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Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Life.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—(Solomon's satire on the vanity of human pursuits, Eccl. iii.)

Life is not for sleeping—
Time is on the wing.
Life is not for weeping—
'Tis a fruitless thing.

Life is not for pleasure,
Till we win the goal;
Then no stint nor measure
Shall confine the soul.

Life is ours to labour,
Both with head and hand.
Life is ours to strengthen
Every human band.

Life is ours to 'minish
Human tears and pain.
Life is ours to finish
The Eden we regain.

Life to all is given,
To work, and watch, and pray,
That in the Re-Creation,
We may live for aye.

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An Aged Servant of Jesus.

Extracted from Boardman's "Higher Christian Life."

At eighty his athletic frame had begun to tremble under the weight of years, and his manly form to stoop a little—strange if it had not been so. His infirmity, indeed, was so great that his children would no longer willingly consent to his living apart from them, or following his old occupation. "Father," they said to him, "you have done enough already. It is time you gave yourself up to rest. Come, live with us. Let us take care of you. Enjoy the freedom of all our houses. Go where you please, and when you please, and be at home wherever you go. All we have is yours. But work no more, and live no longer by yourself."

This was kind and right. The old man loved his children, and was delighted with this evidence of their affection for him.

But to; he would not consent to their plan. For two years more he remained in his own house, and kept up his occupation and his establishment in regular routine.

Meanwhile, however, he visited every family, prayed in every house, and talked personally with every man, woman and child of a suitable age, in a circle of five thousand inhabitants, and many were awakened by his words. He established and maintained also a weekly union prayer meeting, changed from house to house, in a circuit as large as he could extend it. And this was the beginning of a revival which embraced all the churches, and almost all the town in its blessed sweep. And all this was *after* he became *eighty years old*, and so infirm that his children thought it unsafe for him to keep up his home and live apart from them.

At *eighty-two* they *prevailed*. He was constrained *to yield to their affectionate* urgency, closed his establishment, *sold out*, and went to make his home with his children. Then, in another town, *some fifty* miles from his former residence, he was thrown into a new field, not of *toil*, *as his children* had hoped, but of activity and usefulness. Looking about him, he saw a population of twenty-five hundred or more, with not the usual church privileges, to be sure, though without any one, really in the spirit of Jesus, to care for their souls. So, *in the faith of an ever-present Saviour*, he girt about him his coat, put on his India rubbers, filled his pockets with tracts, refreshed *his spirit* at the foot of the cross, and started out on foot and alone.

With his staff in his hand, trembling with age, he went from house to house, here again, as he had done before in his former abode, until here again he had entered every habitation, and left there the impressive solemnity of his affectionate warnings and importunate supplications upon every soul.

In this instance he was not permitted to see the fruits of his work in a general revival of religion, as in the other. Not, however, because it did not occur, but because he was taken home to his mansion and to his Master above, before the seed, so abundantly sown by his hand, had ripened into the harvest. His last visit made, his last prayer offered, in the last house of the hamlet, he went home to his daughter's to rest for the night, to enter next day, as he purposed, upon a course of revisiting such families as he thought his service most needed in.

But his work of going about, like his Master, to do good, was done. He lived many weeks, but went abroad no more while he lived. It was the writer's privilege to see him in his room after this, but some time before his death. The interview will never be forgotten. The bowed and shaking form of the decrepit but noble old patriarch made an impression not to be effaced by time, or crowded out by the images of the multitude since seen thronging the thoroughfare of life. But if his form impressed, his words were burned in.

"Ah!" said he, "for twenty years now I have thought it would be nothing to die, but this. But I did not know. My peace was made. I had learned also that Jesus was my surety and my for purity and spotlessness as well as for pardon. I was ready—all ready, and waiting. And I thought that at the word, in a moment, when the summons should come, I could joyously strike tent and away. But no; I find it very different. No so easy as I supposed."

"Ah! how is that, sir? You are not afraid to die."

"No, not that! Thank God, not that!"

"What then, Sir?"

"O my brother! it is not striking tent, as I supposed—this dying is not. It is pulling down an old house rather, piece by piece; and as the old frame gives way, torn, brace after brace, and timber after timber, apart, it is terrible. And yet, even in this, thanks be to God, my Saviour is with me. He does not forsake me, and His grace is sufficient for me. Sometimes the cry rises up, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Nevertheless, again, always the cheering words, 'Thy will, not mine, be done,' well up after the others, and all is hushed and peaceful."

So this venerable man conversed, while I sat charmed at his feet.

Now what was it gave him such a power to bring forth fruit in old age?

Five thousand people visited after he was four-score years old, and twenty-five hundred more after he was four-score and two! What was the power? I asked him. He told me. Let his words to me, as well as I can repeat them, reveal his secret to all.

"I was converted young, in the place of my birth. For forty years I was a member of the church, and a Christian too, as I verily believe, without ever having been the means, so far as I know, of the conversion of one soul; and that, too, through all the prime and vigor of my youth and manhood, from twenty to sixty. Sometimes when I think of it, I am overwhelmed with grief and shame. But I knew no better; I lived as others in the church; kept up all the duties of religion at home and in the church; kept the Sabbath, prayed, read my Bible, went to the Lord's table, fasted when fast days were appointed, and sometimes when they were not, and often enjoyed the communion of the Spirit, and the fellowship of Christians, and the adoption and heiraship of a child of God; the Spirit witnessing with my spirit that God was my Father; thankful in prosperity, sustained in adversity, and comforted always by a good hope of glory; and yet, as I said, *never in all that forty years*, so far as I know, the means of saving one soul." And here the tears stole down his furrowed cheeks, the silent witnesses to the sincerity of his regrets.

"At last, when I was sixty years old, God was pleased to visit the people of Utica, where I lived, in such power as I had never seen before. Hundreds and hundreds were converted—some from amongst the most hardened and desperate of the people, and others of the most moral and regular. There was a great shaking, too, amongst Christians. Scores gave up hope; concluded they had been deceived, and came out and took the position of newly awakened sinners, inquiring what they should do to be saved. I myself was seized with conviction—not that I was not a Christian, but that I was a useless cumberer of the church; a barren fig tree in the garden of God; worse, it seemed to me, than any unconverted sinner in the world. Forty years of the prime of my life spent in the church and in the nominal service of God, and yet nothing done for the cause; not one soul won to Jesus. Oh, the thought was too bitter to bear! Sometimes it seemed as if it would kill me outright; and when I thought to make amends by a life devoted earnestly to doing good, then Satan taunted me with the idea that it would be a mockery to offer the decrepit and broken remnant of a misspent life to God, and ask him to use me in my old age to save others.

"But he could not keep me from making the offer of myself to the Lord. Now, however, the struggle did but just begin; for in my first attempt to benefit others, my own heart, or rather want of heart, was revealed to me, and in the next effort the conviction of my utter unfitness was deepened, and so on and on, until the weight of my burden was not so much my past barrenness, as my present unfitness to do anything more than I had done in the past.

"Then came the temptation to stop and say, 'Ah! I am not fit to do anything for God; I was not made for it; and if I was, I have lived so long without using and improving my talent, that it has grown rusty, too rusty ever to be used.' Satan, here again often taunted me, saying, 'Too old to change! Fool to think of it!' But he did not stop me. My convictions were too deep, my burden too great; I could not stop. The thought of it was worse than the thought of death. And then something whispered hope to me, and I determined never to stop. Then I cried unto God, in my distress, to give me His Spirit, and strengthen me for His service. But I cannot tell you the hundreth part of my struggles and troubles. Resolutions proved vain, and cries for the Holy Spirit no better, until at last, one day, for the first time in my life, I saw that the work of making my heart right, and keeping it right for the work of the Lord, was Christ's by His own presence in the power of the Holy Ghost; not mine at all. Christ's to save, mine to trust and to serve.

"From that hour I left the Saviour's work in His hands to do, and looking to Him to do it, in the fullest confidence that He would; rejoiced that it was in such good hands—so trustworthy, loving,—and true,—and I was not disappointed. From that hour I found it easy to wear the yoke, and to bear the cross; and, to the praise of God's own condescending love be it said, He has blessed me in His service, and prospered me in the work given me to do. Jesus has been with me every day now these twenty-two years; and every day I have done, in my imperfect way, just the work of the day, as my Saviour has laid it out for me. And one thing I can tell you, my brother, if I have been the instrument of good, it has been the Lord with me, and the Lord within me who has done it, and not I. If the truth concerning Jesus has been in me, a well of water springing up into eternal life, and a fountain from which streams of life have flowed forth, I have been no more than the earthen pitcher which carries the water, or the iron pipe which conducts it. The power is of God. To God be all the glory. He alone is worthy to receive honor, and power, and might, and dominion, and He alone shall have it for ever and ever. Amen."

Such was the story of this aged disciple, ten times more touching and impressive from his trembling lips and sun-lit, tear-bedewed face, and speaking eyes, than from the cold pen that writes it.

As he ceased, reflections and questions came crowding up; but a moment only was left before the car-whistle must be obeyed, and the venerable man left to the quiet and peace of solitary but blessed waiting for his summons in turn.

Some word was dropped about it, and the old man's thoughts flew onward and upward. "Ah, yes," said he, "this is my depot; I have come to it at last. Here I am, and here I wait. How long my Father in Heaven only knows; but not long. The bell will soon ring—the rush and roar of the train will soon be heard—the sound of invisible pinions. The summons will be given. Not in the shrill voice of the steam-whistle, but in the voice of angel song, or sweeter still, in the voice of Him whose words are as the sound of many waters, and as the sound of ten thousands of harpers, harping with their harps. Ah, I long to hear it; I long to see my Redeemer. I long to be with Him where he is, and behold His glory."

Oh, what a lustre shone in his face! Within myself I said "Happy, happy, happy man! Thou indeed hast found, not the fabled, but the true fountain of life! Thou hast stopped and drunk of its waters, and eternal youth is thine!"

But that which impressed itself most deeply of all, was the contrast between the forty years of barrenness, the forty best years of his life,—from twenty to sixty,—and the twenty-two years, the last two, above all, of such noble fruitage to God. Forty years without the known conversion of one single soul from his influence, and the two years after he was eighty, hundreds were converted. Ah! here was a contrast to be pondered well by one like me.

And the cause of it too. Faith,—the faith which accepted the command, "*Go ye!*" and obeyed it. And the faith which accepted also the promise in both aspects—the present and the future,—Lo, *I am* with you always, and Lo, *thou shalt* be with me where I am, to behold my glory. His was the faith which gives all and takes all, and therefore has all, and all in Christ,—whom having, there is nothing more it can ask.

In parting with the venerable brother beloved and father revered, one word was dropped to try him as to the source of his complacency, whether it was in himself or in Christ. May it be forgiven *it*, even in the slightest shade of appearance, it was wanting either in sincerity or respect.

Grasping his hand with the warmth of true admiration and love, (he returned it with interest,) I said, "Well, father, I must leave you to wait here in your depot, for the celestial train, that will take you home to glory, and go myself to meet the earthly train that carries me back to my field of toil. You are all ready and waiting." This was said in the deepest sincerity, and the response was, "Yes, thank God, all ready.—Ready, and longing for the summons."

"You have done so much for the Master and His cause, and experienced so much, that you will not be ashamed to meet Him, and be ushered into the presence of the Father and of the holy angels."

Looking me earnestly in the face, while a shade of sadness and surprise came over the brightness of his countenance, he grasped my hand, and pressed it more warmly than ever, and then placing it between his two, as if to impress the truth upon me, with a double power, he answered:—"No! no, my son, not that! *not* THAT! All I have done is nothing,—all I have experienced, nothing. I am nothing. My righteousness is as filthy rags—at best no better than the torn, tattered, defiled, crossed, condemned notes of a broken bank. It would be an insult to offer it. I would be madness to trust to it. No, no, no, my son! Thank God I have a better hope. Jesus is mine, and I am His, and that is enough. He who has been with me through every trial in life, will be with me in death. His grace will suffice. I shall not be ashamed to meet Him, for he has bought me with his blood, and sealed me by His Spirit. And I shall not be ashamed to go into the presence of His Father and my Father, for He will change me into His own heavenly image of spotless glory, and being like Him, I shall be like all who are His. Jesus is all in all. Good bye—May Jesus go with you, and be with you evermore."

So we parted.

The Earnest Listener.

A pious clergyman had a careless and idle son, who left his home, went on board a vessel, and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice when they wrote to him. The ship which contained their boy reached a distant port, and was there waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kinds of music. He amused them for a long time, but at last said, "You must now take me on shore." The sailors told him he must not go yet. "O, indeed I cannot stay any longer," replied the boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I learned all I know about Jesus Christ, in whom I wish to believe. This is about the hour when he meets us, under the shade of a tree, to tell us more. I want to go to hear him." The sailors were quite overcome by the boys cries, and at once rowed him ashore.

The clergyman's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by them. "Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus Christ than that boy, and yet caring far less about him. That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the word of life, while I am living quite careless about it!" In great distress of mind, he retired that night to his hammock; but his pious father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation which he so much needed. He became a real Christian, and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.

The Heavenly Home.

And there is a third and final home, to which the heart with its Divine Resident, and the Church with its redeemed, brotherhood, steadily point as the result and development of them both. That home is heaven. But who shall paint its landscapes, describe its glories, picture its inhabitants, or point out its locality? Prophets, poets and evangelists have done much; but not enough to satisfy the cravings of curiosity. Like the holy of holies, into which none but the high priest entered, it is mostly veiled from the eyes of others; and "He who came down from heaven" has undoubtedly, from wise and kind reasons, said but comparatively little about the mansions of the Father's house. Yet metaphor, similitude, figure, with an occasional glance at a small opening, have excited expectation, and kindled the highest hopes. The language of the heart is eloquent on the subject. The future and final home of redeemed men! It must be worthy of Him who is bringing many sons to glory! And what are all the cares, tears and anxieties, griefs, groans and bereavements in presence of that short word "glory!" As before the majesty of man.

Lost Savor.

Pure salt cannot lose its savor in any other way than by impure earthly admixtures, and under these circumstances it can be restored only by separation from the foreign ingredients. Are Christians the salt of the earth? They can only be so in proportion as they are kept free from the admixtures which would affect their savor. All is not salt that is so called; neither are all Christians that bear the name. Look we for the proof? It is all around us.—One has all his associations with the world; hence he selects his companions, hence derives his chief pleasures. He is of the earth, earthly; and the glistening particles which may be detected in his life, whatever else they may be, are not savory salt. Another is assimilated to the world in fleshy indulgences, and has no capacity for pure spiritual enjoyment. How can we detect the savor of salt in him? Still another has neither the meekness nor gentleness of Christ: he is irascible, and proud, and domineering and unfeeling. Whatever his professions may be, he has none of the pure salt. These and such like, although they may be found within the church, as they too often are, have not the attribute of the pure salt. So far as their own character, the honor of Christ, and the welfare of the world are concerned, they are utterly worthless. They have no redeeming saltness.

The Church of Christ.

The Church of Christ was designed to represent him on earth, and to minister to all the moral needs of the human race. Her work, then, is not done when she sends out preachers and teachers; when she exhibits sacraments and liturgies; when she sets up churches at home, and mission stations abroad. She must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken stair-case, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned, and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—*Bishop Simpson.*

Gipsies in Religion.

William Jay, in one of his sermons, makes a passing allusion to a class of persons whom he thus happily characterizes. These are professed followers of Christ who never become members of any religious society; or if, after having had one such connection, they change their residence, carefully avoid forming another. They have no spiritual home. They wander from place to place. They elude all ecclesiastical duties. They decline all the king's taxes. Never contributing to the support of any advantages which they enjoy, they may be justly said to "steal their preaching." They receive a little good, and do less. Instead of being fellow-citizens with the saints, they are spiritual outlaws. Instead of entering some one company, regiment or corps in Christ's army, they are mere stragglers, of no use to any one, and very liable to be cut off. They own no responsibility, they acknowledge no oversight. They have no growth, no enlargement, and it is owing to the singular mercy of God that they do not at once lose all Christian character and hope. If all were like them, there would soon be no church, no ordinances, no believers, no religion on earth. Alas for the religious gipsies! May God give them the grace of repentance, and bring them to a better mind and a better life!

Religious Intelligence.

The English Language an Aid to Missions.

Under this title, the *Harvest Field*, published at Bangalore, by the Wesleyan Mission Press, gives the following as one of the helps to the spread of the Gospel in India:

The passion for the English language amongst those who aspire to Government employment. English is the classic of India. Time was when Sanscrit or Persian was the highest accomplishment of a Hindu scholar, and although Sanscrit still retains its place in the religious reverence of the people, the key to unlock its mythological stories, the language of its highest poets, yet it has to a great extent been superseded by our own tongue. Its supercession was not submitted to without a struggle long and hard, but the language of which Saraswati was the reputed inventress lost, and the noble Anglo-Saxon won. It is the language of the rulers of India. Places of high emolument and power are within the reach of our Hindu fellow-subjects. Hindus sit and debate in our Imperial council, mercantile eminence is open to them, they plead at the bar, and in this, the Mysore province, a Hindu has become a Deputy Superintendent, but he must know English. He knows that he will stand upon higher ground, and will be much less likely to draw a blank, if to other indispensable qualifications, he adds the power to talk with comparative correctness and tolerable fluency in the language of Britain. We know how keen the Hindu is, how sharp to see a point that will benefit himself, and how unremitting to follow up by dogged effort. This was a result of the establishment of British power in India. The pioneer missionaries saw the tendency of the public mind, and they gave it a Christian direction. They did not create the demand, they found it, and did all they could to provide the supply. No enthusiast could have dreamt of evangelizing a country through a foreign tongue. The early missionaries in the East were sound-minded, practical and God-fearing, and they attempted and succeeded to teach the people the way of truth by their own Vernaculars. They were wise in their generation. Their fairly won leadership, in giving English instruction in the Christian form and imbued with Christian influence, has been maintained by their successors. But this has not been done without a great expenditure of Mission funds, and a great demand upon the available strength of Mission agents. There is no truer Christian work, there is no harder toil, there will be none more productive in the long run, than that of the Christian missionary who, braving a treacherous climate, and fighting with exhaustion and languor, expends time, intellect and strength in its faithful pursuit. The first fruits are being gathered, but its abundant fruitage will be gathered hereafter, when others shall enter into their labours. A youth in our school in this city, was telling a Shastri who was visiting his family, some of the facts of science and the truth of the Gospel, which he had been taught by the missionaries, when his mother who had listened to her son's words with astonishment, lifted up her hands and said, "Ah! my son, I thought you would go to the Mission school, learn English, and get employment and protect me; but I now I see you are breaking your caste and forsaking your religion." "Never mind mother," said the young Brahman, "If I become a Christian you have two other sons to protect you." "Yes, my son," said the aged mother, "but when you have food in your hand, and are putting it to your mouth, if it falls to the ground and you cannot pick it up again, it is sad." Thus we find God overrules all things for the glory of His own blessed name. As at the founding of Christianity the magnificent roads, which, centering at Rome and diverging to every quarter of the civilised world, although constructed for purposes of military ambition and conquest, were also the highways on which the feet of Apostles trod to carry the glad tidings of salvation; so now He overrules the cupidity, the thirst for power strong among the Hindus, to speed the diffusion of Christian truth. They come to our schools to learn English, they learn the plan of salvation; they attend that they may become qualified to get the riches of earth, and they may carry away with them "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" they come to find the way to place and influence, and they may find the way to the Redeemer's cross. Thus the tendencies of the public mind of nations are part of God's great plan and may become the means of God's giving the King of Saints his blood bought inheritance.

Revival in Ceylon.

A correspondent of the *Methodist Recorder* writes from Colombo, Ceylon, June 19, 1865, as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—With a joyful heart, and humble thanksgivings to God, we have good news to tell of our work in this beauteous isle. The Revival of which I wrote you in my last, has continued to spread, and the rich blessing of God still rests upon our toil. Not only Colombo, but Negombo, in the north, with Galle and Matura in the southern part of our district, have been visited with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Naturally, our friends will ask—What has been the result? In all places, cheering and glorious is our answer. My chief news must be concerning Colombo. All the members of our Church have been quickened; deep searchings of heart, and strong convictions of sin, arouse many who have hitherto lived without true religion, or as nominal Christians; the direct seal of God's Spirit has been placed upon our work, for upwards of 120 hearts have obtained a sense of acceptance with God through the Redeemer. The evening of the day on which I sent my last communication, was a very happy one. After the sermon and a short prayer-meeting, seekers of pardon were desired to confess their need of Christ, and, in a few minutes, the communion-rail was filled with penitents. More than forty were at one time bowed before the throne of grace, and nearly the whole went home reconciled unto God. An open Band Meeting was held on Saturday evening, at which more than four hundred were present. A very gracious spirit rested on the assembly, and for about two hours we had a continuous tribute of holy praise to the Lord, from those who had newly found the Saviour. The next Sabbath closed the week of services, and again God showed his power to bless and to save.

Experience has told me, that active devotion to God keeps alive the love of Christ in the worker's heart. Conscious of the dangers to which these young converts will be exposed, I urged upon them the need and the gain, of an immediate and open stand for the Lord. After giving a whole day for consideration, I desired all who would join in the service of God to meet me, that we might form a Home or City Mission. Colombo was divided into twelve districts, and a certain number appointed to work in each district. The duties of these earnest workers consist of bazaar preaching, tract distribution, reading the Scriptures, college prayer-meetings, and a weekly visit to the gaols, hospitals, and most neglected parts of the city. Though much opposed by men, this work has been richly blessed by God. Such opposition is nothing new. The chief point that half-hearted Christians, and neglectors of religion, cannot resist, is,—if these fervent Christians are right, we are all wrong; hence persecution and hindrance. Many who heard of the work have prophesied that a month or two would be quite enough to scatter all the enthusiasts, and stay all such excitement. Blessed be God, they have proved the false prophets. Scarcely a week passes without new conversions, and fresh consecrations to the Saviour. Not only the young, but the old also are feeling the mighty and convincing power of the Holy Spirit. Thirty souls have been added to us since the middle of March, but these are only the earnest of what we shall have, if we continue to plead in faith before God. Oh that those honoured men who have toiled in Ceylon, and are now in England could have seen this work. How often have I wished that contributors to our funds, and fervent pleaders for Mission toil had been present in some of our meetings. With us, they would indeed have rejoiced. Let me, through you, appeal again to each and to all, to plead for a further blessing and ask for us a large supply of wisdom, grace, and faith.

General Miscellany.

John Bull's Message to Jonathan.

O, Jonathan! I love thee,
Branch of mine ancient Stem—
Offshoot of the olden tree,
Slip of the forest gem.
With pride I mark thy vigor,
Thy branches widely thrown,
And see in all thy beauty
The reflex of my own.

Thine Anglo-Saxon valor,
Thy hatred of the yoke,
Thy firm, unbending purpose
Bespeak the heart of oak.
In North and South I've watch'd it,
And seen, with pride and pain,
How stubborn and unyielding
Is tough old English grain.

But, Jonathan, thy sorrows
Lie deeper in my heart,
And when a woe befalls thee
I fain would bear a part.
Behold my bosom's throbbing
In sympathy with thine!
Behold my hands extended!
Thy griefs are also mine.

I miss the son that's lost thee—
A prince has left the earth;
An uncrown'd monarch's fallen,
Who ruled by right of worth.
No diadem he needed,
For him had Virtue crowned;
He needs no kingly title
Whom she hath renowed.

O, Jonathan! I mourn him,
And while I grieve I pray
That still his wise forbearance
May in thy councils sway;
That still that kindly nature
May bid the contest cease,
And mercy breathe—not vengeance—
And guide thy land to peace.

And, Jonathan, be certain
That, when thy motherland
Extends her grasp in friendship,
Her heart is in her hand;
And though we sometimes bluster,
And each talk loud and high,
I know that we are kindred,
And can't forget the tie.

—*Liverpool Paper.*

The Lost Ring.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

A few days ago, a soldier came into one of our clothing-stores, and asked for several articles to replenish his pretty thoroughly exhausted wardrobe. He was on his way home with his regiment. The marks of hard service were on his sunburnt face and thread-bare clothing; his old blue jacket had been through the fires for LIBERTY.

When he came to pay for the articles purchased, he drew out a wallet containing three or four "one hundred dollar" bills. He had just been paid off by Uncle Sam. His rather boastful manner of parading his money, and his loose tongue, made the clothier suspect the soldier had been "taking a drop" from the serpent's cup. He therefore said kindly to him, "Hadn't you better leave your money with me over Sunday, till you go home?" The blunt reply was, "I have taken care of myself for three years of fighting, and I guess I don't need no one to take care of me nor my money now."

On Monday morning the poor fellow came into the store again, with a bruise on his face that bore none of the glory of the battle-field. It looked like an ugly autograph of the dram-shop or the dance-house. "Well, my friend," inquired the clothier, "how are you now?" The soldier took him aside, and said, with indescribable shame, "See here; I haven't got one red cent left! My pay is all gone. And that ain't the worst of it. My wife sent a ring, a nice one too, for me to get fixed here in town. *That is gone too.* What shall I tell her has become of it?"

Poor fellow! we cannot recall the incident without starting the tears. And will there be no other tears shed when, at his own home, he is forced to make the humiliating confession that all the avails of his long perilous campaign, that all the hard earnings of the weary march, the lonely picket duty, and the bloody fight—that every treasury-note which his grateful country paid him—were all squandered in a single day's disgraceful debauch? The ring too—perhaps jeweled with the memories of early love—who stole that? The accursed cup, you say. Very true; but who offered him the cup? The liquor-seller. Then was the liquor-seller an accomplice in the plunder. But who licensed the dram-seller to set his villainous trap for human appetite? Who gives him the legal permission to offer a deadly bait to our returning heroes, and rifle them, as the bodies of their wounded comrades were rifled on the battle-field? "We, the people," license him to deal out death by measure! And so there were many accomplices in robbing the soldier's ring. The tempted man himself, the liquor-vender, the abettors of the drinking-usages of society, each had their relative share in the shameful deed.

That man was only one of many thousands. He is not the only one who has escaped the deadly rebel shell only to fall by the deadlier glass that is proffered to him on his every homeward step. Men and brethren! we owe a debt to these gallant saviors of our nation's life. We owe them every effort we can make to give them immediate employment. They gave up their employments to protect the flag; let not one of them be left to sue in vain for an honorable chance of self-support. They will be the especial objects of grog-shop temptation. They have ready money to spend, exciting stories to tell at the fire-side of the drinking-saloon, and a craving for excitement too. Can temperance societies do nothing for these men? Cannot the good in every community open their own social circle to them, and draw them away from the pitfall of the dram-shop? Thousands of our gallant soldiers have come home better, manlier, richer than before. But there is a vast number just like the poor fellow who lost his greenbacks and his wife's ring. For their sakes Christianity and patriotism should revive the temperance work, "if by any means they may save some."

Nor do the home-coming soldiers only need looking after. There is a host of tipplers larger than all the armies that were huzzaed through Washington on the day of the grand review. Scarcely a family circle but contains one or more; scarcely a congregation but has a score of them. Not far from me to-day sits a lovely widowed wife whose living husband is "dead in this sin;" her wedding-ring is tear-stained by that husband's shame. I married him. What is worse to think of, I once received him into the church of Christ, and for a time he ran nobly. There is another ring which he has lost—the ring of acceptance which the Divine Master put upon him when the "dead was alive again, and the lost was found." That young man has had a fearful struggle with his conscience and his God. Not there were ten to tempt him where there was one to labor for his rescue. If he perishes at last, he will add but another to the stupendous mass of victims to this frightful *increasing* vice.

Every year only adds to my conviction that in temperance the "once of *prevention*" is worth a whole ton of cure. But a fraction of confirmed drinkers are ever reformed. This is the tremendous argument for total abstinence. This is the argument for renewed effort to save the young. This fact should point every sermon and every appeal from the pulpit. This fact should caution the physician to keep away alcoholic medicines from every patient who can be saved by any other methods. Christians and patriots! let us enter upon a new moral campaign against the intoxicating cup—an *educational work* in the great elementary truths that no man is good enough to be trusted to keep a drinking house, and no man is strong enough to be trusted to enter one. I heartily rejoice that a national convention of temperance philantrophists has been summoned. And I shall go there (God willing) thinking of the poor, shame-stricken soldier, with the devil's scar on his cheek, who went home to his wife without his money or her jeweled ring.—*Independent.*

A Blind Woman Restored.

An interesting young woman, twenty-two years of age, born stone-blind—partly educated in the family of a clergymen, all this time by finger alphabets, as we see blind men tracing the letters in one or two places in town—blind for twenty-two years, was restored to perfect vision in four days by a surgical operation, and to partial vision in two minutes. This young woman in an instant, having been twenty two years and from her birth, stone blind of congential cataract, began to see as those deaf mutes in Paris began to hear for the first time. The effect in the young woman was most curious, and something of this kind: She saw everything, but there was no idea whatever of perspective. She put her hand in the window to try to catch the trees on the other side of the street, then in Moorfield; she tried to touch the ceiling of a high ward; she was utterly ignorant also of common things—*e.g.* what such things as a bunch of keys were, or a silver watch, or a common cup and saucer; but when she shut her eyes and was allowed to touch them (the educated sense) she told them at once! She could almost distinguish the (greasy feel of the silver halfcrown from the cold, dry, harsh feel of a copper penny. Her joy was excessive when shown some mignionette and sweet pea that one of the surgeons had accidentally in his coat, for it seems she knew all the plants in the clergymen's garden by the touch and smell. She looked at the bunch of keys, and with equal blandness at the flowers, then shut her eyes so as to recognize them. All this took up less than five minutes! But she failed to say, as I now remember the case, "these are flowers." But on my saying, when she opened her eyes again, "Why, these are flowers." "Oh! so they are," she replied, shutting her eyes quickly and putting them to her nose, "this is mignionette," etc.—*Scientific American.*

Plenty of Fresh Air.

There are two kinds of ventilation—artificial and natural. The former, although used almost universally in olden times, and to some extent at the present day, especially in large buildings, such as hotels, &c., is of too expensive construction to meet the requirements of people of moderate means. By artificial ventilation, we mean that by which a current of air is produced by steam or other power.

Natural ventilation is that current of air which regulates and propels itself.

This latter can be constructed in ordinary buildings, and at a small expense. There ought also to be one kind of ventilation for cold weather, and another for warm.

In removing air from a room, we cannot do so by side or lateral motion. We must therefore, remove it vertically; the natural position of air being in horizontal strata, each stratum being of a different temperature—the warmest, lightest, and purest being at the top, the coldest heaviest, and the most impure at the bottom.

Now, then, in cold weather, if we wish to retain the heated air in our room, and dispense with the impure air, is it not natural that we should let the cold air out? and not the warm? And is it not reasonable that we cannot get rid of the cold air at the top of the room? For the cold air itself will not rise; it being the heaviest, it must naturally lie nearest the bottom; therefore what other method can we adopt then to let it out of the bottom? Heated air is not necessarily impure, although it may be.

Now, then, having set forth a theory, in the briefest manner possible, let us suggest the method of construction, adopted by Mr. Button, as apparently the most perfect and economical ever suggested.

For ventilating a church, the plan is simply to form an aperture in the smoke flue, in the cellar or under the floor of the church, to elevate the floor of the pews or slips one step from the aisles, and the riser thus made to be an open ornamental screen, thus permitting the foul air to escape into the cellar or space under the floor. The foundation wall being air-tight; said foul air will rush to the opening in the smoke flue and ascend with the smoke.

It is clear that no cold air will enter the church as long as there is a draft into the chimney, for it would be impossible to get two currents of air in different directions, in the same space and at the same time.

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