The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

Volume XVIII. No. 23 — HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1866. — Whole No. 872

Religious Miscellany.

Upward.

BY REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

Upward, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul!

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond those clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair;
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving
And the palm is ever waving—
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords and King of kings;
Son of man, they crown, they crown him:
Son of God, they own, they own him:
With his name the palace rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet!
Poor the praise that now we render;
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet!

The Rest Day.

We have long been satisfied that the best popular argument in favor of a strict Sabbath is, that to open the day to amusement and dissipation, would in the end cause it to be given up to industrial pursuits like other days, and so work immense injury to the operative classes, who would find themselves compelled to give seven days' work for six days' wages. We are glad to see that this view has been taken in England. Mr. Hughes not only gave his own view, but said that the intelligent portion, the majority of the working-classes sided with him.

In England, as lately in this country, a laborious effort has been made to break down the strictness of the current Sabbath observance, and throw open museums, picture-galleries and libraries on the Lord's day. The reason urged for this has been that the working-classes, busy throughout the week, required such recreation on the Sabbath. The movement has, happily, met with a check from the right quarter, the working people themselves having common sense enough to see that Sunday recreation would soon lead to Sunday labor; that cabmen, omnibus-men and railroad employees would have to give up their Sunday-rest, to carry crowds to places of amusement—that the custodians of these places would need to be on hand all day—and that the sanctity of the Sabbath being invaded, its opportunities for refreshment and serene repose would soon be lost. The very men for whose benefit the indulgence was demanded, have therefore raised their voice against it, and declared to the authorities that they desire nothing of the kind. Mr. Hughes, M.P., ("Tom Brown at Oxford,") at first an advocate for Sunday opening, has accordingly now cast his weight into the scale against it, and even the *Times* intensely worldly as it usually is, raises its voice in favor of a quiet Sabbath, as affording, by its sudden change of thought and pause in business, a refreshment to the mind scarcely less than that of sleep to the body, and as giving opportunities for family intercourse and calm reflection which it would be impossible otherwise to obtain.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

Blacking and Pyramids.

BY REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

On the Pyramids of Egypt might be seen painted in large black letters, "Buy Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand London. The enterprising blacking-maker had pushed his advertisements as far as the very tombs of the Pharaohs. The English travelers opened their eyes very wide as they scanned such astonishing hieroglyphics, and soon their indignation at the ruthless desecration of the ancient and mysterious piles, vented itself through the great thunderer, the *Times*. In every part of England friend Warren was getting a drubbing through the papers, but in the end the people forgot about the pyramids, and remembered about the blacking. The result was, an immense sale everywhere of Egyptian advertised blacking. Barnum calls Warren "an upright, honest humbug." We would hardly like to use such an equivocal word as humbug in reference to so virtuous a stratagem as the blacking manufacturer employed to extend his business. But certain it is, that the advertising power has developed in these days to extraordinary dimensions. Business men the world over must advertise or get nothing to do. The most extensive and most widely known firms must advertise or go down. Some single establishments pay out almost fabulous sums each year just for newspaper advertisements.—Now, can't we learn something from all this, we workers in the Lord's vineyard? "The children of this world" are often "wiser than the children of light." But why not learn something from the children of this world. Why cannot the children of light advertise as well?—Business men see that the people of the world have got short memories, and what they hear one minute, they forget the next; they determine, therefore to keep their memories posted by continually reminding them from day to-day. They force themselves, their wares, their establishments on public attention by persistent advertising. Now it so happens that in matters of religion, people's memories, if anything, grow shorter still. The great cardinal truths of the Gospel are soon forgotten and negected, unless pressed continually on the attention of men.—Hence the many commands of Scripture to preach the Word, to be instant in season and out of season, and to cease not in making known the Gospel of Christ to every creature. The preacher is the living medium of advertising the glorious salvation which the great God freely offers to the world. The religious newspaper is simply a grand scheme for advertising the most important news ever made known on earth.—The importance of the religious press generally is in proportion as it carries out the great advertising idea. Religious books, tracts, pamphlets, and publications are good, just as they succeed in advertising, in arresting every reader and persistently fixing on the heart the glorious announcement, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. In the structure of the Church the same great idea is an essential characteristic. And on the banner of missionary enterprise is the central idea inscribed advertise, "go into all the world and preach." Wait not until men seed for the great news as for hidden treasure, but go to them, holding up before their very eyes, Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Now, why could not Christians advertize more than they have done? Millions have heard something and forgotten all about it. Millions more have not been advertised about it. Did Christians advertise as much about Christ as they do about their patent inventions, their syrups and pills, their blankets and their blacking the world would soon be converted. Why not advertise those non-church going neighbors of yours by leading them with you on Sunday to the house of God? Why not advertise the Gospel to your family by subscribing for the religious newspaper? You wonder your children are not converted, while they read weekly the advertisements of evil in some ungodly book or paper, and you give them no chance of having Christ brought before their minds in the paper of your own churches. In railways and steamboats, in public thoroughfares at market and exhibitions, the Gospel should be constantly and strongly advertised. Through the post office and the telegraph, in the lanes and the alleys, in the highways and hedges, in the woods and clearings, at home and abroad, by great means and small means. Christians should advertise, never cease calling and recalling the attention of men to the subject of all subjects—their present and their eternal salvation.

Unfinished Christians.

To teach by example is the surest and best mode of instruction. If you would have a child learn to write, he needs more than pen, ink, paper, and lecture on the subject. You must take the pen and show him to hold it; then point him to a line, or letter and show, him how you make it. You must show him what you want him to do, and how you do it yourself.

The same principle applies to morals and religion. To lead children to serve God, there is no human instrumentality equal to a right example. A genuine, healthy Christian, conscientious, devout, and yet cheerful and companionable, is a living epistle, "known and read of all men." Admonition and set lectures are well enough in their way, but unless they are reinforced by fitting example, we need not expect to see much good resulting from them. This fact will explain some things which careless observers declare surprising and even contrary to promise. There are families where little is said on the subject of religion, and yet the children are early and deeply impressed with a sense of obligation to serve God. What has done the work? The chief human instrument has been the calm, cheerful, consistent piety of the parent. They behold the "beauty of holiness.—" They have not merely heard of a good theory, but seen a worthy specimen of the Christian life. In another family, where the children seem to have every advantage in regard to religious instruction, and where there is an immensity of talk on the subject, they grow up careless, hard to teach, and hard to move by anything that man can say or do.

How shall we account for the failure? There is often in such cases a divided responsibility.—The children go wrong wilfully, resisting the strivings of the Spirit of grace, and the imperfect lives of the parents furnish an excuse for youthful heedlessness and hardness. Paul, exhorting the elders of Ephesus, says, "Take heed, therefore, unto *yourselves* and to all the flock." Let parents and teachers take heed unto themselves. Some who really love Christ and are trying to walk in his way set imperfect examples, and do little honor to the profession which they make. They ought so to live as to convince all around them of the fact that they are Christians. A man may be sincere and mean well, and yet his power for good be marred by his ignorance of his duty, and his careless modes of doing it.

Some men are like unfinished statutes. The model is all good, and no special fault can be found with the material, but they are only partly hewn out. Enough is done to show us the idea of the sculptor, and charms us with a vision of beauty and grace; but the mallet and the chisel have not yet finished their work. Their Christian character is taking shape, but this feature and that are yet in the rough. Their peculiar danger, their peculiar weakness, the sin that so easily besets, is not wholly overcome, and it not only makes its power felt in the hidden warfares of the heart, but shows itself upon the surface. One man is by nature impulsive, ready to resent what he deems an injury, and on small provocation kindling to a flame; and men call him passionate, and want to know if such as he are fit to belong to the church. The native weakness of another is undue love of the world, and men call him avaricious. A third is otherwise not subject to censure, but he is so intent on his business pursuits that he can give God and the church only so much of his time as will suffice to hear a sermon Sunday morning; and in regard to the religious and benevolent enterprises of the church, he is about valueless. Some men, and women too, are blameless abroad, and peevish, self-willed, hard to please at home, thorns in the flesh to those around them.

Children do not sift out these various elements to character, and attribute the good to divine grace, and the bad to natural depravity. They are very apt to take things in the mass, and undervalue a piety whose faults are visible, but of whose secret repentings they know nothing. Let Christians, therefore, take heed unto themselves. Let them aim to be, through grace, "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke." Let them imitate Goldsmith's Village Pastor:

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledged offsprings to the skies,
He tried each art reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and *led the way.*
—*Sunday School Times.*

Becoming All Things to All Men to Save Some.

Here is a good exposition of the oft quoted and frequently perverted saying of St. Paul:

Some persons—frivolous natures they must be—have seen in this passage evidence of a want of principle. They understand the apostle's declaration to be that he would do anything if he could gain his ends; that he would do evil that good might come. It is not so at all. The apostle says, "I study men under every circumstance in which I find them. If I find that they are heathen, I will see if there is not some point of sympathy between them and me. If I find that they are Jews, I am not going to throw all their Jewish prejudices in their faces. There are some points in which I can sympathize with a Jew, and I will take those points, and from them I will work him into a higher and better sphere. And wherever I am, whether among barbarians or Jews, my first thought is, 'How can I get hold of these men, and draw them out of their evil life into a higher one?' And all my time, and power, and inspiration, and prophetic and apostolic office, I take end use in my endeavors to gain men." That was the whole of his life; and is there anything nobler than such a life? No builder that has left cathedrals or piles, can compare with that man that has filled the heaven so full of redeemed souls as has the apostle Paul.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Deacon M.'s Prayer.

A young lady was taking a pleasant walk one summer day in a deeply shaded woodland, and being weary, sat down to rest on a secluded mossy bank near the summit of a hill. Presently she heard a voice, as of one engaged in earnest conversation, and on advancing a step or two, she saw good Deacon M. coming leisurely up the hill, the reins hanging loosely over his horse's neck.

"What can he be talking about so earnestly to himself?" she thought; but directly she heard the voice of prayer, and the words which God's providence caused to be especially impressed upon her mind were these:

"O Lord, have mercy on the dear youth of this place." The good old man rode on, but the voice of prayer was heard after he had disappeared from her view in the leafy depths of the forest.

The young lady was struck with the thought, "Is this the way Christians go about the town and mingle with the world? Do they pray thus for our souls? I have hardly ever prayed for my own." From that day and hour she began to pray, and became herself the first fruits of a glorious revival. The good deacon's prayer was answered even while it was being offered.—*S. S. Times.*

Religious Intelligence.

Great and Glorious.

Respecting the progress of the work of God in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, we take the following from the *Guide of Holiness* for May:—

The late Dr. Wayland, whose holy soul was ever burning with desire for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, expressed his belief that 1866 would be a year marked for unprecedented revivals. Thus far, his belief has been gloriously verified.

In our last month's issue, we were at the pains to gather, not from hearsay, but from statistics published in our exchange papers alone, 26,426 conversions. In this month's issue, we are permitted to gather from the same source the yet more glorious intelligence of 42,361; and, added to this, have the blessed satisfaction of announcing that several of our exchanges which generally come to us richly freighted with the blessed news of sinners saved, and believers newly baptized of the Holy Ghost, have not come into our hands, or the number would have been much augmented.

Surely the works of the Lord are honorable and glorious, *sought out* of all them that have pleasure therein. Thank God that not only we, editors of this magazine on holiness, have pleasure therein, but, knowing also that thousands of the lovers of holiness have pleasure therein, we have been at some pains in seeking out, as far as within our reach, the results of this extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit during the month just closed. And now our exultant hearts, in view of God's wonderful mercy, exclaim with David, "This shall be written for generations to come. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works toward the children of men!" We hope that every disciple of the Lord Jesus, who shall read or hear this blessed announcement of redeeming, saving mercy, will at once offer *special* thanksgiving for this special mercy, that, through the thanksgiving of many, praise may redound to God."

Two weeks since our last issue have been spent on the field of labor occupied by our excellent Brother Gorham, one of the former editors of this magazine. Divine Providence has placed him during the past year in Lynn, Mass., at St. Paul's Church. The flame of revival suddenly burst forth in answer to his prayers and indefatigable labors in his charge; and when the imperative Macedonian cry came, "Come over and help us," though feeble health would have said no, we could not forbear, and went. Two meetings were held daily, and were largely attended, in all of which the Spirit was poured out in convicting, converting, and sanctifying influences. "Alleluia! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Of the many notices of glorious revivals which have caused all heaven to rejoice, we can give but a few:—

NORTH OHIO CONFERENCE, WOOSTER DISTRICT.—Rev. A. C. Owens says, "I have just closed my second round on Wooster District, and all our meetings have been unusually interesting. All the charges are sharing more or less in the revival spirit; and, in twenty-three years of ministerial labor, I have never seen more powerful and extensive revivals than there are on some of them. Conversions are numbered not only by the scores, but by the hundreds.

"On one small two-weeks' circuit, there have been over 250 conversions. Many talk of 'old-fashioned Methodism;' but, if they could be with us in these revivals, they would find Methodism in modern times possessing all its original peculiarities,—its mourners' bench, its hearty responses, its shouts of joy, its *divine* power, and clearness of conversion. As soon as I can ascertain definitely, I intend to publish the number of conversions and additions to the Church in each charge; and I think we shall be able to report at least one thousand conversions, and a sufficient number of additions to the Church to make one new regiment of volunteers in the great army of our Immanuel."

DIRECT ANSWER TO PRAYER.—Rev. A. S Kinnard, of Indianapolis, says,—

"All believers in prayer will be encouraged when they learn how directly God has answered prayer in the conversion of sinners in this city the past week.

"On Thursday morning last, in one of our best families, there was but one of their number unconverted,—the oldest son. The whole family united to pray for his immediate conversion. During the day, the Spirit of God arrested him at his place of business; and though he was much opposed to the revival now in progres, and had not attended the meetings at all, yet that night he appeared at the altar in Robert's Chapel. He went to his room from the altar, and renewed his efforts, when he was converted. The family, hearing his shouts, was awakened from their slumbers, and, entering his room, found him rejoicing in the pardon of sin.

"Another instance. A lady, having been absent from the city for weeks, came home last week, and to her great *regret* found her associates all converted. She was angered at the very mention of the fact. But two of her associates vowed that they would each pray that day fifty times for her conversion; and the night following, she presented herself at the altar for prayers. She was converted last night.

"The fact of this united effort for this lady's conversion was known among some of the members of the congregation; and on Monday evening, a prominent army officer came into the congregation, but left the house, cursing the meeting, and swearing he would never enter that church again. A friend of his, hearing him, turned to a recently converted friend and said, "Let us try our faith in fifty prayers for him to-morrow." They did so, and last night he was at the altar for prayer. At the close of the meeting he united with the church; saying, as he joined, 'I expect to go clear though with this matter now.'

"We believe this revival to be of God *in answer to prayer.* This is the twelfth week of the protracted meeting in this chapel, during which hundreds have been converted, and still they come. Including a few that joined before the meeting commenced, there have been four hundred accessions, minus seven, to this church; and many have been converted that have joined other churches."

The Great Revival.

A correspondent of the *Examiner* gives the following interesting account of the revival in Illinois:

My eye was arrested by the words, "The Great Revival," as in great black letters they formed the attractive heading of a half-sheet handbill, advertising *boots and shoes.* On my either hand was a minister, for we were then returning from a most heavenly morning prayer-meeting, held in the Representative Hall of Illinois Capitol. The first thought and expression was, "What profanation!" "But," said Dr. M., "Let's see the name. Ah! the advertiser is a Jew." "All the better," said I. "It shows the deep and all-pervading interest felt in the subject of religion." Many of your readers are rejoicing in God's gracious visitation, and will be happy to hear what he is doing to gladden and purify the city of Springfield. Rev. E. P. Hammond came here the last of March, and held children's and union meetings for three weeks.

However, this revival did not originate from Mr. Hammond, but evidently of God—though it was greatly extended by the meetings for children, and the union gathering for prayer. A glorious work of grace had already been in progress for three months in the First Baptist church, resulting in the conversion of over one hundred souls. Had you, on any evening, entered these "young convert's prayer-meetings," you might have been a little surprised to hear them pray so fervently for saloon-keepers, gamblers, and like doubtful characters. But their personal efforts correspond with their prayers and profession. We had proof of this, when we heard again and again the declaration in the morning prayer-meeting, "I have been an awful wicked wretch, drinking and gambling. But good men sought me out, and kindly entreated me to come to Jesus." One Saturday evening, these young converts watched and prayed till the Sabbath dawn, and verily, "that Sabbath was a high day." Some, looking no higher than him whom they deemed the instrument, prophesied cessation of this great work if Mr. Hammond could not be induced to remain. Yet the Master ordered it otherwise. When he left, no one looked at another, but all looked away to Jesus, and thus the interest increased. At first the pastors occupied most of the time, seemingly to say, "Let not the unanointed touch the ark." Presently, however, Dr. Miner insisted upon throwing it into the hands of these hundreds of young converts. The result of this experiment was most happy. Hon. J. Lindsay and Dr. Gibson came from Peoria to tell the people of Springfield what great things Jesus had done for them. With peculiar power of personal experience Mr. Lindsay appealed to his old companions and associates in infidelity to fall at the feet of Jesus. He addressed an open air evening prayer-meeting, when at least four thousand listened to his testimony for that way which he once persecuted. He said to them, "Infidelify made me slight a fond mother's entreaty, a loving wife's prayers, a dying daughter's last request, but finally the blood of Jesus availed to cure me of this delusion, and cleanse my soul from sin." This Jesus, His Cross and His Blood, he recommended to his political and legal associates. Tears ran down manly cheeks, and many, at the close of the meetings, confessed that he possessed something needed by each one of them. The following afternoon, Dr. Gibson addressed a like assembly. After each open air meeting, one for inquiry was held in both halls of the State House. These were densely packed, and many lost souls were there found by our Saviour. These men, and in short all the converts, used Bible terms and common language. They spoke of their feelings and doings, and of the Sprit's work, in no set terms employed, but in terms of their own. These might have been criticised or misunderstood, but for the downright earnestness and deep emotion with which they were spoken.

General Miscellany.

Good Heart and Willing Hand.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play!
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis Willing Hand! 'tis Cheerful Heart,
The two best friends I know;
Around the hearth come Joy and Mirth
Where'er their faces glow,
Come shine—'tis bright! Come dark—'tis right!
Come cold—'twill warm ere long!—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good Right Hand
Is first, not second best;
Who weeps may sing, if Kindly Heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties pour'd
When they sit down to dine,
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water's good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong,
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them Poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare.
Their looks are fire—their words inspire,
Their deeds give courage high,
About their knees the children run
Or climb they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song.

An Obliging Disposition.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition I thought to myself, one day when travelling in a railway from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham?" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo! exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Capt. Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Capt. Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside. Whiz went the steam and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him—"Well, if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles: and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely!"

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder, threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that poor woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station, I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I inquired.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Capt. Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Capt. Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me what can I do?

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes' cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young man.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

Anecdotes of Dr. Nott.

The superiority of Dr. Nott as an intellectual instructor is well known. As president of Union College he attained a noble reputation. He was always pleasant, witty and really fascinating in his manner. His methods of pacification were often humorous but always successful. As an illustration, the following instance is related:

"A junior had 'rowed' a freshman; 'not to put too fine a point on it,' they had come to blows in the chapel under the following circumstances:

"In the old chapel on one side of the folding-doors, sat the seniors and sophomores, and on the other the juniors and freshmen—the juniors sitting on the lower seats, and the freshmen perched above in the gallery. After morning prayers the latter retired, passing down among the seats of the former, who remained in the chapel to recite the morning lesson. Certain freshmen had an ugly habit of wearing their hats while passing out of the room. This was a terrible affront to the newly-acquired junior dignity, and gentle remonstrances were urged at first, such as stamping, hissing, cries of 'hats off,' and 'put him out.' At length a junior thought himself personally aggrieved by a defiant grimace on the face of a freshman, and the latter immediately found himself extinguished by his own beaver.

"A report of the affair came speedily to the ears of the Doctor, and at evening chapel the junior was requested to call on the President, say at ten o'clock next morning, and the freshman at eleven. The junior called, and an explanation was made. 'Well, my son,' said the Doctor, with a sad countenance, 'this is a great breach of decorum. You have been a pretty good boy until now, and I guess you *mean* to be a pretty good boy still, don't you?' 'Yes, Doctor, yes' (expecting dismissal). 'Then,' with a smile, 'you may go for this time, my son; but in future *don't you mind those freshmen. You know what they are.*' The freshman calls at the appointed time, breathing sighs *ab imo pectore*, and a similar dialogue occurs, and similar advice is given, but with this difference:—'My son, I beg of you, *don't mind those juniors. You know what they are.*'

"The following incident occurred when the Doctor was comparatively young. His fowls used to run about the back yard, and an old cock of dignified appearance, with a clump of feathers on each side of his head, like whiskers, was honored by the students with the name of 'Old Prex.' Two students, on a dark night, having a greater love for roast chicken than morality, resolved to appropriate some of the Doctor's fowls. Accordingly, they repaired to the hen-roost, and one had ascended to the perch to hand down the plunder, while the other remained on the ground to receive it. But he on the ground was suddenly surprised by the approach of a man, and was compelled to flee without giving the alarm. It was the Doctor, and instantly comprehending the situation, he stepped up as the unconscious poacher was examining a fowl. 'I've got the brown pullet,' said he, as he supposed, to his *particeps criminis.* 'Hand her down,' said the Doctor, in a whisper, and the strangled hen was deposited in the Doctor's hands. Another search was made. 'Here's "Old Prex,"' said the knight of the perch. 'Hand him down,' said the Doctor, 'and get one more and then come,' and off he went. The other hen was caught, and the successful raider ran chuckling to his room, where explanations were made, and the matter debated by him and his chum, and they finally came to the conclusion that they had been 'sold' by another student. The next day they were invited to dine with the President, and accepted the invitation with pride. The dinner came, and the guests; and after a fervent grace had been said, the astounding question was put: 'Young gentlemen, will you have a piece of "Old Prex" or of the "brown pullet"?'"

Journalistic Enterprise.

The London *Times* says: "The late hour at which the division was taken on the Franchise Bill on Saturday morning, precluded the possibility of an account of the close of this remarkable party contest appearing in our Saturday's impression. Indeed, nothing but the most sustained efforts enabled us to lay before the public full reports of the debate and the actual result of the division, and to effect this the reports had to be transmitted from the House of Commons to this office at intervals of every five minutes. The last, in fact, were only given to the printers at 4.10 on Saturday, and at 5 o'clock the *Times* was being laded into the vans which convey it to the early morning mails for distribution throughout the country. Such a feat, we believe, is without a parallel in the history of modern journalism. Only those who are acquainted with the elaborate internal organization required for the production of a daily morning paper can appreciate the rapidity with which all its intricate combinations of intellectual and mechanical labor must have been employed before a result so extraordinary could have been accomplished.

The Religion of Astronomy.

The following is from Rev. A. A. Thayer's last lecture on this subject:

"I believe the stars to be inhabited by multiplied forms of animal life. The stars are known to possess the elements of organized existence. The telescopes reveal large and small bodies of water on their surfaces. The shades of color are well marked. The white drapery of winter gives place to the green of summer. Atmospheres are there; and clouds are seen to change and float in the teloscopic vision. But water must have ascended to form these clouds. Doth not rain, therefore, descend to empty them? But rivers of water and drops of dew, and murmuring brooks, and verdant hillsides, are pre-requisites of happy animal life. And hence, no doubt God has peopled the stars as well as adorned them. It seems to be the policy of the Divine Sovereign to fill his creation with life—with happy and blessed life. The air is full of life; the water is full; the earth is full; and the sea is full—full of life, gigantic and coarse as the polar bear, or delicate and minute as the animalcules which engender in the drops of rain.

May we not suppose, also, that God's celestial creations are crowded with happy existences, compounded, perhaps, of souls and bodies, walking, breathing, hoping and loving like ourselves? Look at those shining orbs which ride about the sun, and rise and set in the fields space. Hath God set the earth to labour with its manifold productions and sustain its teeming millions, while they play holiday forever? O, absurd to think that the chemistry, of nature can produce living organisms on the earth alone! God works everywhere. He hath a providence reaching to to the utmost bounds of space. And that providence creates and peoples the stars of the morning.

The Judgment of Women.

In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of the Church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the way in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been pouring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting into the tangled maze of difficulties." It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than a sort of sagacity that approximates to the sure intincts of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that when a man has toiled step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached is sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take council with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment he tacitly attributes to her.

Ventilate Your Children's Rooms.

Most parents, before retiring to rest, make it a duty to visit the sleeping-room of their children. They do so in order to be satisfied that the lights are extinguished, and that no danger is threatening their little ones. But if they leave the room with closed windows and doors they shut in as great an enemy as fire, although his ravages may not be so readily detected. Poison is there, slow, but deadly.

Morning after morning do many little children wake weary, fretful, and oppressed.

"What can it mean?" "What can it be?" the mother cries. In despair she has recourse to medicine. The constitution becomes enfeebled, and the child gets worse.

The cause, perhaps, is never traced to overcrowded sleeping-rooms without proper air, but it is nevertheless the right one. An intelligent mother, having acquainted herself with the principles of ventilation, will not retire to her own room for the night without having provided sufficiently of air for her children, in the same manner that she provides and regulates their night covering, or any other requisite for refreshing slumber. Sometimes by judiciously lowering a window, and at other times by leaving a door wide open, this end may be attained.

In many houses the day and night nurseries communicate. When this is the case, the window of the further room should be left open, and the doors between the rooms likewise open

Nodding in Church.

To see a person in church nodding—apparently (from a back view) in approbation of the minister's opinions—is not such a very rare sight in the city, though more common, perhaps, in the country. If seats in church were constructed after the pattern of those in St. Phillip's Chapel, England, built long before the time of Henry VIII, sleeping in church would be attended with difficulty not to say danger. These seats are so fixed upon hinges that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the old monks who used them dropped asleep during the service the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the oaken back, and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. In our day, however, comfortable seats may be retained, provided we have life-like preaching and thorough ventilation in the church. If the carbonic acid gas generated on one Sunday is carefully shut up for respiration on the succeeding Sunday, of course the congregation will experience the natural somniferous effects, and the minister himself will most likely be monotonously soporific.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Fire in Ships and Mines.

To extinguish a fire in a ship is the easiest matter possible. Let there be an iron box filled with marble chips among the ballast, with a pipe from the deck leading down to it. Close the hatches, and pour diluted muriatic acid down the tube. The carbonic acid, filling the vessel, will at length extinguish a taper held in a test-hole in the deck. No fire can live below unless fed by nitre, chlorate of potassa, or some similar chemical. But the heat may remain for a long time, sufficient to kindle combustibles on admission of air. Steam will extinguish fire, but being lighter than air, will not as readily fill the lower parts of the vessel. The bold once being full of carbonic acid gas, a small supply of acid will keep it so for many weeks. A deep mine in Britain, which had been on fire for months or years, was extinguished by driving down the mingled nitrogen, carbonic oxide, and carbonic acid which came from a furnace. The mine was kept filled till every particle that had been exposed to fire had ceased to be red hot. Is there not a mine in Pennsylvania that has been on fire for half a century?