The Provincial Wesleyan.

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Religious Miscellany.

Our Burden Bearer.

Let us not go stooping, groaning,
Underneath our load of care;
There's a better way to journey,
There's a lighter load to bear.

We are pilgrims travelling homeward,
Only pilgrims on our way;
Surely we should make our going
Just as lightsome as we may.

There are many, many crosses,
To be lifted as we go;
We must climb the rugged mountains,
And the darksome valleys know.

Rocky steeps and fragrant meadows
Will be mingled in our way;
Sunny skies oft arch above us,
Darkness often hides the day.

But let all of us remember,
All who thus as pilgrims go,
There's an easier way to journey
Than we all have come to know.

There's an easier way of going,
There's a lighter load to bear
Than the grievous, grievous burden,
That so many of us wear.

There's a voice forever sounding
In the weary pilgrim's ear;
Voice of tenderest compassion,
Framing sweetest words of cheer.

"Cast on ME your heavy burdens,
Cast on me your load of care;
I invite you, I entreat you,
All your burdens I will bear!

"Give me not a part to carry,
And go mourning with the rest;
All your cares now cast upon me,
I will bear them on my breast.

"Give no thought, no anxious looking,
To the coming morrow's sky;
If the morrow dawneth for thee,
I shall still be standing nigh."

Gracious words of strength and sweetness!
O be mine their truth to know!
Mine to trust in fullest measure,
Resting even as I go!

Thus sweet comforts will be springing
In our hearts from day to day;
Light and sweet the precious burden
Jesus gives us on our way!

Let us never, then, groaning
Underneath our load of care;
There's a better way to journey,
There's a lighter load to bear!

—*Selected.*

"I dread a Revival."

This was the language of one who had been awakened to a sense of his lost condition out of Christ, but who had neglected to yield obedience to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. For months he had found no peace, although he had strongly endeavored to drown the "heavenly voice" by absenting himself from the place of prayer, where dear friends pleaded earnestly for his salvation. In vain had he been repeatedly urged to decide at *once the important* question; but he turned *coldly from those* who sought to win *him to Christ. When* the Lord visited *his people and wrought wonderful* things *among them, he remained* apparently unmoved; but to one who was deeply interested in his soul's welfare, he *freely confessed*, "I dread a revival."

For nearly a year the Spirit hovered over that little Church, and still the young man kept aloof, restless, dissatisfied, and unhappy. The gentle showers of divine grace gave place to a general out-pouring of the Holy Spirit; and not until, as he afterwards expressed himself, the very last proffer of mercy had been made, did he break away from the heavy chains with which Satan had bound his poor soul, and come forth into the liberty of the sons of God.

How many to-day are occupying a similar position. They see their sinfulness, and realize that they must be cleansed by the blood of Christ. While others are bowing in submission at the foot of the cross, resigning all into the hands of God, and finding "peace in believing," they, though thoroughly convinced of their duty, are standing apart, to all human appearance, proudly indifferent. But were such to give an honest expression of their feelings, their confession must be, "I dread a revival." And wherefore? Because, during such a season, the heart must necessarily become more tender or more hardened. They are distinctly called upon to become followers of Christ, and must yield, or by refusing, steel themselves against the truth, and shut out, perhaps for ever the influences of the Spirit.

God grant that many who are now at enmity against him, to whom a revival is a dreaded season, may learn to prize such blessed privileges as he permits those who love him to enjoy, when he opens "the windows of heaven" and pours out a blessing in answer to the prayers of his faithful children.—*Am. Messenger.*

"That is too Simple."

I was attending a protracted meeting in an adjoining town, and had been endeavoring, according to the ability given me by God, to assist souls in finding Jesus. A brother, who had for years been stumbling at the simple way of faith, called on me, desirous of instruction respecting it. I endeavored to simplify it in various ways, but all had no effect, and I was on the point of giving up, thinking that I could not in any way help his mind. At length, in reply to my remark that he must make the unreserved surrender of himself to God, and that it was his privilege, when all was consecrated, yea, and duty, when he did this, to believe that he was then the Lord's—that the offering required at his hand was accepted when presented, through the merits of the atoning blood of Christ—he exclaimed, "O, that is too simple; I must do something more than that?" Just then an illustration struck my mind. It was this:

"Brother, suppose you had a watch, and it would not keep good time. You try to regulate it, but all effort is vain. Now, what would you do with it?"

"I would take it to a jeweller, and have it repaired," was the reply.

"Very well, but would you stand constantly by his side, and assist a little here and there?"

"O, no," said he, "I should place the watch in his hands, and go about my business."

"Yes, yes, brother B.; now do just so with that heart of yours. It is out of order; it does not keep good time, it is not in harmony with the great heart of Christ. Take it to him; he is the great repairer of hearts; he knows precisely how to regulate it. It was for this very purpose he came on this earth, that he might put hearts in order. Place it in his hands, and as you remarked respecting the watch, "go about your own business."

"That is it! that is it! I will do it," he exclaimed with much earnestness.

The way of faith is simplicity itself. Look at the case of the man who came to the Saviour crying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Listen to the reply: "I will; be thou clean." He sends a blind man to the pool of Siloam, there to wash off the clay which He had put on his eyes. He washed, and came seeing. Was the virtue in Siloam's pool? Nay, verily, but in the faith that led him there to wash.

Naaman was one of those who suppose they must do "some great thing" ere the work can be accomplished. He is bidden by the prophet to bathe seven times in Jordan. The prescription is "*too simple*," and he turns away in a rage. "If by having one of my legs amputated I could become a Christian, I would be one to-day," said a skeptical friend with whom I was one day conversing in regard to the interest of his soul. The way of salvation by faith was "too simple" for his reception; and so he turned away from the offer of salvation, choosing, if saved at all, to be so by his own works instead of by grace through faith.

What Harm?

"I hope you will not go the ball to-night, Thomas," said Mrs. F. to her son, a young man who had just attained majority.

"Why not, mother? I can't see any harm in dancing."

"There is harm in anything, Thomas, which diverts your mind from the concerns of eternity. You have lived twenty-one years, and have not yet commenced the great work for which life was given; and is it right for you to trifle with God's patience and forbearance by spending your time in frivolous amusement?"

"Mother, you are too strict and puritanical in your notions. I wish you would become as liberal as has my former teacher, Miss P. There was a time when she seemed to think of nothing but religion, and she made me uneasy and unhappy by talking about my sins and my danger; but lately she is more lively and agreeable, and last week she was persuaded to attend a dance; and if it is a proper amusement for her, it certainly is for me."

The mother's heart sank within her. She had hoped much from Miss P's. influence; she believed it had once led her son very near the foot of the cross. But Miss P. had yielded to the worldly influences which surrounded her; she had let down her watch; she had returned to the gayeties which had once been solemnly renounced; and now her example was telling on the interests of an undying soul.

Thomas went to the ball, and from that hour he plunged with mad eagerness into all the forms of earthly pleasure. Sometimes he was impressed with a solemn providence: sometimes conscience would awaken under the clear light of God's truth; but he lulled it to sleep by the reflection that he was only a little more gay than Miss P. and others, who were members of the Church; that if they found religion so dull and unsatisfactory that they were obliged to resort to worldly amusement, it could not be wrong for him to do the same, and he would certainly secure religion to die by. Thus he rushed on until, without a moment's warning, at an hour when he was not aware, the last summons came. While amusing himself with a favorite horse, he received an injury which proved fatal in a few hours. Agonizing pain, followed by utter insensibility, filled up the time which he had purposed when in health to spend in securing the salvation of his soul; and then the tolling of the bell announced that he had passed to the judgment-seat of Christ.

Did Miss P. hear in that sound the knell of a lost soul? and had she no fear that the blood of that soul would be found in her garments?—Follower of Christ, take heed lest your backsliding endanger not only your own soul, but become the stumbling-block over which others shall plunge to remediless woe.—*Christian Banner.*

Laying Foundations.

How varied the work to which the Master calls his servants. Some spend their lives in laying the foundations for other men to build upon. Deep down and unseen their work lies, and not even in their own eyes are they successful workers; and yet here they feel that the Master has called them to work and they dare not desert their post. Thus blocks of granite and massive beams of oak seem to be swallowed up by in the insatiable depths of the sea; yet here God bids them to toil on. As one has well expressed it, "Not in your day may it outcrop above the wave. You shall be judged of your generation to have wrought in vain. Men shall call it and you visionary. But another day other builders shall find it towering up ridgy and broad and strong, fit foundation for some pyramid of human advancement."

A faithful pastor had toiled on for years in deep poverty, and often with downcast heart seeing but little fruit of his labors. In the process of time another man entered the field and at once there was a great outpouring of God's Spirit, in which many souls were converted.—The work of the old pastor was all forgotten, while the praises of the new were in every one's mouth. Yet had he not toiled so long and faithfully laying the foundations, there would have been no such blessed structure to the glory of God. The young man had entered a harvest field of waving grain ready for the sickle, he had but to reap the white fruits of the other's planting and long and patient culture.—Though the old pastor received not honor from men, God's eye had noted all his labor of love, and not even the smallest service should lose its reward.

How much of the labor in missionary fields is only foundation work. Yet how important, how indispensable to the progress of God's work in heathen lands. What a foundation has he laid, who has translated a book of the gospel of Jesus into a language which thousands of darkened idol worshippers may read.

Mother, faithful Sabbath-school teacher, you, too, are laying foundations deep and broad, and though you may never see the results, yet the Master builder will own and bless it all at the last.—*S. S. Times.*

Christ the Burden-Bearer.

Christ is not only "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," but is the burden-bearer who bids us cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us. Many overburdened and anxious Christians find their unbelief illustrated in the following:

A poor man, says one, was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing by in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked him why he did not lay it on his chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he was allowed to be himself in the chariot, and he could presume to ask for more. "O foolish man," was the reply, "If I am willing and able to carry you, am I am not able to carry burden?"

BEAUTIFUL RELIGION, which, kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the out-gushing inspiration of love for the souls of distant and unknown men, and clasps in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds: which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies, but by thankful hearts.

Religious Intelligence

Switzerland.

A Missionary in Lausanne gives the following account of the influence of Sabbath schools and Sabbath school papers:—

"I do not think I am mistaken in believing that our small paper, *Le Messager*, has been a great means of popularizing this institution. We print now 10,800 copies a week, and this number increases gradually. By the by, could you not help us for that paper in sending us, not money, but fine casts on biblical subjects? We are in great need of them, especially because we intend next year to follow a plan on the life of our Saviour, and we want to have fine pictures which might engrave the facts on the children's memory.

You cannot fancy what influence this paper has had already on a great number families. I will give you a few examples. One day I was coming down from a village situated on the heights of the Jura. On the way I met a lad, who was driving a few cows. I stopped and gave him a tract. He received it with much joy, and running to his father, he showed him his treasure. The man who was walking in front, turned back, and coming to me, asked if I could spare him one. 'No,' said I, 'I have none but for children.' 'Oh! are you the gentleman who writes the little paper, which our children receive every Sunday?" 'Part of it; do you read those little sheets?' 'I read them every Sunday evening! we read them all together at home!'

In another place, a wicked man coming home on Sunday night, was very much out of temper, and seeing the small paper which his child had brought from school, he took it, bluntly saying in a grumbling tone:—'What's that?' It appears that something struck him at first sight, for little by little his features took another expression; he continued to read, and when he had finished, tears were in his eyes. Since that time, he inquires eagerly, where is the *little book*, when his child returns from school.

Another young woman said once to the Sabbath school teacher:—'Our cow does not get her evening meal so early on Sunday as on the other days, for Louis, (her husband), will never go till he has read through the paper which the child brings home from school.'

In another place, a little child received also the *Messager*, but she was not able to read it herself, and she asked her father to read it to her after supper. He was accustomed to go to the public house, but he was an indulgent father and would not refuse the child. He read and explained to the child what she did not understand, and thus the evening passed without his thinking again of going out. Next Sunday, the little paper was there again, and the child's request also. The father remained again. The following Sunday they had visits, so then the reading could not take place; but, on the morrow, when she saw her father taking his hat to go out and see his friends, she ran after him and said:—'But, papa, you forget we had the little journal to read yesterday, but you did not read it to me!' The father could not resist the appeal, and now every Sunday night he remains with his wife and child, and reads to them the 'Sabbath school Messenger.'

I was once traversing a village in the Jura Bernois, when I heard the singing of one of the hymns we have published in our paper. I drew near the children who were thus singing, and at my request they sang every verse of that beautiful hymn.

There is a school which has been lately formed in a village where it is almost the only worship. A man and his wife began to attend with their three children, and they are now very desirous to show by their lives that they are Christians. At the Sabbath school they have learned to sing; and the wife said lately to the lady teacher, who comes with her husband every Sunday from a distance of four miles to teach them:—'We have been married fourteen years, and I have never heard my husband sing a single tune, but since we have gone to the Sabbath school, as soon as he is up in the morning he begins:—'Une nacelle, in silence'—(The Little Ship).—But I must stop: this will suffice to show you how our work is getting on. Of course the children are pleased; they read the paper, in most places they search the answers, and write them down neatly to show to their teachers; but everywhere our friends unite in saying that the paper has especially a great influence in the family, in getting people to spend rightly their Sunday evenings. It is expected by the mothers, grandmothers, aunts, great boys and girls; and in many instances mothers have come to beg for it when their children were dill or had been too late."

From Melbourne Chronicle.

Wreck of the Mission Brig, "John Wesley."

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the total wreck of the mission brig *John Wesley*. Deplorable as is this calamity, we rejoice that by the merciful Providence of God, no lives have been lost.

We annex an account of the wreck, from the Rev. Mr. Dyson, who was on board the *Wesley* at the time of her loss:—

Nukualofa, 11 December, 1865.

You will know probably that the *John Wesley* is wrecked. Revs. W. J. Davis, G. Lee, W. S. Baker, myself, and two passengers from Samoa; together with Mr. and Mrs. Moss, of Tongatabo, Captain Welch and crew, were on board when she struck on the Tau Reef. We left Habai on Friday, 17th Nov., in her, in order to attend our District meeting, at Nukualofa. Everything went on well for a time. About two o'clock on Saturday morning land was sighted, and the vessel's course was changed. About twenty minutes past four a.m., we bumped on the reef very gently, again and again this was repeated until we stuck fast. We remained on a shelving reef in this plight in the midst of the breakers—the sea washing over the deck in showers of spray, and drenching us through and through until nearly six o'clock. I must mention, however, that we managed to get one boat off with Mr. and Mrs. Moss, another passenger (Captain Smith) in it, while on the reef. The brethren—Davis, Lee, Baker, and myself went down into the cabin, and three or us engaged in prayer; the brig, meanwhile, bumping every few minutes on the reef. We had scarcely concluded when she gave a fearful crash and broke her back, and, of course, filled up rapidly. Meanwhile, just at the right time (twenty minutes to six,) a great earthquake took place, which was followed by a few immense waves of the sea, the like of which have never been seen before in the neighborhood. These waves lifted us up and carried the vessel inside the reef, and then subsided, leaving us in less than three feet of water. The wreck was total; but our lives and all the ship's cargo were, by this special favour from God, placed out of serious danger. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness to us in our trouble. But for the earthquake and the extraordinary waves at the time, the vessel would most probably have filled, pushed off the reef on the change of the current, and gone down in deep water like the *John Williams*, at Pukapuka.

We are kindly permitted to make the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Davis, wife of the Rev. W. J. Davis, one of the missionaries, who was on board the *Wesley*:—

"The *Wesley* left us on the 17th for District meeting at Tongu. On board were Revs. Davis, Lee, Dyson and Baker; Mr. and Mrs. Moss, a Captain Smith, and Mr. Cobden—passengers; a few natives. They had a fine wind and fair weather; they run on until twelve o'clock, and then lay too, as is customary, intending with daylight to sail into Tonga. A little before four, Captain saw a faint light upon the water, and thought it was daybreak; but to his horror it proved to be a reef.

"Before the sails could be set to clear her, she struck. The captain shouted, 'Oh, the Johnny! He ran to the wheel, and sent the man forward. The vessel again struck, and threw the captain over the wheel; a fearful fall he had, yet he sustained no harm. The brethren were all asleep, but not undressed; all was confusion, but no fear. The vessel began to take in water directly—the waves beat over her fearfully. A boat was lowered, and Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Captain Smith, and a few natives, hasted away to inform the mission. They did not reach Nukualofa for some time. As soon as they did so, King George hasted on board the schooner *Elenora* and hurried to the wreck; another schooner, *Mary*, drew up her anchor and followed. Mr. Whewell and Mr. Moulton, and native crew followed in a boat. Although every thing was urged on they did not reach the wreck until three o'clock—eleven hours from the time they struck. After the boat had left, the brethren went to prayers, and while thus engaged an earthquake shook the whole group. This brought up an immense wave, which lifted the vessel from among the breakers and upon the flat reef, with but two feet of water. Every one was astonished, no one felt the earthquake: but found only themselves upon dry rocks. They involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why, what is this? The sea is receding!' The water that the vessel had taken in upon her striking, now gushed out on the rocks. Here was salvation. Had not this occured, all must have been lost; but as it was, all were saved. The vessel is a total wreck. We thought the 'Johnny' could not be lost. Poor Capt. Welch: our hearts ache for him. But God will bring him through. This wave that saved our precious husbands, went far inland at some of the islands—washed the dead out of their graves—destroyed twenty houses, a boat and two canoes. The sea receded fourteen times at some places. A sound of two cannon was heard at Nukualofa, as though a ship was in distress. This was either from heaven or from the rocks. There was a shaking felt at ten o'clock the night before—no doubt there was a fearful under-current, which drew the *Wesley* to her death. This earthquake was very severe at Haabai and Vavau. I was still in bed (twenty minutes to six) The clock stopped, the pictures swung too and fro, the glass lamps rattled. I was very frightened. I wondered how they felt at sea. Oh, my dear Mrs. E., our loss is great in losing the *Wesley*, but what should we have done had we lost our dear husbands—the mission its ministers. Four of us would have been widows, and many children fatherless; but God has had mercy upon us, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. Oh, how much cause have we for praise and thanksgiving."

General Miscellany.

From Zion's Herald.

New Cure for Consumption.

Several times in each year some newspaper or medical journal announces some new specific for this disease. The last which we have seen comes all the way from Paris, having been translated for the Druggist's Circular of this city. The author, or discoverer of the cure is no less a personage than Emile De Parade, former Professor of Comparative Physiology, and Proprietor of the Chateau de Belleroche, near Amboise. The following paragraphs gives the pith, manner, spirit and quintessence of the wonderful discovery:

Now it is believed everywhere that there is no remedy for this fearful disease. Iodine and Cod-liver oil are only very powerful palliatives. Well, then! a certain remedy, one of the most agreeable of remedies, is Indian meal of good quality used in the form of a pap. A diligent and prolonged use of this excellent food infallibly effects a cure, when the disease, however, has not arrived at its last stage.

But perhaps, some practitioners will ask—How does this aliment act to effect a cure? To this I respond humbly, I do not know; God alone knows how this aliment can dissolve the tubercles which form in the tissues of the lungs, and how it cicatrizes the place which the tubercles occupied. All that I can say is, that I have for proof magnificent results acquired by long experience (the experience on which theory is often wrecked.) Yes, I could, where the need cite the names of the persons whom the use of excellent food have reinstated in health; and who would sign their testimony with both hands, so overjoyed are they at their cure. Let any one tell me, moreover, how sulphate of quinine acts against fever, and also what fever is?

Therefore, so long as disease has not reached its last point, so long as the lung is not in a complete state of disorganization there must be no hesitation in making use of this means of cure, which I repeat, is one of the most agreeable; but it acts only in the long run, since it is an aliment.

In the middle of France, in France Comte, in Italy, in Spain, where the use of Indian Corn is so common, pulmonary consumption is almost unknown. It is the same in Mexico, as several Mexican officers at Tours have assured me. Will not corn act a highly preservative part in these different countries? As soon as it is perceived that a cold, or what is believed to be such, becomes obstinate or of a bad nature, we should not seek to delude ourselves, but on the contrary to inform ourselves well as to the state, which is easily done by auscultation. Provided that the lungs be not in their normal state, Indian meas in the form of pap, with half milk and half water should at once be made our principal nourishment.

Any thing else may be eaten, only avoiding heating food, such as spices, coffee, pure wine, and liquors; but I repeat, corn meal must be the principal food, and be eaten three times a day during two or three months at least, the benefits of such nourishment will soon be perceived. The pap should be made thin, if too thick, it might fatigue the stomach and thus become indigestible for some persons. Its preparation is simple and requires but little care. It is made like the ordinary pap; it is stirred over a gentle fire till it boils. The fire is then smothered with a few cinders, the stirring is discontinued, the pap is allowed to cook for eight or ten minutes: it is then taken from the fire and a little sugar or salt added. If milk cannot be used the pap should be prepared with broth or with water and butter; but milk is preferable. The essential thing is to use Indian meal of good quality. * * Care should be taken that it is fresh. This meal should be kept in a bag, and stirred from top to bottom at least once a week. It is well to say, that after the flour of wheat, that of the Indian corn contains the most nutritious substance. The use of this precious meal can only be, then, in all cases, extremely advantageous for the health.

From N. W. Advocate.

The Fenians.

[Our estimate of the Fenian movement is confirmed by the opinion of Dr. Elliott himself an Irishman, and a devoted lover of the Green Island. Let Americans be on their guard. Drilling, arming, and concentrating in the North an immense papal force; in the South a vindictive people among whom none in our opinion excel Bishop Lynch, in detestation of the Northern States, who is about to receive a Cardinal's red cap. Add to these the inexplicable movements of some men high in authority, and we ask is there no reason for solicitude? The leaders of the Fenian movement dream of no such absurdity as war upon England, but *do dream of something else.*—ED. N W C A.]

The geneaology of this outlandish, and rebellious organization would be a curious piece of political history. Pope Alexander VI., A. D. 1493 bestowed on Ferdinand and Isabella all North America, and its islands. Portugal has by papal grant, previously all South America, the Indies, and islands adjoining. Other countries were granted to other popish monarchs, with the injunction to extirpate heresies and heretics. The Fenians in the United States seem to have their present model in the rebel secret societies, existing in Missouri, and in the South, having branches in the North. The present rally seems to be, not so much to invade Canada or Ireland, as to form a new political party in the United States, with which Southrn rebels and Northern copperheads can be combined, and then Napoleon and the Bourbon invader of Mexico could be called in to help, and thus control the government of the United States. The Fenians know they cannot invade successfully either Canada or Ireland, but there is hope for them if they could form a successful party in the United States, and make it a step to future dominacy. Protestant Ireland could drive all the Fenians in Ireland into the sea, if left to themselves.

It was foolish and wicked in the aristocratic governing party in England to pronounce the Southern rebels belligerents and then give them material aid and comfort, after that. But the American government has done worse, if possible, by giving tolerance to the Fenian organization thus outstripping aristocratic England in wrong doing. The statesmen of England seem to have acted in ignorance of the past, when they entered into alliance with Spain and France, to put one of the worst families that ever lived, the Bourbon, on the throne of Mexico. I make these few remarks now and can give authoritative papal bulls, from the acknowledged standard of Rome. Let loyal citizens of the United States be ware. England and America should not go to war for any reason now existing, and I must believe, the Bible men, and the missionary men of both countries will not permit such a catastrophe, so as to set back religion and civilization five centuries.

CHARLES ELLIOTT.

Iowa Wes. University, March 26, 1866.

American Ingenuity.

Our friends across the line are an ingenious people.—Nothing ever comes amiss to them in the form of sensation. The startling intelligence we daily receive by telegraph from Canadian towns and cities via New York, indicates an enterprising spirit not to be met with in any other quarter of the world. Why, fires and assaults and uprisings occur within our very midst, and we remain in blissful ignorance of the calamities until after the arrival of the New York papers two days afterward. Our troops are concentrated first at one point then another, with no intimation whatever to the officers in command, except such as they find in the Associated Press. Our banks are "run upon," our citizens scared out of their reason, thousands flee for refuge to the "land of the free," and thousands more retreat to the interior—and we poor bats know nothing of our frightful situation till Yankee electricity and steam show us our danger! But the the Messrs. Harper are even ahead of the dailies. The *Weekly* recently contained a view of King Street, Hamilton, "during the late Fenian excitement." The military were there, excited civilians, special constables, frantic women, and their prospectively fatherles children. The mournful procession was wending its way Stoney Creekward, the burial place of certain heroes, nameless here, who attempted an invasion of Canada years agone; and doubtless the heroic hearts of our neutral cousins beat high with sympathy as they gazed upon the "forlorn hope" of our country on their way to glory and the grave. We thank them for their christian sympathy. But dry your tears, Brother Jonathan,—that's nothin' but a pictur." That procession and those flags celebrate the birthday of Queen Victoria. It was "taken on the spot," assuredly, but the *spot* was as it appeared four years ago.—It is a sort of Fourth of July spread. These brave soldiers are most of them only firemen, and the frantic woman and children are on their way to dinner.

A still more recent issue of this enterprising Weekly gives a view of "Canadian volunteers at drill," which, if we are correctly informed, is a photographic view of the "awkward squad" of of our militia, taken some years ago. We shall not be surprised to see in the next number a view of our city during its surrender to General Sweeney and the Hibernian President. That would about close the programme. The Messrs. Harper are an "ambitious institution," undoubtedly, but perhaps some of their intelligent readers will remind them that the first of April is past.—*Canada Ch. Advocate.*

The Burning House.

A house had taken fire, and all were busy hurrying to and fro trying to extinguish the flames, and bearing to a place of safety the valuable contents of the house. No one was so busy as the mother, who went from room to room half distracted in the midst of the confusion, seizing here and there some prized object and committing it to trusting hands for safekeeping. She did not realize the rapid progress which those insidious torgues of flame were making, as they stealthily crept from roof-tree to the main timbers, gliding like serpents down the walls, catching by every shred and straw; but essaying to go in once more, her step was stayed by lookers on, who saw that to again enter would be to imperil her life. Then all at once a shriek rang out from her lips, and with frantic efforts she strove to break from the hands which held her back. One treasure still she had in the burning house, which must be saved if life itself should pay the penalty. What think you was that choice possession she had left behind? Her babe sleeping in its cradle! She had been busy here and there, feeling that she could remove it at any moment, busy saving her property, perhaps the very wardrobe of her little one, and so had let slip by the moment when she might have saved it. So the circling flame wrapped their fiery arms about it, and the almost maniac mother, looked on in helpless agony. Oh, what could be a more heart-rending sight for a mother's eye? How must her soul loathe the trifles she had saved at such a price.

But do not censure her, mother, unless you are sure you do not come under a greater condemnation. There are thousands of children in far greater danger, whose mothers are busy with far more trifling pursuits. What fire creeps on with such a stealthy step as the fire of sin? What destruction so dreadful as that which it brings upon its victims? Yet mothers who know all this danger busy themselves from day to day with gay amusements, with anxious cares about the worldly advancement of their children; but never speak a word to them of their immortal interests, never take them aside and pray with earnestly, entreating God to convert their souls.

Oh, the day will come when we shall bemoan such unfaithfulness, and it may be an hour when it will be as fruitless as was the anguish of that mother who had left her babe in the burning house.—*The Chronicle.*

Spare Moments.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school and asked to see him. The servant eyed his shabby clothes, and taking him for a beggar, sent him round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was told, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Dr.——," said he.—"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant, "and I can give you that without troubling him." "Thank you," said the boy; "I've no objection to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Dr.——if he can see me." "Some old clothes, may be, you want," said the old servant again, eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I expect he has none to spare, he gives them all away;" and without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Dr.——?" asked the boy again, after eating his bread and butter. "Well, he's in the library, if he must be spoken to; but he does like some time to himself," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into the doctor's presence; however, she wiped her hands and told him to follow her. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is very anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after a while the principal put by the book he was reading, took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted for some time. Every question which the doctor asked was readily answered. "Upon my word," said the principal, "you certainly do well, looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"*In my spare moments*" answered the boy. Here was a poor, hard-working boy, with few chances for schooling, yet nearly fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments.—Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How should they be treasured! and yet how are we apt to spend them? What account can you give of your spare moments?—What can you *show* for them? Look and see. This boy could tell you how much can be laid up by wisely improving them; and there are many other boys, I am afraid, in jail, in the house of correction, in the gambling-house or tippling-shop, who, if you asked them when they began their evil courses, might answer, "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "In my spare moments I drifted away with bad associates."

Be careful how you spend your spare moments. Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy. He gets into your heart, if possible, in just such gaps. There he hides, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care, then, I repeat, take care of your spare moments.

An Interesting Sketch.

The Pittsburg *Advocate* publishes a sketch of our blessed Savior, taken from a letter written by an ancient Roman Magistrate. The translator of the sketch says: "It appears that the ancient Latins were quite as vigilant for the safety of their government as the modern French and Spaniards. Spies were stationed through the Empire by the Roman Government, whose duty it was to inform the Senate and people of Rome of such material things as happened in the Provinces. Our Savior appeared in the Roman dominions during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, and while Publius Lentulus was Procurator of India. Lentulus, in accordance with his duty, sent an epistle to the Roman Senate concerning the appearance of Jesus Christ, as he had then already spread abroad his fame in all the land. The following is a correct translation of the epistle from the original Latin:

There appeared in these days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet among us; of the Gentiles accepted for a prophet of truth; but his disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of disease; a man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder must both love and fear. His hair, the color of a chesnut full ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his forehead is a stream or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; forehead plain and very delicate; his face without spot or wrincle—beautiful, with a lovely red; his nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair, not over long; his look innocent and mature; his eyes grey, quick and clear. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep; in proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise; a man of singular beauty, surpassing the children of men.

The above description furnished a fine ideal portrait of our Saviour, and one which every Christian prizes. In it we see the *form* in which God designed His Son to appear and accomplish his Divine miracles. It is well that antiquity has not sunk into oblivion—a record of such interest and satisfaction to the generations of the present and all coming time. The original manuscript of Sentullus is now, we believe, in the possession of an Irish nobleman. Verily a rich legacy to posterity.

A New Microscope of Astonishing Power.

It is not many months since one of the most eminent of living microscopists expressed his conviction that in the production of object-glasses with a one twenty-fifth of an inch focus the microscope had reached its utmost attainable limit of perfection. He added that "it appears impossible to separate or define lines more numerous tnan ninety thousand in an inch, on account either of the decomposition of light or some other cause. It therefore seems beyond our power ever to discover more of the ultimate composition of bodies by means of the microscope." It is always foolish to use such "thus far and no farther" language in reference to any department of scientific research; but it is not often that its fallaciousness has been demonstrated within so short a period as in the present case. The above extract is taken from a journal dated December 10, 1864; and yet already the one thing which microscopists are now talking about is an object-glass with one-fiftieth of an inch focus, recently made by Messrs. Powell and Lealand. which was described to the Royal Society by Dr. Lionel Beale the other day, and was exhibited at the annual *conversazione* of that society a short time since. This object-glass possesses double the power of the one which we were so lately told, and by so great an authority, was the most powerful we must ever expect to possess, and defines with wonderful distinctness particles which the latter cannot render visible