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TEMPERANCE.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Be a drunkard if you want to squander your money. Ten cents a dram is not much; but it counts up at the end, and you will soon be as poor as you wish to be. On the other hand, if you wish to save your money; if you want to live in comfort and ease; if you want prosperity to attend you in this world, why, "touch not, taste not, handle not." It is an easy rule for those not wanting in resolution.

Be a drunkard if you wish to lose your health. Three or four drams a day is not much; but if you drink this daily we will insure the gradual weakening of your body. The more whiskey you drink, the sooner you will lose your health. If you drink one dram a day, in that same proportion you will lose your health. We repeat it, if you want to be nervous, rheumatic, dyspeptic, consumptive; if you want your body a prey to all diseases that flesh is heir to, be a miserable drunken wretch. But on the contrary, if you want to be healthy and strong, the rule is easy, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

Be a drunkard if you want to lose your mind. We are told that whiskey affects the brain; and we have no reason to doubt our best medical authorities. Yes, if you want to become an inmate of some insane asylum, be a drunken sot. But if you want your mind to be clear, if you want your intellect to be bright, follow the rule, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

Be a drunkard if you want to be a murderer, thief, incendiary, or libertine; we say, if you want to be a scoundrel of the deepest dye; if you want to have every vice that can possibly be imagined, be a miserable beer-barrel of a drunkard. But if you want to be an honest, upright and God-fearing man, one condition is, "touch not, taste not, handle not" the sparkling poison.

Be a drunkard if you want to be the victim of delirium tremens. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to have "snakes in your boots," as you will plainly discover if you ever have the horrors. But if you want to escape this terrible result of drinking, "touch not, taste not, handle not."

Be a drunkard if you want to be a nuisance to society. Do you understand? We say, if you want to be a disgrace to your family, and looked upon by society as something not fit to associate with; if you want people to say to your children, "your father is a sot;" if you want yourself and family to live in utter and everlasting disgrace, be a horrible, disgusting, drunken brute. But if you want to be respected; want your family to be respected; want to be regarded as a "man" in the true sense of the word, the way is sure, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

Be a drunkard if you want your family to hate you, be a drunkard and you will be like a "putrid sore" in the bosom of your family. But if you want to be loved and respected by your children, by your wife, to be fondly looked for at eventide, "touch not, taste not, handle not."

The Bible says, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven;" therefore touch not the maddening bowl, if you would live with God in heaven, you would live with God in heaven, taste not, touch not, but dash it down. Young man you now see the end of a

temperate and intemperate life. Take your choice. Your friends love you. You are loved by your Creator. He stretches out to you a helping hand, and would rescue you. O drunkard, grasp that loving hand ere it be too late. One more step may ruin you, and you will be lost to all that is pure and good. Rise in the strength of your manhood, dash the tempting cup from your polluted lips, and resolve never to drink another drop of rum. Remember if you die a drunkard you sink into the burning depths of hell. But if you die a sober, temperate and God-fearing man, you will forever live in that beautiful paradise "beyond the hills of Jordan."

Take your choice; and, oh, do not forget that your choice hangs your eternal destiny.—*Indiana Farmer.*

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood, and one
As clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;

I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on
the earth

Fell under my touch as though struck by
blight,

Where I was a king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the
crown,

From the heights of fame I have hurled
men down.

I have blasted many an honoured name:
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.

Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;

I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to
me.

For they said, "Behold, how great you be
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you
fall,

For your might and power are over all,
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as
mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad;

Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've
laved,
Of hands I have cooled, of souls I have
saved.

I have flowed in the valley, dashed down
the mountain,
Flowed in the river, and played in the
fountain;

Slept in the sunshine and dropped from
the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape
and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow
fertile with grain.

I can tell of the powerful wheel at the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at
my will;

I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;

I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me,
These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

There is a sympathy awakened in the human heart when we go among the tombs, and see the last resting place of man; for soon we know that we, too, shall go the way of all the world for, Man's home is in the grave; Here dwell the multitude; we gaze around; We read their monuments; we sigh, and, While we sigh, we sink.

How varied the emotions excited when we visit a cemetery. A feeling of

awe and reverence is awakened as we find ourselves surrounded by the dead. The truest and most cheering eloquence speaks to us from the grave of the godly man.—'He being dead yet speaketh.' We are reminded of their pure and holy life, of their chastened temper, of their forgiving disposition, and of their serene and happy exit from a life of trials and self-denials, which was to them 'a baptism into immortality.'

In olden times it was the custom of the Greeks and Romans to decorate their graves with flowers. Thus we find the epitaph of the Grecian poet:

Wind gently evergreens to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy wind thy boughs and entwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Soshall thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung
Prove a fit emblem of the lays he sung.

The following is an epitaph on Quin in the Abbey Church at Bath:

The tongue that set the table in a roar,
And charmed the public ear, is heard no
more;
Closed are those eyes, the harbinger of wit,
Which spake before the tongue what
Shakespeare writ.
Cold is that hand which ever was stretch-
ed forth,
At friendship's call to succor modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to
be taught,
What'er thy strength of body, force of
thought;
In nature's happiest mold, however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at
last.

The following epitaph is found in an old church-yard in Wales:

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was
filling.
No reflection on him for rude speech could
be cast,
Though he made our old organ give many
a blast.
No puffer was he, though a capital blower;
He could fill double G, and now lies a
note lower.

The following is by Byron, on John Adams, who died of drunkenness:

John Adams lies here, of the parish of
Southwell,
A carrier who carried the can to his mouth
well;
He carried so much and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried
at last;
For the liquor he drank being too much
for one,
He could not carry off, so he is now carrion.

In Crooked lane, St. Michael's church-
yard, London, we find the following:

Here lieth, wrapped in clay,
The body of William Wray;
I have no more to say.

The following is to the memory of a son of the Emerald Isle:

Here lies Pat Steele—
That's very true;
Who was he? What was he?
What's that to you?

In the local history or Cornwall, we find the following epitaph:

Father and mother and I
Lies buried here under;
Father and mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder.

At York, Shelby church-yard, we find the following, to the memory of Miles:

This tombstone is a milestone. Ha! how so?
Because, Miles lies here, who is Miles below.

In Paul's Wharf, London, we find the following:

Here lies one More, and no more than he.
One More, and no more—how can that be?
Why, one More, and no more, may well lie
here alone.

But here lies one More, and that's more than one.

Fairfax County, Va.

HOW WE TREAT OUR BRAINS.

Almost daily I am in contention with parents and guardians, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, clergymen and professors, youths and maidens, boys and girls, concerning the right way of building up the young brain, of ripening the adult brain, and preserving the brain in age. Grievously ill do we take in hand to deal with this delicate mem-

ber, and well it is that innate development overruns our schemes and brings the variety of natural good out of the monotony of human folly. It is dimly felt by society that the reign of bone and muscle is over, and that the reign of brain and nerve is taking its place. Even the Gibeonites now have the hydraulic ram and the steam felling machine; the spectacled general of forces fights in his tent by click of battery and wire, and his lieutenant hoists an iron-clad by the touch of two buttons upon his waistcoat: the patient earth forgets the tread of horse and ox, and is plowed by steam; and ere long, no doubt, our ministers will wind sermons out of barrel organs, and our morning egg will be broken for us by a wafer of dynamite. Hence it is that all classes are for "education!" The village grocer's son goes to a "theological college," and sits up by night over his "Evidences" with green tea in his blood, and a wet cloth about his brows. The gardener's daughter pulls roses no more, and has become a pupil teacher; she is chlorotic at sixteen, and broken-spirited at twenty. The country parson's son goes to a civil service or a navy "coach," is plucked in his teens, and is left to begin life again with an exhausted brain and an incurable megrim; nay, even the sons of peers are putting on the armor of light and are deserting the field for the counting-house. To meet this demand colleges of all kinds and degrees spring up—middle-class seminaries, theological colleges, colleges of science, university boards, even the old universities are stirring out missionaries in *partibus*, and are cramming the youth of twenty counties in the art of making most show with least learning. All this, in main, no doubt, must be and should be; but so sudden a volte fence cannot be made without a wrench, and it is my desire now to see where the strain will tell, and how to perform our social evolutions with the least injury to persons.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

CYPRUS.

(Montreal Daily Witness.)

Cyprus is a small island, snugly enclosed in the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, about two hundred miles north-east by north from Jerusalem, "as the crow flies," and forty-four miles south of the coast of Asia Minor. It is about one hundred and forty miles long, and for a hundred miles is about forty miles broad; for the remaining distance it is some fifteen miles broad. Its area is 4,678 square miles, and its population 200,000, of whom two-thirds are Greeks, and the rest Moslems, Armenians, Roman Catholics, Jews and Maronites. A range of bold and rugged mountains, called the Olympus, runs almost the whole length of the island. Three-fifths of the island is mountainous, one-fifth of this portion furnishing splendid forests of oak and walnut, and being capable of yielding large supplies of sulphur, pit coal, and different metals. The rest of the mountainous portion is adapted for vine and olive culture and the growth of fruit trees, while the remaining two-fifths of the island is open country, very productive in cereals. There is only one river in the island, the Pediceus, although there are many mountain torrents, which in summer are completely dry. The ports are said to be choked up through neglect, but one at Famagasta is large, well sheltered from all winds, and, it is said, can be easily deepened to accommodate hundreds of large ships. The population of Cyprus has for some years back been growing in prosperity, and its revenue over cost of collection, government, &c., has been

a clear gain of some half million dollars annually to the Sultan. Historically, Cyprus is most interesting ground. It was early colonized by the Phoenicians, and passed under the successive rules of the Pharaohs, Persians, Ptolemies and Romans. The Greeks also colonized it at an early date, and their influence grew until it became supreme under Alexander and his successors. The island is extremely interesting as having been the scene of the first mission work of the Apostle Paul, who, in company with Barnabas, a wealthy Jew of Cyprus, chose that as the first field of his labours. At this time it was under the proconsular Government of one Sergius Paulus, from whom some think the apostle took his Gentile name. In the reign of Trajan, the Jews at Salamis rebelled, and, rising *en masse*, put to death 240,000 of their fellow citizens. Subsequently the rebellion was suppressed and the Jews expelled, and no Jew allowed to touch its shores. If one were shipwrecked on it even, he was instantly put to death. It was one of the chief seats of heathen worship, the place where the polluted worship introduced from Assyria, and the beautiful conceptions of Greek thought, met, all of which gave way before the glorious light of the gospel of Christ. At the time of the Crusades it was detached from the Greek Empire and made a Kingdom, for Guy of Lusignan, and from his descendants passed into the hands of the Menetians, when it became of great importance. In 1570 it was seized by the Turks after a brave defence, and for eight years subsequently to 1831 was governed by the *Viceroy of Egypt*. Its early cities have been completely buried, and some years ago the American consul, Cesnola, by the consent of the Sultan, set to work to uncover them. He was successful in striking on the ancient temple of Venus, and rescuing many valuable and precious relics; but the jealousy of the Sultan being aroused, he was ordered to discontinue his investigations. Now that it is probable the island has passed into more English hands, we may expect that much light will be thrown on the ancient forms of worship, and the history of olden times, by the relics which may be there uncovered.

SCIENCE.

The annual consumption of silver for photographic purposes is calculated by Prof. Vogel to amount to \$2,250,000 in value.

An attempt is being made to grow the sugar-cane in Switzerland, and grains are being distributed among the farmers for that purpose.

There are now 125 telegraph stations in Japan, and about 5,000 miles of wire in operation. 1,000 miles more are already being constructed, and still further extensions are contemplated. The first telegraph line erected in Japan for practical purposes was put up in 1859.

A new volcanic crater, recently discovered on the surface of the moon is 18,000 feet in diameter, and is, therefore, larger than any crater on the earth except that of Kerasga in the Sandwich Islands.

Sir George Black, the distinguished Arctic navigator, died last week in England. He was the companion of Sir John Franklin in his Arctic explorations nearly fifty years ago. He made five northern voyages, and did very much towards clearing up the geography of that frigid section. Since 1857 he has been a rear admiral on the retired list.

Carlton Mrs. C. O.