

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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

Volume XIX. No. 29

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1867.

Whole No. 119

## Religious Miscellany.

### "To All."

Could Christians watch ten thousand years  
Before their Lord himself appears,  
Yet, as he then shall come at last,  
T'were wise, through all such ages past,  
T'have watched and waited and have borne  
The scoffs of the world, the world's scorn;  
But those who watch not in the day  
Will surely sleep the night away.

Lord, make me at all hours awake,  
And self-denied thy cross to take,  
Robert for thy suppliant sinner in white,  
With lamp in hand and burning bright;  
No lack of precious oil be mine  
When the loud cry "Arise and shine!"  
Proclaims Thee come, in bridal state,  
And when preparing to take!

—Little's Living Age

### Profane Swearing.

A celebrated clergyman of New York city, once passed in his rest, once met a profane military officer in a coach, whom he conversed as follows respecting his vice habit:

"Although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, I perceive, sir, that your habits and feelings are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company."

The young officer was surprised at this address, and replied, "Most certainly, sir! I hope I have committed no offence of that sort."

"You will pardon me," replied the clergyman, "for pointing out an instance in which you have altogether avoided it."

"Sir," said he, "I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act; for, upon my honor, I cannot conjecture in which I have transgressed."

"If you, sir," continued the preacher, "had a very dear friend, to whom you were under unpayable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even by leaving his name introduced, and used with a frequency of repetition and a levity of air incompatible with the regard due his character?"

"Undoubtedly, and I should not permit it; but I know not that I am chargeable with such indecorum to any of your friends."

"Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under infinite obligations. I think you must recollect that you have very frequently, since you commenced our journey, taken his name in vain. This has given me, and others of the company, severe pain."

The officer accepted the rebuke, acknowledged his wrong, and promised immediate amendment. There was no ground on which he could defend his profaneness, and hence he honorably confessed his sin, as thousands of others have done. The sin is no barefaced and irreparable that few can be found to palliate it. And yet profaneness abounds. Swearers multiply on every hand, so that we may say with the inspired penman, "Because of swearing the land mourneth."

It is high time that this reckless violation of the Third Commandment received the attention which its wickedness demands. Let the reader here and now resolve to weigh the offence in a just and even balance, and renounce it forever, if he finds that the verdict of an enlightened conscience is against it. Let us see.

The most favorable thing that can be said of profane swearing is that it is the associate of a cluster of unmanly and vile habits. There are certain characters, sprung from all good society, with whom we always connect this vice. Some other and more respectable people swear; but with the characters named, it is part and parcel of their low and vulgar lives. The gambler swears, so does the debauchee and play-actor. The drunkard, too, is profane when he is reeling under the influence of strong drink. And wherever we find a loathsome, vicious man, we expect that he will use profane language.

We know, also, that profanity will abound in low places; in the theatre and bar-room, on the race-course, at the gaming board, and wherever base men congregate, this sin is rife. In all those haunts of dissipation and pollution, from which good men flee as from the gateway of hell, we know that the Third Commandment is trampled under foot.

Consider, also, the fact, that if a person desires to appear to advantage in a refined circle, he does not indulge in profane words. Hence, such words are not heard in social gatherings where families are. However much addicted to the habit a man may be, he is always on his guard, at this point, in the presence of ladies. He may even swear without thinking in the workshop, but in the company of ladies he is not so thoughtless.

Why is this? While profaneness exists among the higher classes, why is it found in its most revolting forms among the profane and wretched? Why is it that the men who have no character to sacrifice, and no self-respect to preserve it, if they had, use this awful dialect unblushingly? Why do we expect to find it where other gross vices congregate? Why is it not tolerated in refined society? These questions carry their own answer. It is a low habit, inconsistent with a gentlemanly and noble bearing, and, therefore, respectable society disards it.

Profanity is quite common among lads of twelve and fifteen years of age. But suppose a girl of this age, lovely in appearance, and adorned with grace and beauty, should break forth into swearing, would you think, reader? You would scarcely know what to think in your amazement. Perhaps you can endure to hear a boy swear, but a profane girl is horrible!

But why should not a girl swear? If boys may perpetrate this offence, then why may not girls? Does the Third Commandment apply to the latter as it does to the former? Oh, no! By no means. The repugnance arises from the fact that profane language is inconsistent with the delicacy and refinement of the female character. It is so low that it starts us to hear it uttered by those in whom we expect to find delicate and virtuous sentiments. A base man may not surprise us by his profaneness; but the same language from the lips of a woman shocks every sensibility.

Than it is honorable for public men to abjure profanity. Let it once be known that a pres-

dent, governor, or general on a battle-field, does not use profane language, and it adds to his popularity. All feel that he has more dignity and principle than the public man who tips all his every sentence with an oath. Thus, by common consent, profaneness degrades, while its absence elevates human character.

It is in consequence of the degrading nature of this vice that writers seldom pen an oath in books and periodicals, authors draw a long and expressive dash for an oath, rather than write it in full. They rightly infer that the intelligent, virtuous reader will not tolerate a written oath.

Neither will many profane fathers tolerate an oath uttered by a son. They themselves may be excelled by few in the use of such language, but they shudder to hear it spoken by their boys. Should a child imitate their example, and vent his spite by curses, the blood would almost chill in their veins.

Such facts reflect light upon the true character of this vice. They show that it is condemned by a correct popular sentiment. Perhaps the wickedness of it occurs in this expression of feeling in the main, but this does not mitigate against our proposition. They who abominate the evil for its great wickedness are not at all disposed, for that reason, to deny that it is low, vulgar, and unbecoming. "We would allow all good citizens, who are unbelievers, to avoid using any of those epithets which are supposed to be condemned under the Third Commandment, not merely on account of the unbecomingness of such language, but because the use of it causes religious people, and many others, to infer from it that they are vicious and unprincipled."

If indeed have such an opinion of the degrading nature of this vice, it becomes those who profess to believe in the Bible to repudiate it at once.—Boston Recorder.

### Family Prayer.

Happy is the family where God is acknowledged. Well is it for those children who at the well-known signal take their seats reverently to hear God's word read, and then kneel around the family altar with father and mother imploring a blessing upon the assembled group. How fragrant are such memories to us, though years have intervened since last we met all together. That chain of association has been broken. Death and other circumstances have separated its members; but the last time they all met such a member was commended to God. Death came and took the mother, and she winged her way to the family above; the remnant rest, and the brother was commended to God; for he was about leaving that roof to cross the ocean; he was the first-born; the father's heart yearned over him; but, yielding to his duty, he pronounced his parental blessing. Since that, another and another have gone; the breath of prayer sanctified each parting, and now but the remnant of the original group, the father and the youngest boy. Those prayers around the altar were not in vain; they are already answered. Part of that little family has crossed the flood, and the rest are on their way to glory. Earth shall never witness their reunion; but in heaven they shall meet again. Father, mother, maintain the family altar; let no business or pleasure prevent you; impress the obligation upon your children, and they will ever fulfill their duty. Father, have you ceased to offer the morning and evening prayer? O, what a comment upon your character; make haste to rebuild that altar. There in tearful penitence confess your sinfulness, and there vow that you will henceforth remember the time of the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice.

### Beautiful.

The first thing Bishop Heber ever wrote in this inimitable passage:

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a bubble cast upon by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness.

Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unfulfilled? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which are set above the group of our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the vain bow never fades; where the stars are spread upon the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.

### "Come."

I verily believe there is not a sweeter word in the Bible than the word "Come." I am sure that when it fell from the lips of Jesus, when the Spirit and the Bride uttered it, when it was echoed by the tongues of the apostles and saints, and in all these cases was addressed to the weary and heavy laden—to those who were sick with spiritual needs—it was so full of grace and truth that it could not be exceeded in preciousness by any word in human speech; and this word "Come" is the keynote of the Gospel. "Come" with whatever thirst you faint, "come and drink; come and take the water of life freely."

### Sunday Work.

The experiment was once tried in a large community. For a number of years the workers were the mill seven days in a week. The superintendent was then changed. The new commander ordered all the works to be stopped at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and to start again a full Sabbath morning, thus allowing a full Sabbath rest every week. And the same man, during the year, actually ground several thousand bushels more than had ever been ground in that mill in any single year! The men, being permitted to cleanse themselves, put on their best apparel, rest from worldly business, go with their families to the house of God, and devote the

Sabbath to its appropriate duties, were more healthy, moral, punctual, and diligent. They lost less time in idling, dissipation, and quarrels. They were more clear-headed and cheerful, knew better how to do their work, and were more disposed to do it right way. It is an old motto and a true one, "There is nothing GAINED BY SUNDAY WORK."

## Religious Intelligence.

From the Christian Times.

### The Rev. William Taylor, the Revivalist.

The subject of this sketch, whose preaching during the past few months has excited unusual interest in the metropolis, is a descendant of ancestors who settled in America in the infancy of its colonization. William Taylor was led very early in life, from a conviction of duty, to abandon the pursuit of agriculture, and to offer himself as a candidate for the Christian ministry, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was accepted; and the first five or six years of his ministerial career were passed in his native state of Virginia. At this time the California gold fever was at its height. Adventurers from all parts of America, and indeed from all parts of the civilized world, rushed to the mines and rivers of California, where the precious metal was supposed to exist in fabulous abundance; and San Francisco, a chief city in the new territory, became a rendezvous for the most daring and lawless spirits of America and Europe. The Methodist Episcopal Church here decided to commence a mission among this new community. Mr. Taylor was selected for the post; and the manner in which he performed the difficult duty assigned him may be gathered from his voluminous, entitled "Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco," a life in its own defence. He found himself at first surrounded by those who neither feared God nor regarded man. Human as well as divine law was set aside; force reigned supreme, and fearful crimes were committed in open day. On many occasions Mr. Taylor was in imminent danger of his life; but he possessed fearless courage, ready wit, unvarying good humor with marvellous presence of mind, and no serious misfortune ever occurred to him in the prosecution of his work.

Mr. Taylor's labors in the hospitals of San Francisco claim a more extended notice than our space will allow, but we cannot altogether pass them by. A California hospital, he truly says, was a grim depot of death, where the fast adventures of California, young men in manhood's strength, were stricken down by the hand of disease and left to perish. Husband, son, brother, and friend, were cast upon the streets, and the sick and expiring vulgar and profane. Mr. Taylor's usual mode of visitation was to speak personally to as many as possible; inquire into their condition and wants, bodily and spiritual; set as an amulet for the sick and dying; record last messages to friends at home; get letters out of the post-office and carry them to the sick and dying; and, in every day, when waters were scarce, he often ministered to the bodily wants of the sick, by setting as double or attendant. This good Samaritan spirit doubtless opened for him the way of wide-spread usefulness.

Mr. Taylor soon became known throughout the length and breadth of California, and he acquired the appellation of "Father Taylor." By his powerful ministry, awakening and rousing the masses as with a trumpet blast, thousands were brought to religious decision; and the foundations of a church were laid which now numbers some fifty thousand members, and ranks first in importance in the State. A great number of churches were erected in the most remote parts of the State, and many of them in consequence of the altered position of commercial affairs in California; and Mr. Taylor, with the approbation of his church, undertook to collect funds for their relief. In this capacity, after travelling through various parts of the United States, he proceeded about four years ago to Australia, passing through England on his way. His object being to visit the most destitute and destitute parts of that colony, and holding prayer-meetings, with remarkable success, in connection with the Wesleyan body; the result being the addition of hundreds of members to the communion of the Church. Leaving Australia, Mr. Taylor proceeded to South Africa. His visit to the Wesleyan churches in that part of the world was most opportune and profitable. A gracious quickening had already begun to be apparent. To this state of things his energetic, pointed and powerful preaching was especially adapted; vast crowds attended in Graham's Town, and places adjacent, and such scenes of revival followed as had never before been witnessed in South Africa. The good work spread far and wide. Mr. Taylor proceeded from station to station, visiting some fifteen hundred miles along the coast and into the interior, while Dutch and English, Hottentots and Kafirs, were bowed under the power of the Word preached by him.

At the commencement of the present year, Mr. Taylor, accompanied by his family, arrived in this country, and was at once received with much favor by the leading Wesleyan churches in the metropolis. Since his arrival he has been incessantly preaching, twice on each Sunday, and on five evenings in every week, chiefly, though not exclusively, in chapels connected with that denomination. We have already expressed our opinion of his remarkable qualifications for winning and commanding the attention of the masses. There is nothing in his style approaching that of a ranting proselytizer, or a declamatory rant. Although conversational in his manner, he is a ringing voice in his delivery, his understanding; and his sermons are chiefly remarkable for a clear and intelligent statement of the Gospel plan of salvation. At the same time, he abounds in illustration, often introducing with happy effect some of the scenes of his past labors among the gold diggers of California, or the col-

onists of Australia. His preaching is usually clear, pointed, simple, and Scriptural, with occasional touches of singular force and beauty. We understand that Mr. Taylor has received a great number of invitations both from Wesleyan societies in London and the provinces, and from other Christian churches; and our ladies were eager to receive such good directions. The meeting was closed with reading of the scriptures and prayer. "She wept much that evening," continues her excellent friend, "and pressed my hand cordially, saying, 'Thank you, my friend; I shall see you again in heaven.' They she began weeping her hand to every one, repeating her usual salutation, 'The peace of God be with you.' She attended other meetings of the same character, and in various ways she gave a new impulse to the efforts which had been commenced in behalf of the people. On the 11th of November she set out on her return, going by steamer to Heronsand, whence she was to travel one hundred and fifty leagues on her skates."

The Rev. W. M. Punshon. The Methodist Recorder contains the following notice of the eloquent brother who is expected to be the next President of the British American Conference. "We have the gratification to state that the ten thousand pounds which the Rev. Morley Punshon undertook to raise within five years, in aid of the erection of Wesleyan chapels in watering places, has been raised, and this truly noble object may be regarded as thus completed. Most sincerely do we congratulate Mr. Punshon on this successful termination of his labors. Had the project failed, no one could have been in the least surprised. During the period in question, there have been extraordinary calls upon the liberality of the public in consequence of the cotton famine, and upon the Wesleyan public in particular, in consequence of the Jubilee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; added to which the comparative failure of Mr. Punshon's health during the last year or two might have supplied any one less energetic with reason, the validity of which every one would have acknowledged, for declining to prosecute the enterprise. Yet, notwithstanding these extraordinary and wholly unforeseen contingencies, the noble sum of ten thousand pounds has been raised, and a considerable portion of that sum has already been disbursed in grants towards new chapels in watering places. Mr. Punshon has laid the Conference under lasting obligations by this nobly sustained and successful effort, and we trust that he will long be spared to occupy in this country that position of honour and usefulness which he has so well earned by his eminent abilities and unswerving devotion to the cause of Christ."

A Christian Heroine. Several months ago, a short notice was published of a young woman of Lapland who had been the subject of a most remarkable cure of the scrofula, a disease of over 600 miles on the ice, to beg for the establishment of a cold-water bath in the town of Lapland. The following narrative is taken from the Missionary Herald:

This young woman had herself obtained so much knowledge as to know the Saviour, and her poor neighbors were all dark. She was an only daughter, and she had a great number of brothers, and she was the wealth of her parents. But one day she thought came into her mind that if she could see the king he would help her to school. She resolved to try it, and first set herself to learn the Swedish language. She procured books, and she made visits as often as her reinder care would permit, to the Swedish-speaking pastors whom she could see occasionally. Nearly three years were devoted to the mastery of this new tongue.

It was in the dead of a northern winter when she put on her Lapland skates and turned her feet to the south. The cold was intense. The days were all short and the nights very long. The route was all new to her, and yet, on every side, she saw the same wearisome prospect that had to do with the ice, stretching far away into the unknown. A heroic spirit was needed for such an endeavor; and such a spirit had been bestowed on this remarkable woman. She reached Stockholm on the 3rd March, 1864.

A Christian woman had met her in the streets asked her what she met for, and on being told she returned, informed Pastor Rorich, had taken up a collection the day before in behalf of the Lapland. Her request was granted before it was made. The king received her with great favour; the Swedish Missionary Society undertook her object. She visited many excellent families, and the result was the establishment of six new schools in Lapland, one of them in Wilhelmina. Many Christians were awakened by her example to a stronger faith and more active beneficence. So she returned to her home and her reinder. We now have another chapter in the history of this remarkable woman.

On the 30th of October, at evening, in the study of Pastor Rorich, a knock is heard. The door is opened, two women enter the room, and the one in the northern costume already described. One is the cousin of Maria Mathedotter, the other is Maria herself. But why has she come to Stockholm again? One such visit might well suffice for the longest life. Her story is somewhat remarkable.

Some parts of Lapland are occupied by Swedish colonists, whose mode of life differs from that of the Laplanders. The latter are jealous of the encroachments that are made upon their broad pasture grounds; the former do not hesitate to shoot any straggling reindeer that trespasses on their premises. The district of Willimmina was greatly troubled by this question last summer; and it was declared that some one should personally represent the facts to the king, and solicit his interposition. Who should do it? Not a man could be found who was willing to perform the service! All eyes were therefore turned to Martha Mathedotter. She accepted the trust, and with a cousin, set out upon the long journey.

It was not possible for her to restrict herself to the business which occasioned her visit. On the 5th October she attended a work-meeting,

held for the purpose of making clothing for the school children of Lapland. Her conversation breathed tranquillity satisfaction, says pastor Rorich, "and her look shone with ineffable joy. She did not remain with her arms folded; she took a pair of scissors and began cutting patterns and giving advice; and our ladies were eager to receive such good directions. The meeting was closed with reading of the scriptures and prayer. "She wept much that evening," continues her excellent friend, "and pressed my hand cordially, saying, 'Thank you, my friend; I shall see you again in heaven.' They she began weeping her hand to every one, repeating her usual salutation, 'The peace of God be with you.' She attended other meetings of the same character, and in various ways she gave a new impulse to the efforts which had been commenced in behalf of the people. On the 11th of November she set out on her return, going by steamer to Heronsand, whence she was to travel one hundred and fifty leagues on her skates."

Y. M. C. Association Convention. The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States and British Provinces took place in Montreal, on the 15th ult., and continued five days. Some six or eight hundred delegates were present, and the sessions were deeply interesting to the crowded audiences. British and American flags hung in folds round the room, and the most fraternal feeling was manifested by all. Among the prominent speakers, were Sir Henry Havelock, Major General Russell, C.B., Rev. Henry Wilkes, of Montreal, Ex-Governor Colwell, of Philadelphia, Rev. J. E. Cockman, of Ploughkeepsie, Prof. Dawson of Montreal, Dr. J. F. Peck, of Albany, Dr. Walls of Ireland, and George H. Seward, of Philadelphia. A resolution discommemorating general and popular amusements in connection with the Convention was passed by a large majority. Major General Russell, the chairman, said, in the opening address, that he had been forty years in the service of Her Majesty, and had twice served in Burma, and had known the American missionaries Judson, Simmons, Stevens, Binney, Kinkaid, Mason, Mayson, Ogden, Howard, Day, Winslow, Hunt, and the Souders; and he remembered with gratitude the obligations he was under to those missionaries for their instruction and godly counsel to him on the banks of the Irrawaddy and Salween. During the work a grand audience was given in the Skating Rink, where an audience of some four thousand were assembled. The last meeting was peculiarly interesting, and all the proceedings were deeply interesting throughout. The next annual convention will be held in Detroit.

A Bomb-Shell Sermon. The Rev. Henry Slier, D. D., of Baltimore, one of the board of visitors to West Point, being invited to preach in the chapel of the military school, gave the students a rousing temperance sermon, spiced with some wholesome denunciations of drinking. A correspondent of the New York Herald writes in *History of Home*: "There is a demand in our nature for that recreation from severer toil which finds its sphere in part in what are termed amusements. The law can not always be strained to its utmost tension, and the string can not always be kept upon the latch. There are times when we must drop the ear, and either float with the stream, or do not drift in the wrong way—ride at anchor. Then the question arises how our time shall be spent. What is the best refreshment for our jaded powers? In what way, at once most harmlessly and most profitably, can we employ our time?"

The simplest pleasures are at once the most satisfying and healthful. Any that go beyond their true object, and create cravings which they can not satisfy, are not only not beneficial, but actually injurious. The more laboriously one seeks for happiness the more sure will be his disappointment. It must fall into his hands like ripe fruit, and if he reaches up to snatch it from the tree, he will find it hard to pluck, and unripe and hurtful when gathered. Hannah More remarked, "If I do not know so hard a trade as pleasure, it is well followed."

Ye may devote their lives to the pursuit of pleasure, with a diligence which would lead to the highest success in any legitimate business. They are ever watching for the humorous or ludicrous side of everything, and view it as valuable only in so far as it administers to a morbid desire for amusement. To such, recreation is an impossibility. They have entered on a life of labor from the dreariness of which there can be no repose, save in change in the entire aim of life.

Many forms of amusement and recreation, innocent in themselves, are evil in their tendencies. "Like a beautiful landscape sloping toward a precipice, they incline the wrong way." The amusements of the dance, the theatre, and the opera, and many others may be judged in this way. It is not necessary to go into a minute analytical discussion of why so in what particular feature they are injurious; it is sufficient to know that the inclination is downward, and that with many it is remarkably steep.

William Wilberforce once refused an invitation to a morning musical concert. Much as he liked music, he thought that at that early hour, and as an introduction to the duties of the day, it was a kind of dissipation. It was not the most fitting preface for the volume of the day. So there are amusements that create a disinclination for one's proper business. They divert the mind from its proper sphere; they dissipate thought; they make a man more heedless and trifling; they fascinate him until he becomes their slave; they feed an appetite that is sure to grow ravenous by indulgence.

Yet religion is no enemy to real cheerfulness, and there are many amusements which, while they recreate the mind and body are perfectly harmless, and need have no stain upon the purest mind. "Grave judges and ministers have reviewed the memories of their own youth in the sports which they shared with the generation that was crowding them off the stage." Dr. Beecher could romp with his own children, and Dr. Chalmers could play with the boys at rolling stones down hill. Chief Justice Parsons could drop his book to beat the younger members of the family at charades, and William Will could be as playful and as mischievous as the infant prattler that climbed his knee to stick roses in his hair. It may not seem very dignified to relax the brow, stem with thought and care, and unbind the mind in sportive wantonness and mirth; but no man was ever made the worse by the transient and well timed relaxation which opened his own heart to catch the light that beamed from the bright and happy faces of young or old.

Recreation and Renovation. The body is recruited by a change in the form of its exercise; the mind is renovated by sleep, by profound rest; hence the best way of reinvigorating the whole man, whether of laborer or the literate, is not to go to the springs or some country house, and lounge, and loiter, and eat, and drink away the tardy hours, but to secure employment which will bring into requisition those muscles of the body which have, in a man's train, been lying dormant, and to keep up that exercise in the open air day after day, to an extent that the body shall be so fatigued that deep sleep comes within five minutes after the head has reached the pillow; that gives natural rest to the brain, which, for the whole day following, will thrill the whole body with the electrical influences which it distributes through it by means of the nervous system; and if this process is repeated day by day, it will not be a week before a new spring will be added to the step, a new fire will sparkle in the eye, a new energy will be infused into the mental faculties, and the whole physical man will be rejuvenated, while heart and soul will respond to the general invigoration.

Expedition Required. A reverend doctor of Georgia has rather a bold delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum. He was preaching and illustrating his subject by such cases of a man condemned to die by hanging and reprieved under the gallows. He was about to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance of the distance of the dust-covered courier, the loud horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little profane. One of the lunatics could hold no longer; he arose in the congregation and shouted, "Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

General Miscellany. Making Money. There are two ambitions that men have in seeking to make money. "When a man makes money for the sake of having more money than anybody else, he is like a horse at the foot of Mount Sinai, down on its belly before a golden calf! When a man makes money just in order that he may have more than Swart has, more than Astor has, more than Girard has, or more than anybody else has or had, he is a calf-worshipping another calf! and that, too, right in the presence of Mount Sinai, with God in his dignity and glory, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little profane. One of the lunatics could hold no longer; he arose in the congregation and shouted, "Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

Recreation. The subject of amusements is one which will not soon cease to agitate the Church. The physical and mental necessity which we are under of sometimes relaxing from the severer duty of life, is of a too well-established hygienic fact to be ignored. Bay's writer in *History of Home*: "There is a demand in our nature for that recreation from severer toil which finds its sphere in part in what are termed amusements. The law can not always be strained to its utmost tension, and the string can not always be kept upon the latch. There are times when we must drop the ear, and either float with the stream, or do not drift in the wrong way—ride at anchor. Then the question arises how our time shall be spent. What is the best refreshment for our jaded powers? In what way, at once most harmlessly and most profitably, can we employ our time?"

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William Wilberforce once refused an invitation to a morning musical concert. Much as he liked music, he thought that at that early hour, and as an introduction to the duties of the day, it was a kind of dissipation. It was not the most fitting preface for the volume of the day. So there are amusements that create a disinclination for one's proper business. They divert the mind from its proper sphere; they dissipate thought; they make a man more heedless and trifling; they fascinate him until he becomes their slave; they feed an appetite that is sure to grow ravenous by indulgence.

Yet religion is no enemy to real cheerfulness, and there are many amusements which, while they recreate the mind and body are perfectly harmless, and need have no stain upon the purest mind. "Grave judges and ministers have reviewed the memories of their own youth in the sports which they shared with the generation that was crowding them off the stage." Dr. Beecher could romp with his own children, and Dr. Chalmers could play with the boys at rolling stones down hill. Chief Justice Parsons could drop his book to beat the younger members of the family at charades, and William Will could be as playful and as mischievous as the infant prattler that climbed his knee to stick roses in his hair. It may not seem very dignified to relax the brow, stem with thought and care, and unbind the mind in sportive wantonness and mirth; but no man was ever made the worse by the transient and well timed relaxation which opened his own heart to catch the light that beamed from the bright and happy faces of young or old.

Recreation and Renovation. The body is recruited by a change in the form of its exercise; the mind is renovated by sleep, by profound rest; hence the best way of reinvigorating the whole man, whether of laborer or the literate, is not to go to the springs or some country house, and lounge, and loiter, and eat, and drink away the tardy hours, but to secure employment which will bring into requisition those muscles of the body which have, in a man's train, been lying dormant, and to keep up that exercise in the open air day after day, to an extent that the body shall be so fatigued that deep sleep comes within five minutes after the head has reached the pillow; that gives natural rest to the brain, which, for the whole day following, will thrill the whole body with the electrical influences which it distributes through it by means of the nervous system; and if this process is repeated day by day, it will not be a week before a new spring will be added to the step, a new fire will sparkle in the eye, a new energy will be infused into the mental faculties, and the whole physical man will be rejuvenated, while heart and soul will respond to the general invigoration.

Expedition Required. A reverend doctor of Georgia has rather a bold delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum. He was preaching and illustrating his subject by such cases of a man condemned to die by hanging and reprieved under the gallows. He was about to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance of the distance of the dust-covered courier, the loud horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little profane. One of the lunatics could hold no longer; he arose in the congregation and shouted, "Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

General Miscellany. Making Money. There are two ambitions that men have in seeking to make money. "When a man makes money for the sake of having more money than anybody else, he is like a horse at the foot of Mount Sinai, down on its belly before a golden calf! When a man makes money just in order that he may have more than Swart has, more than Astor has, more than Girard has, or more than anybody else has or had, he is a calf-worshipping another calf! and that, too, right in the presence of Mount Sinai, with God in his dignity and glory, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little profane. One of the lunatics could hold no longer; he arose in the congregation and shouted, "Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

Recreation. The subject of amusements is one which will not soon cease to agitate the Church. The physical and mental necessity which we are under of sometimes relaxing from the severer duty of life, is of a too well-established hygienic fact to be ignored. Bay's writer in *History of Home*: "There is a demand in our nature for that recreation from severer toil which finds its sphere in part in what are termed amusements. The law can not always be strained to its utmost tension, and the string can not always be kept upon the latch. There are times when we must drop the ear, and either float with the stream, or do not drift in the wrong way—ride at anchor. Then the question arises how our time shall be spent. What is the best refreshment for our jaded powers? In what way, at once most harmlessly and most profitably, can we employ our time?"

The simplest pleasures are at once the most satisfying and healthful. Any that go beyond their true object, and create cravings which they can not satisfy, are not only not beneficial, but actually injurious. The more laboriously one seeks for happiness the more sure will be his disappointment. It must fall into his hands like ripe fruit, and if he reaches up to snatch it from the tree, he will find it hard to pluck, and unripe and hurtful when gathered. Hannah More remarked, "If I do not know so hard a trade as pleasure, it is well followed."

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## Men of Few Words.

Some men use words as if they were bolts. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, and on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their mind as rivers into a deep channel, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes