

it of lying, I in what he lashed upon is course, I will be. The e is despised; and have no well through mber of the le, murderers n the second

he society of ociating with and steal; taking their re, unless he will be. He mpanions, or not fear nor k the society counsel, and

affectionate, ents, keeping n the sanctu- his worship; his punctual at quiet, with memory, and good compa- predict, with id of that boy at know him, and an orna- under the su- es; pursuing ng his heart ch cleanness e expression n a Christian n his death. hernacle, shall made with is," and ex- for the abode God.—Lan-

of a Sabbath irls presented one of whom n the other, ousand verses who presided,

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e know by her Day in and do, and she she did not ty her apron. and respect, a palace of a always kind, s before your your back. and better em- bustle-bound ? Good for that is rather dustrious and who worships is.

wife, cumber curiously rich man who has bed-chamber; these things, they can get re; but rather will, in your r, your heart

and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles; and dine sparsely and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds."—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

General Miscellany.

Power of Monosyllables.

The Journal of Commerce has a communication, which is at once an argument and an exemplification in regard to the force of short words. Every word is a monosyllable. There is as much truth as amusement in the whole article. We extract two or three paragraphs from it:

THOUGHTS ON AND IN SHORT WORDS.

The speech of our sires far back in the days of yore, like that of the first man, who may well be thought to have been taught of God, was made up for the most part of those short words which are spoke with one pulse of the breath, and one stroke of the tongue. The stream of time through a long track of years, and from lands not our own, has brought down to us a vast draft of new and strange terms, with which we may think our speech has come to be rich; but it is clear that much of its strength has in this way been lost. Thus are we shewn to be base sons, who, both from our limbs, and our tongues, have lost the brawn of our sires. They, in truth, were poor in purse, but rich in speech. Their words, like gems, were as great in wealth as they were small in bulk; while the mass of ours are as poras they are large and long. We must add to this, not only the loss of force, but the waste of breath and time when we would speak our thoughts; and that of types and ink when we print them. Huge terms would shrink to one-third bulk, and time and pains would be spent less in vain, both to those who write and print, and to those who read, if there were a due care to keep the length and size of the words, and use no more than the thoughts can claim. In our age the price of time is as great, as that of books is small; and the first charge we would give to those who would have us read what they write, is—"In all ways and by all means be brief, for time is short, and art is long."

Nor let us think that the good old stock of words, so short and strong, is lost. They lie latent with the truth of the heap, and in bright points shine out here and there from the mass. Like the stars when the fog dims the air, or the face of the sky when dark with clouds. It will be well worth our while to mine out these gems, and string them on the chain of our thoughts, which will then shine with new lustre; and though the tongue may lose in sound, it may be the more fit to speak all that the deep soul can feel. The heart feels but through the thought; and it is thus that the tongue should heat while it gives vent to its joys and its pains.

The arts of life and the uses of the head have need, it is true, for terms both old and long. The heart must be kept cool while we search for truth; and truth shines best in what some call "a dry light." But what we have said holds in full force when we look to all that large class of thoughts which comes from the heart, and which we wish to go down into the souls of those to whom we speak. Here we need the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn—those that wing their speed like a bolt, and pierce like the barb of a shaft. Such are the terms in which it is fit to harp the long-lost friend, when we once more grasp his hand, and hang on his neck, and tell him, "I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God." Thus should we "sing praise to the Lord with a harp; with the harp and with the voice of a psalm; and pay our vows in the house of the Lord." Hear him who cries out of the depths, and say, what are the strains of his sad plaint? "Woe to the day in which I was born. Let that day be dark with the clouds of death. Let no voice of joy break on that night, and let its stars be dark, let it look for light, but have none; nor let it see the dawn of the day." "My gray hairs shall go down as grief to the grave of my son, and the tears of our eyes shall be at rest." "O, my son! my son! would to God I had died for thee, my son! my son!"

Knowledge of the World.

No one will deny that a knowledge of the human character enables us to meet the exigencies of life. It also bids us in all our intercourse with the world. Hence its importance and value, in whatever situation we may be placed.

Now all men, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the poet and the philosopher, are more or less subject to the same passions and

feelings, and all think very nearly in the same way. Hence we should strive to know ourselves well. This we may do by considering, in all the circumstances in which we might be placed, what our aims would be, and what resolutions we should be capable of forming either for good or for evil. Thus, by striving to know ourselves, while, at the same time we observe the actions and learn the dispositions of others, we shall gain a knowledge of mankind.

Every one makes some impressions on us, at our first interview with him, but this impression is not always correct. If we listen to his conversation, if we draw out his feelings, his thoughts and his character, we shall soon learn to know him. It may be that he is deceptive, but in time we shall see his peculiar vices and virtues. We should, generally, be more careful to study the characters of those with whom we are intimate. We should observe them in every situation and circumstance; when under the influence of anger or vexation, of pleasure, or of exultation in success. By attending to their thoughts, which will appear in their conversation, we shall gain access to their real characters. Nor should we do this with a malicious attempt at discovering their faults and failings, but for our own improvement in our knowledge of the world.

This knowledge is not to be gained without much labour and observation; but in the end it will be found to be the most important of all our acquisitions, both in regulating our conduct and increasing our fortunes. Without it we shall find that life is subject to continual crosses. Without it we cannot adapt our selves to the circumstances in which we are placed. With it a wise man is like a master who knows all the springs of a machine, and may make them act as he pleases, to fulfil the great ends which he may have in view. It is a knowledge which no one can well do without, yet which many fail to acquire.

It is often said that men of letters are most deficient in it. If it is true, the reason is obvious. It belongs more to common sense than to skill in the sciences. Men of letters live, as it were by themselves. A knowledge of books does not impart plain common sense, which is the foundation of the knowledge of which we speak. Indeed, men of letters, who may be destitute of this knowledge, appear more ridiculous in the eyes of the world, since they are expected to be superior to mere men of the world.

No matter what dispositions men may have inherited, they commonly acquire some vices. It would perhaps be safer to be somewhat cautious in bestowing our confidence on those whom we do not fully know. The world as it ought to be is full of virtue; but as it actually is, virtue is mingled with deception. And since we live in it, we should try to know it well as it is, in order that we may avoid its follies. Much of our happiness in life will depend upon this. It will smooth our pathway, and save us ten thousand little vexations which render both ourselves and others miserable. Of all knowledge which we desire and strive to possess, this is the most practical.

The real worth of education and intellectual training is known only by its results; and just in proportion as these are happy and elevating, just in that proportion is education valuable. But the knowledge of the world cannot be otherwise than fortunate in its results, since it is calculated to save us many inconveniences. The only reason why so many fail of success is the want of this. "Know thyself," was the precept of an ancient philosopher, and well might he have added, then know the world.—*Paternal National Library.*

THIS.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT FROM PAULDINO.

I saw a temple reared by the hands of men standing with the pinnacle on the distant plain. The storm beat upon it; the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls; the gay, the happy, the young and the beautiful were there. I returned, and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour the owl's lone cry added to the solitude.—The young and gay who had revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother and the pride of his father, I returned, and the childhood had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of the generation, a stranger amid the destruction around him.

I saw the old oak standing with all its pride upon the mountains, the birds were caroling in its boughs, I returned and the oak was leafless and sapless; the wind was playing at pique among its branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he: "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, lift up his hands towards Heaven's Eternal—and say, Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!"

Wesleyana.

For the Wesleyan.

Horæ Wesleyanicae, or Thoughts on Methodism. No. V.

The rapid increase of Methodism in various parts of the earth, is an event worthy of the most grave consideration. At this moment, by a moderate calculation, there would appear to be, under the spiritual supervision of the British, Irish, and Canadian Conferences, the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, in the United States, and certain offshoots of the Parent Body, which are wholly Wesleyan in creed, and nearly so in economy, no less than One Million, Eight Hundred Thousand of Members, in full communion with their respective branches of the great Wesleyan family, and professing the enjoyment of the most heart-cheering religious experience that has been generally exhibited as the Christian's privilege for sixteen hundred years.

And in addition to the actual membership, by a medium computation, there cannot be fewer than Seven Millions, Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand persons under the general care of the various sections of the Wesleyan Pastorate, composing the multitudinous congregations which are Methodist in their predilections and support.—And every hour the mighty circle is widening.

Where dwells this mighty Host? Its multitudes dwell in every quarter of the Globe. They are to be found in every City and Town and Hamlet of England; in many parts of Scotland, and of poor Ireland and bleeding Ireland. You can meet them in the gay and goddess cities, and on the vine-clad slopes of sunny France.—In the heart of Germany, on the pillar of Hercules, and amid the glorious valleys of the cloud-cleaving Alps, they praise God. They are on the shores, and among the death-breathing forests of that land of mystery and misery—dark and besetted Africa. They are toiling with characteristic energy in the Island of Ceylon, and in Hindostan. Thousands of their warm-hearted votaries are in those new haunts of the anglo-saxon race—the Australian Colonies and the Islands of the Southern Sea; aiding the attempt to impress a moral character upon those wastes of the mighty empire of a distant day. And by legions may they be numbered in the northern half of the New World, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Newfoundland to California.

And during what space of time has this vast diffusion been proceeding? Hear the response of the great founder of the system: "In the latter end of the year 1729, eight or ten persons came to me in London. . . . This was the rise of the United Societies." Hence it is made apparent that just One Hundred and Eleven years ago, John Wesley and eight or ten persons, in uniting to help each other to work out their own salvation, originated the movement and organization which has produced such amazing results. When the purely moral means by which Methodism has been propagated is taken into account; when it is remembered that it owes nothing to a rapacious nobility, willing to embrace a new faith, provided they be enriched with the spoils of the old one—as, for example, in the case of the English and Scotch Reformations; when it is borne in mind that it has had no aid from king-craft, priest-craft, or mob-craft; that it has been neither the highway nor the backway to political power; that it has received no assistance from gorgeous and imposing ceremonies, so captivating to the ignorant and the lovers of external pomp; that, upon the contrary, believing in the promise of God, it trusted in the faithful preaching of truth, and the fervent enforcement of duty;—when these things are properly weighed, it may with confidence be asserted that the success of Methodism has been unparalleled since the first ages of the Christian Religion.

That success, however, has not been equal throughout the whole extent of its operations: it has been less in Scotland than in Ireland—greater, by a hundred fold, in England than in Ireland—but greater, by far, in America. Nor is this variation hard to be accounted for. In Scotland, it may with pleasure be acknowledged, that there was not the same field for Methodism as elsewhere; because there was not the same need for it. The Reformation had been much more thorough in Scotland than in England; and Presbyterianism had done greater service for Scotland than Episcopalianism had rendered to

England. There can be no doubt but that from various causes the Scottish clergy, though less profoundly learned, were as pastors and preachers, vastly more effective than their Anglican brethren; and the people were much better educated and more religious in the north than in the south of Britain. Besides there has been, from time to time, when the Established Church of Scotland has declined in energy or become less popular in its spirit, certain secessions from the legal communion, which have had the effect of infusing in the heart of the nation a renewed vitality, superseding the necessity of a more extensive action of Methodism. Recent events in connection with the Morrisonian movement, have proved that the Scottish mind is by no means impregnable to the force of Arminian argumentation.

With respect to Ireland, it may in brief terms be stated that among the nominal Protestants of that unhappy land, there was pressing need of increased spiritual exertion; but that painful circumstances, identified with the previous history of that country, have rendered every form of Protestantism comparatively useless to overcome its invincible popery, and its not much-to-be-wondered-at hatred of the saxon name. Alas! that the truest and kindest efforts of modern English benevolence and legislation should prove unequal to the obliteration of the remembrance or tradition of ancient wrong.

England presented a wide and fruitful expanse for the labours of Wesley; and his success was commensurate to the greatness of his opportunity. Nevertheless Methodism has had many difficulties to contend with in England, otherwise its extension would have been far more ample.

In the mighty Republic of the West, it has had free course to run. Here Christianity has been left to its own heaven-born vigour for support; and here Methodism has had fair play for its free energies, unopposed by rich and powerful religious establishments. Most fully has it appreciated its advantages in this boundless and unencumbered field for diligent zeal; and most successfully has it gathered the stores of its golden harvests for the Lord of the vineyard. In the short space of eighty-one years only, it has outstripped every other form of religious faith; and it now overshadows the land like a shield.

EMERSON.

Correspondence.

Nova Scotia Bible Society.

The travelling agent of this Society, who lately met with a serious accident near Guysborough, has returned to the city. He addressed the following letter (a copy of which has been sent us for publication) to a member of the Committee.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have just returned to the City from my Eastern tour, in the prosecution of which I have been delayed some weeks beyond the time usually required—several untoward circumstances having intervened to interrupt my progress. After some days of sickness which I endured in the autumn, my horse took a distemper then prevailing in Pictou, which increased my detention at the onset; but it was not till I had returned from Cape Breton that my greatest hindrance overtook me.

In my journeyings in that Island I had surmounted difficulties not a little trying, and had been preserved from dangers not less threatening, and was rejoiced to resume my wanderings, after crossing the strait of Canso so late in the season, in apparently more favourable circumstances, in Nova Scotia proper. But while indulging the grateful reflection, a thought from one of the Poets occurred to my mind, which I little dreamed was so soon in effect to be partially realized—

"Safety consists not in escape From dangers of a frightful shape: The earthquake has been known to spare The man that 's strangled by a hair."

I reached Little River the first day, and after sharing the well-known hospitalities of the friendly mansion of James Randall Esq., I proceeded next morning, in company with Mr. Thomas McColl, by Black River, through a bye way to Guysborough. Here also we got well over the difficulties of a partially made road, and stopped to feed our horses at a farm-house fifteen miles from our destination—thankful that we had got without accident to the "old Manchester road." We gave our horses some oats which I had brought with me, but they had done eating them before we had finished our lunch—and to give them a little more rest we procured two sheaves from our kind hostess, a Mrs. Brennan. While leading my horse, (which to save time I had imprudently fed, as I had often done before, without taking him out of the harness) to a more sheltered place behind the house, he took fright from a sudden noise made by another horse that was near, and not having the bit in his mouth, I was unable to hold him. For a time I held fast by his head and mane, which pulled him towards me, as he rushed furiously over some pieces of wood, and threw me down; and the wheel of the gig passing over me, fractured and bruised one of my legs so severely that I was reduced to a state of utter prostration and helplessness.