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Religious Miscellany.

We thank Thee, O, Our God!

Our views of life are rose-tinted with our belief in the goodness of our Great Father. We believe He gave us the capacity to enjoy, and spread around us the objects of enjoyment, that we might use them and be happy. Therefore, with grateful hearts, we desire ever to say—

We thank thee, oh, our God, who made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

We thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth,
Some love is found.

But, thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store—
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

We thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

The Parson in the Ball Room.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW PARISHIONERS.

It was quite early the next morning when Barney Morris, the deacon's son, went into the drug-store where the floor-manager was chief-clerk, saying with oaths, "Hopkins, I have a killing headache: let me have something that will cure it in ten minutes. I must work like a horse to-day."

"Late hours don't seem to agree with you," said one of the driest of wits, whom the scenes of the previous evening would supply with jests for a month. "What was the matter, Barney? I hear that you all lost your *capacity* for fiddling and dancing very suddenly last night."

If wrath were a remedy for headache, Barney might have lost his in two minutes, while he swore, and gestured with a clenched fist, and stormily said, "I'll show the parson whether the young people of this town are sheep to be shut up in a pen every night as soon as it grows dark." (It was his father who had taught Barney this figure of speech).

"Some of them, I understand, were shut up last night in the Hall, while a storm was howling outside. Did he put them in there? If he did, I think it is about time for your father to cry him down. The deacon has been rather given to changing pastors, I believe. And to be shut up as you were until near daylight this morning, in such very uncomfortable quarters, without the *capacity* to dance! It's dreadful to think of it. I would not stand it if I were you."

"They could have stood it very well, if the pastor had not peeped in to see how his flock were getting along," said one of the company, whose numbers were fast increasing. "It is not the penning up, it is the parson they dislike."

"There are some of us who will have our way in spite of his preaching and his prying into our affairs," rejoined Barney. "If he wants a people whom he can rule with his nod, he will soon be seeking one in another parish. I'll show him." (The deacon was authority for this threat).

"Here's the point, gentlemen," said the dry wit, looking around upon a score of his townsmen. "We have already a deacon, or a deacon's son, to rule with his rod; and all who are in favor of dismissing the parson will please to say *aye*."

"Hold a little," said Hopkins. "Have I a vote? I have not been one of his parishioners, have not belonged anywhere, but I intend to be one hereafter, for I like a parson who is brave enough to seek after the straying ones of his flock, and who has not *capacity*." The final words of his sentence were swept away by a gust of laughter, amid which a stout man was heard saying, "I too will be a parishioner, and I will vote for the parson to remain here as long as he lives." "So will I," added a neighbor, whose boast had often been that he could be a moral man without the help of preachers, and he never went near them.

"I suggest a change in the question," said the dry wit. 'All those in favor of settling the parson among us for life will manifest it by providing something for him to live on, and walking over to Deacon Downs's, and each one taking a pew. Let there be a rush at once."

"I amend," said Hopkins, "by adding that the new parishioners raise a purse on the spot for the parson." All responded to the proposal, except Barney Morris and one or two of his coterie, who left the drug-store for the deacon's mill, where they laid plans to secure liberty to the young people of the town. For the relief of Barney's headache, however, they took the tavern on their way, and there met with sympathy.

At almost every breakfast-table the parson's adventure had been discussed, and many persons expected that he would have an early call from Deacon Morris. They were not mistaken. The deacon took his coffee very hot, and hurried to the pastor's study. He sat down on the wood-box, and persisted in sitting there, saying that "any humble seat was good enough for him." He spoke of the church, how it ought to be "first in all his thoughts," and how its rulers "should rule by persuasion, and not by force." He enlarged on the importance of winning the hearts of the young people, for "You must lead them; you can't drive them." He dwelt upon the fact of their having youthful feelings and tastes, and their need of cheerful entertainments, for "*they must have amusements*; they must and will have them."

"Recreations, you mean," replied the parson, at length opening his lips, "for these need never be foolish nor hurtful."

"Well, pleasant, cheerful, amusing exercise. They are almost dying for the want of it. What a poor, puny, sickly race we are getting to be!"

"There is something they need far more."

"What is it?"

"Good Christian examples." The deacon winced. The arrow went to the heart. "I mean examples of Christian cheerfulness, sobriety, temperance, activity, and usefulness. If these be followed, our young people will be healthful, happy, and prosperous. Good men will see their sons growing up, as you often pray, to be 'better than their fathers.' Don't you think so?"

The deacon was thinking painfully of his own Barney. But he had come on a special errand. He was too resolute a man to be turned from it. He had seated himself on the lowly wood-box to show who was the chief power in the church which had "hired" Parson Williams for one year. He assumed a soft tone; "his words were smoother than oil." By sweeping around a wide circle he came again to his point. "Our young people are worthy of your special care and effort," said he fawningly. "They are not worse than other young people. They love a little amusement, once in a while,—perhaps love it a little too well. But give them a little sweep; if you can draw them to the church, there is hope that they will hear their errors kindly pointed out, and will reform. There is where your power over them lies. It is in preaching, not in prying into their liberties. They dislike interference, and excuse me, sir, for saying that they feel a little hurt by your going to the Hall last night."

"Perhaps some of them do a little."

"Well,"—the deacon drew a long sigh,—"what are you going to do about it?"

"Do my duty, sir, God helping me."

"But, surely, you will not preach to-morrow against dancing,—a subject that always appears to me unworthy of the pulpit. It is not sufficiently dignified."

"I will try to preach the gospel to-morrow, sir, and possibly I may notice some sins at the risk of dignity, or some follies which are sufficiently dignified to be zealously promoted by certain members of the church."

"But if you preach on dancing you will drive all our young people from the church, and this other denomination, just coming in among us, will get the whole of them. It has a preacher who takes the popular view of these amusements. I tremble, sir, for our church. It lies nearest my heart. I saw it in its infancy; yes, I may say that I have reared it. It is my child, dearer to me than all my children." The deacon was pathetic.

"If it be the Lord's child, he will take care of it, and he sent me to preach to it the entire gospel, against all folly, all immorality, all temptations, and all the deceitfulness of sin. As for the young people, they will not leave it. They will come, more of them than ever. You will see the church crowded to-morrow, and if you have to give up you pew and sit on oner of the pulpit steps, I shall scarcely dare look at you, lest I should smile for joy."

"They may come for one day just to hear you rebuke us Christians, who are generous in our opinions of them. But do not be deceived. Do you suppose their presence is a proof that they sustain you. I fear for the influence of your course upon the church. I am afraid that you are only sending yourself away from us. You know that I am the last one to think of your going." The deacon heaved a sigh.

"Perhaps the first, as well as the last," replied Mr. Williams in a tone of justice to himself and his people. "You know, sir, that you are the only one who has started a whisper of this sort. Your desire may father your fear. I can see through your solicitude for me. Go on, sir: you may gather around you a small party; but who are they? Those whom you once told me were the most pious members of the church? Not one of them will join you. The non-professors? The worldly people? They all sustain me in my course. Who then? The few professors of religion who are trying to make a compromise between piety and pleasure; they are the most zealous advocates of these amusements."

Just at this point there was a rap at the door. The parson opened it, and a lad handed him a letter. He broke the seal and drew from it a goodly array of bank-bills. He was so taken by surprise that he ran his eye over a note, and then read it aloud: "Your new parishioners beg of you to accept the inclosed as a small proof that they admire your moral courage, and sustain you in your efforts to roll back the tide of folly and of vice which threatens them." It was signed, "One who will no longer be floor-manager at a ball."

"New parishioners!" exclaimed Mr. Williams; "who can they be?"

"I know nothing at all about them," replied the deacon very nervously, "but if there are any persons who will help me in bearing the burden of supporting the gospel here, I shall be glad. I have tried to do my duty, sir. Good-morning." He hurried off through the town, but found none to sympathize with him until he came to his mill, where Barney and his clique were laying plans to carry on their campaign. They were so spitefully bent upon having a great and successful ball, that the deacon became disgusted. He reproved them, and took the side of the parson. But his counsels were mere chaff in the wind; they would have a grand ball at the largest tavern, and gain a victory over the pastor by giving mirth to his flock.

The next morning the deacon had an opportunity to see who were the new parishioners. One by one came families which had not been church-goers, and the sexton guided them to their places, here and there, with an air that said, "This is to be your pew." Soon the church began to be full. Deacon Morris was awake with interest. Seeing others standing in the aisles, he rose and beckoned them into his corner. When it was full, he took a chair near the wall. But he had to give it to the son of the chief skeptic in the town. Benches were put in the space about the pulpit, and in the aisles, and these were filled. The deacon finally sat down on a pulpit step, and looked happy as he saw "the young people" all there, and even Barney in the gallery, ready to sing a deeper bass than was often heard in that region of country.

When the moment came for the pastor to announce his text all ears were attent. What would it be? "Everything depends on it," thought Deacon Morris, who had imagined that the destinies of the church were in the balance; too heavy a text would send it into the clouds. It was read from Psalm iv.:—"There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

"It would be easy to show you something that is bad," began the parson, and the deacon trembled. "We might point out much that is evil in itself, or evil in its tendency. But there are times when we may not need to have our follies, our inconsistencies, and our sins set in order before us. We may see them already, feel ashamed of them, hate them, and be disposed to renounce them for ever. In our disgust of them we may ask, 'Who will show us any good in ourselves, in our conduct, in the course we pursue?' All is wrong, and we may be ready to confess it. We may be thankful that our errors have been shown us, for the true Christian penitent is willing to say, 'Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness.'" The deacon shrugged his shoulder.

"Then we want a remedy, and we may ask, 'Who will show us any good?' Who will point out to us a way of deliverance from our follies, our faults, and the sorrows they cause? We are dissatisfied with our mode of life, and even our enjoyments. We are not happy in them. We are restless. We crave some good not yet possessed—some good principle of life—some good possession which will satisfy the heart and the conscience. Who will show what it is, and how to obtain it? To such inquiries let me show the force of David's prayer, 'Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon us.'

"I. It implies that we have so grieved the Lord that he is quite ashamed of us. He turns away his face; his countenance is cast down. Therefore all good is hid from our eyes. We are in hardness. We are so out of favor that we cannot pray, 'Lord, look down upon us.'

"II. Our first desire is to please the Lord. This is the very beginning of all good. Hence we pray, 'Lift thou up thy face; let it shine upon us.' We would roll away the reproach which we have cast on the Lord: we would remove the shadow of our sins from his countenance, and so please him that his face will shine upon us.

"III. When he is pleased, when his face shines upon us, then we see what is good. In his light and love we see that his requirements are good: 'his commandments are not grievous;' they rejoice the heart. They make us happy. There is nothing so good as to do and to be just what our Lord Jesus requires.

"IV. Our purpose will be to so live that the Lord will ever look upon us with favor, guiding us by his truth, and giving us courage against all temptations. We shall be careful where we go and what we do, wishing to be in no place where we cannot say with gladness, 'Thou God seest me.' We are in the good way only when the Lord's countenance is shining upon us."

There was no direct allusion to the late scenes in the Hall, but all felt that it was one of the places where the face of the Lord did not shine. The impression upon all attentive minds was that Jehovah was the source of all goodness, all light for the soul, all spiritual life, and all happiness. "Was ever anything so well done?" said Deacon Morris to George West the chorister, on the way home. "You young people could not take offence."

"Take offence!" replied George, "who thought of such a thing? Our pastor has done his duty nobly and fearlessly. I take his gentle rebukes to myself, and you will find me henceforth at the prayer-meeting, and not again at the hall of mirth. The young people are nearly all of the same mind." The deacon was never again heard to say that he feared Mr. Williams would drive himself out of Reddington. He often had to sit on the pulpit steps while the parson held forth the word of life to listeners hungry and athirst after righteousness. The Lord lifted up the light of his countenance upon that church. A refreshing came from his presence. Many of the young people were first "added to the Lord," and then "added to the church."

"I see that I have been in error," said Deacon Morris, as his heart grew warm with piety. "My lax views about worldly amusements helped to make me a very inconsistent professor of religion. We have been a dead church,—dead as Sardis. While some of us encouraged dancing we had no revival of religion. There were not enough members of the church at a prayer-meeting to make a picket guard against the enemy, and Satan came in with all the troop of little foxes that spoil the vines. But what Christian feels like dancing now?"

"A revival is death to that folly," added Deacon Downs, with whom it was no new opinion. "God's Spirit is the certain cure for it."

"And that folly is death to a revival," remarked a good old lady. "Our pastor once saw an increasing interest in the prayer-meeting. The young people began to attend. A series of meetings was held, but the labor was almost in vain. Satan revived his work, and the work of the Lord ceased. The serious became thoughtless, and for one whole winter our town was given to folly."

"There may be a kind of dancing which is not sinful in itself, but it is a kind rarely practiced. It does not satisfy those who seek pleasure in it," said the parson. "The only kind which is sufficiently exciting is worldly, and damaging to piety. You cannot Christianize it, and hence I oppose it." The revived church took the same view.

But there were some who went on in their evil ways. Barney Morris and his companions had resolved to have their spite upon the parson. they made arrangements for a grand ball at the chief tavern in the town. It was to come off on the evening of Washington's birthday, as if that were the fittest time for them to illustrate their liberties. "Spare no expense," said they to the landlord. "Get up a splendid supper; be prepared for seventy-five couples. We will foot the bills." Tickets were sent far and near to be purchased by "the lovers of pleasure."

"I've sent a ticket to the parson," said Barney one day, laughing over the joke.

"But what if he should come to the ball?" replied his friend. "It would be just like him to walk in and look after some of his flock."

"I'll have a man at the door to refuse him admittance."

The next Sabbath Barney felt ashamed of his impertinence, for the parson began his sermon on the text, "Come, for all things are ready," by saying, "When our Lord sends this invitation to a sinner, he has a right to expect him to accept it. It is not always thus with men; they sometimes invite those to their feasts and revelries whom they do not expect to come. It would be out of place. They invite simply to annoy. But Christ does not mean to annoy the sinner. Why should the godless man be vexed when the gracious call of the gospel is urged upon him? And yet he treats it as an annoyance! How trifling are his excuses!"

The town was full of whispers about "Barney's ball." The evening came. The tavern appeared in unusual style. The landlord was never more smiling, as he stood in the door expecting a demand for his utmost politeness.—The new bar-tender was ready for active service; the former one had been reclaimed through the kindness of the parson. The band were putting their instruments in order. In the dining-room the table was beginning to groan.

"They are rather slow in coming," said the landlord. Barney inquired how many tickets had been sold. The number reported was not encouraging. A large sleigh drove up, but it was empty. Soon all the young people boarding at the hotel took seats in it, and drove away; they had made an engagement to spend the evening at the house of one of the deacons in the country.

"Well, Tom, this is a pretty business," said Barney, addressing the favorite of three or four of his clique, who entered the tavern hall.—Where are your partners?" As for himself, he was expected to come alone; his wife was a consistent Christian.

"We could not get a lady in town to come with us," was the frank reply. The state of affairs was becoming quite evident. Four couples came from a neighboring village. Ten young men of Reddington were present, without a lady. It was a one-sided company, and of course there was no dancing. The "wholesome exercise" was not needed. The real motive for the amusement was wanting. Terpsichore being absent, Bacchus ruled alone over his crestfallen votaries, who had plotted revenge upon the parson and had the bills to pay.

A few months after "Barney's ball" the town was thrown into an excitement because the parson was offered the pastorate of another church. "We cannot spare him," said Deacon Morris. "No other man ever had such an influence over our young people, and they are our hope. He can lead them and mold them as he will. And I rather think that some of us older people have been molded into different men. We must keep him, no matter if he has been called to a larger field."

"Can't we make this field large enough for him?" inquired certain of the new parishioners.

"The church is filled already," said Deacon Downs. "He found only a handful of us when he came, and the Lord has so blessed his labors that there is now scarcely room for us all."

"Let us make more room. Pull out one end of the church and enlarge it."

"But we are in debt"—

"What of that?" urged the new parishioners. "We can pay the debt, and add fifteen feet to the building." The plan met with favor. A subscription was started at once, and the needed amount was pledged. Even Barney did not plead poverty on account of the expenses of his late failure. He had been made wiser by his follies, and had resolved to sing bass in a larger church, be a sober man, and be more attentive to his once neglected wife, whose tears and prayers were not in vain.

"It is in my heart to live and die with you," said the parson to his people; and he remained to stand in the new end of the church and preach, while Deacon Morris sometimes sat on one of the pulpit steps and heard the word by which he grew in grace.

Religious Intelligence.

France.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. William Gibson, B. A., dated Paris, Jan. 4th, 1868.

The past year has been a most remarkable one in the history of Paris. Such an assemblage of crowned heads has never been seen in any capital of Europe. Such a concourse of nations has never before been witnessed. Such multitudes—reminding one of the condition of Jerusalem at the time of the great feasts—have never been crowded within the walls of the city. And certainly such an opportunity for usefulness has never been afforded to the church of Christ. We will not say that the servants of our blessed Saviour have availed themselves, to the extent of their ability, of this glorious occasion; but the open door has been entered; and the seed sown during the year will doubtless spring up, and bring forth fruit in other lands as well as here, and in distant times.

In one corner of the park of the Exhibition the agents of the Christian church, of all denominations, were for the whole seven months busily at work. The Missionary Museum has been every day conveying Missionary information to thousands; and within its walls many a silent Missionary sermon has been preached. It will be interesting to the friends of our Missions to know that our Wesleyan Missionary Exhibition was made the subject of a commendatory article in the *Moniteur Universel*, in which much was said concerning the zeal, perseverance, self-sacrifice and success of Wesleyan Missionaries. More than four millions of tracts were distributed from the tract kiosque; 162,734 Bibles from the Bible Society's depot, of which 21,147 were sold; and upwards of two millions and a quarter of detached portions of God's word, in seventeen different languages, chiefly the Gospels and Epistle to the Romans, from the Bible kiosque. In the Salle Evangélique services were held every day in different languages; and from the midst of the busy scene the incense of prayer was constantly arising. Services were held every day from twelve o'clock till evening; and as many as fourteen services have sometimes been held on a Sunday. Ministers and laymen of all denominations have united in this work, and have been "one in Christ" in labour as well as in love. It is supposed that during the year at least 150,000 persons listened to the truths of the Gospel in this Salle. The question is asked,—But what permanent advantage has been seen, as the result of all this labour in Paris and in France? Our answer is, that Paris is, above all other places in the world, the place for seed-sowing, but not the place for gathering in the harvest. Isolated cases of good have come under our observation; but there have been no *apparent* results commensurate with the labour expended. But the "day" will declare it. The seed has been sown broadcast. Those who sowed it know not where the seed has fallen, and therefore know not where to look for the springing up thereof. But that it will spring up, and bring forth fruit to the honour of Christ's name is morally certain. There is many a hamlet in France at this moment made glad through the words of of the Gospel brought back by some representative whom it sent up to the great Exhibition. There is many a priest in the rural districts of the empire now reading for the first time the precious words of the Bible. There is many a poor rustic, doubtless, at this very hour spelling out from the Gospel he received in Paris the blessed tidings, that God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Of some instances of good resulting we know; and may we not argue from what we know to results of which we know not, but which we firmly believe to exist? And even if only one soul had been brought to Christ as the result, would it not be worth infinitely more than all the labour that has been expended?

To come now to our own special work during the past year. We have reason indeed to thank God. The Gospel trumpet from our pulpit in the Rue Roquépine has given no uncertain sound; and not only have our own people found in our chapel a safe and happy retreat from the frivolity, gaiety, and Sabbath-breaking around, but numbers besides, and many who do not often enter our Methodist chapels in England, have joined us in the worship of God. The banner of the Gospel has been fearlessly displayed because of the truth. Not only in English, but also in the French and German languages, the old Gospel has been proclaimed with earnestness and faithfulness, and has been accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost.—*Miss. Notices.*

Canada.

Letter from the Rev. Enoch Wood, D. D., to the Missionary Committee in London.

The interest you have always shown in the work of God in Montreal, as one of your first stations in British North America, induces me to say to you that, having recently spent a few days attending Missionary Anniversaries on two of the Circuits, at no period of Methodistic history in that growing, wealthy and beautiful city did it present such an appearance of unity and prosperity as it does now. There are eight Wesleyan Ministers industriously and successfully labouring amongst a population of thirty thousand Protestants, surrounded by one hundred and twenty-eight thousand Roman Catholics, with immense revenues as a religious order, possessing some of the largest establishments, in the character of sanctuaries, nunneries, palaces, colleges, &c., to be found on this continent. Besides the Lachine Mission, which is working up an interest very rapidly on pure Missionary ground, there are six fine Wesleyan churches. Seven of the eight labourers are supported entirely from local sources; and the new Mission will require but a small appropriation for a short time, whilst the city contributes princely sums to the Missionhry Society. Beyond the ordinary evidences of general prosperity, in Sherbrooke Street and Point St. Charles churches special visitations of the Spirit's influence and power were being enjoyed. I might repeat similar remarks of Toronto, as to its religious and financial condition, and also of Kingston, Hamilton, London, and other places.

Our Indian work in Canada has lately assumed a very encouraging appearance. At Rama, Muncey, and Walpole Island, where the Indians from St. Clair gathered in considerable numbers, camp-meetings were held in the early part of autumn, with very blessed effect. Just before these began, I paid a visit to the St. Clair Mission, one of our oldest and most fruitful fields of labour, as Mr. Secretary Boyce can testify from personal observation. Subsequent events have shown that my visits were very opportune, and attended with the Divine blessing. We spent a happy Sabbath, worshipping in the open air, on their usual camp-meeting ground, where the foliage of the spreading oak, maple and beech-trees formed a cooling shade from the rays of a scorching Canadian sun. After preaching, love-feast, baptisms, and the Lord's Supper, we reached the Mission-house before sunset. A short time intervening, they began a prayer and fellowship-meeting, which continued until near midnight. At these western special services alone, including the Oneidas under Mr. Sickle's care, more than one hundred have been converted and reclaimed. Whatever failings may have attended the efforts to make the Indians farmers or mechanics, though there are many instances of success to be found among them, no other denomination can compare with Methodism in teaching them the direct way to the Cross, the way to live and die.

Mr. M'Dougall is here from the Saskatchewan, who brings us good tidings from those distant Missions. My heart has long been fixed upon a Mission to the Blackfoot Indians, about 5000 of whom will fall a prey to the Papists, unless we at once respond to their long and loud call to send them a "black-coat." The Committee have agreed to begin a Mission to the Blackfoot tribe, the most fierce and blood-thirsty people of the plains and Rocky Mountains, notwithstanding our present debt. Considering the future relationship of the Red River Settlement to Canada, and the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan, capable of sustaining a population of sixty millions of people, together with the fact that we have Wesleyan families there already, uncared for by us, it is thought both prudent and necessary to form a connecting link by the appointment of a Missionary there, who may also be serviceable to the Missionaries occupying Stations a thousand miles west of that settlement, in purchasing and forwarding supplies. Mr. M'Dougall is a very effective platform speaker. He has good observing and descriptive powers, a clear voice, self-control, and a good appearance. Having spent some years among these children of nature and of the devil, I assure you, his addresses tell upon the audience at a Missionary Meeting. His narrations will compare well with any Fijian or African Missionary orator. He also pleads earnestly for a Missionary at Red River, (and Mr. Brooking before him.) With other arguments, he says, "They never had a revival there!" The singularity of this assertion threw my mind right into Montserrat, where Maddock, your first Missionary in that West Indian island, died in 1821, and where I was the junior Missionary with Thomas Kennington Hyde, in 1827, whose bones rest in hope, with those of his beloved and gifted wife, who died three days before him, near to the large tamarind-tree shown in the plate "Nevis," in Dr. Coke's "History of the West Indies." Maddock's triumphant death was an event in the island. He had the Sunday school children and the members of his infant society around him inside and outside of the house. Whilst they were trying to sing according to his request, his life-blood poured out of his mouth, in the last stage of yellow fever. His short biography in the "Minutes" of 1821 says, he passed away "in the possession of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and a hope full of immortality!" Such a death-bed in that island had never been known since its colonization.

General Miscellany.

Youatt's Cure for Hydrophobia.

A celebrated London physician, in a letter to a professional friend, at Leeds, says. "Every year produces an infallible nostrum for hydrophobia. The malady, nevertheless, exists in all its unknown mystery and terror. Except that it is believed to be purely a disease of the nervous system, nothing is known of the virus or its laws of propagation; so I have long dismissed keeping a list of remedies for the developed disease. Yet you will be astonished if I add, that I believe it never, or almost never, need be taken even from the maddest of dogs. About twenty-five years ago, more or less, I was sent for to see the present Lord——, then a fine, healthy lad, who, it was said, had been licked, not only over the lips, but within the mouth, by a little terrier, which was found sitting on the sleeping lad's chest and dipping his tongue into his master's open mouth. The demeanor of the dog alarmed the late Lord L——, and I was called in to ascertain the fact of the dog being or not being mad.

"Now on this point I did not consider myself any authority, and so sent for Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, though agreeing with me as to the probable madness of the dog, nevertheless desired that the late Mr. Youatt, the verterinary surgeon and a most remarkable man, should be appealed to. He at once pronounced the dog as laboring under hydrophobia, and turning to me, added, 'If you will come to me in five days to our dog hospital, we can dissect the animal.' I did so, and found the dog dead, and Youatt busy in opening the carcass. I naturally was shy in touching the animal, and asked him if he were not afraid. 'No,' he answered, 'I have repeatedly been bitten by most undoubted patients—(there were several in cribs there then, which I saw alive)—and I never have any fear.' I asked him how often he had been bitten; he told me eight times; and then he called his assistant porter and asked him how often he had been bitten; he, I think, owned to at least eight, and I believe ten, undoubted introductions of the virus; and, be it remembered, that the attacks or bites were all on the hands of these men, so could not be wiped off by any intervening garment.

"Youatt then told me that his remedy was to allow the common nitrate of silver, easily procurable, filter into the wound; it decomposes the saliva, and in doing this destroys the virus. Whenever I am bitten, I have a remedy sure and at hand, and no fear of the disease supervening. The actual cautery, the caustic potass and excision, are, in my opinion, unsafe and liable to fail. The nitrate of silver chases the poison into the very capillaries, and neutralizes it. Since I have known this I always use it to any bite of a dog, sound or not, and am at rest. The above was stated in some blue book about thirty years ago, by Youatt.—Brodie and I acted on it, and made poor young Lord L——'s lips, palate and throat as black as that of a thorough-bred mad terrier; and he, if you ever see him, will tell you this tale.

"The poison of hydrophobia remains latent on an average six weeks; the part heals over, but there is a pimple or wound, more or less, it then becomes painful, and the germ, whatever it is, becomes ripe for dissemination into the system, and then all hope is gone. Nevertheless, between the time of the bite and the activity of the wound previous to dissemination, the caustic or nitrate of silver is a sure preventive; after that, it is as useless as all the other means. The best mode of application of the nitrate of silver is by introducing it solidly into the wound. If healed over, the cicatrix should be rubbed and causticated away entirely."

Physiological Facts.

The following physiological facts were translated from a French scientific journal:

"The average height of a man and woman, at birth is generally sixteen inches. In each of the twelve years after birth, one-twelfth is added to the statue each year. Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the growth of the body is slower; and it is still further diminished after this, up to twenty-five, the period of a maximum growth.

"In old age, the height of the body diminishes on an average of about three inches. The height of woman varies less than that of man in the different countries. The average weight of a male infant is about seven pounds; of a female, about six and a half pounds. The weight of an infant decreases for a few days after its birth, and it does not sensibly commence gaining until it is a week old. At the end of the first year, the child is three times as heavy as when it was born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as when a year old. The average weight of both sexes at twelve is the same; after that period, females will nearly be found to weigh less than males. The average weight of men is one hundred and thirty pounds, and of women one hundred and twelve pounds. In the case of individuals of both sexes, under four feet four inches, females are somewhat heavier than men, and *vice versa*. Men attain their maximum weight at about forty, and women at or near fifty. At sixty, both sexes usally commence losing weight, so that the average weight of old persons, men or women, is nearly the same as at nineteen.

God Bless You!

How sweetly fall those simple words
Upon the human heart,
When friends long bound by strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part,
You sadly press the hand of those
Who thus in love caress you,
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out "God bless you."

"God bless you," ah! long months ago
I heard the mourning phrase,
When one whom I in childhood loved,
Went from my dreamy gaze.
Now blinding tears fall thick and fast,
I mourn my long lost treasure,
While echoes of the heart bring back
The farewell prayer, "God bless you."

The mother sending forth her boy
To scenes untried and new,
Lisps not a studied stately speech,
Nor murmurs out "adieu."
She sadly says, between her sobs,
Whene'er misfortunes press you
Come to thy mother—boy, come back,
Then sadly sighs, "God bless you."

"God bless you" more of love expresses
Than volumes without number,
Reveal we thus our trust in Him
Whose eyelids never slumber.
I ask in porting no long speech,
Drawled out in studied measure,
I only ask the dear old words,
So sweet—so sad—"God bless you."

Pompeii Sustains Paul.

Some have objected to the description of the heathen world given by the Apostle Paul in the first chapter of Romans, that it is exaggerated; but the ruins of Pompeii show that his words are the testimony of an eye-witness.

There is one matter in relation to Pompeii that is seldom touched on by writers, and which I dare not touch too closely, viz: the horrible depravity of the Pompeiians, as illustrated by the frescoes, mosaics, sculptures, and bronze statues that are found. Hundreds of these vile objects have been carried away to the museum in Naples, and put in a room which no woman is allowed to visit, but there are still houses in Pompeii that are kept locked, and others that have such sculptures over the doors on the outside that the guides hurry past them when there are women in the party. Even in private houses there are scores of frescoes, magnificently executed too, which one would dare to visit only in company with his nearest and dearest friends, if ladies, and in other houses pictures and statues than which none can imagine anything worse. I cannot understand why the writers on these matters have been so anxious to conceal the faults of the ancients. It is a fact that deserves to be generally known. Great God! what a picture of corruption in Imperial Rome is revealed to one who looks into Pompeii with anything like thoroughness. The very stone of the door-posts tells a tale more damnable than ever was invented by modern thought. Sodom was clean, and Gomorrah was pure compared with Pompeii. Where was ever a people on earth, before or since Pompeii, that "advertised the ways that lead down to hell," by sculptures placed in the open light of the street? "Out, damned spot!" cried the still infant genius of modern civilization and Christianity, as it looked in upon Pompeii, and Vesuvius responded to the command, and set his consuming fires to do the work.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Fight Your Way Up.

The many who have taken the world rough and tumble are prone to envy those who roll through it in cushioned vehicles and on patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through its thorny thickets, and climbs over its foot-blistered gravel, is apt to complain of being placed on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that slide so smoothly over fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which is the birth-gift of his do nothing neighbor. The more fool he. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse, when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker, without being willing to work for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a great motive to be applied to enterprises which give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-bed life, to loaf luxuriously.

We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings. People who indulge in them never acquire wealth. They lack energy to break their way to the worldly independence for which they yearn and whine. They do not know how much more glorious it is to year affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining a golden store that some thriftier hand had accumulated. Your accidental Cræsus knows nothing of the pride of success, the earnest exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward into the far future which he has earned a right to enjoy.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Remains of an Extinct Race.

It may not be generally known that the ground on which the city of Nashville now stands, was once the site of an ancient and populous town, yet such is supposed to be the fact. Some of the most interesting antiquities of our State are found along the lower course