

From the Spanish.

The Cost of a Pleasure.

Upon the rainy day, The dewy month of flowers, A thousand peony drops, To wash on single rose.

This often, for the cost— Of life's few fleeting years, A simple pleasure costs The only a thousand learn.

—William Cutler Bryant, in St. Nicholas, for February.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Meetings

Last Friday, the two American evangelists, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, took leave of their Edinburgh friends, and they now turn their faces elsewhere to resume their arduous labours. We have hitherto refrained from comment upon the religious movement with which the names of these gentlemen have been identified, as the subject is not one to which a general newspaper should be in haste to speak; and because we have preferred publishing from time to time the testimony to the value of the work which we have received from men well known to the Christian world. Now, however, when the work has, during the past eight weeks, occupied the public mind in Edinburgh above every other theme, and Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey have nearly taken their farewell of the city, a continuance of this abstention is unnecessary, and we think it but right to our readers to notice some of the features which the revival presents. The time of its coming is worthy of remark. The public mind was just recovering from the shock of a series of assaults on the most cherished belief and practice of the Christian faith. Sir Henry Thompson's "prayer-gauge" proposal—the infantine silliness of which was excelled only by its daring profanity—had gone the round of the press, followed by lucubrations in similar strain from Captain Galton and others. Mr. William Knight's well-meant papers had added force to the attacks which he intended to parry. From Germany came Strauss' last book, in which that fully-developed Broad Churchman openly declared himself and his followers to be no longer Christians, and delivered his new faith in Cosmos for the satisfaction of hungry souls, in place of the gospel Bread of Life. It is at such a time that there has been infused into the Churches a spirit of religious, as distinguished from ecclesiastical, activity as has not been witnessed in the present generation. When it had become the fashion with a portion of the press to speak of religion as "dogma," as a thing which had no longer a hold on men, and of ministers of the gospel as fierce sectarians with nothing in common but hatred, the spectacle is presented of thousands of people assembling themselves day after day and night after night, in many cases solely to offer prayer and praise, and with the addition in other cases of declarations of the message of the Gospel, couched in the simplest possible language. Representative clergymen and laymen, from all the Evangelical denominations, might be seen any day side by side helping on the great work which they all had at heart. Not the smallest shade of denominational or sectarian feeling has been visible throughout the movement, and it has been demonstrated to the world that, however important may be their sectional differences, the most earnest men in all the churches of Scotland have one common and fundamental ground upon which they can co-operate with heart and soul in the spirit of the kindest brotherhood, to wit, the breaking up of spiritual slothfulness, seeking the revival of the spiritually dead, the holding forth of the invitations, promises, and warnings of the gospel to mankind, and the guiding of those whose hearts have been touched to the source of all rest. Surely, if the Christian religion be a reality and the Christian Church exist as its exponent, the work in which so many men of all churches have engaged so unitedly in Edinburgh and Leith during the past eight weeks, is in full harmony with its spirit and object.

And what has been the occasion of this movement? These two unknown American men, of no pretensions to learning, eloquence, or culture, or social influence, men simply possessed of one idea, and that in great intensity, visit the city. They have nothing to tell which has not been told over and over again in every form which learning could devise and thoughtful eloquence present. Mr. Moody delivers his simple message with a directness and an amount of practical business-like common-sense which, with his transparent sincerity and intense earnestness, arrest and rivet the attention of his audience. The incipient distaste produced by his Americanisms soon vanishes, and the manner of the speaker is forgotten in the overpowering interest with which he invests his subject. Strong men and tender maidens, hoary-headed old gentlemen and young children, soldiers, sailors, artisans, lawyers, doctors, merchants, gay, thoughtless young ladies, and poor unfortunate waifs—all classes and kinds of people have yielded to the force of his strong appeals. The amount of spiritual anxiety which has been awakened in the city has been such as Dr. Bonar, Dr. Andrew Thompson, and Dr. Robert Macdonald have declared it to be in its extent quite unprecedented in their experience. Yet there has been little out of the usual course in the services. The addresses have been less doctrinal—less like Pausanias' "Against sin in the abstract"—and more direct, evangelistic, and hortatory. They proceeded on the footing of there being a terrible reality in the necessity spoken of in holy writ, a necessity often ignored and sometimes even sneered at now-a-days, of a spiritual revolution in each man's soul—call it conversion, regeneration, or by its Scripture name of being "born again," or whatever name man will. They pre-suppose men in general to be sinners rather than saints, and they avoid the pleasant fiction by which easy-going preachers almost ignore the real existence of wickedness. It is true that there are one or two particulars in these services which we should not desire to see engrained upon our ordinary religious systems. It is also true that such reasons and services have their peculiar temptations on ill-balanced minds,

among which the foremost are spiritual pride and censoriousness, and a tendency of ill-regulated piety to degenerate into pietism. But while we thus freely admit the dangers, we must with equal freedom acknowledge that the revival movement of the past eight weeks has been singularly free from such blunders, if it would seem as if the practical good sense of Mr. Moody had been diffused through his colleagues and hearers. We have heard of few extravagances of word or deed. There has been no undue excitement, no hysterics. People have gone day by day to the meetings in thousands, have read the Scriptures, prayed, heard a short address, and returned to their homes spiritually strengthened and stimulated. We cannot do more than allude to the instances of religious and moral reformation which have occurred. We are aware that the movement has been objected to by many as coming under the broad name of "innovation." Among others, that zealous defender of the faith, Mr. Randall MacPherson, last Sunday varied his recent expostulations against the Cramond harmonium by turning full blast against the proceedings which he had witnessed in an established Church in the city. "I would much rather," said he, "continue to the end of my career to preach to empty benches" (which, we presume, is the revered gentleman's present habit), than follow the example of Professor Crawford and Cairns, Remy and Charteris, and the other men of all the denominations who have countenanced and helped the proceedings. But is it clear that this kind of work is innovation? We put aside the antiquated prejudices, now exploded and exploding, against the use of instrumental music in divine service, and we inquire—Is religious revival an innovation in the Christian Church or in the Churches of Scotland? Do the sacred records themselves contain no account of any such thing? We think there can be but one answer, and indeed we have read nothing anywhere more like what has lately been occurring than the sacred story of that scene in the jail of Shotts, Moulton, Whitfield's journeys, Kilsyth, Mr. Chalmers' work in Dundee, William Burns' labours, and many others, which those who care to inquire will find in Gill's Historical Collections, with Dr. Bonar's appendix. In England, Wales, Ireland, Germany, America, indeed throughout Protestant Christendom, every century since the Reformation has had its seasons of religious revival. The Reformation itself was a revival at once religious and intellectual. The talk of innovation and excitement and much similar objection is really not very worthy; our experience is that it is indulged in mainly by persons who have not participated in, or studied with due attention, what has been doing. We are sure that the past eight weeks will be long remembered in Edinburgh, as they will be memorable also in the spiritual life of many men and women to whom religion was previously a thing for Sunday wear. We are sure that Mr. Moody and his colleague Mr. Sankey carry with them the gratitude and the good wishes of a large portion of the population of our city.—Weekly Review, 24th Jan'y.

Authors' Habits in Writing.

DR. SPRAGUE : DR. GRIFFIN : SOUTHEY : DR. JOHNSON : MILTON : CORBETT : NIEBUHR.

I did not tell you last week all that I had to say about authors, and if you were to read the two books that suggested the theme, ("The Literary Life," and "At Nightfall and Midnight," both of them by Mr. Jacoby) you would find that the field is broad and the wealth in it well nigh inexhaustible. Ready writing is written down as one of the greatest accomplishments, and yet it is a serious question whether it is in the long run as desirable a talent as the want of it. When a great painter, whose name is now almost unknown to fame, was boasting of the celerity with which he dispatched his work, Xenasis, whose name still lives among the arts, replied, "If I must, it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine."

Preachers who write their sermons gain little and lose much by dashing off their discourses with railroad speed. Hastiness makes waste, and a dreary waste it is, that is spread out before a people whose teacher brings to them on a Sunday that which has cost him nothing through the week. A minister neighbor of mine was in my house until nearly bed-time, Saturday night, and when he rose to go, remarked: "I've half a sermon yet to write for to-morrow, don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Oh no," said I, "not for you, I was thinking of the people."

They were to be pitied, and so is every flock that is fed by the shepherd with slops, when they ought to have the best there is in the granary of God's word. The Rev. Dr. Sprague is the only man I ever knew who can write his best and that first rate, and at the same time with great rapidity. As reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing a correct man, he is always full, ready and correct, and the words flow from his pen in one steady, easy, pellucid stream. He rarely changes a word. I have had hundreds, perhaps thousands of his pages of manuscript, under my hands for publication: they were the first draught, and very rarely was the beauty of the page marred by an erasure or emendation. He began his great work, "The Annals of the American Pulpit," ten octavo volumes, when he was fifty-seven years old, and in the midst of the duties of a large pastoral charge, he never slighted a discourse, and once or twice a year he visited every house in the parish.

Dr. Griffin was one of the most eloquent preachers in the American pulpit. Dr. Sprague edited his sermons and wrote his biography. Dr. Griffin was the exact reverse of Dr. Sprague in composition: writing slowly, and correcting with so much labor and care that his pages were almost illegible to every human eye but his own, and his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lyndon A. Smith. She copied for the press those splendid discourses that were published in two volumes after his death. When I was a boy in college he was its President, and my puerile compositions

were laid upon the table before him, while he without pity mottled them with a broad nibbed pen, until there was no likeness of the original page to be seen. He kept two pens at hand, one to strike out with, the other to restore. "The great art in criticism," he would say, "is to blot." And if a pet and adorned the fair face of my essay, he without remorse and with apparent displeasure, cut it off and cast it from him as if it were an offence. The late Dr. Murray (Kirwan) whose head came to the same block before mine, has left his testimony to the value of Dr. Griffin's butchery as a critic and example as an author. "Young gentlemen," Dr. Griffin often said to us, "learn to stop when you are done."

Southey was a rapid writer, but found that what he gained in time he lost in polish and correctness. When one of his poems was finished he would not give it to the printer, but wrote, "I am polishing and leaving it to pieces with a surgeon's knife." Yesterday I drew the pen across six hundred lines." And again he says, "It is long since I have been a rapid writer; the care with which I write, and the pains which I take in collecting materials render it almost impossible that I should be so."

Dr. Johnson advised every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he could, to get a habit of having his mind start promptly, "so much more difficult is it to improve in speed than accuracy." But Dr. Johnson was one of the most unwise men that ever lived. He was a bundle of contradictions and said a great many things for the sake of contradicting. "I would say to a young divine" says Dr. Johnson, "here is your text; let us see how soon you can make a sermon." Then I'd say, "Let me see how much better you can make it." Thus I show both his powers and his judgment.

"Easy writing is very hard reading." And it is the easy reading, that which gives the most lasting as well as immediate pleasure to the reader, which has cost the writer the most labor. If he had the heart to conceal his art, so that what is read or heard with the greatest delight, seems to have leaped like Minerva from the brain in full dress and strength, so much the better, but as a general rule in the matter of writing, as in all other of the works of man, that which costs nothing is worth nothing.

Milton's *Lycidas* was re-written again and again; his biographer says he hovered over the "rather pumposo" passage, with fastidious fondness, touching every colour, and fitting every word till he brought it to its present perfection of beauty.

The fastidiousness of authorship is ridiculed by some like Cobbett, who said, "Never think of what you write; let it go, no patching." And Niebuhr's rule was, "Try never to strike out any part of what you have once written down." But such advice never made an author immortal. It may have helped him to sudden fame, and perhaps fortune, but usefulness and the "monumentum aere perennius," for which the best of men may strive, are not to be achieved without patient work, pains taking; labor *linac*: and the reward is worth all its costs.

But there are diversities of gifts. One man does well in one way, and if he were compelled by law to try another method, might signally fail. This has been proved in many instances where the change of place and circumstances has compelled a complete change in the author's habits of writing, and the change was fatal to his success. Some of the best writers of novels and books have proved inadequate to the daily or weekly demands of journalism. But it still remains true, and with this I draw toward the close, that no real good thing is done in writing without giving time, thought, and care to it.

Taking out my watch at this moment, I find that I have been just an hour and a quarter in writing this letter to you, and I am quite sure you will find it a fair illustration and proof of the rule that is here laid down.

—N. Y. Observer. ILLUSTR.

Finding the Latitude at Sea.

But comely the sextant trusts to observation of the sun to give him his latitude. The observation is made at noon, when the sun is highest above the horizon. The actual height is determined by means of the instrument called the sextant. This instrument need not be described, but this much may be mentioned to explain that process of taking the sun's meridian altitude which, no doubt, every one has witnessed who has taken a long sea-journey. The sextant is so devised that the observer can see two objects at once, one directly, and the other after reflection of its light, and the amount by which he has to move a certain bar carrying the reflecting arrangement, in order to bring the two objects into view in the same direction, shows him the real divergence of lines drawn from his eye to the two objects. To take the sun's altitude, then with his instrument, the observer takes the sun as one object, and the horizon directly below the sun as the other. He brings the two into view together, and then looking at the sextant to see how much it carries the reflecting glasses, he learns how high the sun is. This being done at noon, with proper arrangements to insure that the greatest height then reached by the sun is observed, at once indicates the latitude of the observer. Suppose, for example, he finds the sun to be 40° above the horizon, and the Nautical Almanac tells him that, at the time the sun is 40° north of the celestial equator, then he knows that the celestial equator is 30° above the southern horizon. The pole of the heavens is, therefore, 60° north latitude. Of course, in all ordinary cases, the number of degrees is not exact, as I have here for simplicity supposed, and there are some necessities of observation which would have to be taken into account in real work. But the principle of the method is sufficiently indicated by what has been said, and no useful purpose could be served by considering minutely. —R. A. Proctor, in Popular Science Monthly for October.

The Unestimated Income of the Farmer

There are many blessings which all enjoy, the value of which it is impossible to express in the ordinary representative of value—money. There is a real value in pure air and pure water in preserving the health, thereby saving the loss of time and power, and doctors' and nurses' bills. There are few occupations in which there are so many receipts difficult to record upon the ledger as in the farmer's. With a cow, we doubt not, the real profit derived from her milk is contained in these unestimated incomes. Some have kept what they considered accurate accounts of the cost of their cows, and the receipts therefrom, and found that they were not running in debt. The reason was probably because their families were enjoying so many benefits from the farm, of which they made no account. Let us consider some of these sources of income.

1. The rent of his dwelling. If he lived in town, and occupied a tenement suited to his position, provided he retained the same relative position in the best society, the rent would amount to several hundred dollars a year.

2. The use of his horses and carriages. Every family in easy circumstances expects, of course, to go to church, to visit friends, to attend places of instruction, or amusement, and to visit places of trade, and many of these are too distant for convenient walking for townpeople as well as farmers. The farmer who uses an own team and carriage saves a large bill for civery and omnibus and car fare. His amounts to several hundred dollars a year with families of affluence in cities.

3. Family supplies. We wish every farmer could know the entire value of the food which his family family consumes annually, estimated at the prices townspeople are obliged to pay for similar products. It would go far towards reconciling many discontented farmers to their lot. The single item of wheat flour, at retailers' prices, consumed by an average family, would amount to over a hundred dollars. Then there is cornmeal, buckwheat flour, garden and field vegetables, fruits, milk, cream, and butter, eggs and poultry, pork, beef, and mutton, lard and tallow, and many other items which help to feed the family and would amount to a considerable sum if purchased.

If a farmer, after balancing his debits and credits, finds but little left to compensate him for his labors, he need not consider that he has laboured for nothing. If those unestimated items of income could be properly appraised, we think they would amount to a very fair salary.—Rural Home.

Dr. Cumming on the Signs of the Times.

On the 2nd ult. the Rev. Dr. Cumming lectured in his church in Crown Court on "Signs and Wonders; a Retrospect from 1874." Taking his text from Daniel—"Men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased"—he said that some of the most eminent Hebrew scholars translated the end of the sentence, "shall be flashed along like lightning," and if that were correct, would it not be a prediction of one of the most marvellous phenomena of the age—the electric telegraph? The marvellous railway and ocean steamship system were next spoken of, and Dr. Cumming said that if he stated these institutions were the fulfilment of prophecies the newspapers would be down upon him; but, at any rate, they were remarkable coincidences. Having referred to the wonderful post-office system, the lecturer spoke of the discovery of the Moabitestone, upon which was an inscription parallel with the language of the 2nd Kings. When Professor Huxley and other most able men were finding out that everything went to disprove the authenticity of the Bible, suddenly a series of discoveries took place in Palestine, Moab, and other countries east of the Jordan, showing the historical accuracy of the Word of God. Mr. Smith, too, had discovered a Chaldean manuscript respecting the Flood which exactly coincided with the facts stated in the Book of Genesis. At Glasgow recently Mr. Disraeli prophesied a general religious war—a conflict between the spiritual and temporal powers; and that the result would be anarchy and confusion. They found that one of the three Churches of the realm had been disestablished, and they saw in the speech of Dr. Manning, the Cardinal Primate of Dublin, and others, prognostications of the storm Mr. Disraeli seemed to anticipate. Then let us note what had occurred between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany. If the former had not been at his wits' end, he would not have made the important proposal to be a mediator between the German Government and his clergy; but that proposal brought from the Emperor the noble response—"In the words of Luther—that he knew no mediator but Christ Jesus." Thus," said Dr. Cumming, "the two warring spirits have got out, and are precipitating that crash which will be terrible, but which, thank God, will be the precursor of the sunshine and joy of everlasting day." The rev. lecturer went on to say that at the present time many egyptians of the Church of England were forgetting what they ought to have learned of their Protestant articles, and hurrying people into Rome and corrupting those who were brought into the infamy of a confession on. It was a melancholy thing that a traitor should be in one's own camp; but if he were a minister of the Church of England he should not leave it as some had done. He should stand by his post, and fight the battle which the Church had not provoked, and resist the corruption she abhors.

Original Research as a Means of Education.

It is the greatest possible mistake to suppose, as unfortunately many yet do, that a scientific education unites a man for the pursuits of ordinary professional or commercial life. I believe that no one can be unfitted for business life or occupations by the study of phenomena, all of which are based upon law, the knowledge of which can only be obtained by the exercise of exact habits of thought, and patient and laborious effort. I dare say many who have had a scientific education make little men of business, but so do many who have not had such an education; it is not the scientific education which has spoiled them.

Even more directly does the value of scientific education bear upon professional and manufacturing life. The medical man's success depends mainly upon the exercise of faculties which are prominently called forth, and strengthened in original scientific investigations. The manufacturer who aspires to something more than following the rule-of-thumb work of his predecessors, requires exactly those habits of mind which are developed by original research. If the brewer, the calico-printer, the dyer, the alkali-maker, the metallurgist, wish to make any advance of their own in their respective trades, they cannot do so without the exercise of powers which can only be gained by the prosecution of original inquiry. Doubtless many—nay, even most—of the great discoveries and improvements in the arts and manufactures may have been made by men who have been self-taught. But these men have acquired for themselves, by slow and difficult steps, the same habits of exact observation, patient and laborious devotion, and manipulative or constructive skill which the modern student of science may, at any rate to a very considerable extent, gain in his college course. So valuable is this kind of education found to be, that in Germany, where it is most practical, the chemical manufacturers now refuse to take young men into their works unless they have had not merely a scientific education, but have also prosecuted original investigation.—Nature.

A Strong Theology.

Lovers of literature and art, the advocates of the drama, and those who make pleasure a great end in life, may dislike the stern views which grow out of a strong theology, but they cannot deny its manliness and power. Augustine may be ranked some of the great abilities in which Pelagius excelled, but even Augustine nurtured the thews and sinews of a great warrior to battle for the Church. Luther had rougher ways than the courtly Cassiodorus, but his sturdy courage, led on strong drink, broke the chains of Rome, which the elegant scholar could not throw off. Mr. Froude is no lover of evangelical doctrine, and has failed, perhaps, to penetrate to the heart of Calvinism, and interpret its dogma or spiritual life. But he has read its history, and bows in voluntary homage to its power over character. "The Calvinists were added to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe that hated a lie. They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They adhered, as nobody more abhorred all consoling mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind, so far as they could recognize it." Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were breathed by the Calvinists into the people's heart.

The tribute is well deserved. A strong theology has stamped its mark on the history of Europe. It gave birth to the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, which trained an energetic nation to coin wealth from poverty, and to transmute barbarism into elegant culture and the best institution of civilized life. It recovered Holland from the sea, and converted straggling settlements into a vigorous nation which defeated the veterans of Spain, both on land and sea, and built up a commerce that girdled the globe. It reared up Cromwell and his Ironsides, who scattered the cavaliers of England like chaff, and made England for a time the lawgiver of Europe. It planted colonies in New England, whose sturdy energy surmounted the perils of ocean, the hardship of a stern climate and barren soil, and the hostility of warlike Indians, and created a literature for the new world.

Nor can it be said that these great achievements were wrought by vigour of race, independently of religious tenets. When Puritanism in England gave place to the Arminianism of the Establishment and the secret Romanism of the Court, English manhood waned, and statesmen were content to be pensioners of France, and to receive bribes for betraying in turn their country and their King. When the Calvinism of Holland was superseded by Arminian divines and courtiers, the fleets of the Republic were beaten, and its commerce lost its enterprise. When the strong theology of Knox lost its hold on the Scottish people in the sway of Moderatism under Robertson and Blair, the churches were thinly attended, the clergy spent more time at the taverns, discussing literature and the drama over their cups, than in visiting in the parishes; and the General Assembly for a whole week adjourned its afternoon sessions in Edinburgh that its members might secure good seats at the theatre to hear Mrs. Siddons.

In New England, also, once the home of stern morals in union with a strong creed, the decay of the old theology has been followed by a decline in morals. A spawn of odious vices in the life has grown side by side with a spawn of evanescent doctrines. The Arminianism of Channing has passed into the pantheism of Emerson; into the bold unbelief of Parker; into cold materialism, which takes the guilt from vice by making it the effect of disease; and at last into the loathsome free love which applauds the ribaldry of Woodhull.

A strong theology creates good stuff in a community, out of which to mould noble character.