

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD."

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

Oh, man, beset with cares, and clinging to the hollow vanities of life, Hark to His thrilling words, that echo yet to these...

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1870.

There will come a time when wars and rumors of wars will cease all over the earth, when the very art of war will be forgotten among men, and the nations of the world will dwell together united in the bonds of a most loving brotherhood...

Success of Missions in the Sandwich Islands. Fifty years of faithful missionary labor in the Sandwich Islands has resulted in the conversion of the rude, barbarous natives to Christianity. No greater triumph of the gospel among the heathen has ever been recorded...

The Irrepressible Conflict. The voice of war floating over Europe, and saddening millions of hearts and homes, is a new attestation to the living, that the world has not yet arrived at its best and golden age...

General Intelligence. MELANCHOLY STRIKE.—Yesterday afternoon, Mr. George S. Brown, son of Mr. W. M. Brown, committed suicide in his father's office on the Broadway street, by shooting himself through the head...

Notes of a Pleasure Excursion. From Arlington Street we hurried to Tremont Temple, one of the great public buildings of Boston, and occupied by every variety of religious organizations for popular purposes...

Plagiarism. Looking over some recent English papers, we tell upon the following, which we have since copied into several colonial journals.—The Rev. Charles Townsend, the octogenarian rector of Kingston-by-Sea, who has recently died, was a sonneteer and epigrammatist. Once when thieves entered the rectory, taking everything of value that they could find, he found solace in the following epigram:—"They came and prigg'd my stockings, my linen, and my store, But they couldn't prigg' my sermons, for they were prigg'd before."

The Family

ONE BY ONE

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;

One by one bright gifts of heaven—
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed hand;
One will fade as others greet thee,

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,

Every hour that flees so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them lest the chain be broken

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE
In a discourse recently preached by Bishop Ames on the first fifteen verses of the tenth chapter of Romans, he made this reference to the religious work of women in the household:

If there is to be a family altar under your roof-tree, if there is to be family worship around that altar, you, wives and mothers, are the only ones who can ordain the practice.

There was every thing to make a lovely and attractive home; but his unfortunate temper had betrayed him oftentimes, and it betrayed him once too often, so that his brethren in the Church where he belonged thought it was no part of their duty as Christian members to bear it any longer.

He was brought before the proper authorities and after the case had been examined, he was expelled. I thought their sentence a little harsh; perhaps it was; but they were honest, I have no doubt. He went home toward evening. His wife said that her husband was in one of his dreadful moods. His brow was dark and scowling; her very heart died within her; the little children of whom there were two or three, seemed instinctively to know the condition of their father's mind, and they drew their little chairs aside to the corner of the room, and sat there mute-hushed, quiet, and hidden as the chicken when the hawk screams above it.

Without taking time or space to dwell upon the heathen notion that Bacchus—the god of wine or wine, in short, was an inspirer, note, if you please, this great fact, that there are two systems of inspiration. Every thing good rises in shadow. All influences for healthful elevation have counterfeits, which lie together in their first effects, but rapidly run out into wide and eternally divorced results.

Take these two thoughts, the light and the shade,—Spirit and spirits. Did you ever think of the wonderful parallelism running between them by way of antithesis? Let us see; but be filled with the Spirit. Point your finger downward and you will mark one source of inspiration; again, point it upwards and you will name another source of inspiration,—the former is the way of man's enemy, the latter is the way of man's eternal friend.

Put the question to those who revel in wine, Why drink? you will get some answers like the following: "I drink to explore new experiences." The reporter of a leading New York journal has tersely said, "My business is to hunt up new sensations and reproduce them." Every man feels, if he cannot reason about it, that his nature craves the finite; to explore new experiences is one of the phases of infinitude. Now there are two ways to touch this craving—the wrong and the right. By wine—spirits—that it spells itself into new experiences, not at all unlike the first stages of high spiritual ecstasy.

Another reply, "I drink for excitement." Don't let us decry excitement. It is good. Stagnation puts more men in the insane asylum than excitement. Excitement is wholesome, just as the fountain gushing into the stagnant loathsome, reptile haunted pool, is wholesome. We get out of ourselves by wine; that is the Devil's way and it is bad; we get out of ourselves by the Spirit; that is God's way and it is good.

broad-shouldered soldier stood there with a letter in his hand. He was one of the few who could not read. Said he, "Sir, (he did not know that he was talking to his General,) "will you please to read my letter for me?" The soldier happened to be a member of an Iowa regiment, and the letter was from his wife. It began, "Dear John: I received your letter and the money it contained." And then she went on to tell that she had bought Tom a pair of boots, so that he could do the chores, and a nice gown for Bessy and all these touching things that go into the correspondence between wife and husband under such circumstances. Said she, "Last Sunday was quarterly-meeting in our neighbourhood, and after the sermon the presiding elder came to our house. He prayed with us, and he prayed for you. O John! he said when he had finished the letter, he looked up, and the man stood there; great tears were rolling down his cheeks, while he sobbed out, "Good for her, anyhow." I knew we had such homes, and I knew that these soldiers would come to them. It was a grand sight to see hundreds of thousands of men step out of the ranks, stack their arms, pull off their epaulettes, unbuckle their sword-belts, and go into the ranks of peaceful citizens. We were not hurt, for our Western religion and our family altars saved us.—Western Advocate.

FOR THE CHILDREN
CAN YOU COUNT A BILLION?
Said a father to his black-eyed son, one evening:
"Can you count a billion?"
"Certainly, papa; that's no great feat."

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It is the way of Mr. Plausible, ending at the left, and the extreme side of it. Every season of excitement, like the canal lock, puts the man on a higher or lower level. The excitement by the Spirit is the passage through the way of righteousness. To be filled with wine is to rush through a lock plunging us to a lower level on the dark way of evil.

Another reply, "I drink to get strength." Here there is no arguing against a man's feelings. So long as he is conscious that spirits help him over a difficulty, so long he will not believe your denial. The wise man said, "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish." Yes, we consume drink in alcohol. Yes, that it is often used. It prevents temporary waste by the expense of greater after-waste, and to take in alcohol serves the same purpose as to serve to a starving body's crew in mid-ocean by eating their dead companions. Wine feeds us on our own dead particles. "Ab, but it helps me tide over difficulties—many a time I would stand by for this high tide at my command."

Yes, and so does a fever. Wine helps the man through his maiden speech—steadies his nerves, and knots his muscles for a desperate tug,—renders unconscious of cold and heat, and by shutting them out, but by making us dumb beforehand. Chloroform does not cure the pain, it lets us be insensible.

Wine gives strength! helps us tide over difficulties!! The divine way is—be filled with the Spirit. Brave men in the heat of battle feel not the painful wound, and are endowed with superhuman strength. To be filled with the Spirit is to sing in the battle of life, and to renew one's strength as the eagle's. The higher we mount the weaker grows the down-drawings of gravitation; and we mount by the Spirit. Paul and Silas, stock-bound and scourged in prison singing their midnight hymn, are types of the divine mode of inspiration. Perhaps the waking jolly thought they were drunk with wine; if he did he soon discovered his mistake, and his very instinct was enough to tell him that this was an inspiration higher than the world and heathenism ever knew.

Another reply, "I drink to be sociable." Well, sociability is a Christian grace. The miser worshipping gold, the rival of God, is the antithesis. Sociability is enjoined. "Look not upon the face of a man, for he will deceive thee." "Do not be deceived by the appearance of wisdom; for wisdom is hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed to babes." "Not exactly; but I will see what Webster says in his great Dictionary. Here it is. A million of millions; as many millions as there are units in a million."

Now, my son, this is a very large number, and do you think you can count it?"
"How long do you think it will take you, if you do nothing else but count?"

"Perhaps all day, or easily in two days."
"Take your slate and pencil, and let us make a little calculation. As your tongue is very nimble, I will allow that you can count 200 in a minute. How many will this give you in an hour?"

"Why, only 12,000."
"How many in twenty-four hours?"
"Only 288,000."
"Thus you see that two days are not enough, even if you count without eating or sleeping; for it would only give you 576,000, which is far short of a billion."

"Give me a whole year, and I will count it."
"If you do," said the good natured father with a twinkle in his eye, "I will give you a thousand dollars, and take you to Niagara and the White Mountains the next summer. Come, you see you can count, and see how far a year will carry you toward a billion, allowing you work 365 days, and 24 hours each day. Multiply 288,000, counted in a day, by 365, and what result have you?"

"Why, papa, only 106,120,000. I give it up, for I do not believe that I could count it in all my life-time."
"That is very probable, my son; but now you are at it, keep up the calculations, and find how long it would take to count a billion. Be careful in your multiplications, and additions—for a small mistake, where the figures are so many, will make a great difference in the result. I will look over with you. You have made a calculation, and what is the result?"

"Perfectly amazing. To count a million times a million would most certainly take 9,612 years, 32 days, 6 hours, and 20 minutes, at the rate of 200 for every minute. This man could possibly do."

Another answer, "I drink to drown sorrow." And here are the majority. "So, alas! it is. Men first drink themselves into trouble and then trouble themselves into drink, so that it becomes both the cause and effect of disaster, and the last state is worse than the first."

Objection, that is Satan's way. So He gives His beloved sleep, this is God's way. By wine the former, by the Spirit the latter. Temporary oblivion, then tenfold terrors;—calm refreshment, then sweet restoring sleep;—then refreshment, and ever increasing victories.

Water may drown the body, but wine cannot drown sorrows. These are ghosts which will not down at the bidding of wine. Without taking time or space to dwell upon the heathen notion that Bacchus—the god of wine or wine, in short, was an inspirer, note, if you please, this great fact, that there are two systems of inspiration. Every thing good rises in shadow. All influences for healthful elevation have counterfeits, which lie together in their first effects, but rapidly run out into wide and eternally divorced results.

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac. AUGUST, 1870. Full Quarter, 4th day, 4h. 37m. morning. First Moon, 11th day, 4h. 59m. morning. Last Quarter, 18th day, 3h. 26m. morning. New Moon, 26th day, 5h. 11m. afternoon.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parlobro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hansport, Windsor, Newport, and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 30 minutes later than at Halifax. At Pictou, 1 hour and 30 minutes later, at Truro, 1 hour and 44 minutes later, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 1 hour later, than at Halifax.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the length of the day, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

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WORMS IN CHILDREN are the following: a pale and occasionally flushed countenance; dull heavy eyes; irritable, swollen and often bleeding nose; headache, sallow and faded tongue, foul breath; variable and sometimes almost vomiting; vomiting; colic, nervousness and disturbed sleep; and many others; but whenever the above are noticed, call at once for Woodill's Worm Lozenges.

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Extracts of Report presented 1st March, 1869. Policy in Force, \$2,000,000.00. Sums Assured, \$1,000,000.00. Annual Income, \$1,000,000.00. Claims Paid, \$1,000,000.00. Reserve Fund, \$1,000,000.00. Bonus declared in 1869, \$960,000.00. Average Bonus, 25 per Cent. on \$355,000.00. Policies issued on the Half-note System without notes.

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