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Religious Miscellany.

Revival Hymn.

Step not, even me, O my Father!—*Gen. xvii. 34.*
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
That scatter fall and free;
Shower the thirsty land, refreshing
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me.

Pass me not, O God our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the Father
Let thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live, and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor—
Wha' a tho't'rt calling, Oh call me!
Even me.

Pass me not, mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Stresser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Loag been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me!
Even me.

Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so pure and free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify in all in me.
Even me.

Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Blind, oh blind my heart to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others—Oh bless me!
Even me!

Sunday-School Times.

The Accepted Time.

FROM DR. SPENCER'S PASTORAL SKETCHES.
A young man called upon me one Sabbath evening, and as soon as we were seated, he said to me:—
"I have accepted the invitation that you have so often given from the pulpit, to any who are willing to converse with you upon the subject of religion."
"I am glad to see you," I said.
"I don't know," he replied, "that I have anything to say such as I ought to have; but I am convinced that I have neglected religion long enough, and I am determined to put it off no more."
"That is a good determination," I said. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."
"Well, I don't know that that text is for me, because—"
"Yes, it is for you," I said interrupting him. "I was going to say, sir, I don't suppose I have got so far as that yet, so that salvation is for me now."
"You told me that you were determined to put off religion no longer; and therefore I say, 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"
"You ought to be in haste, David," he says, "I thought on my way and turned my feet to the testimony. I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments. God now commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent, and you are one of them. And if you are like David, you will make haste and delay not to keep God's commandments."
"I don't suppose I am in such a state of mind, as to be prepared to become a Christian now."
"Will you be put in a better state of mind, do you think?"
"Why, I don't know; but I have not much deep conviction. I know that I am a sinner against God, and I wish to turn to him, and lead a different life."
"Then turn to Him. 'Now is the accepted time.'"
"But I find my heart is full of sin; I am all wrong; I feel an opposition to God such as I never felt before."
"Then repent and turn to God instantly," while I called to David.
"But I don't suppose I can be ready to come to religion so quick."
"You said you were determined to put it off no longer, and I told you 'now is the accepted time.'"
"I never began to think seriously about my religion till last Sunday."
"And so you want to put it off a little longer."
"Why, I don't get ready?"
"And are you getting ready? You have tried it for a week."
"No, sir; I feel in a sad manner. I don't think I am nearer to it than I was at first."
"I don't think you are. And I suppose the reason is, that you don't believe 'now is the accepted time.'"
"Oh, yes, I do; for the Bible says so."
"Then don't wait for any other time. Repent now. Plead to Christ now, in the accepted time. 'I have not conviction enough yet.'"
"That cannot be 'the accepted time,' yet."
"That I have not faith enough."
"That I cannot be 'the accepted time,' now."
"Why, sir, I—I—I am not ready now."
"That is correct; but 'the accepted time,' now, 'beholds me to it is too quick,' said he.
"That cannot be 'the accepted time,' and 'Behold, now is the accepted time.'"
"That is not 'the accepted time.'"
"With much embarrassment in his manner, he replied:—
"What shall I do?"
"Repent and turn to God with faith in Christ, as you are a lost, unworthy sinner, now is the accepted time."
"I have not conviction enough yet."
"You are prepared to be in a great strain—He said to me, 'I have not conviction enough for a few moments, and then asked—
"Is it possible that any one should repent, and give up the world, and turn to God so soon, when they began to think about it on last Sunday?"
"Now is the accepted time," said I.
"When he was in thoughtful silence, and after a few moments he said—

"Is salvation offered to sinners now?"
"Yes now. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"
"But it seems to me I am not prepared now to give up the world."
"That very thing is your difficulty. You are not prepared; but 'now is the accepted time.' You wish to put off your repentance and conversion to Christ till some other time; but 'now is the accepted time.' You and your Bible disagree. And if nothing else keep you from salvation, this would be enough. I beseech you my dear friend, delay no longer. Now is God's time. You told me you were determined to put off religion no longer. I suspected you did not know your own heart, and therefore said to you, 'Now is the accepted time.' And now it has become manifest to all the while you meant to put off religion till some other time."
"It seems hard to shut a man up just to the present time," said he in an imploring accent.
"If you were a dying man, and had only an hour to live, you would not say so. You would be glad to have the Bible say to you, 'Now is the accepted time.' Instead of telling you, you needed a month or a week to live to Christ. It is mercy in God to say to you, 'Behold, now is the day of salvation, when you do not know that you will live till to-morrow morning.'"
"Will you pray with me?" said he.
"I prayed with him, and we separated. The last words I uttered to him as he left the door, were, 'Now is the accepted time.'"
"Just one week afterwards he called upon me, 'to give an account of himself,' as he said.
"I have got out of my trouble." "Now I trust in Christ, and I am reconciled to God, and I don't think so. I thought you were very hard upon me last Sunday night, when you hammered me, and hammered me with that text—'Now is the accepted time.' But I couldn't get away from it. It followed me everywhere. I would think of one thing, and then that would come up. 'Now is the accepted time.' Then I would begin to think of something else, and it would come up again. 'Now is the accepted time.' So I went on for three days. I tried to forget the text, but I could not. I said to myself, 'There is something else in the Bible except that; but whenever I read, that would come to my mind. It annoyed and tormented me. At last I began to question why it was that this plagued me so much? And I found it was because I was not willing to be saved by Christ. I was trying to do something for myself, and I wanted more time. But it was not done. Everything failed me. And then I thought if 'now is the accepted time,' I may go to Christ now, wicked as I am. So I just prayed for mercy, and gave up all to Him."

Simple Faith.
A company of tourists had visited the Highlands of Scotland, to enjoy the magnificent scenery which Sir Walter Scott so graphically describes:—
"Craig, knoll, mound, confusedly heaped,
The fragments of an earlier world;
The sea, the mountains that like giants stand,
To aerial castles lend."
Amidst the grey crags of the morning they climbed the steep sides of the sky-piercing mountain, surrounded by huge rocks that the lightning of heaven had splintered, and yawning chasms that made the brain reel to gaze into them. At length they came to a place where, by some great convulsion of nature, the rocks had been rent asunder, forming two perpendicular walls, about twenty feet apart, and two hundred feet in height. Along the face of these walls were little crevices where earth had collected and where grew wild flowers of a rare kind and of great beauty. The tourists wished very much to obtain specimens of these mountain flowers, but how was it to be done? At length they thought of suspending a person over the cliff by a strong rope, and the person proposed to a boy, who was herding his flocks in the vicinity, that he should undertake the hazardous task, and offered him a large reward. The boy approached the brink, but shrank back, and was about to decline the offer, when a moral consciousness came into his mind, and he thought of his heavenly Father. It was pleasant to think of his Omnipotence, only as we believe it to be joined with infinite love. When we look abroad upon the evidences of his power as seen in the physical universe, to what very necessities are we reduced in his presence? Before the glance of his eye, who builds his throne with gems of insufferable glory, we feel awe and confusion. Away down deep in our own hearts we know that we are sinners, and we remember his greatness, and we are troubled. Here we cannot draw our hearts back to a centre of life, and trust and sweet repose.—Hence we turn, with unspeakable delight, to the Cross, where we read in glowing characters, 'God is love.' We know God's tenderness of compassion for us, as he shines through Jesus, letting down to us the golden chain of the promises, and we take hold of it by the hand of faith, and know it will not give way, for the hand of infinite power and love united, has hold of the other end.
Rev. S. Kilpin, an eminent Baptist minister of England, was laid aside from his ministerial labors for some years before his death, by a local disease, which disabled him from entering the pulpit.—Having before been very active and assiduous in the Master's service he felt his affliction very much.
One Sabbath morning, when looking out of his window and seeing throngs of worshippers going to the house of prayer, he said to a young friend who was attending upon him:—
"Why is a Christian like a verb?"
"Well," he replied, "I do not know; I have never thought about it."
"Why," my dear child, did you never learn Murray's grammar? What is a verb?"
"Why, a verb is a word that signifies to do, to suffer, or to be."
"That is it," he replied. "That is the Christian. The doing I have done, and I love it; the suffering I have, and I can bear it; but oh, the wanting! To lie still when I think I could work, requires more grace than to do or to suffer. But

he who appoints the whole knows best, and will make his grace sufficient for all."
"I must be the highest wisdom to submit to God's wisdom. Faith trusts him when it cannot see him. One of the great excellencies of Abraham's character was that he 'suggested not at the promises through unbelief.' When faith in God is weak and unsteady, it makes the whole soul and all the graces of the soul stagger like a drunken man. We become impatient and uneasy; we feel as if God's movements were too slow, and as if we would like to take the reins into our own hands, and hurry matters, but the great Spirit says, 'Be still and know that I am God.' Happy those who can implicitly trust him in all their ways, and this happy are those who know him as their forgiving God."
To a child full of life and health, and blessed with a great gift of animal spirits, there is no command of the father that it feels so hard to obey as when told to keep still. 'Said a little girl who lived with her grandmother, 'I like that part of religion that consists in going to Sunday-school, and singing hymns, and saying prayers, and hearing the teachers talk; but that part of religion that consists in sending my grandmother I do not like at all.' So it is often with professing Christians. That part of religion which stirs their emotional nature, which thrills the heart with joy, and fills the whole soul with rapturous delight, they like very well; but the calm, still waiting of the soul before God in the closet; the watching patiently for him to appear for us in seasons of suspense and perplexity, the going again and again before we can get any answer; this is the part of religion which, while it is the most profitable, is the most trying. Here is simple faith in the Divine Word will show its supporting power.—*National Baptist.*

A Mother's Prayers.
I know a man now living in Yorkshire, who, as a boy, was brought up in the fear of God, but seemed to be utterly unaffected by it. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. At last he determined to run away from his mother, and nobody could tell how he was, except that God's hand was in it, but when he made up his mind to do so, he took with him, he must needs put into it one of those square, old-fashioned Bibles which we used to have as presents in our childhood. He hid himself away in a ship at Bristol, and did not show himself to the captain till they were out in the channel, and it was too late to send him ashore. He went to the Mediterranean. It was at the time of the wars with Bonaparte, and he was impressed on board one of the king's ships. He went on for years in a state of the most entire ungodliness, his poor mother having given him up for lost. One day he was ill, and all at once he remembered himself of his old Bible which he had not seen since he had been on board ship. He read some of the passages which his mother had marked; became a converted man; came back to England; became first a minister of Christ, and then tutor of a college; and his name now is a fragrant ointment to multitudes among those who know what that man's character was when he was young, and what his mother's prayers, to which, as he has owed to his mother's prayers, he attributes his conversion.
Another case, and I shall have done. A man well known on our London stage, not only as a dramatic author, but as a man of high professional standing, and of extensive acquaintance with the Christian world, was in this metropolis, turning an entire round of riot and revelry, told me, after he had become a preacher of Christ's Gospel, that through all those years of riot and revelry in connection with the stage and the green-room at Covent Garden and other places, he always heard his mother's voice ringing in his ears. Her very words and the tones of her voice, came to his recollection, and he was faithfully followed by his mother after she had gone to heaven. It ended in his conversion; and he had to tell all men that that life of his had been continually deteriorating his moral nature; and also made me tell all mothers never to despair of an ungodly son, even if he should fall to the boards, but to pray on, and hope on, and trust on. Encourage him, and there is the simplest and richest encouragement for all who will recognize their dependence upon God, who will earnestly seek for the blessing, and whose example and influence at home shall be in harmony with that blessing.—*Rev. Wm. Brock.*

The Little Ones.
"Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones who believe in me, he shall in nowise lose his reward."
It is a winter's day. As you walk along the streets, you hear the sound of little feet pattering along on the cold stones behind you. You look around. It is a little girl. A little hand is extended, and a little voice comes up to you, and asks a single penny for you. But you have made it a rule never to give to beggars, and with a stern cold voice, you are just ready to pronounce the words—"Go home!" Don't say it! Look again—you will behold the influence of Deity upon the features. Her parents are drunkards. She has been sent out by them to beg. So much the more she is to be pitied. But her parents will spend the money for rum. Never mind; it may save her a cruel beating at the hands of those parents, and send her with a light heart to bed. Be careful how you treat her! Her character is now being formed. She is now forming her estimate of the world. A smile and a word of encouragement from you, may lead her mind all the way up to her father in heaven. Her character for the future depends somewhat upon your treatment of her, and the influence of that character upon society will, in all probability, never be lost. If by the frowns of a cruel world she be driven to the commission of crime, her influence will be to an immense field. If by your kindness she be brought into the fold of the Great Shepherd, her influence will be that of a ministering angel. You know not what may be one of the "little ones," to whom a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.
"Whoever shall give a cup of cold water to a brother who is thirsty, he shall be rewarded." "Whoever shall give a cup of cold water to a brother who is thirsty, he shall be rewarded." "Whoever shall give a cup of cold water to a brother who is thirsty, he shall be rewarded."

of earthly vanities, we respect these will not be wanting in charms for those who can admire virtue in high places—places becoming valuable upon a noble example. To know the real character of such a Sovereign, one must look away from the glittering palace life of Windsor and London, to the secluded dale and mountain nooks of the highlands of Scotland—to the little village church of the Rev. Mr. Caird—to her numerous unostentatious charities—and to that rigid seclusion to which we have referred, the recent tribute of her own family from a husband and a father, at C. Bourne. In short, to be good rather than to be great—the world esteemeth greatness—seems to have been, and to be, the aim of Victoria's life, in public and in private. Hence, in speaking of her, one is inclined to think much less of the Queen than the multitude, men, women, and children as they collected in the square near the mission-house, with their offerings in their hands, prepared to march to the station-house. As the gong sounded ten o'clock the procession moved off, headed by Mr. Brandt, with the boys school; followed by Mrs. Batah, with the girls; the children all singing a hymn of praise to the tune of *Kid*. Next came a number of women with large baskets on their heads, then the men, leading their children, or carrying other loads; all marching up the noble avenue of Pontianak to the church, which stands on the slope at its further end. Arrived at the church they passed up the centre-aisle, ascended the stairs into the deep chancel, and marched round the communion table, which stood out in the center, every one presenting an offering. In the front had already been raised a small stack, about six feet high, of sheaves of "first-fruits." Small boxes for money stood on the table; but the offerings were poured upon the floor. None came empty-handed; every one, men, women, and children, presented money; but the chief gift was the cleaned rice that had been gathered in the fields. For half an hour the people came slowly on; old men and women, strong men and children; women with children at their sides, or slung upon their backs; the prosperous farmer, the poor day-laborer, all of one order brought their gifts. Some brought a handful in a cup; a few brought large baskets, others a more moderate quantity. Meanwhile the children in the gallery sang a variety of hymns, accompanied by an organ, played by the school-teacher, who was one of their own people. So the procession passed on, the money increasing in the boxes, and the rice-heaps growing higher on the floor, till all were seated in the church for worship.
A few Sabbaths after, in the midst of a full congregation, forty-seven persons were baptized, of whom twenty-three were adults. After a brief liturgy, the opening sentences of which were appropriate to the day, the twenty-third Psalm was beautifully chanted, and all the responses were sung in a manner that was well adapted to the front of the congregation. Mr. F. Batah, the senior missionary, then addressed them for their purpose to make a public profession, and examined them at length both in regard to the old faith they had cast off, and the new faith they had chosen. Their clear and ready answers showed that they well understood the matter, and had been carefully instructed. As they followed him up the steps of the chancel, the choir poured forth, in that melodious tongue, the Christianized Hindi, in the melody well known in England, the sad and plaintive wail, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am now worthy to be called thy Son." Gathered around as they were, they repented of their former life, and the rejection of the works of Satan, and after prayer were baptized in the Saviour's name.

General Miscellany.
Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
The *New York Express* speaks as follows of the Queen at Cobourg:—
"Her Majesty, on this occasion, was surrounded by her children, and the scene, as portrayed by the pencil, was one of the most beautiful and touching description. It was characteristic of Queen Victoria that, it having been intimated to her that more than one royal personage was desirous of being present, she replied the occasion being one of strictly domestic interest, the presence of strangers would be unacceptable. There was a touch of the wife and mother in this reply, as well as of the Majesty of the Queen. These few, but expressive words, on such an occasion, will characterize a key to the salient points of her character—her ardent attachment to home, a constant longing after domestic tranquility, a motherly love for her offspring, with their counterparts, a dislike of ostentatious display, and a positive aversion to the pomp and pageantry of public life. These are not qualities which respond to the popular conception of the regal magnificence, or the awe-inspiring splendor of the first Court in Christendom, but, nevertheless, they are something better and higher; they are the inspirers of real love on the part of her subjects, and of all the world else. These, we believe, are possessed by the Queen of England, to-day, to the most beloved of the long line of her illustrious predecessors." If the historian of her reign will have nothing brilliant to record, he will at least have the satisfaction of bearing testimony to this truth, that her subjects were contented and happy. Conspiracies, or rebellions, against her authority, we will have to add were things unknown—for we will have to add, that with her mild ways, nobody had any provocation to, or pretence for, seeking to shake it off. The annals of her times, however, will find little of the picturesque or the brilliant to illuminate its story. The inventive genius of a Macaulay or a Thackeray even would be at his wits' end to discover a Court scandal, such as was associated with the butterflies who fluttered around the "glorious Queen Anne," or the reign of the Georges. Brilliant Court gossip, grand levees, dazzling pageants will be rare—and there will be scope therefore for the driest and prosiest delineations of every-day life at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. But if the annals of such a reign will fail to captivate the senses or please the more admiring

missionaries, and far outstripped their German spoils; in spreading the Gospel in the surrounding villages. Dr. Mullens gives the following interesting account of their coming up to Ramoth, on Sunday, to worship, and of their harvest feast and annual missionary offerings:
A large number of the Christians come from their villages to Ramoth every week for the Sabbath services. They are so numerous that a special serra (resting-place) has been erected for them which, with its broad verandah and inner courts, can accommodate six hundred visitors. They bring all their food, and are merely supplied with fuel at the expense of the mission. They hold a special festival at Christmas, and on the first Monday of the year they gather to celebrate their harvest feast and hold an annual missionary meeting. It was a pleasant sight last year to contemplate the happy faces of the multitude, men, women, and children as they collected in the square near the mission-house, with their offerings in their hands, prepared to march to the station-house. As the gong sounded ten o'clock the procession moved off, headed by Mr. Brandt, with the boys school; followed by Mrs. Batah, with the girls; the children all singing a hymn of praise to the tune of *Kid*. Next came a number of women with large baskets on their heads, then the men, leading their children, or carrying other loads; all marching up the noble avenue of Pontianak to the church, which stands on the slope at its further end. Arrived at the church they passed up the centre-aisle, ascended the stairs into the deep chancel, and marched round the communion table, which stood out in the center, every one presenting an offering. In the front had already been raised a small stack, about six feet high, of sheaves of "first-fruits." Small boxes for money stood on the table; but the offerings were poured upon the floor. None came empty-handed; every one, men, women, and children, presented money; but the chief gift was the cleaned rice that had been gathered in the fields. For half an hour the people came slowly on; old men and women, strong men and children; women with children at their sides, or slung upon their backs; the prosperous farmer, the poor day-laborer, all of one order brought their gifts. Some brought a handful in a cup; a few brought large baskets, others a more moderate quantity. Meanwhile the children in the gallery sang a variety of hymns, accompanied by an organ, played by the school-teacher, who was one of their own people. So the procession passed on, the money increasing in the boxes, and the rice-heaps growing higher on the floor, till all were seated in the church for worship.
A few Sabbaths after, in the midst of a full congregation, forty-seven persons were baptized, of whom twenty-three were adults. After a brief liturgy, the opening sentences of which were appropriate to the day, the twenty-third Psalm was beautifully chanted, and all the responses were sung in a manner that was well adapted to the front of the congregation. Mr. F. Batah, the senior missionary, then addressed them for their purpose to make a public profession, and examined them at length both in regard to the old faith they had cast off, and the new faith they had chosen. Their clear and ready answers showed that they well understood the matter, and had been carefully instructed. As they followed him up the steps of the chancel, the choir poured forth, in that melodious tongue, the Christianized Hindi, in the melody well known in England, the sad and plaintive wail, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am now worthy to be called thy Son." Gathered around as they were, they repented of their former life, and the rejection of the works of Satan, and after prayer were baptized in the Saviour's name.

of earthly vanities, we respect these will not be wanting in charms for those who can admire virtue in high places—places becoming valuable upon a noble example. To know the real character of such a Sovereign, one must look away from the glittering palace life of Windsor and London, to the secluded dale and mountain nooks of the highlands of Scotland—to the little village church of the Rev. Mr. Caird—to her numerous unostentatious charities—and to that rigid seclusion to which we have referred, the recent tribute of her own family from a husband and a father, at C. Bourne. In short, to be good rather than to be great—the world esteemeth greatness—seems to have been, and to be, the aim of Victoria's life, in public and in private. Hence, in speaking of her, one is inclined to think much less of the Queen than the multitude, men, women, and children as they collected in the square near the mission-house, with their offerings in their hands, prepared to march to the station-house. As the gong sounded ten o'clock the procession moved off, headed by Mr. Brandt, with the boys school; followed by Mrs. Batah, with the girls; the children all singing a hymn of praise to the tune of *Kid*. Next came a number of women with large baskets on their heads, then the men, leading their children, or carrying other loads; all marching up the noble avenue of Pontianak to the church, which stands on the slope at its further end. Arrived at the church they passed up the centre-aisle, ascended the stairs into the deep chancel, and marched round the communion table, which stood out in the center, every one presenting an offering. In the front had already been raised a small stack, about six feet high, of sheaves of "first-fruits." Small boxes for money stood on the table; but the offerings were poured upon the floor. None came empty-handed; every one, men, women, and children, presented money; but the chief gift was the cleaned rice that had been gathered in the fields. For half an hour the people came slowly on; old men and women, strong men and children; women with children at their sides, or slung upon their backs; the prosperous farmer, the poor day-laborer, all of one order brought their gifts. Some brought a handful in a cup; a few brought large baskets, others a more moderate quantity. Meanwhile the children in the gallery sang a variety of hymns, accompanied by an organ, played by the school-teacher, who was one of their own people. So the procession passed on, the money increasing in the boxes, and the rice-heaps growing higher on the floor, till all were seated in the church for worship.
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his friends, his estimates of their virtues and failings, his hopes and expectations, are all very much modified by these things. (Cannot we all remember going to bed as very ill-slept, persecuted individuals, all whose friends were unreasonable, whose life was full of trials and crosses, and waking up on a bright, bird-singing morning, to find all these illusions gone with the fog of the night? Our friends are nice people after all; the little things that annoyed us look ridiculous by bright sunshine; and we are fortunate individuals.)
The philosophy of life, then, so far as this matter is concerned, must consist of two things; first, to keep ourselves out of irritable bodily states; and, second, to understand and control these states, when we cannot ward them off.—*Mrs. H. B. Stone.*

The Bagpipes not Scotch, but English.
At a meeting in Edinburgh, the *Lord-Advocate* said: "Most people think that the bagpipe is a Scotch instrument. Some are proud of it, and there are a few who are afraid of it, but whether by its friends or its foes, the bagpipe is looked upon by us as something national. Now, I am not at all sure that we are entitled in any such praise or blame. I believe it could be demonstrated—though our friends on the other side of the Tweed would be excessively indignant—I believe it could be demonstrated that the bagpipe is an English instrument—especially English. I found in confirmation of this, that Shakespeare, who was an authority in music, refers to the bagpipes constantly; but he does not introduce them into Macbeth. The armies in Macbeth do not march on Dunsinane to the sound of the bagpipe, and he speaks of the drum of the Lincolnshire and the Yorkshire bagpipes. He speaks of a person laughing like a parrot at the pipe; but all without the slightest allusion to the Register House, and see how our former monarchs spent their incomes, we find their expenditure for music put down in such entries as the following: 'To the English pipe, three shillings and sixpence.' Sophocles was not a pipe; they were harpists. The harp was the old Scotch instrument, and I believe continued to be the old Scotch instrument till within a very recent period."

The Ancient Statue of Hercules.
Gibbon, the English sculptor in Rome, says of the newly-discovered ancient bronze statue of Hercules: "It is the most beautiful work of art in Rome; it made me melancholy the whole of the day after I had seen it, to think that, after the labor of a life, I had made such slight approaches to the perfection of the master hand which had executed this work." A Roman letter says further of it: "Like a colossal golden image it appears; for now that the incrustations of time have been removed, the gilt surface, which is perfect, flashes on the eye, and indicates, by the expense which was lavished upon it, in how high appreciation this statue was held, even in that age of gauds. Grind in its proportions, it is an exquisite delight in its details, the nose of the face, the hair, the slight beard or whiskers of the face as fine as finney-work, while the muscles stand out with all the assertion of manly strength." The discoverer of the statue presented it to the Pope, who rewarded him with presents to the value of over \$50,000.

Fallacies Refuted.
Hall's Journal of Health refutes several notions that have been entailed on us from our hardy grandfathers. For example, "that warm air is best to be in, and that consequently, it is hurtful to sleep in a comparatively warm room." A warm room is as easily made as another, in a cool one. The warm air of a close vehicle is no injurious, be it ever so foul, from crowding, than to ride and sit still and feel uncomfortably cold for an hour. The worst that can happen from a crowded conveyance is a fainting spell; while from sitting even less than an hour, in a still, cold atmosphere, has induced attacks of pneumonia, which is inflammation of the lungs, which often proves fatal in three or four days. It is always positively injurious to sleep in a cold room where water freezes, because such a degree of cold causes the negatively poisonous carbonic acid gas of a sleeping room to settle near the floor, where it is breathed and re-breathed by the sleeper, and is capable of producing typhoid fever in a few hours. Hence, there is no advantage and always danger, especially to weak persons, in an atmosphere colder than the freezing point. That it is necessary to the proper and efficient ventilation of a room even in warm weather, that a window or door should be left open; this is always hazardous to the sick or convalescent. Quite as safe a plan of ventilation, and as efficient, is to keep a lamp or small fire in the fire-place. This creates a draft, and carries bad air and gases up the chimney. That outdoor exercise before breakfast is beneficial. It is never so, but from the very nature of things, is hurtful, especially to persons of poor health; although the very vigorous may practice it with impunity. In the winter the body is easily chilled through and through, unless the stomach has been fortified with a good warm breakfast; and in warm weather miasmatic and malarious gases and emanations readily set upon the empty and weak stomach in a way to vitiate the circulation and induce fever and ague, diarrhoea and dysentery; entire families, who have arranged to take supper before sundown, have had a complete exemption from fever and ague, while the whole community around them was suffering from it. That whatever lessons could be "good" for it, and if preserved in will cure it. On the contrary all coughs are soon cured by promoting and increasing them; because nature endeavors by the cough to help to bring up the phlegm and yellow matter which is in the lungs, which cannot be while the matter is there; and as it cannot be got rid of without coughing, the more coughing there is the sooner it is got rid of—the sooner are the lungs out for the sinner and her reception of pure air, which is its natural food. The only remedies which can do any good in coughs are such as loosen the phlegm, and thus less coughing is required to bring it up. These remedies are warmth, outdoor exercise, and anything which slightly nauseaes.

of earthly vanities, we respect these will not be wanting in charms for those who can admire virtue in high places—places becoming valuable upon a noble example. To know the real character of such a Sovereign, one must look away from the glittering palace life of Windsor and London, to the secluded dale and mountain nooks of the highlands of Scotland—to the little village church of the Rev. Mr. Caird—to her numerous unostentatious charities—and to that rigid seclusion to which we have referred, the recent tribute of her own family from a husband and a father, at C. Bourne. In short, to be good rather than to be great—the world esteemeth greatness—seems to have been, and to be, the aim of Victoria's life, in public and in private. Hence, in speaking of her, one is inclined to think much less of the Queen than the multitude, men, women, and children as they collected in the square near the mission-house, with their offerings in their hands, prepared to march to the station-house. As the gong sounded ten o'clock the procession moved off, headed by Mr. Brandt, with the boys school; followed by Mrs. Batah, with the girls; the children all singing a hymn of praise to the tune of *Kid*. Next came a number of women with large baskets on their heads, then the men, leading their children, or carrying other loads; all marching up the noble avenue of Pontianak to the church, which stands on the slope at its further end. Arrived at the church they passed up the centre-aisle, ascended the stairs into the deep chancel, and marched round the communion table, which stood out in the center, every one presenting an offering. In the front had already been raised a small stack, about six feet high, of sheaves of "first-fruits." Small boxes for money stood on the table; but the offerings were poured upon the floor. None came empty-handed; every one, men, women, and children, presented money; but the chief gift was the cleaned rice that had been gathered in the fields. For half an hour the people came slowly on; old men and women, strong men and children; women with children at their sides, or slung upon their backs; the prosperous farmer, the poor day-laborer, all of one order brought their gifts. Some brought a handful in a cup; a few brought large baskets, others a more moderate quantity. Meanwhile the children in the gallery sang a variety of hymns, accompanied by an organ, played by the school-teacher, who was one of their own people. So the procession passed on, the money increasing in the boxes, and the rice-heaps growing higher on the floor, till all were seated in the church for worship.
A few Sabbaths after, in the midst of a full congregation, forty-seven persons were baptized, of whom twenty-three were adults. After a brief liturgy, the opening sentences of which were appropriate to the day, the twenty-third Psalm was beautifully chanted, and all the responses were sung in a manner that was well adapted to the front of the congregation. Mr. F. Batah, the senior missionary, then addressed them for their purpose to make a public profession, and examined them at length both in regard to the old faith they had cast off, and the new faith they had chosen. Their clear and ready answers showed that they well understood the matter, and had been carefully instructed. As they followed him up the steps of the chancel, the choir poured forth, in that melodious tongue, the Christianized Hindi, in the melody well known in England, the sad and plaintive wail, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am now worthy to be called thy Son." Gathered around as they were, they repented of their former life, and the rejection of the works of Satan, and after prayer were baptized in the Saviour's name.