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Religious Miscellany.

Sleeping and Waking.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

For so He giveth His beloved sleep.—Psa. cxxvii. 2.
When I awake, I am still with Thee—Ps cxxxix. 18

They only know the true repose of sleep
Who rest in God.
Within the fold, among the chosen sheep
Them the good Shepherd evermore doth keep
With crook and rod.

With minds serenely calm,
And holy hymn and psalm,
Sleep's gentle healing balm
Steals softly o'er them in a dream of love,
While Heaven's own music charms.
And they lie down to prove,
Peace from above.

And so reclining in their Shepherd's arms
They rest securely, Jesus's sheep,
"For so He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sleep is not sloth, nor dull forgetfulness;
Who sleep in God
Their rest is holy, angels come to bless,
And their own sanctities of thought impress
And shed abroad
Odors like incense sweet,
Until in dreams we meet,
Loved ones in bliss to greet,
And hear the whispers of our Father's voice,
In tenderness divine.
Then faith is turned to sight:
And while we slumber we rejoice
Their ranks to join
And each high company to keep—
"For so He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sleep is not long. We wake for day is here;
But still with God.
Sleeping or waking, God is ever near;
We grasp his hand like children all in fear,
Along life's road.
And still secure abide
Close to our Father's side,
Whatever may betide;
And not more brightly doth the morning sun
Shine in the lattice-room,
Proclaiming day begun,
And scattering night's gloom
Than doth God's loving sunshine fall on me,
While with glad heart I bow the reverent knee:
Sleeping or waking, "I am still with Thee."

Sleep in the grave is hallowed, and our rest
Is sleep in God.
Calmly we lie down on our Father's breast,
His holy arm around us pressed,
In death's abode;
And ever through the night
We wait the morning's light,
Gloriously bright,
Bursting in splendour from the flaming sky,
To the loud trumpet blast
Of resurrection nigh.
Earth all shall see us see, and hell aghast,
And Christ, cloud-throned, descending from on high.
O rapture, waking! from death set free,
Thou, thou, my God, art nigh, and "I am still with thee."

Dr. Stilling—Trust in God.

Henry Young Stilling was an eminent physician *in the service of* the Grand Duke of Baden. He died in the year 1812, and consequently was well known to many persons now living. His career was an extraordinary one.

In youth, Stilling was extremely poor—destitute of the common comforts and necessaries of life. After a long season of anxiety and prayer, he felt satisfied that it was the will of God that he should prepare himself for the medical profession. He did not, at first, make choice of a university, but waited for an intimation from his heavenly Father; for as he had intended to study simply from faith, he would not follow his own will in anything. Three weeks after he had come to this determination, a friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied he did not know.

"O," said she, "our neighbor, Mr. T., is going to Strasburg to spend the winter there; go with him."

This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was an intimation he had waited for. Meanwhile Mr. T. himself entered the room and was heartily pleased with the proposition. The whole of his welfare now depended on his becoming a physician, and for this a thousand dollars at least were requisite, of which he could not tell in the whole world how to raise a hundred. Nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and reasoned as follows: "God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously; now it is most certainly true that he alone has ordered my present circumstances entirely without my co-operation. Consequently, it is also most certainly true that he will accomplish everything regarding me in a manner worthy of himself." He smilingly said to his friends, who were as poor as himself, "I wonder from what quarter my Heavenly Father will provide me with money!" When they expressed anxiety, he said, "Believe assuredly that He who was able to feed a thousand people with a little bread lives still, and to him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious—the Lord will provide."

Forty-six dollars was all that he could raise for his journey. He met unavoidable delay on the way, and while in Frankfort, three days' ride from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for assistance of his Heavenly Father. As he walked the street, and prayed inwardly to God, a man Mr. L., a merchant from his place of residence, who said to him:—

"Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine.'

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven."

Mr. L. looked at him steadily, and inquired, "How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"So," said Mr. L. "Well, I am one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars.

Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes; said he, "I am now rich enough. I want no more."

This first trial made him so courageous that he no longer doubted that God would help him through everything.

He had been but a short time in Strasburg when his thirty-three dollars had again been reduced to one, on which account he began again to pray earnestly. Just at this time, one morning his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he accepted as in answer to his prayers. In a few months after this, the time arrivtd when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck from the list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and he had no money and no means of getting. Five o'clock in the evening came, and yet there was no money. His faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration; his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the gentleman of whom he rented the room.

"I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you liked your room."

"Thank you," said Stilling, "I like it very much."

Said Mr. R., "I thought I would ask you one other question: Have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling, much overcome, answered, "No, I have no money."

Mr. R. then looked at him with surprise, and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you." He immediately left the room, and soon returned with forty dollars in gold.

Stilling threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college and paid his fee as well as the best. His whole college life was one series of just such circumstances. He was often in want of money, but he never asked man for it, for he had no man to ask; and it always came when he needed it. Was he authorized to enter a course of study with such prospects and such expectation? The leadings of Providence were such that he had not a shadow of doubt that it was his duty to enter on this course of study; he prayed fervently for Divine guidance, and felt that he had it; he availed himself of all the lawful means in his power for the supply of his own wants, and when he had no means of his own, he asked help of God, and never failed to receive what he asked. He became one of the greatest benefactors of the poor that the world had ever seen. He restored sight, during his life, to nearly five thousand blind people, most of whom were very poor and unable to render him any pecuniary reward.—*Autobiography of Henry Y. Stilling.*

Influence of Prayer on the Thoughts.

There is a means, for the government of thought, which may powerfully assist all others, and without which none can prove effective; and that is *Fervent prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit.* If the streams are to be purified the fountain must be cleansed; the agent that can reach it, and possess power commensurate to the undertaking, must be implored and employed. The thoughts are the streams, the fountain is the heart, and the Spirit of God is the purifier. *He* alone is competent to the undertaking. It is his prerogative to heal the troubled waters of the heart. *His* to reach the veriest sub-springs of the soul. He *alone* can change the whole moral nature. He *can* turn the bitter, foul tubid fountain, into sweetness, purity and crystal brightness. He *can* put that pure and potent principle in the heart, which shall give a new disposition to the thoughts, while it exhibits its own heavenly origin, "as a well of water springing up into everlasting life." This is the very agent that man *needs* in every moral enterprize.

What is so *reasonable*, as that the Spirit of order and righteousness, should undertake to regulate and rule the confused, distracted and distracting thoughts of the heart? And what so condescending, as that he should voluntarily engage to use his influence for our aid? Yes, even to proffer the most appropriate assistance? The condition on which this mighty agent engages to bestow his help is, that such help should be *sought.* "He shall lead you into *all* truth." This is the comprehensive promise. An appeal is made to the instinctive affections of our nature, to encourage us to seek this great and holy helper. "If any of you have a son, and he ask of you bread, will you give him a stone? If he ask of you a fish, will you for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he ask of you an egg, will you for an egg offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Prayer in such circumstances, with promises so full, and with the blessings needed so amply spread out to view, is but the acknowledgement of necessity, the stretching out the hand to the Donor of all good for the promised boon. A soul thus in prayer, is weakness forming an alliance with omnipotence, to wage or maintain war against moral evil. It is in prayer the rebel hosts of the heart admit a holy and heavenly ruler. It is in the ceding of the inner kingdom to the government of wisdom, purity and love. It is the soul's acquiescence with God's request. "My son give me thine heart." It is the prodigal clinging to his father's neck.

The very habit of prayer has a salutary influence on the thoughts; but especially when that habit is directed to seeking the constant influences of the Holy Spirit. It has a tendency to keep alive that holy vigilance and care against those thoughts, which might grieve that Holy One, or in the least degree quench the spiritual ardor which it is his office to kindle. A soul wishing to be a temple filled with the Holy Ghost, will guard every avenue against the introduction of anything that "is unholy, or that defileth, or maketh a lie." It will induce the fervent cry, "Clease thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit." The expurgation of the idol guests of the heart must be anterior to the high enjoyment which the possession of the rich graces of the Holy Spirit can impart. When the purifying process is commenced, He works within "both to will and to do of his own good pleasure." The soldier is not censurable if he *has a foe* to encounter; but because he allows that foe to gain the advantage through neglect of means which are amply provided and adapted to secure the victory. Enemies to the spiritual interests of men are very numerous, and no man is allowed to remain for a long time without having some painful proofs of their malignity and power; but the means of resistance and conquest are ample and available, the sword of the Spirit, and the strength and wisdom of the Spirit. A heart anxiously seeking the influence of the Spirit, cannot be far from being "right with God. Thoughts will soon be restrained from their roaming and vagrancy, and be brought to delight themselves in the Lord, where this anxiety is maintained.

The Rainy Night Prayer Meeting.

We do not recollect to have seen a better reproof of that indolence and indifference characterizing too many with reference to "rainy night prayer meetings," which we take from the *Western Christian Advocate.* Let all read it and be stirred by its pertinent 'suggestions:'

This meeting was held at the usual hour, in the usual place. The meeting as the preacher expected, was not crowded. Looking around he saw that Bro. A. was not there. This brother had not given directions about an early supper, and, in consequence stayed at home.

Bro. B. was not there. He had been busy through the day, and must needs read the newspaper, which he had not found time to read while from home.

Bro. C. was not there. He was a little tired in the ankles, and the thought came over him that the damp air and wet walking would not improve his ankles.

Bro. D. was not there. He would have been there had there been any chance of his making a turn to trade, or of this coming into possession of a three-dollar bill. As it was, the preacher hardly expected to see him.

Sister G. was there, and her little *girl.*—She is a widow, and has hard work to get along, but has hope of an inheritance and a better lot in the world to come.

Sister H. was there also. She got some one to stay with the children, and she and her husband reached the house of prayer.

Bro. I. was there also. He is always there. He believes in a consistent Christian life.—He does not get on to the mountain and shout at the top of his voice, 'Glory,' and then before noon, sink down to the bottom of the valley and disappear from sight.

And there were several others there,—all sojourners and pilgrims, seeking a better country, even a heavenly one. Some old time melodies were sung—

"There is a land of pure delight,—"
"The praying spirit breathe."
"Forever here my rest shall be,—"

Some tears were shed, and some brief remarks made—among them an exhortation by the preacher. "There are no rainy nights in heaven dear brethren and sisters," said he. "The clouds never come up to darken the sun—the glorious Sun of Righteousness. The damp vapours never ascend so high as the dome of the New Jerusalem. There are no thin congregations, no stayings at home to plot schemes or cast accounts. There, the music swells from untiring lips, forever and ever.

"There they who go in never go out any more. Blessed land! While struggling through this wilderness, how often my heart goes up, and longs to be at home! Yet not my will but the Lord's be done. I am willing to labour and suffer, if at last I shall be permitted to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."

Then another hymm was sung,

"Jerusalem my happy home."

and another prayer was offered, and then the little group crossed the threshold of the church, and went home.

Dear reader, were you at the prayer meeting on the last rainy Thursday night, or did you stay at home to enjoy yourself? Is it your calculation to stay at home and enjoy yourself always?

Forgetting God.

Forgetfulness of God is a sin of our fallen nature. In him we live, and move, and have our being; yet how often is he forgotten when he should be first in the thoughts, the affections, the purposes and the desires. It is in the hour of prosperity, when life's ocean is calm and serene, that God is most easily forgotten even by the Christian, and much more by those who have no desire to remember him.

In times of danger, thoughts of God are forced upon the minds of the most unwilling. In the hour of extreme peril, not only do the thoughtless remember God, but even the unbelieving acknowledge his existence, his presence, and his power. Such an acknowledgment was drawn from the atheist, Volney, in the midst of a violent storm which threatened instant destruction to the vessel in which he was sailing. He was frantic with terror. Throwing himself on the deck, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "Oh, my God, my God!" Only a few hours before he had been ridiculing everything sacred in the most profane manner. A fellow passenger who had listened to his conversation, now said to him: "What! have you a God now?" "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" was the reply of the trembling atheist. There is a storm coming which will forever sweep away all unbelief, all forgetfulness of God. There may be those who will go down to the margin of the dark flood unbelievers, but there will be no unbelievers on the other side.

One of the simple-minded inhabitants of St. Kilda was leaving his native isle for the first time. His whole life had been spent on this small island, a little more than three miles in length, girt by a wall of rock in some places more than a thousand feet high. He had seen its hardy inhabitants scale the precipitous sides of its overhanging rocks, or let themselves down by ropes from their summits, in pursuit of the aquatic birds that build their nests on the face of these high cliffs. Doubtless he had himself shared in these dangerous pursuits. Some of those in the boat with this man rallied him on his ignorance of the great world and on his past mode of life, contrasting the barrenness of his home with the fertility of the island he was about to visit. At last one asked him if he had ever heard of God in St. Kilda. "Ah," was his reply, "you in your fertile home may forget God, but a St. Kilda man never can. Elevated on his rock, suspended over a precipice, tossed on the wild ocean, he never can forget his God—*he hangs continually on his arm.*"—*Sunday School Times.*

"You'll Bless Him for Every Grief."

This was the testimony of one of the noblest women of our day. Mrs. W—— was in her 76th year, and I shall never forget our last conversation. Laying her hand on mine and looking up in my face with her beautiful smile, she said to me softly, with a slight Scotch brogue, "My dear, never say again that life's hard. Learn your lesson better, and mind, every trouble that comes is just a sign that God loves you; for 'whom he loveth, he chastened.' I've had sore trouble. Of my twelve children, eight died long ago. You know when my last trouble came," alluding to the death of her son, the late good and gifted Prof. George W—— of Edinburgh. "I lost my husband many years ago, and for long it seemed as if I could *never* bear it. But it's come to me now. I'm old and can do little but read and think, and I've learned the meaning of it all. It is just this, that God *loved* me. "Oh," she continued while her eyes filled with tears, "how he *must have* loved me to chasten me so."

Her parting words were, "Trust him, my dear, trust him. He loves you. I ken that, because he tries you. Remember this text, and take it for yours, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and you'll soon come to bless him as I do for every grief I ever had."

She has gone home now. Because the King's commandment was urgent, she made haste to go; but she leaves this message as her dying testimony: God loves you when he chastens you. I know this, and bless him for every grief I ever had."

God grant that her experience may be that of all who are tried. May they know assuredly that trials are only so many seals of love, which he pours out on those whom he chastens.

Religious Intelligence.

Carlo Passaglia.

Next to Pio Nono himself, the most influential person in the religious affairs of Catholic Italy, at the present time, is Carlo Passaglia. He belongs to on old and reputable family, in a country where lineages are traced back to the Cæsars and Scipios. His father held the rank of General in the military establishment of Grand Duke Leopold, and he enjoyed the income of landed estates in Lucca, ample enough to enable him to live respectably in one of the many prison-like palaces of Florence. Carlo was an only son, and heir to property valued at two hundred thousand dollars. By the laws of Tuscany, his choice of the priesthood and his subsequent union with the fraternity of Loyola, involved the renunciation of his inheritance, as well as the honors of his ancestral name and family. It is a characteristic of the manners of Italy, that disappointment in an affair of the heart, at the age of thirteen, should be assigned as the reason why the passionate and premature boy took upon himself the vow of celibacy, and enrolled his name as a novice in the College of Jesuits. He gave himself so severely and successfully to the study of patristic lore, as to receive great applause as a public lecturer at the age of seventeen. After thirty years of patient and unwearied discipline in the duties of his order, he had risen to the highest eminence as a master in the blind metaphysics and perverse theology of the Romish schools.

When the Pope desired to establish the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception, by proofs drawn from the musty tomes of mediæval lore, he turned to Passaglia for help, and the work was done. This great feat of ecclesiastical legerdemain, by which nothing was made of nothing, was regarded by Pio Nono with profound gratitude and admiration. Thenceforth, whenever he wished to arrest the progress of the world toward light and liberty, or to set back the index on the dial-plate of time, Passaglia was the man to whom he looked for the accomplishment of the impossible.

At length, in an evil hour for the Pope, he sent this profound interpreter of the fathers and student of schoolmen to negotiate with Count Cavour for the adjustment of difficulties between Piedmont and the Papal See. The great soul and enlightened patriotism of the Sardinian statesmen were a new revelation to the man whose strong intellect had been disciplined and darkened by the cunning casuistry and false expediencies of the Jesuit College. It was a proof of great original strength and nobleness of mind, that he could still, to some degree, comprehend and adopt the views of Cavour, after thirty years of discipline in the dark school of studied ignorance and sactified falsehood.

From that time he began to see dimly that patriotism might be a virtue, and that even a priest may owe something to his country as well as the Holy See. He had attained a position so high in the services of his order, that the generalship of the Jesuits might at any time devolve on him, and the triple crown itself might reasonably come within the range of his ambition. He turned his back on all such hopes, he gave up all he had gained in the service of the Papacy, when he went back to Rome and declared himself in favor of abrogating the temporal power of the Pope. The partistic learning with which he had substantiated the Immaculate Conception, he now began to use as a two-edged sword to prove from the same source that the head of the Church had no warrant for setting himself up as a civil ruler.

The powers that praised and honored him before were now combined for his destruction. The wrath of the Jesuits and of the Holy Father knew no bounds. An English Catholic lady undertook to conceal him for a few days, until he could find an opportunity to escape from the city, and while doing so she was warned by friendly priests that his only safeguard against poison, even in her own house, would be to eat nothing but eggs. The vast Palazza Spada, in which the lady lived, was rigidly searched, by the romish police, while Passaglia was hidden in one of its countless apartments; but the watchful hostess contrived to divert their attention from the place of his concealment. The next night a large party was given at the palace, and although the whole structure was surrounded by police, in the multitude coming and going, the hunted fugitive walked out in the borrowed dress of a prince, with a lady upon his arm, entered a carriage, and drove away without being suspected. The next day, at early dawn, he passed through the Porto del Popolo, in the disguise of a servant. A little way out on the Via Flaminia, beyond the Milvian Bridge, he found three men waiting his arrival, with horses saddled and ready to run. All mounted, and galloped toward the frontier with a speed to which the dread of pursuit gave wings.

The next morning, exhausted with hunger, fatigue, and want of sleep, Passaglia saw upon the walls of the houses in a village which he had reached by crossing the fields and travelling all night on foot, "*Viva il Re Vittoria Emmanuele,*" and he knew that he was safe. He was welcomed with enthusiasm by the government and the people of emancipated Italy. From that time he became the leader of a movement to secure a voluntary resignation of temporal power by the Pope. In the course of one year nine thousand eight hundred Italian ecclesiastics signed a petition to that effect. The Holy Father answered their request by suspending this great body of priests from all their spiritual functions, subjecting them to countless vexations, and, to the extent of his power, taking away their means of support. The government of Victor Emmanuel acknowledges that these priests are only "asserting the inalienable rights of humanity, and do not deserve starvation," and yet ignoring their character as priests, it only guarantees to them the common protection due to every law-abiding subject of the kingdom. The Italian ministry and Parliament seem to think that the Papacy can be most effectually weakened and put to shame before the world by leaving it alone to wreak its vengeance upon all its own adherents who venture to ask for reform in the Papacy itself.

Meanwhile Passaglia is unwearied in his efforts to secure the aim of his petition. Deprived of all clerical functions, he writes, lectures, and talks without ceasing. He holds a seat in the Italian Parliament, but he has little influence as a legislator, generally votes with a very small minority, and with all his zeal and scholastic eloquence effects nothing in obtaining relief for the ten thousand signers of his petition, many of whom are living upon a franc a day. In agitating for reform in the Papacy in one respect, he is erecting a mighty influence for the destruction of its whole power. And yet Passaglia himself is nothing else than a Papist. He asks for no change of doctrine, no deviation from the fundamental constitution of the Church. He does not even question the Divine authority or infallibility of the Pope. He only desires the Holy Father to resign his temporal, as a stroke of policy to increase and perpetuate his spiritual authority.

In person, Passaglia is tall and handsome, dignified and aristocratic in manners, yet with an inquisitive and suspicious eye, and an expression of face deeply tinged with that dark and subtle duplicity which so invariably accompanies the look of a leader in his chosen order. Though a native of Lucca, he speaks the language of Florence with such Roman perfection, that to him might be applied the proverb by which the Italian describe the utmost beauty and melody in speech: "*Lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana.*"—*Christian World.*

The King of Italy and Ecclesiastical Reform.

The King of Italy is personally much beloved by his subjects. He has won their affection still more, and made himself the subject of universal admiration, by his recent visit to Naples, where the cholera has threatened to assume alarming proportions. On the route he was cheered most enthusiastically by the country people, who would feign have unyoked the horses and drawn the carriage of his Majesty miles and miles in triumph; and many a blessing was invoked upon his head by the poor patients in the cholera hospitals of Naples, which he repeatedly visited. It is well known that the King was only restrained by his Ministers from going to Ancona last summer, when the plague was at its height; but the importance of Naples as the late capital of the Two Sicilies outweighed in the royal mind all considerations of personal danger. A happier stroke of policy could not have been suggested than this impromptu act of sympathy.

Florence is to-day all gaiety, though the sky is sombre and the rain falls heavily. Banners are hung from every edifice, and the whole town is illuminated to celebrate the opening of the second Italian Parliament, on the 18th Nov. 1865, in the presence of 450 deputies and a brilliant assemblage of foreign and native onlookers. The speech of the King, delivered in the grand old Cinquecento Hall, built by Savonarola for the freemen of Florence, is manly and practical. The two passages which were received with loud, unanimous, and prolonged applause, were those in which he referred to the breaking off of intercourse with the Pope, when proposals offensive to the Crown and the nation had been made, and in which he mentioned that the Cabinet would immediately submit bills for "the separation of Church and State," and the suppression of religious corporations. The progress of public opinion in Italy during the last five years, especially on ecclesiastical matters, is very remarkable, and equals the advance made by other lands in a century. When the Marquis Pepoli in Umbria, and Valerio in the Marches, abolished religious houses, it appeared to many a most daring and premature act. When Petrucelli laid before Parliament his project for the establishment of the civil rights of the Italian clergy, he was treated as a madman, and the bill refused a first hearing, and yet it contained, as one of its clauses, the reduction of the dioceses of the country by one-half—a measure which a recent Ministerial circular has shown to be absolutely necessary. When Pisanelli tabled his proposal with respect to convents and ecclesiastical property, the Ministry to which he belonged showed that it regarded the measure as rash; for it was a committee of the Chamber of Deputies, headed by the present Minister of Grace and Justice, that, reporting on the bill, first suggested, in the most formal manner, the imperative necessity for the total abolition of all religious orders. And yet again, when Vacca brought forward what he thought a far more radical measure than that of Pisanelli, the House was so far from judging the proposal sufficient, that the amendment of Ricasoli was adopted, insisting on the separation of Church and State. Many a one considered Ricasoli's plan a mere dream, and qualified it as heretical; and yet it is now the project to be laid before the present Parliament, and one which is to be treated as a Cabinet question. This rapid advance in ecclesiastical reform is not restricted to a class composed of more enlightened men, but expresses the feelings and conscience of the country. There is no doubt entertained as to these proposals shortly becoming law. A compact clerical "Left" will do valiant battle for the Papal interests, but the Liberal "Centre" will be not only supported, but pushed forward into vigorous action by an exceedingly numerous and resolute "Right" of advanced Liberals. The present session is expected to be one of extreme interest.—*N. Y. Christian World.*

The Sabbath Question.

A correspondent of the *Times*, signing himself "C." (Rev. Dr. Cumming) writes in regard to Dr. McLeod's speech with respect to the obligation of the Sabbath. After admitting that the Rev. Doctor has rendered great service to the missionary work of the Church, the writer says:—"His object, I have no manner of doubt, was a good one, but his unfolding of that object in his speech, was most unhappy. He meant to sweep away from the Sunday, Scottish prejudices and Jewish traditions, and to show that it is a festival, not a fast—a solemn day, not a sad one—a day of Christian freedom, not legal restraint—less a law, and more a privilege. But unfortunately in removing cob-webs he has struck at the foundation on which the institution rests, and done mischief I hope it is not too late to repair. There are signs of his recoding from his false position and recalling much he has said. Especially his rejection of the Ten Commandments, is wholly untenable, and if persisted in, must involve very serious consequences to himself. None of the Reformed Churches—and least of all the Church of England—accept such theology. The late Rowland Hill, of Surrey Chapel, received a visit from a Dissenting minister, who called to teach him that the decalogue was an exhausted Jewish law, and nowise obligatory on Christians. At the close of the interview Mr. Hill rang the bell for his servant, and on his entering he said, 'Show this gentleman out, and keep your eye on the umbrellas, overcoats, and hats in the hall.' I think the controversey will settle down, and that the admirable and temperate replies of Dr. MacDuff and Mr. Charters will leave their just influence on the genial and candid mind of Dr. McLeod.

General Miscellany.

Habits of Great Students

Magliabecchi, the great librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, never stirred abroad, but lived amid books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by ordar of the grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog which he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck around with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, took his guitar with him into the porch, and there executed some musical fantasy (for he was a skillful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, is the arts of the prophets; it is the only other art which like theology can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there; and had he occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to his secrataries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt the facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composition, and went about his outward duties for days, weeks and months together. But when he felt the inspiration fall upon him again he went to bed, and his secretaries set to work forthwith.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker. He took little sleep and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work.

Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, laboring to overcome the defects in his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; La Sage at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning and wrote till late at night.

Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Beily, in company of the Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fountaine wrote his fables chiefly under the side of Racine and Boileau.

Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his Telemachus in the palace at Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging his duties as tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem strange.

De Quincey first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of persons and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ perhaps of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light and inspiration from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the time, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented him from walking about even had he wished to do so.

The Power of Music.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS RETURNING TO HIS MANSION FINDETH HIS WIFE AT THE PIANOFORTE.

Sing to me, love, I need thy song.
I need that thou shouldst cheer me well,
For every thing is going wrong,
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my banker's book,
I'm teased for loans by brother John;
Last night our clerk eloped and took
Two thousand pounds—sing on—sing on,

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;
My mortgagee has gone to law,
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh.
My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student fight at Bonn;
My tailor serves me with a writ
For three years bills—sing on—sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,
But go and spend a month at Ems;
My coachman overcome by drink,
Near Barnes upset me in the Thames.
My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand upon;
The other's knees are such a sight
He'll never sell—sing on—sing on.

My love, no tears? I'll touch thee now:
Thy parrot in our pond is drowned.;
Thy lap-dog met a furious cow,
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;
Thy son from Cambridge must retire
For tying crackers to a don;
Thy country-house last night took fire—
It's down, sweet love—sing on—sing on.
—*Punch.*

A Golden Deed—A Tale of the Orkneys.

BY JEAN INGLOW.

Let us go back a long time, and talk about things which happened before we were born. I do not mean centuries ago, when the sea-kings in their voyages plundering the coasts, drove by night upon the rock and went down. That is not the long time ago of which I want to speak; nor of that other long time ago, when two whaling vessels, large and deeply laden, bounded against it in a storm, and beat up against it till the raging waves tore them to pieces, and splitting and grinding every beam and spar scarcely threw one piece of wreck on the shore which was as long as the bodies of the mariners. I am not going to tell of the many fishing boats which went out and were seen no more—of the many brave men that, hard by that fatal place, went under the surging water, of the many tolling rowers that made, as they thought, straight for home, and struck, and had only time to cry—"The Rock! the rock!" The time of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning wheel and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from his cottage, her father's body was washed upon the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course, as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and span; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she span still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, naturity, and old age, she had turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of the candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen it is impossible to say how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the Rock.

However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle. But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men and just men and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy women—and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise!

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the women?

No, they are very poor; but poor or rich they know better than that.

Do they thank her?

No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course.

Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her quietly.

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