come, let us adore." The crape was then further removed, the crucifix again held aloft, and the words, "Behold the wood of the cross!" repeated, with the same response. Then the crape was entirely removed, and the figure of the Saviour was exposed, Mr. Ouseley saying, "Behold the wood of the holy cross, on which hung the salvation of the world!" *The response having been sung, the crucifix was lowered to the ground, and Brother Ignatius, creeping towards it, reverently kissed it.* Mr. Ouseley, taking off his cross-embroidered vestment, followed his example. Brother Ignatius then said that, "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," he desired to say a few words to the congregation, whom he addressed as men and women, sons and daughters of our fallen race. He accordingly ascended a kind of pulpit, and, in a tone of impassioned entreaty, besought all present to show their love for Jesus, by coming to adore His holy cross. They kissed, he said, the pictures of relatives and distant friends; why not the emblem of their faith, the cross of their Lord? He then prescribed that during the "creeping" a hymn should be sung; that the faithful, in drawing near to the altar, should make three prostrations; and, finally, that they should kiss the hands and feet of the figure on the crucifix.

These are the practices to which it is now wished to bring back the people of England! The doctrines taught are much on a level. A Catechism has lately been published, and is said to have had a considerable sale, on the "Office of the Holy Communion," edited by a committee of clergy. Our first impression on looking at this Catechism was that it was a Roman Catholic publication, and that the committee of clergy belonged to that Church, but it soon appeared that they profess at least—for no names are given—to be beneficed clergymen of the Protestant Church of England. In this book it is declared that the Holy Communion is a "sacrifice," or "offering made on an altar to God;" and that the bread and wine "become the body and blood of Christ," which at the communion are "afresh offered and presented to the Father." It is difficult to see in what "Holy Communion," thus explained, differs from the "Sacrifice of the Mass."

FATHER IGNATIUS IN MANCHESTER.

Father Ignatius held two services in the Manchester Corn Exchange. The congregations, especially in the evening, were numerous and respectable. At seven o'clock (says the *Manchester Examiner*) a distant sound of chanting was heard through the door leading from the ante-room, which, becoming louder and louder, announced that the singers were approaching the hall. Several persons jumped from their seats, and there was a general straining of necks and eyes towards the side door from which it was understood the procession would emerge. Tables had been placed round the room so as to form a free passage to the processionists. First came a tall young man dressed in a black robe, over which was a short white muslin frock. He held aloft a large gilt crucifix. Two and two, several others followed, similarly dressed, but having nothing in their hands. Two small boys came next, in scarlet skull caps and robes, and short white surplices. One of them swung a burning censer, and the other carried a second vessel, ready to take his turn when his companion's incense was consumed. Following them came Father Ignatius and two tall brethren, habited in white and gold, and blue and scarlet vestments with crosses on their back. One of them carried a mahogany crook, something like a bishop's crosier. The procession slowly walked round the room, chanting all the while. The greater portion of the audience rose to their feet as soon as the leader appeared at the side door, and they remained for some time in that position. Upon the wall at the back of the platform was draped a piece of crimson cloth to form an effective background. Against it was a table, upon which was a figure (apparently wax) of the Saviour on the cross. On either side were tall burning tapers, and before it were vases of rich flowers and some smaller tapers. Entering upon the platform the processionists bowed low before the altar, and, dividing into two companies, took up their position to the extreme right and left. Ignatius was in the centre and his two gorgeously dressed brethren on either side, the incense bearers waiting upon their chief, and apparently making themselves generally useful. Their backs to the audience and their heads bent low, the occupants of the platform commenced by chanting a hymn of 28 verses, the refrain of which was, "May Jesus Christ be praised." A considerable number of the audience (chiefly ladies) took part in the monotonous song, and joined in the salutations incessantly made to the image. Ignatius, during the latter portion of the hyma, took a turn or two round the platform, swinging a censer. The two boys held up his train, displaying a crimson lining with wide blue border, which when turned back upon the white surplices made a showy effect. He then offered up a prayer in Latin, and some responses followed, many among the audience joining in and using what appeared to be the Common Prayer. These preliminary exercises lasted over half an hour, and were all sung. On the front benches were several young women to whom the service was familiar, and who were prominent in the responses and genuflexions. The singing, on the whole, was not well done. There was an exception in a beautifully-written hymn, entitled the "Pilgrims of the Night." The verses were sung alternately as solos, duets, and trios, and to each there was a pretty chorus about angels welcoming the pilgrims of the night. This piece was decidedly operatic, but it was perhaps the most effective part of the sermon. At the conclusion of the chanting Father Ignatius announced his text from the narrative of the Nativity, and preached a sermon which was partly narrative and partly laudation of the Virgin Mary. For the first three-quarters of an hour the discourse was listened to with marked attention, but some of the audience standing at the end of the room got impatient, and commenced walking out. The preacher earnestly, and at times eloquently, urged the claims of Mary, remarking that if we accepted the Saviour, we must accept her too; and that God without her was an avenging judge, but with her, our merciful Friend.

I Must Praise More.

Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore, once wrote an article with this heading, which had a wide circulation, and stirred many Christian hearts to praise. Some parts of it are well worth re-publishing, as setting forth a Christian duty too often neglected. He says:

It strikes me that we ought to *praise* more as well as pray more. I do not know how it is with others, but I know that I have a great deal for which to be thankful and to praise God. I feel that it will not do for me to spend all my breath in praying. I should thus, it is true, acknowledge my dependence on God; but where would be the acknowledgment of his benefits conferred on me? I must spend a part of my breath in praise. God has been very good to me. Yes, He has exercised goodness towards me in all its various forms of pity, forbearance, care, bounty, grace, and mercy; or to express all in one word, "God is love," and He has been love to me.

I do not know why he should have treated me so kindly. I have sought, but could find no reason out of himself. I conclude it is because he "delighteth in mercy." I think I shall be able, without weariness, to spend eternity on the topic of Divine love and goodness.

Shall we not *praise* God? Shall all our devotion consist in prayer? Shall we be always thinking of our wants and never of his benefits—always dwelling on what remains to be done and never thinking of what has been done for us—always uttering desire and never expressing gratitude—expending all our voice in supplication, and none of it in song? Is this the way to treat a benefactor? No! it is not *just* so to treat Him; neither is it *wise*. It is very bad policy to praise no more than Christians in general do. They would have much more success in prayer if one-half the time they now spend in it were spent in praise. I do not mean they pray too much, but that they praise too little. I suspect that the reason why the Lord did such great things for the Psalmist was, that while he was not by any means deficient in prayer, he abounded in praise. The Lord heard his *psalms* and while he sung of mercy shown, showed him more. And it would be just so with us, if we abounded more in praise and thanksgiving. It displeases God that we should be always dwelling on our wants, as if He had never supplied one of them.

How do we know that God is not waiting for us to praise Him for a benefit He has already conferred, before He will confer on us that other which we may now be so earnestly desiring of Him. For one who offers genuine praise, there may be found ten who pray. Ten lepers lifted up their voices together in the prayer, "Jesus, master, have mercy on us," but only one of the ten "returned to give glory to God." The rest were satisfied with the benefit—this one only thought gratefully of the benefactor.

Praise is altogether the superior exercise of the two. Prayer may be altogether selfish in its origin, but praise is ingenuous. Praise is the employment of heaven. Angels praise the spirits of the just made perfect praise. We shall not always pray, but we shall ever praise. I charge thee, my soul, to praise Him, and He will never let thee want matter for praise. "While I live I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."

Losses by Religion.!

Near London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a Christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still hankered after the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited from regard to the law of God? So, when the visitor asked their contributions, she interposed and said:

"Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began; my husband knows that very well. Have we not Thomas?

After a solemn pause, Thomas answered, 'Yes, Mary, we have. Before I got religion Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them long ago. And Mary, you know that, poor as I was I had a habit of getting drunk and quarreling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a hardened conscience and wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire; but since then you have lost your washing tray. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times; but these you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain."

General Miscellany.

A Minister and a Lawyer.

A clergyman called at my office one day, said a lawer to me, and as he entered I noticed that he seemed much distressed, "What can I do for you, my friend?" said I.

"Sir, I am in great trouble. It is absolutely necessary for me to borrow five hundred dollars to-day, or I shall have to sacrifice my library and perhaps my furniture to meet my engagements. I have been to several brokers and offered them almost any interest for the amount, but they are unwilling to lend me the money because I am a clergymen, and cannot furnish the usual business security."

"But why do you not apply to Mr. P——? He is an elder in your Church, and abundantly able to aid you."

"He is the last man to whom I would apply; to ask him for money would be to alienate him from me, and perhaps drive him from the Church."

I suggested several other names of friends. He had already made application to them, and they had declined on the ground that if he should fail to pay they would loose their money, as they could not take action against a clergyman. I had a twenty-five bond for five hundred dollars laying in my safe, and at once made up my mind, and spoke thus:

"Sir, your friends and the brokers have refused to loan you this money because you are a clergyman. I am a compartive stranger, and *I* well lend it to you, for that very reason." He was profuse in his thanks, and was proceeding to draw a note when I checked him. "This is no personal favor, sir, but simply my tribute to my idea of the purity and integrity which should characterize your sacred office. I want no note, I ask no security, and you may pay me when and as you please, with or without interest, as suits your convenience." This answer quite overpowered the grateful minister and tears mingled with his thanks.

A few months elasped and the clergyman returned to my office and paid me the sum in full with interest, and told in a few words how much of trial and loss, and perhaps shame, my timely aid had spared him.

The story has a lesson worthy of the consideration of those who are sometimes called upon to aid their ministers, but shrink from doing so from fear of loss, or upon simply business considerations.

As a rule, clergymen are extremely sensitive, and slow to ask such favors. If they do ask, you may be sure that they *need* the help which they crave. Besides this, their salaries are upon the average so small that there are few who are not at times sorely straitened, and the help which they are constrained to ask may save much suffering and sacrifice, and more than these, the lawyer's reason is a good one for aiding an honest faithful man of God in the time of his extremity; it is fitting that such a tribute should be paid to the purity and integrity which should characterize the sacred office.

Visit to a Lunatic Asylum.

I could but notice the various forms of insanity peculiar to the patients as I walked through the wards. A very few seemed contented, but others were waiting and watching for something they wished, but could not possess; while with reference to some, they seemed so well that I could not but think of "Fanny Fern," when she made the remark, "there were quite as many out of the asylum, that ought to be in it, as there were inmates that ought to be out of it."

"I am a lecturer," exclaimed a sweet blue-eyed girl, "I am reconciling all things according to the signs of the times." Poor Mollie! Apparently scarcely twenty summers had passed in her young life, yet now the dark waves of insanity enveloped her active brain with dismal darkness. She had loved, and losing him her heart held so dear, the disappointment was too much, and reason was dethroned.

"I want to see my papa," said another, as she looked up in my face. For years she had been confined there, but her intellect was darkened on earth forever. And it was a pleasing thought, that though the light of reason had fled from her beautiful eyes, she still remembered the kind father she had loved in childhood's sunny hours, when she clasped his hand, looking up in his face, and her childish lips had first learned to lisp the endearing words, "My papa." She loved him and remembered him still, and that one bright idea, like an oasis in a sandy desert, cheered her life.

"O let me go home! I'll never get home!" screamed another, and my heart ached as I looked at her, stretching her arms in such a pitiful manner, imploring to get away. She was raving, locked up, and she grasped again and again the iron bars of her window, as if her aged hand were strong enough to break the grating which held her fast. Her head was white with the snows of many winters;

"She strove in vain to break the chain,
That she might be free as the wind again."

How her mind roamed back to the fields she had crossed in youthful days—the friends she had loved in girlhood! They were gone, all gone—and again she clutched the iron bars and screamed, "O, let me go home!"

"God is good!" exclaimed a sweet-looking woman, as she clasped my arm, looking in my face and smiling. It did me good to see her still cling to her pure confiding trust in Him who is watching over all. Her husband was dead, and her children away from her.

As I was strolling over the grounds I noticed rather an amusing patient; he seemed to be quite contented and happy, always talking and laughing. Noticing my portfolio, he requested me to write something for him. Wishing to interest him I said, "What shall I write about?" "O, write about her," he replied; "I love her, I love her; the doctor says I mustn't, but I do." I was diverted, yet glad he seemed to enjoy "loving her" so much. I left him with an inward prayer that he might soon be well again.

I noticed one patient who had been there for many years. He was hopelessly insane, but perfectly harmless, and would often wander alone over the grounds, or stop to rest by the lake under some shady tree. I had a sprig of flowers in my hand, and as he took them from me he remarked something about the "plum-tree blossoms" in the orchard in whose shadows he had rested long years ago, and a look of intense sadness rested on his really handsome face. Poor fellow! he had not forgotten the old home, nor the blooming trees; their blossoms were far more beautiful than any I could gather for him, and he wanted to go back once more and lie down to rest in the orchard that flourished around his once happy home; for

"Many a year had passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,"

since he had known happiness.

I noticed the fact that the women in the Asylum seemed much more ungovernable than the men. They seem, when insane, not to have near so much self-control. "Contrariness," with some, appeared to be as essential to them as their daily bread.—*Cor. W. Christian Advocate.*

Instinct and Intelligence.

Recently I sat by the window reading, and looking out chanced to see a spider, on the outside, weaving his net. I forgot my book and watched him for two hours, struck with the knowing way in which he performed his work. First, he fastened his long ropes like the cables of a suspension bridge, then drew cords from one to the other, intersecting each other in one point like the spokes of a wheel. These served both as supports for the net and as telegraph wires, by which, when sitting at the centre, he would receive intelligence of the capture of any insect. Now, going to the outer edge, he went with another thread from spoke to spoke, fastening it at each one with a little gluten, till, completing the circuit, he had made a many-sided polygon. He went rapidly round and round, fastening these threads at equal distances, till so near the centre that the converging threads were too close together to allow a fly to go through. He then rested in the centre, waiting for a dispatch from some quarter, a tremulous motion of a cord, to show that a victim was caught.

How wonderful is the instinct of these little creatures. So with the bee. The honey-comb is so constructed as to give the greatest strength with the least material, and afford the most room in each cell. Each hive is an empire with one absolute monarch, each inmate having his proper place and duty. The order that prevails is incredible. Always, the animals which have the least intelligence show the most wonderful instinct. The dog, the horse, and the elephant, show no such skill as the spider and the bee. Man, the wisest of all, is very bungling in his attempts, and must try again and again. Why has God made the lower animals to excel in this? Is it not to teach the superiority of His wisdom to ours? The bee and spider are guided by His wisdom; we by our own. Though possessing intelligence and a free will, we are constantly compelled to see how far these poor little creatures, acting by His guidance, transcend our best efforts, how His wisdom excels ours.—*New York Observer.*

How to Make a Fortune.

In the days when the principal was not too proud to sweep out and shut up his own shop, and when the assistants were not above speaking of that gentleman as the master—when the word "governor" was not—more fortunes were made than at present. If this position be but admitted, the rest is plain sailing; for we hold that there is but one means of making a fortune in trade, and that is by determined and systematic saving. There is now living a wealthy merchant connected with the grocery trade whose property was amassed on this foundation. Whenever he made one pound profit he put away two shillings in a perfectly safe investment, whilst on the remaining eighteen shillings he lived and traded. If a man enters business, and the profits of his first year's trading do but amount to £70, he should make his personal expenses £10 less than the sum. To say it is impossible to do this is ridiculous. To say it is hard is to admit that you have not the necessary qualities to insure success. The whole art of making a fortune, which we will take to mean a retiring competency, consists in this power to imprison a given part of your earnings away from the fields of business speculation. The theory of "nothing venture, nothing have," which might well be taken as a motto of modern traders, is equally as false as it is specious; for though it seems to say that if you make no venture you can expect no return, it really says, or is taken by most to mean, that if you do not venture all you cannot expect any. Let us not be misunderstood. We are greatly in favor of legitimate speculation of all sorts; but we consider that kind to be criminal which is not legitimate; we think business expenses

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