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## Religious Miscellany.

### The Sabbath.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.  
Hail! blessed one in seven!  
When from the gates of Heaven  
Are wafted to the faithful souls of earth,  
Sparks from the angelic choir—  
Of LOVE, Divine, and thoughts of sacred birth.  
When in the brightening East,  
Night's rutilant glow has ceased,  
And soft grey clouds lead in the hallowed Day,  
In rapt ecstasies flood,  
Nature awaits the mood,  
Of golden light—bright herald of its way.  
When dawns the day of REST—  
Its cold and selfish vast,  
With gladness made the busy world puts off;  
The holy calm that reigns  
Alays the thirst for gains  
And treasur'd gold, and staves the sneerer's scoff.  
The chime of morning bell  
Makes Christian bosoms swell  
With ardent love—the peaceful joys to share,  
And myriads voices blend,  
As unto God ascend  
The melodies of grateful PRAISE and PRAYER.  
Fit emblem of that time,  
When, in celestial clime,  
The music of the Sabbath here below  
Shall rise to loftier song,  
And from the choirs of heaven  
Perpetual harmonies of PRAISE shall flow.

The Sabbath that we have  
This side the narrow grave  
Are shadows of the nobler one above;  
There, none of earth's alloy  
Will mingle with the joy,  
Or dim the splendor of that flock of LOVE.

The Sabbath here, at best,  
Is only partly blessed—  
Its fleeting hours yield to Time's control;  
But when that Land is won  
Where Jesus is the star,  
No cloud of coming Night will ever roll.

### The Prayer Meeting.

When God's people assemble to unite in supplicating His mercies, it is expected that some voice will lead while all hearts join in the petition offered. It is a solemn and beautiful expression of love, which the thoughts and aspirations of all, while bowing at the Throne of Grace. My pen ventures cautiously while recording some suggestions relating to one of the most solemn, delightful, and profitable of all christian duties. No cold criticism will be indulged; the aim will be to point out some of the causes for the apparent coldness which so often prevails in meetings for prayer and conference. First of all there is too little preparation of heart beforehand. There is not that special purpose which there should be in the heart and mind before entering the place of prayer. There is too much vagueness in our petitions. We ask for everything while we forget at once that we have asked for anything, and if our prayers, in the mercy of God, should be answered in any particular, we should scarcely think the blessing had come for our asking, so little are we impressed with our own supplications. It is the christian's duty to pray, and then it is his high privilege to look towards heaven with the expectation for the coming in of God's own way, of the very blessing sought. The prayer of faith is that prayer which is remembered, and it is usually short, for who can keep in mind a very long prayer, especially when the subject is so important. One argument in favor of brevity is, it gives opportunity for more to take a leading part—a feature of great interest in the prayer-meeting. Perhaps there is a mistake generally made by the individual who conducts the meeting, in calling upon such brethren only, as are always prompt in duty, instead of those whose voice we seldom if ever hear. The difficult need encouraging, and it is a great help to such to be called upon to lead in prayer, and the gain which would result to the Church cannot be estimated. No one should be excused, and every brother should be marshalled into active service. The duty performed will soon become a privilege enjoyed. On the other hand, duties neglected subject the soul to eternal loss. The faithful christian will be in advance of his unfaithful brother through all eternity. Christian brother, shall we have your voice in the prayer-meeting? We need your prayers. A sinning world needs your prayers—there you see an every brother as a purpose of good to your own soul, prove an additional safeguard to you against temptation.

### "Boldness."

The original word is rather a singular one, and might be rendered free-spokenness. Robinson says, "It is characteristic of a frank and fearless mind." In a great many translations it is rendered "Liberty," but it is the liberty which a frank and fearless mind possesses. You see an illustration of the word, in the conduct of a little child, which has entire confidence in, and little heed to, its parent. It can open up its whole heart to its parent. It can tell that it desires, and all that it feels to its parent. It holds back nothing. It fears the most liberty; but not one iota more than the child of God ought to feel in the presence of his heavenly Father. Confidence and love cast out the fear of the confiding child. So it is with the child of God. "There is no fear in love," except the fear of of-

fering the one loved. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Hence confidence and love beget free-spokenness.  
There is a translation which renders it confidence, but that is implied in free-spokenness. There must be confidence, where there is freedom of speech. The lack of confidence seals the lips. You are cautious about your language when in the presence of those to whom you have no confidence. You are afraid to open your heart to a stranger, and tell him your joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. Confidence in God opens the lips and heart to him. Reader, does it open yours? You need not fear to tell him your joys and sorrows—you need not fear to trust him. He will not betray your confidence. He will not disappoint you. If we take our excellent translation, "Boldness," we must of course understand the word in its good sense. It is used for forward, rude, impudent, &c., which is farthest from being proper in the presence of God. But the primary meaning of the word is openness; and then also it means courage, bravery, fearlessness, &c. We can be open and frank in the presence of those in whom we have confidence. Where we can be free-spoken we can be bold. Paul using this word says, "For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. iv. 15, 16. "If there is any place where we should be free-spoken—have boldness, confidence and frankness, it is in spiritual things. There is no place where we should be so free-spoken, as before God, and in coming to him.

How to spend the Sabbath.  
Rise early. God requires one seventh part of your time. The Sabbath is just as long as any other day. If you indulge in sleep Sabbath mornings one or two hours later than usual, you rob God and your soul of so much holy time; and if you begin the day by robbing God, you cannot expect he will bless you.  
Pray for your preacher. He will then preach better and you will be better prepared for his preaching. He needs your prayers. He has tasked his energies to prepare good sermons to interest and instruct you. Exhausted by the labors of the week, and trembling under his awful responsibility, he will be cheered and encouraged if he believes he is remembered in your prayers.  
Pray that the preaching may be blessed to your soul. He is a foolish man who sows his seed before he breaks up the soil. You are more foolish if you expect a blessing without asking for it, or preparing your heart to receive it. If a blessing is not worth asking for, do not complain if it is not bestowed.  
Do not indulge in secular conversation. To spend the interval between the services of the sanctuary in talking about business, or pleasure, or politics, is not remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. If you spend your intermission in this manner, you must not wonder if in the afternoon you feel sleepy, and the preacher seems dull.  
Banish your worldly thoughts. You must not on the Sabbath think your own thoughts. If your thoughts are allowed to wander unrestrained over the business of the past week, or the plans for the week to come, you will suffer for the week. Your prayer will be no good either to him, or yourself, but may do hurt to both. You will profit more by praying over the sermon, and applying it to yourself, than by criticizing it.  
Spend every Sabbath as though it were your last. Your last Sabbath will soon come. Perhaps the next will be your last. Spend it then as you wish you had done when you review the millions of ages hence. If you know it would be your last you would be much in prayer, you would banish worldly thoughts and conversation, you would read your bible, you would meditate much on divine things, and examine the foundation of your hope for eternity. Do this, and your Sabbath will not be spent in vain.

Count your Mercies.  
Go into the enumeration with a hearty and joyful willingness. Number your blessings one after another—so many and such—since morning; so many, that, and the other, since noon; and so on.—We have forty reasons, or so for your doing this; but only give you a little sprinkling.  
1. Numbering blessings will fix the mind directly upon them. We are whirling on in life so fast, that we cannot stop the cars long enough to get a good view, a distinct view of God's goodness to us. Counting blessings will help us in this respect.  
2. It will help you to see how active God is in regard to your welfare. As you count your blessings the number will amaze you, and every one to him a divine purpose, and that purpose will be your personal welfare. You will see that your blessings come so thick and fast that you will have to admit that you are not out of the divine mind a moment. It will not harm you to realize this.  
3. Counting one mercy with you will quite easily and naturally lead you to think of what you are doing for him. The divine activity on your behalf will suggest the honour, duty and privilege of imitating in his service, the engagedness he is showing in yours.  
4. Counting your mercies may lead you to see how many you have, of which others are deprived; and so God's distinguishing mercy to you will come out in such a way as it would never have been seen, if you had not done something like counting your mercies.  
5. Counting mercies is one of the best of all methods of producing that gratitude which is such a delightful emotion of the soul, and which is one of the most imperiously demanded of all our emotions toward God.  
6. Counting mercies in the true spirit of thankfulness is one of the surest of all means of securing the continuance and increase of them.  
7. Counting mercies is a very sure way of finding out what you are doing for him. David has said that we can never number in this enumeration had leisure, and went into this enumeration with a will, but he could not touch bottom. His mercies were so much ahead of his power of computation that he acknowledged in the striking

language: "Many, oh Lord, my God are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts that are to us-ward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them they are more than can be numbered. You will reach the same conclusion if you put your arithmetic to work in the way he did.  
8. Numbering your mercies will be very sure to cause you to see how vastly they out-number your adversities, so that you will be the more likely to have a quiet and submissive spirit under all the sorrows of life.

The Sun of Righteousness.  
"The Sun of Righteousness!" How glorious! How beautiful the figure! Let us for a moment reflect on the resemblance between the natural sun and this glorious Sun of Righteousness, in their adaptation to temporal and spiritual matters; and we shall see, that as the former is essential to the existence and comfort of earthly things, so the beams of the heavenly Sun are essential to spiritual things.  
1. The natural sun is the source of light. Were it not for its beams, this world would be a dark and cheerless place. Even the moon in shedding her soft and silvery light on the earth, only reflects the rays of this great luminary of day! Thus darkness, gross darkness, covers the moral world till this glorious Sun arises upon it; and even the saints, who are called the "light of the world," shine but by the reflection of his rays! And while we look on them with admiration, it should lead us more and more to contemplate the great source from whence proceeds all that is excellent and lovely.  
How dark is the unrenewed heart, where the rays of this glorious sun never penetrated! How dark is even the christian's heart, when clouds intervene between the soul and this glorious Sun! How dark such a "gourmouthing without the light!" But if his beams re-appear, how soon is the darkness scattered, and "light breaks in upon the soul with kind and quickening rays!" In the case of those in whose souls his beams first shine, they see things as they never saw them before. Corruptions and sins never discovered before, are now seen, defeated, and forsaken. The transcendent beauty of holiness is also seen. That which before had "neither form nor comeliness," is seen by this light to be "altogether lovely!" In short, when these bright beams arise in the heart, everything is seen in its true character; and they who "were sometime in darkness, are now light in the Lord."  
2. The sun is also the source of heat. Imagine the world left for a season without the warming and invigorating rays of the sun. How soon would vegetation cease! Look at those portions of our earth that are left for a time without the solar rays. How cold and cheerless were these seasons last; and how soon, on the return of these vital beams, does vegetation commence, and make rapid progress. Thus the soul is cold and cheerless without the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The good seed of the world may be sown, but will not grow until these heavenly beams break in upon the soul. When these gracious beams are withdrawn from the christian, how do his graces languish! "The things that remain are ready to die." But those who are allowed to remain under the beams of these enlightening beams, then they begin to revive, and he is a growing christian. Warm and invigorated by these rays, he becomes active and zealous in his Master's cause; and others, seeing his "light shine," are led to glorify the Father. Through the "divine blessing" which he imbibes the same spirit of grace widens and extends. And may we say of these blessed rays penetrating the darkness of heathen lands—the banner of the Cross raised in the midst of idol temples—horror, cruelty, and midnight darkness vanishing before the benignant rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

But who can contemplate the blessings and brightness of his beams! We are lost in the radiance. May it be more and more extended, till "the whole earth be filled with his glory!" May every heart be enlightened by his light; and may the church, by constant communion with Christ, be assimilated to his likeness, and soon shine forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!"—*Pres. Danner.*

Religious Intelligence.  
Missionary Catholicity.  
We gave not long since an account of the dangerous illness of the Rev. Dr. Butler, Missionary of the Methodist E. Church in Northern India, of his visit to Burma for his health, and of his kindness he returned there from the Baptist Missionaries. The following extract of a letter from Dr. Butler will be interesting to our readers.  
"At Rangon and Moulemy, where we were our hotel where we could put up while waiting for the steamer to come back from Singapore), we were received by the brethren and sisters of the American Baptist Mission, with a cordiality and brotherly kindness which I shall never forget, and for which I desire, in this public way, to express my gratitude to them. These devoted servants of God would not hear of our going to their houses and share their hospitality. 'I was a stranger and they took me in.' Took me in when I was weak and feeble, hardly able to stand upon my feet, and with loving kindness and tender care they ministered to my wants, and did all they could for my restoration. My own mother or sister could not have been kinder than were Mrs. Bennett of Rangon, and Mr. Havard and Mr. Moulman. But, indeed, all the brethren and sisters of the missions in both places, did everything in their power to help me, and make our stay pleasant. May He who has said that even 'a cup of water given because ye belong to Christ' shall not be without its reward, remember these dear brethren and sisters for all the kindness they showed to the weak and feeble stranger who so unexpectedly appeared among them, and who about as I was able, and was delighted to find myself amid scenes so deeply interesting. I had read of Burma, and of the great work which God had wrought in that land by the honored instrumentality of Dr. Judson and his associates and successors. And here I was in their very midst, to see and rejoice with them in the good which had been accomplished. My

soil was refreshed and enlivened by what I witnessed.  
"The brethren of that mission seem to have a humble view of the results of their own labors, but to one coming from India, where caste and female exclusion especially offer such obstacles to the success of missionary operations, the results of Christian toil in Burma seem great indeed. Goodness, congruence, self supporting churches, ordained native pastors with all their accompaniments, impress the beholder with the conviction that Christianity has gained a position among the people of that land, which it has not yet obtained elsewhere in the East. "May the God of our fathers make them a thousand-fold more than they are, and bless them as at this day!"  
"I wish I were able to give more fully of what I saw there, but to do so is not now equal, being still very far from strong, and my eyes easily tired out with any effort of this sort. I hope to do the subject more justice at some future time. A great and good and truly spiritual work has been wrought in Burma by the united labors of our Baptist brethren, and it is the privilege and duty of Christian men of every denomination to acknowledge that work, and bless God for it."  
"I can assure you I felt religiously at home among the Karens in the jungle during the happy Sabbath day which I spent in their village. I am indebted to the venerable Dr. Wade (an associate of Dr. Judson's) for that privilege. He took me in a boat up the Gwaltee to the place where more than thirty years ago he preached the first sermon to the Karens, and since that day "what hath God wrought!" Full eighteen thousand of that race have been Christianized! Yes, Christianized in the best sense; converted, and renewed, and made happy in God. And they look like it. When I saw their beaming countenances in the house of God, and felt the spirit which moved from heart to heart as they sang and prayed and listened to the Word, I felt as if among them at once. I knew they loved the bible, they loved the Word, and for the same reasons, and, though not a sound (except the old familiar) tune was understood by me, my heart was in full sympathy with the occasion, my Methodist 'flaw' was burning, and I felt like shouting out 'Glory be to God.'"  
"Of course I visited the 'grave of Mr. Judson,' and at that beloved spot mingled my tears with the many which have been shed there in memory of the suffering and devoted of that noble missionary lady who sleeps beneath the bough tree on the margin of that bright ocean, beneath whose waves her worthy husband sank to his rest.  
"I made the most of my opportunity. Had I been able to have gone and more, I should have found much to interest and edify me. But I am thankful for what I was privileged to witness of the work of God in Burma. He has bestowed the rays which can never pass away, and has strengthened my faith in the power and almighty triumph of the holy missionary cause."  
"By the Lord's blessing I was able to be back in time to preside at our annual meeting. All the brethren save one were present. We had a busy and harmonious session. The Rev. Mr. Warren of the Wesleyan Bazaar, London, was our visitor with us, and seemed greatly to enjoy our annual gathering. We are now all looking forward to our next annual meeting, when we hope to hail one of our beloved bishops in our midst, and to see our missions regularly organized into an annual conference of our church. To me especially that will be a joyful day. It will be a glorious consummation to many a weary and anxious heart. It is now just as I sit down in Barville in 1857, the solitary representative of our church in India.  
"God has indeed done much for us. May we have grace to be faithful to all the blessings and leadings of his providence in our mission."

Romanian Decreasing.  
It is in romanian countries that the decline of Papal influence and power is most perceptible. The ferment in the national mind of Italy at the present moment may almost be compared in its extent and depth with that which preceded the Reformation in England. Priests and ex-monks are now to be heard haranguing crowds of one or two thousand people, in lecture halls, in the open fields, and even from the steps of cathedrals, urging the reading of the Scriptures, and the rejection of the errors of the Roman hierarchy. In Milan, a Professor Oddo is lecturing regularly to an audience of 150 to 200 young schoolmates and schoolteachers, whose enthusiasm, it is said, never abates itself so strongly as when the lecturer touches on the differences between the Roman Catholic and the Evangelical Churches. At Como, the women were so bitterly hostile to the new evangel which they saw recommended, that an amount of conviction upon the minds of the husbands and brothers, that recently as a last resort, they presented themselves to the number of 500, at the door of the chief magistrate, to demand the instant banishment from the town of the Gospel party. They received some kind of rebuff from the official who received their request, which led them to consider among themselves what was next to be done. They hit upon an excellent plan. They resolved on heading with their own ears what was being spoken to their husbands and sons, if the evangelist would consent to address a meeting composed entirely of females. It is needless to say that he acquiesced in their request; and not a few of his hearers begged, even with tears, that they might be further instructed in the faith of the only Redeemer. Among other Italian romances, it is said that Garibaldi purposes next spring, should the Protestant effort, while education is spreading, and books and tracts are circulating in immense numbers. Legislation is also becoming independent of the Pontifical power. Fifty bishops have been made in Italy without the consent of the Pope, and a bill is to be brought into the next Italian Parliament, proposing to recognize them with or without the Pope's sanction.—*Me. Advertiser.*

## General Miscellany.

### Humburg.

BY P. F. BARNUM.  
When I come to sit down earnestly to fulfill my engagement with the publishers of the Mercury, to write for them a series of articles upon the "Humburgs of the World," I confess myself somewhat puzzled in regard to the true definition of that word. To be sure, Webster says that humbug, as a noun, is "an imposition under fair pretences;" and as a verb it is "to deceive; to impose on." With all due deference to Doctor Webster, I submit that, according to present usage, this is not the only, nor even the generally accepted definition of that term. We will suppose, for instance, that a man with "fair pretences" applies to a wholesale merchant for credit on a large bill of goods. His "fair pretences" comprehend an assertion that he is a moral and religious man, a member of the church, a man of wealth, etc., etc. It turns out that he is not worth a dollar, but is a base, lying wretch, an impostor and a cheat. He is arrested and imprisoned "for obtaining property under false pretences," or, as Webster says, "fair pretences." He is punished for his villainy. The public do not call him a "humburg;" they very properly term him a swindler.  
Two physicians reside in one of our fashionable avenues. They were both educated in the best medical colleges; and each passed an examination, received his diploma, and been dubbed an M.D. They are equally skilled in the healing art. One rides quietly about the city in his gig or hack, visiting his patients without ostentatious display, and the other sallies out in his coach and four, preceded by a band of music, and his carriage and horses are covered with handbills and placards, announcing his wonderful cures. This man is properly called a quack and a humbug. Why? Not because he cheats or imposes upon the public, for he does not, but because, as generally understood, "humburg" consists in writing on glittering appearances outside show, novel expedients which suddenly attract public attention and attract the public eye and ear.  
Clergymen, lawyers, or physicians, who should resort to such methods of attracting the public, would not, for obvious reasons, be apt to succeed. Bankers, insurance agents, and others, who apply to the wretched artifices of the impostor of their fellow men, would require a different species of advertising from that; but there are various trades and occupations which need only resort to insure success, always provided that when customers are once attracted they never fail to give their money's worth. An honest man who thus attracts public attention will be called a "humburg," but he is not a swindler or an impostor. If, however, after attracting crowds of customers by his untrue display, a man foolishly fails to give them a full equivalent for their money, they never patronize him the second time, but they very properly denounce him as a swindler, a cheat, and an impostor; they do not, however, call him a "humburg." He fails, not because he advertises his wares in an out-of-fashion manner, but because, after attracting crowds of patrons, he stupidly and wickedly cheats them.

When the great blacking-maker of London dispatched his agent to Egypt to write on the pyramids of Ghiza, in huge letters, "Buy Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand, London," he was not "cheating" travelers upon the Nile. His blacking was really a superior article, and will worth the price charged for it, but he was "humburg" the public by this queer way of attracting attention. It turned out just as he anticipated, that English travelers in that part of Egypt were indignant at this desecration, and they wrote back to the London Times (every Englishman writes or threatens to "write to the Times," if anything goes wrong), denouncing the "Goths" who had thus disgraced these ancient pyramids by writing on them, in monstrous letters, "Buy Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand, London." The Times published the letter and backed them up by several of those awfully grand and dictatorial editorials peculiar to the great "Thunder-storm," in which the blacking-maker, "Warren, 30 Strand," was stigmatized as a man who had no respect for the ancient patriarchs, and it was hinted that he would probably not hesitate to sell his blacking on the sarcophagus of Pharaoh, "or any other"—namely, if he could only make money by it. In fact, to cap the climax, Warren was denounced as a "humburg." These indignant articles were copied into all the Provincial journals, and very soon, in this manner, the columns of every newspaper in Great Britain were teeming with this advice, "Try Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand, London." The curiosity of the public was thus aroused, and they did "try" it, and finding it a superior article, they continued to purchase it and recommend it to their friends, and Warren made a fortune by it. But Warren did not cheat his customers, nor practice "an imposition under fair pretences." He was a christian, a humbug, but he was an honest, upright man, and so one called him an impostor or a cheat.

When the tickets for Jenny Lind's first concert in America were sold at auction, several business men, aspiring to notoriety, "bid high" for the first ticket. It was finally knocked down to "Gen. the latter," for \$225. The journals in all Portland (Maine) and Houston (Texas), and all other journals throughout the United States, between these two cities, which were connected with the telegraph, announced the fact in their columns the next morning. Probably two millions of readers read the announcement, and exclaimed, "Who is Gen. the latter?" Gen. became famous in a day. Every man involuntarily examined his hat, to see if it was made by Gen. and an Iowa editor declared that one of his neighbors discovered the name of Gen. in his old hat, and immediately announced the fact to his neighbors in front of the Post Office. It was suggested that the old hat should be sold at auction. It was done, and there, and the Gen. hat sold for fourteen dollars! Gentlemen from city and country rushed to Gen. to store by their hats, many of them willing to pay even an extra dollar, if necessary, provided they could get a glimpse of Gen. himself. This singular freak put thousands of dollars into the pocket of "Gen. the latter," and yet I never heard he charged that he was a poor hat, or that he would be guilty of an imposition under fair pretences. On the contrary, he is a gentleman of probity, and of the first responsibility.

By thus illustrating what I believe the public will concede to be the sense in which the word "humburg" is generally used and understood at the present time, in this country as well as in England, I do not propose that my letters on this subject shall be narrowed down to that definition of the word. On the contrary, I expect to treat of various fallacies, delusions, and deceptions in ancient and modern times, which, according to Webster's definition, may be called "humburgs," inasmuch as they were "impositions under fair pretences."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Great Brains in Small Bodies.  
It is curious to remark how unwilling people generally are to believe that a person much shorter for a greater man may yet be a great man. It is at least equally curious to note the delight which nature seems to take in interesting and reiterating the fact that a very large proportion of the intellect of the age just passed away was lodged with men who fell short of the middle size. Napoleon was scarcely five feet six inches in height, and so very slim in early life as to be well-nigh lost in his boots and uniform. Byron was no taller. Lord Jeffrey was not so tall. Campbell and Moore were still shorter than Jeffrey, and Wilberforce was a less man than any of them. The same remark has been made of the great minds of England, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. One very remarkable instance we may perhaps show to the reader in a new aspect.  
In the August of 1790 some workmen engaged in repairing the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, found under the floor of the chancel an old coffin, which, as shown by the sexton's register, had rested there undisturbed for a hundred and sixteen years. For a grown person it was a very small one. Its length did not exceed five feet and six inches, and it measured only sixteen inches across the broadest part. The body almost invariably stretches after death, so that the bodies of females of the middle stature, and under require coffins of at least equal length; and the breadth, even outside, did not come fully to the average breadth of shoulder of women. Whose remains rested in that wasted old coffin? Those of a man the most truly masculine in his age, and the most gigantic in intellect, which Britain or the world ever produced, the defender of the rights of the people of England; as a scholar, first among the learned of Europe; as a poet, not only more sublime than any other uninspired writer, but, as has justly been said, more fertile in true sublimities than all other uninspired writers put together. The small old coffin contained the remains of that John Milton who died at his house in Bunhill Fields in the winter of 1674; the all-powerful controversialist, who, in the cause of the people, crushed the learned Salmasius fall in the view of Europe; the poet who produced the "Paradise Lost."—*Milton's Headship of Christ.*

The Charms of Good Health.  
Woman's incapacity is the only real barrier to woman's progress. Whenever women show themselves able, men will show themselves willing. This is what you need—strength, caliber. You do not set half enough value on muscular power. Aesthetic young lady-writers and sentimental penny-ethers have imbibed and propagated the idea that feebleness and fragility are womanly and fascinating. The result is a legion of languid heads, an interesting inability to walk half a dozen consecutive miles, a delicate horror of open windows, north-west winds, and wholesome rain-storms. There is no computing the amount of charming invalidism following in the wake of such a line as  
There is a sweetness in woman's dream—  
A lengthened sweetness long drawn out by some  
complaining and invalid female. I do not, of course, refer to real invalids who have inherited feeble constitutions, and, by unavoidable and unselfish and unceasing wear and tear, have exhausted their small capital, and to whom life is become one great scene of weariness and pain. Heaven help them to bear the burden! and they do bear it nobly, often accomplishing what ought to make their ruddy and robust sisters blush for shame at their own inefficiency. I mean women who have every opportunity to be healthy—who are sick when it is their duty to be well. A woman of twenty in comfortable circumstances ought to be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic as of being drunk. Fathers and mothers, burdened with cares and anxieties, may neglect physiological laws without impeding their moral character; but for a girl, care-free, to confess such an impairment is presumptive evidence of gluttony, laziness, or ignorance, and generally all three. This is not eloquent language, I know; but when we have learned to call things by their right names we shall have taken one step toward the millennium; and it is an indispensible fact that a great majority of ailments arise from over-eating and under-exercising. The innumerable hosts of nervous diseases with which our women are afflicted are always aggravated, and often caused by these indulgences. Women do not know this, and if they did it would be of little use so long as they consider illness one of the charms of beauty. Let the idea once get firm hold that illness is stupid and vulgar, and a generation or two—may, even a year or two—would show a marked change. If a woman is ill, let her take it for granted, that it is her first duty to get well, and let her forthwith set about it. A good stout will, a resolute purpose, would work wonders. "Few persons like sick people," says Charles Lamb; "as for me, I candidly confess I hate them." Whatever posturing, you may depend upon it, a good digestion is "an excellent thing in a woman."—*Home Journal.*

A Novel Plea.  
A lawyer relates the following incident that occurred in his practice:  
He was trying a petty case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found in the course of the trial, that the keen and astute attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worse appear the better cause.  
The poor man, Mr. A., was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing

counsel closed in plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision.  
"May it please your Honor," said the man, may I pray?" The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A. went down upon his knees and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. "O Lord, thou knowest that this lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and thou knowest that it is so and so"—to the end of the chapter. Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettingling.  
When he rose from his knees, Enquire W., the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn which the case had taken, said: "Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?" To which the judge replied: "You can close with prayer if you please!" Enq. W. was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayers with his profession, wisely forbore, leaving poor Mr. A. to win his case, as he did, by his novel mode of presenting it.

Ministerial.  
Extemporaneous Speaking.  
It is not pleasant to fall in public speaking, and many persons, after a single attempt, in which the success is not encouraging, lose all courage to repeat the experiment. Ministers often feel the importance of cultivating habits of extemporaneous address; but the effort costs so much hard labor, and is attended with such different results, that they relinquish it in despair, and confine themselves to the manuscript.  
A dugged energy, however, and a resolute perseverance on overcomes all hesitations, and speaks in a fluent and persuasive orator. The ion will of Demosthenes changed the timid and stammering pleader into the most eloquent orator of Greece, if not of the world. His experience is not a peculiar one, for many have attained power over themselves and their hearers only by similar struggles.  
Daniel Webster records in his autobiography, that when a boy, Mr. Abbott's famous Academy at Exeter, he never could muster courage enough for declamation. He says of himself, "Many a place did I commit to memory, and read and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; and yet, when the day came, when the school collected to hear declamations, my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckmaster always present, and entreated most willingly, that I would venture; but I could never command sufficient recollection. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept tears of bitter mortification."  
That was an unpromising beginning for the great orator and statesman of New England, whose forensic power has had no superior in our national history. Sheridan, it is well known, made an utter failure in his first public speech, and was booed down by his impatient and weary hearers. Henry Clay made his debut in a debating club by losing all self-possession and commenced his speech with, "Gentlemen of the Jury," instead of "Mr. President." And Robert Hall, confessedly without a peer in the English pulpit, broke down irretrievably in his first two attempts at preaching, and was so mortified at the failure that he scarcely dared make a third experiment.  
With such signal examples of early failure and ultimate success, no minister need be disheartened, if his first efforts in extemporaneous preaching occasion only chagrin and mortification. The cross must come before the crown, and struggle precedes success. No young preacher of extraordinary talent need despair of acquiring a mastery over himself and his audience, if he has an inflexible purpose to animate him. No minister of mature years who has acquired discipline by habits of patient thought and composition, can fall to speak well, if he is willing to endure a little shame and mortification in the outset. The power attained is worth all the cost, and preachers would do well to seek to possess it.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Preparation of Sermons.  
My church was in a city, and occupied a prominent position. I was preceded in the pulpit by two men of scholarly attainments, one of whom on retiring, took the place of head professor of one of our highest schools of theology; the other took the presidency of a college in an Eastern State. I felt called upon to do what lay in my power to fill with credit, the place they had filled with honor. I devoted all the time I could command to my pulpit preparations, often consuming considerable portions of Saturday night over my sermons, and always occupying all the time I could command between the services on the Sabbath, in the same way. The sermon prepared in the early part of the week I always preached last, deeming it the most thoroughly prepared; while the sermon prepared on Friday or Saturday, I regularly preached the Sabbath morning. I uniformly found that the former preparation produced the best effect, and that the more thorough preparation of the latter part of the day fell flat upon listless ears. I asked myself the reason for this, and found it.  
I had exhausted myself thoroughly in my preparations, and the excitement of the morning used up completely the little vitality which remained to me. The rest of the day dragged heavily. The sermon I had prepared three or four days before had lost its freshness. It was not only but formally delivered to an audience whose enthusiasm had been excited and exhausted by the morning's sermon. Sunday night was restless, and Monday dawned as blue as the mist which were brought in upon our city from the ocean. The day was spent without interest, and without effort.  
I saw the cause, and aroused myself to apply the remedy. I abandoned every thing which could either stimulate or exhaust artificially the nervous system. I had always been strictly temperate. I never used tobacco in any form. I abandoned the use of coffee, drinking only