

Carleton Place

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No. 13.

SABBATH READING.

Differences.

Full not on the way;
Short it is and soon will end;
Better far to fly the frigate,
Than to lose thy friend,
Christ hath sent you, two and two,
With a mandate to return;
'An ye meet the Master's view
If with wrath ye burn?

If thy brother seemeth slow,
Jeer not, but thy quickness lack;
Rather than divide his
Keep the weaker track.

Quit not, as for shorter line,
Ancient ways together tread;
Joy to read at once the sign
Pointing on to God.

Teach each other as ye walk;
How to sing the angel's song;
Fill the time with honest talk,
Then 'twill not be long.

Gently deal with those who roam,
Silent as to wanderers past;
So, together at your home
All arrive at last.

Purpose of Life.

One young man, under the pretence of the multiplied engagements of the week and the exhaustive efforts of the six days, spends his Sabbath in comparative idleness, lounging on his couch, and out of regard to his own ease and comfort, declines to undertake any service for the benefit of others on the Lord's day. With ignorance, depravity, and misery abounding around him and appealing to his sympathies, he remains unmoved; and amid the cries of a perishing world, wraps himself up in the mantle of a self-indulgence. His Sabbath passes unimproved, and there is not a living man the better for a word that he has spoken or an act that he has performed. But look at the other young man. With equally pressing and toilsome daily duties, he gives himself on the Sabbath to Christian toil, devotes himself to some department of service, the tuition of the young in the school, or the distribution of tracts—sometimes amid contumacious and scoffs; or threads his way through lanes, or alleys, and courts, and up the creaking stairs to the lonely garret, when the sunbeams are wasting away on his pallid cheek, there is no utterance to the dying one the words of life, and breathe to heaven on his behalf an earnest prayer. After spending the leisure hours of the Sabbath in faithful toil, he retires weary and worn, and is glad to find the repose of the pillow on the Sabbath night than any other night of the week. It is not necessary to pause for a single moment to ask which is the nobler of the two, or which is the happier of the two. I am glad to think I am speaking the sentiments of many of you who are here when I say, let me have sufficient leisure, a well-ordered frame, exhausted energies, and an aching brow; but with these give me the consciousness that I have been a blessing to a soul, that spirits are better for my toil, that I have done something to assuage the grief of humanity, to lift the burden from its ruin and misery, and to hasten the glorious consummation, and then I covet not the ease or downy couch of him who has spent his Sabbath in indolent repose and the pleasure of self-indulgence.

Life has a purpose, and if that purpose be either inaction, or acquiescence, in the world like that of the hermit, nor the acquisition of wealth and fame and power, nor yet the possession of personal happiness, what can it be? The purpose of life may be summed up in two brief and simple words: *To glorify God, and to be useful.* In order to fulfill the purpose of being, we must be good. Conformity to the moral character of God is the highest form of moral excellency. True goodness is God likeness. We are good only so far as we resemble God. The primary and highest purpose of every religion, whether true or false, is to assimilate its disciples to its gods. Christianity contemplates no higher purpose than to assimilate man to God. Inspiration by a single stroke of its pencil, has sketched with marvellous accuracy and skill the character of God. "Thou art ray, and dost good." This thy ray, pattern, our model, and we fulfill the purpose of life only when we copy that pattern or resemble that model.—Rev. Richard Roberts.

The Failure of the Gospel.

Many tell us the Gospel is a failure. It has been preached for more than 1800 years, and still the world is covered with darkness. These fourths of its population is still pagan, a large portion Mohammedan, and three million are yet heathen. Even Christendom is perishing by the millions, and cursed with vice. Take this city for example, speaking of which a gentleman said the other day, "Put one foot of a pair of compasses in the City Hall, and with the other draw a circle of two miles diameter; then give me all that is spent annually within that circumference for lust, luxuries, and liquor, and I will support all the Churches, the schools, the charities of New York, maintain in comfort every poor family within its limits, and have enough left to grow rich faster than Wm. B. Astor. Well, what follows? The result is a failure? Not at all. As well say agriculture is a failure. The world has been cultivated since the day of Adam, and lo, what forests unbroken and swamps unexplored, what vast tracts of fertile soil uncultivated, and a free agent. God allows him to be idle and take the consequences. A man may stand in the best cultivated valley and say, "I do not see much here." True but if you would know the value of agriculture, you must look into the barns and see what has been gathered, and think what has gathered last year, and year before that, and so on. Nor must you forget to enquire what seed has been dropped into the new ploughed earth, heretofore to germinate, and what thorns and briars have been uprooted, which else might have filled and cursed the earth.

The Church would have filled the world with saints long ago if God had not taken them out of the world. When one harvest of souls is reaped another must be begun, and the church will never have finished its work until the last man is born and converted, for every man born in the world is born a sinner. Is Niagara a failure because it takes so long to get to the falls? No, it is a success because it has done what it was sent to do, and it is doing it now. If you would know what the Church has done, you must climb up and look over into glory, and count that innumerable host that has gone up, and vanished

their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. You must go down to hell and take the history of its inhabitants and see what obstacles the gospel has encountered, and what restraints it put even upon wicked men who refused its mercy; and you must look into the human heart and the wicked world, and estimate how much worse they would be without the Gospel. You must think of the seed of the truth sowed and harrowed in wider and wider circles to produce the harvest which better ages are to reap.

It is hypothesis of such organs as the New York Herald, not merely that Christianity is a failure, but that the world grows worse and worse under the Bible; that the virtues of Christendom, though more refined, are less noble than those of paganism; and the views of Christianity, though more concealed and more destructive, than those of heathen states. If any man really thinks so, we suggest how he may be accommodated. Let him pack up at once and go on of this world—over the sea—where plenty of room for him there—let him exchange his Christianity for a zigzag, his broadcloth for a coarse shirt, his feast of beef and oysters for the festival of a cannibal, and for the arbitrary rule of a chief, his clean, cultivated wife, for the filthy squaw of a savage, and his prayer book for a magic amulet to the devil. Let him turn his steam-engine into a cooking range to roast the sailor that comes within reach of his club. Let him quench all the intellectual, moral and religious light with which Christianity has irradiated his mind and fill his memory with the legends and vagaries and superstitions and hobgoblins and chimeras of Pagan darkness. We should like to see him reposing on his haunches turning his spit and basting his roast, chewing his root and spitting his liquor, surrounded by his filthy concubines, and nursing in Fiji about the superiority of paganism in its purity and nobility over Christianity.

Touching Scene.

The Rev. Alfred Cookman, in his thanksgiving sermon, delivered on the occasion of our recent national rejoicing, after dwelling upon the truth that we ought to be thankful for the defeat that brought our nation nearer to the moral position where God could bless us, alludes to the glorious victories which that blessing has recently given and illustrated the joy of the nation by relating the following circumstances. It has had but a limited circulation, and we copy it from the Columbia Spy, of Mr. Cookman's native place, in Pennsylvania, where, at the request of his former townsmen, Mr. C., while on a visit, repeated the sermon and permitted its publication.—Christian Advocate.

A few weeks when the tidings came respecting the fall of Vicksburg, the loyal league of Philadelphia extemporized a procession in the streets of that city. Proceeded by a band of music who played our national airs, the multitude marched down Chestnut-street, overjoyed citizens falling into the ranks as they went. When they reached the Old State House, where the Declaration of Independence was originally resolved upon, the procession through paraded the Independence Square. The excited multitude listened to the Star-Spangled Banner, played by the band. Then a distinguished lawyer made reference to our victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and suggested that it was our bounden duty to render thanks unto God, for the maintenance of all our liberties. Rev. Dr. Brainerd called those thousands to prayer. Every head was uncovered. In concluding his fervent and eloquent prayer the multitude joined that reverend gentleman in a heartfelt amen, rolling up, almost made those majestic trees quiver as if in liveliest sympathy. Near the band of music, unobscured, withdrew from the crowd, entered the State House, and proceeded by the winding stairs to the steeple, so that when the prayer was ended the multitude waited a moment and then heard strains of music which seemed to come almost out of heaven. A new band, some band who, grouped in the old steeple, joined to play sweetly and tenderly the familiar tune of Old Hundred. Some one in the crowd broke forth, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the multitude joining in singing, raised him all creatures were lifted out of heaven. It was beautiful, electrifying, it was glorious. So to-day while the angel-band ranged in the galleries of heaven yonder lead off in songs of praise, millions of loyal grateful Americans, looking up to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc.

Golden Envelopes.

A touching anecdote was related some time since of a poor servant girl in London, England, who attended the ragged schools, and received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them, and who one evening at the close of the school, put into the minister's hand, out of her savings, a notice containing a half sovereign, (ten shillings English currency). Her entire wages were only eight pence a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessing she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that it was not much. "But, sir," said she, "I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears." Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings as we lay them upon God's altar, were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes. "An earnest prayer and a golden envelope." Sweet child thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.—D. Nash.

Men are swayed by the doctrines of election and predestination, but this is supreme impotence. They are truths which belong to God, and if you are troubled with them it is because you are meddling with things which do not belong to you. You only need to understand that all God's agencies are to assist you in getting your salvation, if you will but use them rightly. To doubt this is as men in a boat pulling against the tide and with all their efforts, going backwards every hour, and the wind springing up and filling the sails and hear the men at the helm exclaim, "Row away boys! Wind and tide are in your favor," and they should all say "What shall we do with the oars? Do not the wind and the tide take away our free agency?"

The Church has been so fearful of the assaults that the devil has had the care of them. The chapel of flowers has been snatched from the brow of Christ and given to Mammon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Seeming and Being—A Lament.

BY THE LATE DAVID GRAY.
Out upon this barren talking—
Evermore, and all for show!
Out upon this hollow bragging—
Priest and poet, high and low!
Are we greater, are we nobler,
Can we show no cleaner palm
Than when Milton was a glory—
Star like, god-like, clear, and calm?

Do we never bend to Mammon,
Diamonded upon a throne?
Which yet gains the truer worship—
Noble heart or rusty stone?
Triest we never Vice's carouse
With a galaxy of blooms?
Write we never open falsehood
On the marble of the tomb?

Is not beauty ever shrouded,
Like a star in silence clouded
In a robe of lawn above?
Is no hero, vulgar-vaunted,
Whirled in triumph 'car,
While the blanchard herd are tickled
With the mystery of war?

Does not poor wit for glory,
With a selfish, mean intent?
With a selfish, mean intent?
With an honest heart's intent?
Words, by all the soul of Shakspeare!
A delusion and a lie!

Yet do we not praise them, raise them,
Till the diet makes them die?
Floteth the old rag of freedom
Over every road of land?
Does no courtier, sala-twining,
Kiss the largest-giving hand?

Holds that hand no tyrant's dagger?
Fain I'd old Gaul! we'll let thee pass;
Seeds are sowing, winds are blowing—
Oh for a Leonidas!

Breaks no one the bigot's laughter?
I have done it, by the sun!
Dared not answer for my living—
He was master, I was none.
And is not this sufficing common?
Let poor merit speak it out,
Till the purse-proud, shallow-pated,
Cringe down at the biting shout.

Weep we never tears of onion
By the gloomy bed of death?
Are the pocket never rilled
By the threat of a noble death?
Gapes no grave a furling distant
From the revel and the wine?
Sits no seamstress stitching, stitching,
For a Lady Adelaide?

Philosophers have said that light and heat are pendulous bodies, and that, though these have been known to us for the sun for six thousand years, that immense illuminary has not appreciably diminished in size.

The sweetest rose of the beautiful May throws off its delightful fragrance from the first flush of the spring morning until dew ere, and remains as sweet as ever and quite as large.

The face and air of beauty charmed a thousand hearts yesterday; a thousand more feed upon it to-day, and other thousands will be fed upon it to-morrow with a lingering rapture, and by and by it will be no less beautiful than it was a week ago.

Influences go out hourly from the wise and good, and as years roll on these influences gather force, while the wise become wiser, and the good better, hour by hour.

So with business men of integrity, of sterling and tried principles, they throw out an influence from themselves which is a power for good in every community, to restrain the wrong-doer and awe villainy.

All these are "emanations," influences; material, moral, social; there are also "emanations" malign.

In an autumn morning of the sunny South, or amid the dower-lad prairies of the wide-spreading West, or on the shores of our own Northern lakes and inland seas and crystal-frowning steppes among the mountains, as delicious as the still air is, it is more so in the cool of the evening after the sun has gone down from the sky; and yet that balmy atmosphere is so loaded with miasma poison that it breeds disease and pestilence and death in a night; it will do the same on successive nights, to one or a million of human beings, without any appreciable diminution in either the amount of miasma of its venom; and so eternal is it that no alchemist of the chemist has ever been able to detect its presence, even to the amount of a single atom.

The very sight of filth and squalor and rage, of a victim of the horrid small-pox, of the wretch whose whole body is a mass of festering corruption—any of these fill the most transient observer with unutterable disgust.

Proximity to moral worth, to high purity, to virtuous womanhood, to maiden Christianity, as infallibly cleave, ennoble, and sanctify, as associations with lawlessness, bestiality and crime degrade and ruin and destroy.

If, then, we desire that emanations should go out from us fairly loaded with influences and powers which are healthful, elevating and benign, we must be clean in person, as well as pure in heart; we must strive to be as faultless in dress as we desire to be engaging in manner; we must bring to our assistance all the aids of taste and art in order to present to the world, so far as possible, a comely, a perfect physique; just as reason and grace are summoned to help us attain a high moral and religious character.

In plain phrase, if your clothes are dirty, wash them, or stay at home; if they are ragged patch them, or keep out of the street; if you are deformed, employ a tailor or dressmaker of genius; if you have lost a limb, get a Palmer leg; if you have a snagged tooth, consult a good dentist; for comeliness is duty as much as health, and so is religion.—D. Hall.

The widow of an eminent Tyler has run the blockade, and was at Bermuda on Saturday last. She is a female of very rebellious inclinations.

Arrival of the Arabia.

Halifax, 27th.—The S. S. Arabia from Liverpool on the 14th via Queenstown on the 15th, arrived here this evening en route for Boston. She brings three days later news.

Arrived at Southampton on the 12th. The Scotia arrived out on the 13th.

The steam frigate *Platton*, on the North American Station, has been ordered to Charleston.

The London Times publishes a project for peace in America. A Northern gentleman says if the war is to go on for a time from mere momentum, perhaps it may be left alone, but should be turned as soon as possible from attack and conquest to war for limits and terms of settlement, and suggests that the Government should open at once with the Richmond Government, for each settlements and making the more formal recognition of the matter for discussion.

The Confederates of the South are recognized, and the nation of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and in the event of Maryland joining the South, the Sequenah and Chesapeake to be free with a common tariff for the two confederacies.

The Glasgow Emancipation Society having memorialized Earl Russell in regard to the suspicious character of the recently launched steamer *Panama*, formerly known as the *Canton*, insinuating that she is an Alabama for the Confederates, Earl Russell acknowledges the memorials, and says the attention of Government has been already directed to the matter.

The extraordinary treble murder in a London cab, and the subsequent suicide of the murderer, resulted in a verdict of *felony* on the body of the latter, and he was buried at midnight without funeral rights.

The London Times, expatiating on the disaster to the *Anglia*, at Galway, and the short coming of the *Galway* line in general says the affair is a dead failure, and the question cannot be evaded whether the experiment has not been tried long enough.

A survey of the *Anglia* shows but little damage, but the vessel is so strained that she is ordered to Liverpool to be docked. It is rumored that Drury de L'Hays is drawing up an explanatory document, comprising the different questions which the Emperor intends to submit to Congress.

In the meantime the English journals appear to be generally taking a view adverse to the Congress.

The Daily News and Morning Herald also oppose it, and argue that if it is held unfavorable results will ensue.

The Times enquires what England will have to do in the Congress, should it ever prove more than ideal conception, and points out that there is no peace for England in it, all the honors being monopolized by France.

The English Cabinet held three meetings to consider the subject. The result has not been transpired. Another meeting is fixed for the 16th.

The Madrid correspondent says the Spanish Government has resolved to send representatives to the Congress, but some Spanish journals look coolly upon it.

Latest by Telegraph to Queenstown.—The Bank discount is unchanged.

The English journals generally oppose the Congress.

The Paris Bourse is flat.

The French Government had informed Mr. Dayton that their views on the American question were unchanged, they had not been recognized, and consequently had not signed the treaty for the restoration of Texas.

Berne, Nov. 15.—The Swiss Government had addressed a note to the Federal Council, protesting against the modification of the Republican Constitution by French invasion for the sympathy of Switzerland.

Copenhagen, 15th.—The King of Denmark seriously ill at Flensburg with typhus, attended by fever, delirium and want of sleep.

Madrid, 15th.—A marriage is spoken of between the Infanta Isabel and the Count of Paris.

The America which sailed from London on Friday, put back this morning.

The Sham Nana.

The reputed Nana, captured at Ajmere, arrived at Cawnpore on 22nd August, where he was sent by Government for examination. The Cawnpore authorities, after hearing and sifting all the evidence and testimony, could be obtained at Cawnpore and Bithor, have definitely pronounced that the prisoner is not the Nana Sahib. The *Englishman* of August 29th has the following remarks upon this subject:—"We suppose this trading in phibbick Nanas, and periodically deluding the public with imaginary captures of a wretch who is beyond the reach of human clutch and vengeance is at an end. In our paper of Monday last we noticed the penultimate breaking down of the Rujothanah catch; we are now enabled to give the ultimate statement of the question as to the prisoner being the Nana or not. The individual reached Cawnpore by railway train from Agra on the 22nd, and no time was lost in confronting him with Dr. Cheke, who in former times, had been a recognized agent of the Nana, and his medical attendant, as follows: In the presence of the officer's evidence as to the Nana, the Nana is not a Nana. This man has not even a single feature that resembles the Nana, and is a miserable common-looking man, much shorter of the Nana in stature, being only five feet four inches and a half in height; his face does not resemble that of the Nana in the most distant manner; and finally he is at least fifty years of age—that is some fourteen or fifteen years older than the Nana would now be, were he alive—which he is not. The prisoner is a most miserable emaciated creature, apparently broken down by care, privation and misery; and the opinion of those who saw him in court is that he is hopelessly ill, and cannot last long. In this case it is probable that he, like the last pseudo-Nana, will die in imprisonment, and so on as long as black men can be found skulking unawares about the country, with other black men ready to tell lies and invent fables, and white men ready to believe them. As these three ingredients in Nana-hunting are very plentiful in India, and bid fair long to remain so, there is no knowing when the sport will come to an end, and the memory of the deceased wretch which sustains it, be consigned as far as possible to oblivion."

Several of the first mentioned of these causes of mortality are so apparent to all, by the frequent occurrence of them, and melancholy effects, that it is unnecessary to say almost anything more regarding them than barely to mention them.

Deaths occasioned by reckless conduct are of such common occurrence as to be daily chronicled in our newspapers, and yet there are many that take place which are never thus recorded. To what but recklessness are to be attributed many of the deaths which happen by drowning, by fire, by machinery, and by vehicles of various descriptions on the sea and land? To what but the ignorance, and its usual companion or follower, the carelessness, of parents, especially of mothers, are to be ascribed the shutting up of children by themselves in a dwelling, and the consequent lamentable loss of life, which is constantly happening, by fire, and by machinery, and by vehicles of various kinds, as if they were inanimate machines, rather than the creatures of God, and the souls of the living?

The reckless, the careless, and the immoral, frequently, if not entirely and at all times, forget or ignore the great value of their bodies as well as of their souls; and seem to consider themselves as nothing better, nothing more precious, than the brutes that perish, or than inanimate machines.

The immoral, in particular, give a loose rein to their animal passions, and acquire evil habits, such as incontinence, gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery of various and all kinds, as if they were inanimate machines, rather than the creatures of God, and the souls of the living.

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Mortality and Some of its Causes.

From the Glasgow Citizen.
The means of prolonging life may be naturally divided into two sorts of classes, namely, such as may prevent the contracting of disease, and such as may cure it when contracted, or, in other words, Preventives and Remedies; and the great causes of the prevalent mortality are to be ascribed to reckless or immoral behaviour, to ignorance or carelessness, to the neglect in due time of proper preventives or of proper remedies, or to the application of improper remedies, or of useless or poisonous drugs. To some of the most common and fatal of these causes it is the purpose of this essay now to direct attention, in the hope that at better seasons may be induced to take better care of their health, and a more correct view of their responsibilities in that respect towards themselves, and their fellow-creatures, than they have hitherto done, or perhaps ever thought of doing.

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and healthy lives. Many persons, especially ladies, will not wear flannels next the skin on account of a certain disagreeable feeling which attends the use of them at first; but that feeling would soon pass away by perseverance in their use, and be succeeded by a feeling of much comfort and gratification. Besides, what comparison can be instituted between a little briefly enduring discomfort on the one hand, and disease and premature death on the other? Flannel underclothing is one of the most certain preventatives of bodily maladies; but to give it the better chance of operating most beneficially, it ought to be worn by both sexes, from birth to death, in summer and winter, and in every climate of the globe.

If any person thinks that some of the preceding observations are opposed to the rules respecting cleanliness which are generally admitted to be beneficial, though not generally practised, it may be answered that nothing has been here asserted that is inconsistent with science or rational experience. True it is that cleanliness is indispensable to the healthy action of the skin, and consequently to the general health of the body; but, as the best of things may be abused, so it is sometimes with the means used for bodily cleanliness. If washings, frictions, and forced perspirations are so frequent, and so long continued as to cause exhaustion, or even considerable languor or debility, or to make the skin dry and hard, they cannot fail to be productive of mischief. This is a matter on which some entertain opinions unsuited by the teachings of science or reason, and in themselves most dangerous. The practice of daily bathing in cold water for example, which is considered by some as a very eminently conducive to health and vigor, is really, in some instances, very pernicious. The same is true, to a certain extent, of daily bathing in hot or tepid water, or the daily use of warm baths, whether hot or cold, and of the daily application of so much heat as to produce profuse perspiration. The occasional, but not the constant use of such applications may be, and often is, beneficial; but they ought in no case to be daily employed, except under the direction of a well-qualified physician. It is a trite saying among legal gentlemen that the man who pleads in his own cause is a fool for his solicitor; and it may, with much truth, perhaps, be asserted that he who is his own physician has a fool for his patient. Cleanliness, then, when judiciously practised, is beneficial; but, when carried to an extreme, it is pernicious.

It will not be denied by any person of even ordinary intelligence that preventives of disease, like preventives of crime, are better than cures; and there can be no doubt that attacks by disease can, in numerous cases, be prevented by the application, in due time, of proper means of prevention. It will readily be seen that these means include the position or locality of dwellings and buildings for work; the condition also of these in respect of dimension, light, ventilation, and comfort generally; the adequate supply of nourishing food, as well as of pure and wholesome water, and as well as proper clothing and cleanliness, as readily noticed. These, however, and some others which might be named, are so apparent that the mere mention of them is at present enough. But there are other means, namely, medical prevention, of which a little more requires to be said.

It often happens, from ignorance, from want of consideration, and among the working classes, from want of a little money, that no medical advice is sought on the first appearance of disease, nor generally till the symptoms become alarming, and sometimes not even then. Thus, disease is allowed to run its

