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Religious Miscellany.

Submission.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be,
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is best;
Know his love is full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness,
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand,
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Through the world thy folly upbraideth,
From thy faith in piety turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand—
Children, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand—
Grieve soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;
In his love if thou abide
He will guide.

Pray sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Through the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken;
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears.

Thou art what's best of both worlds,
Night or day,
Know his love for the provident
Is to be true,
Grieve of sorrow gladly take,
Grieve of sin for his sake;
Severely leading to his will,
Lying still.

To his own Saviour give
Daily strength;
To such troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Wanderer leads have largest share
Of the tender shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "whence?" or "how?"
Only bow!

Christians Travelling.

Rev. Dr. Todd contributes to the *Congregationalist* a very timely and sensible article. We take the following extract which Christian ministers and laymen who flee from the heat and dust of our cities to recuperate their exhausted energies in the breathing air of the country, will find of interest.

1. Doth have your Christian Character at home?
I am afraid that many, perhaps thoughtlessly, so sink their Christian character out of sight when abroad, that they are not recognized as Christians. In several cases which I distinctly recall, I have spoken to gentlemen whom I met at large hotels, on the ground of all interests, and I have been surprised to have them tell me they were Christians! From my intercourse with them I ought to have suspected it before. Some will go to places of amusement, to the ball room, and the like, when away from home, when they would never have done it, were well known. Some sink out of sight, and feel that for the time being, certainly, they may consent to be seen. Don't let people have any impression that you are a Christian or not. You will need to be very careful about secret devotion when away. You can't carry your closet and your habits with you. Convenience will be wanting. But let the temptations be what they may, don't forget secret prayer. The life-blood of the soul will dry up if you do. It is the life and the place of all others, to carry and the image of Christ. Don't, then, do or omit to do otherwise than what you would at home.

2. Be careful about violating the Sabbath.
At home you have to show your example in your family, in your church, and perhaps in the Sabbath School. You are now alone from these. They will be tempted, when abroad, to break the Sabbath, by travelling, by riding, by walking, by hunting, and by worldly conversation, and the temptation will surely return in one of these forms returning Sabbath. I must be allowed to say that Christians in the country are often surprised at our visitors, Christians too, do on the Lord's day. They are waded just as they would be, and no otherwise, at home. And if any professing Christian thinks he can violate the Sabbath and not be marked, he is greatly mistaken.

3. Don't neglect public worship when from home.
On this point there is an unaccountable degree of irresponsibility. You are not with your church and people, and feel that you have nothing to do with any other. But you should know that you are often thrown near a small, feeble church. The tide of the world almost sweeps the little band away. They need every encouragement, and countenance, and prayer they can have. If you stay away, or go but a part of the day, and take no interest in them, you are doing as Christ would. They love to feel that the stranger's heart beats with love to the same Redeemer, and that you feel the same wants, and go to the same source for the supply. Let there be no opportunity when helpful to attend public worship, when away from home. Leave your blessings and your prayers in every church and with every people where you go. If you can visit the Sabbath School, smile upon the children, greet the Sabbath school, and perhaps say a word of encouragement, don't fall to do it. Let your light shine in every synagoga wherever you go.

4. The prayer-meeting.
You will find that a weekly prayer-meeting, there will probably be but few who sustain it. They are the life of the church. And it is a grievous

fact that men and women who feel bound to attend and sustain a prayer meeting in their own church at home, feel no responsibility when abroad. I have been at places where there were hundreds, literally, of Christian professors, and yet not a dozen would be found in the humble prayer meeting. I know of no way in which you can spend a single hour more profitably to yourself, or more to the comfort and strengthening of the few faithful ones, than to go into their meeting for prayer. It may not be your particular denomination. Don't care for that. All the better, for it gives you the opportunity of seeing that you are free in the Lord, and are bound by no cords of bigotry. Go to their little meetings. Sing with them. Pray with them; and if you say a word let it be a word of cheer and encouragement. Let it be to strengthen their faith. But don't go back to your home feeling conscious that you have not attended a single prayer-meeting since you left! It would be a fearful mark against you. It would, I feel sure, grieve the divine Redeemer. And yet how many do it! I could tell some painful facts on this subject.

5. Finally, don't return home feeling that you have done no good.
You are out on a mission. To be sure, your own immediate health is the great object, perhaps, but you go as a living epistle of Christ known and read as such. And if you go and return without doing good, it will not be because you have not the opportunity. You can do good, and you ought. And if you return home feeling that you have thrown off responsibility, and forgotten your high calling, and neglected to do for Christ as you ought to have done, you will, if really a Christian, have a terrible reckoning with conscience.

Good-by, Christian traveler! A pleasant journey to you and a safe return; but oh, just say before you start, that you will be better for my simple admonitions!

Almost Saved.

BY MR. J. B. MOONAGHY.
What a thrill of horror went through the land at the news of the terrible disaster at Pemberton Mills, when the falling of the great building buried some six hundred people in the ruins. Many were killed in an instant, many more so wounded as to be utterly helpless, and a large number so involved in the rubbish that they could not extricate themselves.—The work of helping the sufferers went on rapidly, brave men perilling their own lives to afford them relief. But soon all hopes were at an end. A father searching frantically for a lost daughter, struck a lantern against some piece of machinery, and in an instant the loose cotton lying about was in a blaze. The flames sprang like lightning, and in a few moments the fires were crackling and hissing over the entire mass of rubbish.

There were many imprisoned by the fallen timbers who were still unburnt.—Cups of water and of coffee and other refreshments were passed down to them by anxious friends, and they were constantly given them. Hundreds and hundreds of hands were working with a will for their rescue. Through a small opening in an inner apartment, a noble citizen who was risking his own life to save others, saw two men and a woman walking about unharmed. It took but an instant to reach out a hand to them and to speak a cheering word, and then his sturdy blows fell thick on the partition. Just a minute too soon the flames rushed in upon him, and he was forced to abandon the spot, and leave the poor prisoners to their fate, which seemed doubly dreadful because relief had been so close at hand. Oh, what a fearful moment for those within when the first sound of the raging fire fell on their ears. Over two hundred perished in the ruins either by the fall or the fire, and as many more were seriously wounded. Probably scores of those who might have been rescued perished in the flames, because relief came just a little too late.

Ab, it is a fearful thing to be only almost saved! And yet, is it not the case of immortal souls? They seem to come up almost to the place of light and then turn back, under the delusive hope that it is but for a little while. Yet that turning decides your fate. Death comes in and closes the scene, as hopelessly as the flames which swept over the factory ruins. Jesus was waiting to receive them, but they would not come unto him that they might have life! How many there are in revivals of religion, who come to belong to this class. And yet to be almost saved is to be altogether lost.

No doubt the desire of some is often kindled long before death takes away the soul. Beware of giving with convictions of sin; beware of giving the Holy Spirit. A gay party, a novel, a ball dance, may cost you your soul. Oh, cherish the precious strings of God's Spirit within your heart, and seek for relief nowhere but at the foot of the cross. There your burden of sins will be loosed, and you will arise with a new-found peace and joy such as this world can never give nor take away.—S. S. Times.

The Mountain Stream.

"It is not much, but it's all that I can well spare," said Mr. C. as a benevolent claim was laid upon him. "The times are so hard, and everything is so high I hardly see how I am to get along."

"Cheer up, Brother C, God sees. Trust him. 'Freely have ye received, freely give.' What that water shall be watered also himself. I do love a cheerful giver. How heavenly Father drooping, desponding, when our hearts abundantly love, and gives to each abundantly. In the distant mountain glens, a sparkling silver through the tangled thicket, and spread like diamonds in its beautiful activity. It is hurrying on with its rippling song to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool and the pool heats it."

"Whither away, little streamlet?"
"I am going to the river to bear this drop of water God has given me."
"What you are very foolish for that; you will need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer; depend upon it, you will need it yourself before the summer is over."
"Well, says the streamlet, 'if I am to die soon, I had better while my days. If I am like

to suffer from the heat, I had better do all the good I can while I have the time.' And away it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool shook its head wisely, and with a prudent foresight abandoned all its resources, letting not a drop fall away.

"Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink and threw out its sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity; for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through its branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and the birds lifted their silver throats; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom, the flocks and herds lingered by its banks, the husbandman's eye sparkled with joy as he looked upon the emerald lines that marked its course through his fields and meadows; so on it went, blessing and blessed of all.

"And where was the prudent pool? Alas, in its inglorious inactivity it grew sickly and pensive. The thirsty cattle put their lips to it and turned away without drinking. The breeze stooped and kissed it by mistake, but caught the malaria in the contact and carried theague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it and had to move away; and at last the frogs cast their croaking throats and deserted it, and heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a bitter blast and dried it up."

"And what became of the stream? you ask. God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, the river bore it to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea set its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught it, and the wind caught the clouds and bore them away, away to the very mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming God saw to it all; and the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never dried, and if God so blessed the fountain, will be not also bless you, my brother, if you give freely as you have received? Be assured he will."

Importunity.

This art is carried to its highest perfection in the East. A traveler in Persia tells how he was besieged by one who solicited a gift more costly than he was prepared to give. The hoary, and, as the people esteemed him, holy mendicant set himself down before his gate, throwing up a sudden 'shelter himself from the noonday sun. There he remained like a sentinel; nor left his post but to follow the traveler out of doors, and return with him. Taking chances of sleep during the day when the other rested in the house, he kept up a hideous howling and clamorous demands all the hours of night—an annoyance which, persisted in for successive days and nights and even weeks, seldom failed, as you can suppose, to gain his object.

Such were the means by which the widow gained her suit, she followed him to his house to interrupt his lecture and embitter his pleasures. Her voice ringing loud on the threshold dragged entry, she burst into his presence, and in dragging away by the servants, thrust out, but only to return, as the ball struck rebounded—the billow shattered, on the rock falls back into the deep, to gather volume and strength for a new attack. And as by constant dashing the waves in time out into the cliff, yielding to the incessant action of a weaker element, some day bows its proud head, and precipitating itself forward, falls into the sea, which, swallowing it up, sweeps over it with jubilant, triumphant waves, so the persistence of the widow overcomes the resistance of the judge. Diamond cuts diamond. She conquers by importunity; yielding to her request, he says, "Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me."—Dr. Guthrie on the Parables.

Religious Intelligence.

Missionary Experience Attesting the Efficacy of the Gospel.
BY THE REV. CANON MILLER, D.D.
Our modern missionary experience vindicates and attests the undecaying advocacy of the Gospel, as "the power of God unto salvation."
The earliest records prove that, in Apostolic days, this Gospel wrought spiritual life, on the heart of the heathen, when three thousand hearts attested its convincing and converting power. In Jerusalem, amid people and priests; in the towns and villages of Samaria in cities familiar to our memories; in the Roman camp, the seller of purple, the runaway slave, the inmates even of Caesar's household, were among its early and varied triumphs. Eighteen hundred years passed by, and this Gospel has been again tested in the conflict with modern heathenism. Jesus had been lifted up; the old laws, Christ-crucified—proclaimed, and with signs following? Has this Gospel become effete? Has this message of God's love—the story of the Cross—lost all its power, because no longer told by the lips of a Paul, a Peter, or an Apollon, or as not adapted to the requirements of this age?

Bear witness, ye spirits of the Church's heroes, who, in these later days, took your stand in the forefront of the Church's missionary host, on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand hearts attested its convincing and converting power. In Jerusalem, amid people and priests; in the towns and villages of Samaria in cities familiar to our memories; in the Roman camp, the seller of purple, the runaway slave, the inmates even of Caesar's household, were among its early and varied triumphs. Eighteen hundred years passed by, and this Gospel has been again tested in the conflict with modern heathenism. Jesus had been lifted up; the old laws, Christ-crucified—proclaimed, and with signs following? Has this Gospel become effete? Has this message of God's love—the story of the Cross—lost all its power, because no longer told by the lips of a Paul, a Peter, or an Apollon, or as not adapted to the requirements of this age?

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They shall prosper that love Thee; 'tis the testimony of God's own word, and will ever be found true. Let us, therefore, set our love upon God's church, ever seek its good, and shall we please God and secure our own prosperity.

Reader, do you belong to the church? If you do not you belong to the world. In which are you most at home? for which do you feel most interested? for what do you labor? Is it for the good of the church, and the glory of Christ? Remember, Christ and his church are one; and whatever we do for the church Jesus does as done to Himself, and will reward it accordingly. O my Saviour, grant that I may be so identified with the church, and be so deeply interested in the church, that ever and everywhere I may so feel, so speak, and so act, that I may corroborate the language I have adopted as my own, 'I will seek thy good!'

Closet Duty.

Flee to the closet. Are you tempted? haste to the closet. Are you in trouble or trial, in affliction, or any kind of distress, flee to the closet. Go from the closet to the prayer-meeting; from the prayer-meeting to the closet. Go from the closet to the sanctuary duties; from the sanctuary duties to the closet. No one can pray well in public who does not pray much in the closet. Go to your closet visit your closet; make the closet a special, a frequent resort; go to your closet early dawn, at mid-day, at evening. Commence the day in your closet. Take the Bible, the word of life; meditate thereon; get your soul on fire, the fire of God's love. Go from your closet to the family altar, to your duty to God. Go from your closet to the sanctuary, the house of prayer. No one is duly prepared for family, social, or public duties, save from the closet. Make the closet your home, your resort, your hiding-place, your delight, your joy. Young convert, visit your closet, visit it often. It is your safeguard, your hope. The first step to a downward course is the neglect of the closet.

The Stone Not Thrown.

Rev. J. B. Carrico, of Stockton, Cedar Co. Mo., gives an example of practical preaching in that part of the country. He says: "Last Sabbath, as I stepped into the house of God, I heard some one say that he had no fellowship for a rebel, in Church or State, coupling a profane word with the term. My blood was chilled in my veins, and the first stone I laid without sin, let him cast the first stone"—rushed into my mind like pealing claps of thunder. It was my lot to preach on that day; I determined to use the text to the best advantage. God being my helper, I read a chapter, sung a hymn, and prayed. I arose from my knees, went out and procured a stone of some four pounds weight. Coming back, I took my stand with the stone in my hand. All eyes were fixed on me. Some appeared to be frightened; others laid their hands on their revolvers, preparing for battle, as though "death or victory" was their motto. I read aloud: "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone"—rushed to the top of my head. The people began to look frightened. But I commenced by examining myself by the golden rule, then weighed myself in balance, and said that I was a sinner, and boldly exclaimed: "I am a sinner and a rebel against the government of my God, and King; I cannot throw the stone; I ask pardon of my God, and acknowledge my allegiance to God in the presence of all people." I then offered the stone to every man in the house, but to my astonishment they all fell on their knees, and in soba and tears one solid pentagon went up to God for pardon, to the great King of kings and Lord of lords. O, how my soul rejoiced in the Lord!

Let me say, in conclusion, that I had a feast of fat things. The stone was thrown away in love to God and man; revolvers disappeared; the wolf and the lion lay down with the lamb; it seemed as though all nature rejoiced. The angels in heaven must have rejoiced to see the tomahawk buried in love. It was a day of jubilee to me; but I give all the honour to God. He has chosen the weak things to confound the wise.

General Miscellany.

The Two Fountains.
AN ALLEGORY.
I had a vision. I stood in a valley, and beheld a bright stream of water gushing from a rock. The surrounding scenery was beautiful. Majestic trees, their arching boughs enwreathed with flowers, and the birds sung sweetly in their verdant bowers. Just where the bright water gushed from the rock there stood a font of woodrope dignity and grace. Her garments were of purest white, a golden girdle with a diamond clasp encircled her waist, and a star shone between the parted tresses on her forehead. Her countenance had an expression of thoughtfulness and hope. She was the genius of the fountain, and as the water which descended from the skies, gushed out from the fount, she gently scooped a channel and directed their course. Thus directed they flowed over pure sand and gravel, singing a pleasant song as they wound among the flowers, or gathered in transparent pools at the roots of some noble trees. And I noticed that wherever they flowed, they diffused health and cheerfulness. The birds slipped their wings and were glad, little children loved their limbs in the streams and quenched their thirst with joyfulness. And men and women who were refreshed themselves and beheld the landscape beautified by the waters, praised the fountain and blessed the good genius that directed its streams, so that wherever they flowed there equal a tide of life and happiness.

I beheld again; and amid scenery of equal splendor, there was another fountain, apparently as pure as that which I had lately seen. But instead of the dignified and benevolent personage that had been at the first fountain, there was another female. Her garments were disordered and soiled. Sometimes she frowned, but prevailing air was cast of thoughtfulness and self-indulgence. Instead of the star which beamed amid the smoothly parted tresses of the first genius, she wore a circle of light-shade and poppy flowers. And I observed as the water gushed from the rock, she indolently allowed it to take its own course, or perversely scooped

channels so that it might flow over poisonous soil, or become stagnant among noxious weeds, and covered with green and unwholesome slime. And I noticed that nothing cheerful appeared along its course. But engendered pestilential vapor; serpents gilded through the fens it nourished, the very beasts and birds avoided it, and men that could not endure its water and were sickened by the vapors that were borne from its bosom to their habitations, complained loudly of the evil genius that had given such fatal direction to the stream, and sighed to think that the water which the skies had poured out, should through indirection become an element of misery and death. And while I meditated on what I had seen, the import of it was made known. The benign and dignified female of the first fountain, represents the faithful mother, conscientious of her responsibility, who directs the young life given to her guardianship into the channels of truth and righteousness. The evil genius of the second fountain, represents a mother too indolent to give proper moral training to her children, or so perverse as to give their young minds a direction toward unrighteousness. And I thought, if such a mother's influence, her responsibility can be overrated; and no mind can rightly estimate her reward on the one hand, if found faithful, or her suffering, on the other, if faithless in her high vocation.

Sleep.
For the real cause of sleep, learned physicians and wise philosophers have been unable to account. When night with its silence and darkness comes on, the weak mind and muscles voluntarily exclude the operations of the senses—the fibres of the brain collapse, to throw off a superabundance of blood, and we sink into repose, more or less refreshing, depending on other influences to which we are subjected too in sleep.

The senses locked in healthful slumber, the mind hears nothing, sees nothing, hears nothing, and the brain and the whole system is refreshed thereby. The mind and the muscles are at rest; but the heart continues to propel the blood through the system—digestion, insensible perspiration and respiration continue, and the senses awaken to renewed invigoration and activity. But do all experience this vigor from sleep? No! For refreshing sleep depends upon many influences.

As respiration continues in sleeping as well as in waking state, we must have pure air to breathe by night to render sleep invigorating. This may be forgotten, and shut themselves in a close apartment without any mode of ventilation. Their rooms, many times, are not aired through the day, and sometimes over and over again, they are filled with the smoke of a pipe or cigar.

Sleep, in such poisonous air, is disturbed and restless, the breathing hurried, oppressive and languid; the heart flutters; the mind and brain flustered and dull; the mouth, throat, tongue, lips and stomach experience a disagreeable sensation, the individual not thinking all this while what was the cause. Every effect has a cause, and this cause needs to be removed to remove the effect.

Healthful respiration either in a sleeping or waking state, cannot long be performed by any breathing animal without pure air. For this was man and all breathing animals furnished with lungs and air cells. At every respiration air is inspired and expired. The inspired air purify contain its natural quantity of oxygen to purify the blood as it circulates through the lungs. All apartments that have not means for constantly admitting the out door air are filled with respired air, or air that has been rejected from the lungs as unfit to nourish the system.

If, for want of pure air, this is breathed over again, it causes many injurious symptoms. This important fact cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the minds of all. All sleeping apartments need to be as large, high, dry and airy as possible. When air is admitted into them from the windows they ought to be at the foot of the bed or nearly so. In no case should the air be admitted at the head of the bed. In such a case a person might take a fatal cold; for all people will take cold under to have a current of air rushing upon their heads, shoulders or backs, than in any other way.

When from feebleness or inclemency the air cannot be admitted directly into the sleeper's room, it should be admitted into an adjoining room, and the door of the sleeper's apartment remain open. All excitement, care, sorrow, &c., should be banished from the mind before retiring. The evening hours should be spent in the quiet seclusion of home, as far as possible, and early retiring the established rule. Not many that deny that 'merry evening parties make sorry morning hours.' Trimming the midnight lamp a destructive of life, health and happiness. At least one-third of the twenty-four hours ought to be spent in refreshing sleep to secure health of mind and body. Children and youth that have not attained the full growth of the system, feeble persons, and those whose brains are actively exercised, require more sleep than that to secure health.

Sleep diminishes the rapid motion of the blood, assists in the cure of disease, and promotes the growth of the system. The body receives nourishment during sleep, throws off acrid matter by insensible perspiration, and increases in growth and strength more than when awake.

Slanders of the Sun.

Anticipated evils are seldom as dangerous as those unforeseen. For months the cholera has been coming; ship after ship, bearing the disease, has been anchored in the Lower Bay, and every day a few cases are reported in the heart of the city. Still the cholera remains a threat. But the people who fear it most and are haunted by vague presentations of collapse, forget the thousand other modes of death in their dread of this particular disease. Dysentery killed more people in this city last week than the cholera is likely to do in the whole summer, and yesterday thirty-two fatal cases of sun-stroke were reported. Under these circumstances umbrellas are certainly medicinal.

The sun, however, which gives life to everything, is very rarely the true cause of death. Baseball players who take violent exercise in the hottest part of the day, and continue it for hours, are never killed by sun-stroke. Disappa-

tion, drinking, and in some cases mere debility, are the causes of most of the deaths calamitously attributed to the sun. A healthy, prudent man can endure a great deal of broiling, and, incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that the sunny side of Broadway, at noon, is practically cooler than the interiors of our houses. A close atmosphere at 80 degrees will heat the blood more than the open air at 100. The people who were found dead in their beds yesterday were probably the victims of sun-stroke; foul air thickened and poisoned their blood. The sun is often slandered, when whiskey is to blame. The cheap groggers sell sun-stroke, and Judge Cardozo's decisions have doubtless hit many a poor fellow on the head. We doubt very much whether we use enough sun in the summer time; that wonderful rain of heat and light that deluges the earth should not be always avoided. It is sometimes best to resist the temptation of the shady side of the street and take the sun-bath as a refreshment. Sunshine is now prescribed as a remedy for paralysis and rheumatism, and has worked its miracle, and if the roofs could be taken off of all our houses, it is certain that the percentage of deaths would be diminished. A person in good health need have little fear of sunstroke with ordinary prudence. It is not so with drinking spirituous liquors, excessive labor in the heat, exercise after heavy meals, and foul air. Nor is an umbrella to be altogether despised, even by the most devoted of Fire worshippers.—N. Y. Paper.

England.
BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.
"The proudest sovereign in the world is Queen Victoria. She dignifies womanhood and motherhood, and she lifts it to its empire.—There is one reason why the English throne is the strongest also, because it is so many legged. It stands on thirty millions of people. It represents the interests of the masses of the subjects. Another reason why England is the strongest nation is because it is the most Christian nation, because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the 4th of July—we love to fan ourselves with eulogies—I know my stubborn conceit—I know how many are mischievous among her common people, among her operatives of the factory, among her serfs of the mine, but taking her up on one side, and down on the other, there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as Old England. If you do not like to hear it, like to say it; and the strongest power on the face of the globe to-day is that kingdom. It is the strongest kingdom, and the one that is least likely to be shaken down. England has been destroyed every ten or fifteen years from the time of the Armada to the present day, in the prophetic of man. Every few years she has been about to be overthrown by war; she has been about to be ploughed up by land; she has been about to be stripped of her resources in India, and other parts of the globe. Nations have formed alliances against her; the armies and fleets of the civilized world have gone about her; her interests, political and pecuniary, have been repeatedly and violently assailed, and yet she has stood as she now stands, mistress of the sea, and the strongest power on earth, because she has represented the moral element."

A Young Lady's Reasons for not Dancing.
1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.
2. Dancing would lead me into close contact with very promiscuous company, and "evil communications corrupt good manners."
3. Dancing would require me to use a permit freedom with the other sex, which I believe to be wrong.
4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with them they would not whom.
5. Ministers and good people in general disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself against them; if it is so, I am doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.
6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure, lovely, and of good report.
7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking, and I see drinking produces a great deal of evil.
8. I am told dancing is a great temptation to young men, and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them astray.
9. Dancing unites the mind for serious reflection and prayer, and I mean to do nothing that will estrange me from my God and Saviour.
10. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements, which have none of the objections connected with them that is against dancing.

The Restless Ocean.
The sea is not only the emblem of change; it is itself the cause, directly or indirectly, of nearly all the physical changes that take place in the world. Ascend the mountain summit, and there amid the crags where the eagle builds her eyrie, and the heather grows in the blue innumerable silence of heaven, you tread the shores of a former sea, whose shells and corals imbedded in the rocks are still as perfect and beautiful as when the last retreating wave ripped over them.

Descend into the stony chambers of the earth, and there in the darkness of the quarry you will see the petrified skeletons of fish that once swam in the waters, and the sands that formed the shores of unknown seas, and the undulating ripple marks left behind by the ebb and flow of long forgotten tides. We can not name a single spot where the sea has not some time or other been.

Every rock that now constitutes the firm foundation of the earth were once dissolved in its waters, lay as mud at its bottom, or as sand and gravel along its shores. The materials of our houses were once deposited in its depths, and are built on the floor of an ancient ocean. What are now dry continents were once ocean beds; and what are now sea beds will be future continents.

Everywhere the sea is still at work—encroaching upon the shore—undermining the boldest cliffs on the coast by its own direct agency.

