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# WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

OF CANADA.

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JUNE, 1862.

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## CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.

Many persons tell us, when we point them to Christ as their great exemplar, that they can find nothing in his life which applies to their case. The narrative is, they think, too general to afford any suggestions or examples of the morality of the *little* practical affairs of every day life. But if the history of our Saviour is concise, it is remarkably suggestive, and a little attention will frequently enable us to discover in it valuable practical truths, unseen by the careless and hasty reader. This may be an apology for presenting the following sketch of Christ's first miracle. The account will be found in the second chapter of St. John's Gospel.

The occasion is a day of festivity. Christ came to bless and lighten the joys as well as to heal the sorrows of life. Our social affections are to be ranked among God's most precious gifts. How precious the thought that oftentimes social intercourse is the means of utter forgetfulness of all that is noble and eternal in life's destiny. How often do we find the conversation, the amusement, in fact everything connected with a social party, so vain and frivolous that in such a scene the holy Son of God never could have joined. It need not be so. The most joyous scenes of life may be blessed and honoured by the presence and approbation of our Redeemer.

The character of the guests invites remark. We are acquainted with none except Jesus, his disciples, and his mother. Christ was at this time more than thirty years of age. He had not yet displayed his miraculous powers, but his moral and intellectual character could not have been all this time unknown. His life had been holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. He had never joined in the revelry and folly of youth. Why then did the parties concerned seek his company? Certainly not because he was the gay man of the hour. Nor yet could it be on account of his celebrity. But may we

not justly suppose that on account of his holy wisdom, men who were lovers of truth and virtue sought his society? What a lesson for us in the choice of our companions and the formation of our social circles.

How the minds of the company were occupied during the feast we are not informed. The presence of Christ there, however, is a sufficient guarantee. Nothing unholy could pass before him without rebuke. That wisdom which commanded the profound admiration of the Jewish Doctors more than eighteen years before, will not suffer the time to pass without impressing precepts of instruction on the minds of his friends. Happy indeed were they who were permitted to listen to the precepts of life-wisdom which fell from his lips.

But in the midst of the conversation an incident occurs seemingly about to give an embarrassing and almost ludicrous turn to the festivities of the day. Either through the unexpected number of the guests, or the poverty of the host, the supply of wine fails. The mother of Christ, who seems to have been so intimately acquainted with the family as to have interested herself in their domestic arrangements, informs her son of the circumstance. Whether she expected his interposition or not is doubtful. Probably, as his miraculous powers were not yet known, she merely intended to suggest that he should cease his conversation, and, by leaving, break up the company before the deficiency became known. If such be the idea, we can readily understand the reply of Christ. It conveys nothing of a harsh repulse. The original says, "Mother," (for the term "woman" conveys that tender and respectful idea,) "what is that to thee and me, my time is not yet come." As though he had said, This circumstance need give us no concern, need not break up the party; I have first something else to do.

God frequently employs trifles as links to connect the most momentous events. Thus this little affair, apparently unfortunate, was to result in the display of unforeseen glory. The Saviour has determined to make it the occasion on which he will commence to manifest to the world his mighty power as the eternal son of God. To man it might seem very inappropriate. In an obscure village, at a wedding party, in connection with so trivial an accident, to inaugurate that course of action which was to lay the foundation of the faith of the redeemed world, does not accord with human ideas of greatness. But God performs the mightiest works without ostentation. The occasion to him is appropriate—Christ's first object in the working of miracles is to confirm the faith of his disciples. Those disciples are there present to see for themselves, and, when the time comes, they will be

witnesses of this as his other works to all the nations of the earth. Christ also, in connection with his miracles, frequently blessed and sanctified the affections of the varied relations of life. On other occasions he relieved the mourning hearts of a childless father, a widowed mother, a bereaved sister, and approved their love—and so here, in his first display of his almighty power, he condescends to smile upon the joy with which youthful hearts set out together on the journey of life.

Christ's mother, knowing from his reply that his wisdom would suggest some relief from their difficulty, had given the servants orders to obey any directions he might give them. He commands them to fill six waterpots, which stood at hand, with water, and, drawing it out again, bear it to the governor of the feast, by whom it is found to be the best and purest wine.

The miracle itself, like the occasion, is characteristic of the Saviour. In a simple, yet unmistakable manner, it demonstrates that he is the God of nature. When he heals the withered hand, he shows that he can set in motion the secret springs and vital currents of life. When he raises the dead, he shows that he can call back the soul from the eternal world and re-unite it to the body; and thus here the same "mighty God," who, through sunshine and showers and rolling seasons, and all the machinery of the vegetable world, prepares sustenance for man, proclaims himself able, without any natural means, to produce the same results. Well may St. John close his narrative by saying that he "manifested his glory." It is indeed the glory of Divine wisdom and power. May we, like the Disciples of old, while we admire him, acknowledge him as our God, our Master, our Saviour.

N. B.

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### OUR BACKSLIDERS.

We sincerely believe there is not a more diligent and successful body of christian ministers in the world than those of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. There may be found individual exceptions, and there are probably in other Churches individual ministers who excel some of them in self denying zeal and successful efforts in advancing the kingdom of our blessed Lord. We fear, however, our success is not by any means commensurate with our labours, owing to a want of proper adjustment of our efforts, and the system of procedure which has grown up in Methodism all over our Province as well as in the neighbouring Republic.

Whilst we freely admit that these abundant labours and sacrifices have been crowned with success, as the number of our churches and the in-

crease in membership and adherents, as well as the increasing gifts cast into the Lord's treasury bear witness; yet we fear amidst the glare of our success we do not distinctly see our failures, and that in summing up our gains we lose sight of our losses; that in looking at what we have done, we do not take in account what we have left undone, or performed very imperfectly.

In reading the Missionary Report for the present year, we were forcibly struck with some returns made by Missionaries. One reports only half the number of members returned last year. Another states that he received upwards of 100 members, mostly, if not altogether, the fruits of protracted meetings, and yet the year closes with a decrease of 37 as compared with the previous year. This certainly is a painful state of things.

The highest number returned was 289. The "backslidings" in the case, making allowances for deaths and removals, was more than fifty per cent. And still we have no cause to believe that the Minister was less faithful than his brethren. Other instances may be produced, not equally striking, but these furnish a pretty fair index to the working of our system as at present adopted and pursued by us; or rather, to an unwise departure from old Wesleyan practices and modes of ministerial labors. We also fear that our Circuit work is not in a more healthy state than the Mission, and that what is applicable to the one will apply to the other. The views we take in writing on this subject are far from being popular, and the expressions of opinion we are about to give are sure to be looked upon as indications of the want of revival and progressive spirit on our part, or any writer who may chance to dissent from practices so common and so lauded.

1st. We say *Protracted Meetings* are a fruitful source of backslidings, as at present generally conducted in regard to times, places, and modes of operation. When there is a spirit of hearing among a people with symptoms of serious thought and religious reflection, and they are thus brought into a state for further advance into the Kingdom of Christ—when the spirit of prayer and supplication is poured upon the church, and of faith, that God will revive his work—when the members are earnestly seeking for full redemption,—by all means meet regularly and continuously for preaching, prayer, and praise, if need be for weeks or months, until every sinner in the congregation is converted, and every believer is sanctified.

But, unhappily, such a prepared field for sowing the word of truth, much less for gathering in spiritual fruit is seldom found. One cause of which is the competition of sects. One rushes in regardless of the necessary preparations or results, lest another should have the field before him. Foreign elements and artificial heat are brought to bear upon the cold.

barren field, and plants of hot-bed production are the result. Can it be otherwise than that such transplanted in the Church, which soon returns to the old freezing point, and additionally exposed to the cold nipping blasts of the world, should be of a pale, sickly, stunted growth. Hundreds of them perish every year in this seasoning process, and other hundreds of them live, but with very little productive capacity.

Almost every innovation and plan of modern times proposed for the spread of truth and the conversion of souls in these lands, strange as it may appear, has been to relieve the Church of regular and systematic duties as enjoined in the word of God, and as enforced by our discipline. As well as to relieve the new convert of tedious oppression and painful obligations, teaching him to compress the work of years into a few hours or days at most. His conviction, repentance, justification, nay, even his entire sanctification, may be so compressed as to be effected in as short a time as the salvation of the penitent thief upon the cross. This spiritual quackery has filled the Church with idlers and fanatics, and the world with backsliders and sceptics.

Religious truth distinctly teaches that the salvation of the soul, in its commencement and completion, has for its efficient cause the Spirit of God working through the instrumentality of the word of God—the entrance of that word giving light,—the mirror in which his image is reflected; thus seeing himself and his vileness producing a painful, loathing sensation; then brought through that light to see his Saviour, and whom having seen he loves, and rejoices with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. But look at our converts at protracted meetings, they have not time to be taught. They are only excited and impressed; the excitement and impression are far from being always such as truth and the spirit of God gives. The human mind appears incapable of receiving truths of importance very readily, so especially in regard to religious truth to which there is much resistance and dislike.

We are, however, free to admit that many of the members of our Church have been brought to God through the instrumentality of protracted meetings, and that there is to be found among them those who ornament their profession, and glorify Him with their bodies and spirits, which are His. There is not only the sad state of depression and coldness which is almost sure to succeed great excitement, but, what is fully as much to be deplored, the lack of faith in what are called the ordinary means of grace. A bad idea, ordinary and common!! and like most ordinary and common things, they are treated with as little consideration. Calm, solemn truth, or truth gushing forth from the warm heart of the preacher has scarcely, as such an element of power, to persuade or comfort; born in a whirl-

wind of excitement, his faculties were formed to inhale such an atmosphere and for none other has he taste or capacity—the religious nitrogen cannot be supplied at pleasure, he becomes chilled, and dies in the seasoning process.

We object to the application of the word Revival in its general use. It is the Church alone that is capable of revival. The world needs new life but that life cannot be given but through a living Church. A living Church must have its sustenance through the regular and constant use of the means of grace; a living Church must use them, approve of them, and have implicit faith in their ability to supply their constantly accruing spiritual wants. This religious gormandizing on what are deemed luxuries, but only luxuries dressed up by human appliances, are mostly relished by the weak and sickly, and though calculated to produce a feverish excitement and the vigour and emotion and inebriation are not calculated to produce such spiritual knowledge and vigour as a Church needs, to afford attraction and safe keeping to those who have a desire to flee from the wrath to come and save their souls. The Church, if it answers its vocation must have enlightened piety, and steady, uniform devotion to the cause of God, or never can care for the young, the wavering, the ignorant, to whose charge they are committed for safe keeping. To the lack of this uniform, steady, faithful discharge of religious duties, we attribute much of “backsliding.”

*(To be Continued.)*

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## CHRISTIANITY—A SKETCH.

BY THE REV. DR. COONEY.

None but angels, perhaps, on the score of intelligence, are in any wise capable of pronouncing the eulogy of that divine institution, the name of which forms the title of this article. But angels, although they excel in strength, and are endued with great knowledge, do not fully comprehend the mysteries of godliness; and hence they are represented as investigating them, or desiring to look into these things. The cherubim soar by the force of contemplation—the seraphim burn with love—and all the angelic hosts in their “Thousand thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand” stand before “The ancient of days,” and minister unto him; but they cannot gauge the mysterious depths of christianity, or determine how, or by what manner, the Creator became a creature—how God became a man—how he, who is from Ever

lasting to Everlasting, became an infant of days—or why The Prince of life should die the death of a felon and a slave.

“’Tis mystery all ; the Immortal dies ;  
 Who can explore His strange designs ?  
 In vain the first born seraph tries  
 To sound the depth of love divine ;  
 ’Tis mercy all ; let earth adore,  
 Let angel minds enquire no more.”

Christianity is the result of a divine conception—the effect of a divine purpose—the development of every redeeming plan—the maturity of every redeeming project—the solution of every redeeming mystery—and the perfection of every redeeming system. For eighteen hundred years it has thought, and spoke, and suffered, and worked for God, and to save the souls of men. It has endured hunger, and cold, and nakedness : it has been imprisoned, scourged, and subjected to every form of persecution—indeed its history has been marked by many and varied vicissitudes ; but Almighty God has kindly and graciously led her, as a shepherd leadeth his flock, and has safely brought her through them all. The glory that dwelt in the bush of Horeb has been her defence ; and the Pillar of Fire and the Pillar of Cloud have been her fore-front and her reward.

I know that this divine system does not require any process verbal to attest its celestial origin, or to prove that it came down out of Heaven from God. This is demonstrated by facts and arguments that neither sophistry nor infidelity can invalidate. What Augustus said in defence of his administration, Christianity can say in support of her claims—in maintenance of her divine pedigree—and in reference to the blessings she has conferred upon all nations, and tongues, and kindreds, and people. “*Si vis monumentum, circumspice te.*” If you want or desire an evidence of my heavenly origin and mission, look all round you.

We acknowledge her claims, commemorate her triumphs, and praise her excellent greatness : and, perceiving that her strength is the same, her wisdom as profound, her sanctity as pure, her love as ardent, and her ability to save as powerful, as when she first flashed out from the rainbow round about the throne, my soul and all that is within me exclaim, all hail, *Esto perpetua.*

“The gates of hell cannot prevail,  
 The Church on earth can never fail.”

Religion is of too gentle a nature, and of too pacific a disposition to use compulsion, and too magnanimous to resort to anything either



sordid or mercenary. She loves the souls of men, and labours to accomplish their salvation ; but she also respects the human will, and treats man with all the consideration due to "*a free agent.*"

Christianity is both benignant and gracious ; merciful to all, and of great kindness. She is often displeased, but never angry ; often grieved, but never irritated—occasionally stern, but never repulsive : and although the conduct of impenitent and obdurate sinners fills her with apprehension and alarm, she follows them with tears and prayers, and offers them salvation without money and without price. And when neither tears nor prayers will prevail she places herself before them ; stands as it were between them and perdition, and says— " Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ; and your labour for that which satisfieth not ; hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

The resources which Christianity has at her disposal, and the munificence that regulates the distribution of them, and her wonderful adaption to man under every possible variety of phase and circumstances are such, that it requires the varied and glowing colours of antithesis to sketch these features of her character. She is sorrowing yet always rejoicing : having nothing, and yet possessing all things : poor, yet making many rich. She is a foot to the lame, and an eye to the blind ; a light to them that sit in darkness—a comfort to the afflicted—a help in every time of trouble—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother—and to all that imbibe her spirit, and experience her saving power, she will give an ornament of grace, a crown of glory, and an everlasting inheritance. In a word, Christianity is the true philanthropist—the real civilizer—the genuine reformer—the chief utilitarian, and the greatest of all progressionists. Yea, the model of every excellency—the mirror of every virtue—the pillar and ground of the truth, and "*the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*"

But to speak of this issue of God's boundless love, as it deserves to be spoken of, our lips should be touched with hallowed fire ; and our inmost souls endued with "the wisdom that cometh down from above." But she needs no encomium ; her works praise her in the gates ; her record is on high ; and although she is of divine origin and lineage she delights to sojourn among men ; and longs for the day when the tabernacle of God shall be set up among them ; and when grace shall reign in every heart through righteousness, unto eternal life, by our Lord Jesus Christ.

For this CHRISTIANITY prays—for this she preaches, for this she

labors and toils—this is the alpha and omega of all her desires, her aspirations, and her hopes. We look upon her with admiration and reverence; and perceiving that her form dilates, that her countenance glows, and that her heart throbs with the anticipation of a final and glorious triumph, we devoutly say—

“ Jesus ride on till all are subdued,  
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy blood;  
Display thy salvation, and teach the new song  
To every nation, and kindred, and tongue.”

Christianity uttered the first promise—provided the marvellous equipage that carried Enoch up to heaven—taught Noah how to build the ark, and perform a voyage more extraordinary than that ascribed to DEUCALION and the ARGONAUTS. Christianity foreshadowed its healing power in the erection of the brazen serpent—and typified its impartiality and diffusion in the course of the sacred waters that the Prophet saw flowing down Mount Moriah. She is noiseless in her march; but rapid in her progress. She is catholic in her spirit, and evangelical in her doctrines. She preaches peace to them that are nigh, and to them that are afar off; but notwithstanding she wars a good warfare, and fights manfully against principalities and powers, and against spiritual wickedness in high places. She has passed through many a long campaign—she has fought many and fierce battles; the archers have sorely grieved her, and shot at her, but she has never been defeated. And now, with her armour as bright and as invulnerable as when she first put it on; and her sword as sharp as when she first plunged it into “*the heart of the king's enemies,*” she goes on conquering and to conquer—pushing the battle to the gates—putting to flight the armies of the aliens; and, by her conquests, extending the jurisdiction, and enlarging the Empire of THE SON OF GOD.

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### A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

Prof. Henry, the renowned savan and head of the Smithsonian institute, testifies that he knows but one man among the scientific men of the United States who is an infidel. This fact speaks volumes, and shows conclusively that the light of science has any other tendency than to make men skeptical and unbelievers. It is usually your pretenders to scientific knowledge, or men wholly destitute of any scientific attainments, who disbelieve, or affect to do so. As a general remark, we think it will be found that a vast majority of them belong to the latter class—being wholly ignorant, or, what is worse, mere smatterers.

## Portfolio of Select Literature.

### THOUGHTS ON EMPLOYMENT FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN.

In the annals of medicine, one notices that there is generally some prevalent malady or other which, for the time especially occupies the imagination of the Faculty, so that any anomalous case is likely to be referred to it. Some years ago, it was liver complaint; now it is disease of the heart. It will be something else by and by. And no doubt all these complaints do put on an epidemic character; the widely-spread cause has wide-spread results. But the cleverest practitioner will probably lay more mischief at the door of the disease of the day than it is really accountable for. And I suspect that, in the same way, there is rather too exclusive a tendency to refer all the unhappiness among girls and women to one and the same cause, want of occupation. Yet no one can doubt that it is at present an evil which produces a greatly-increased amount of conscious suffering.

I am no friend to schools; on the contrary, I am rather bigoted to home education. Wherever the parents have one heart and mind (better anything, than that the young girl witness the squabble or the stratagem, become the partisan of father or mother), wherever the young life can develop freely in the house, and a fair amount of systematic teaching be secured there, surely she is in the safest place. I never see a file of girls, after their formal walk, re-entering the prison gates of some staring, stuccoed house with pretentious name, in the precincts of one of our large towns without a suspicion that the advantage of the best masters which congregate there but poorly makes up for the dangers of so artificial a life. But school days are generally looked back upon as happy. They are too regular and too busy to be otherwise. This is their strong point. What the girls acquire may not be worth much, but the trouble of acquiring it has kept off all sense of purposelessness. There is no spare time to hang heavy, no listless indecision as to what had better be done next. Every hour brings its allotted task, and the young spirits are bright with the dignity and complacency that comes from being thoroughly employed.

Nor indeed is it often in the first years of home life, when so-called education is recently over, that girls know much of this great want we are thinking about. A bright future plays before their imagination; small events take up a large space in the mind; amusements are energetic; life excitingly full of possibilities. And yet, even in these early days, we have seen sisters who loved each other and loved their parents, less happy together than apart, just because when both were at home there was less necessary occupation for either. They trenched upon each other's undefined province; ran both, as it were, on the same line; and so there came little jealousies, little collisions, little fits of alienation, each wondering why the other was so hard to live with, and the mother afraid of some inherent incompatibility between her girls' tempers; and all the time it was only because there was not enough for the two to do. Later, one of these girls took to drawing, for which she had a decided talent, with a quite professional earnestness, leaving to the other a more exclusive domestic sphere;

and then, all elating and all commenting over, they were as much attached as heart could wish. I think a good deal of energy is often spent in blaming character when its real use would be in modifying circumstances; and that, in addition to telling young people of the duty of love and concord, parents should be careful to examine the conditions most favourable to those virtues. If each girl has a special pursuit of her own, much will be done toward insuring them. Should not her education be carried on with a view to this? And when there is no particular talent of any kind, might we not take a hint from German households, and give to the daughter who cares least for books and art some domestic province more especially her own?

But it is as years roll on that dangers and difficulties multiply for the daughters at home. The cultivation of their minds, the keeping up their accomplishments, may have been occupation enough while waiting for that bright future that seemed so sure and so near. But how if there be no such future? To some of them it has got to look very dim indeed. They begin to suspect that their life is never to be more complete than it is now; to have no fuller blossoming; its only change now a gradual withering.—Then the pursuits that used to fill the time, to stand out distinctly before the mind as adequate aims, collapse into utter insignificance. Then comes disgust of that daily practising, that studying German, that frequent letter-writing to friends. It is not only that the heart aches for the love which seems a woman's birthright, but the mind too pines for lack of stimulus, and scope, and action on others. Disappointed affection is a common lot for man and woman; but for man there are "sword, gown, gain, glory," with their several offers in exchange, while woman, whose nature feels the disappointment much more keenly, has so very little to divert her from it. Who can wonder, then at her deep depression when this her own stake—as she has come to view it—is on the point of failure? Parents, having had all in their case," are generally slow to understand this.—They are often perplexed at a change in their dear girls, as they still call them, who, with all their old materials of happiness around them, are evidently no longer happy. Health must be in fault, the doctor has to be called in; and to the sufferer "from a vague disease," the relief of hearing a well-sounded name given to it—indigestion, neuralgia, what not—is often so great; strenuous attention to regimen and change of scene cheat the sense of inaction so well, that she is in great danger of adopting invalidism as the business of her life! Cases like this are familiar to us all, and we have all seen perfect cures brought about alike by unexpected happiness and sudden adversity, both having provided steady, definite and engrossing occupation.

Granted these on all sides. From want of adequate occupation proceed idleness, melancholy, hypochondria, family disputes, foolish flirtations, what not. Good Mr. Watts taught it us in our childhood in two homely lines which we all remember. But now comes some practical person, who asks of what use is to go on detailing symptoms of so familiar a disease, and challenges us to bring forward any panacea which can come within the reach of ail. And another, perhaps reminds us that we seem in danger of laying too much stress upon the outward circumstances, and forgetting the "grace sufficient" under all; the motive which may dignify the most trivial employment; the control which is to be learned in the school of the Divine Mas-

ter whatsoever the state. It is good to be thus reminded; every truth wants the balance of some others. Still we would suggest that in one family there are often the most opposite natures; that different natures imperatively demand different spheres; that the recklessness and dissatisfaction one sister feels with the way of life that satisfies another is no necessary proof of want of resignation to God's will; is often proof that God's will concerning her is that she should enter upon a wider field, a more active service. Pain of body, weariness of spirit are sent to warn us of something wrong. There is indeed no panacea for all the sorrows of any class. There will always be daughters at home neither fitted to enjoy nor to do greatly. We do not suppose that every young woman who feels her life dreary is consequently qualified or inclined to devote it to the service of the poor and the afflicted. But where the spirit is finely touched to fine issues, it will be a happy thing for the parents and daughter if this inward vocation be willingly recognised; if, instead of thwarting, they encourage and assist her to seek out some more satisfying career than the home life affords, even though it take her away from home for many hours of every day; nay, even though it take her away from home altogether. The Catholic mother gives her daughter cheerfully to the convent; will not the Protestant mother consent to one of hers devoting herself *unreservedly* to some of those good works, those labours of love, that are the glory of the Christianity of our time?

But we pass from the daughters at home to the class of unmarried women who have lost their parents; who are—as the chill phrase runs—alone in the world, and who do not own to themselves the very slightest expectation of changing their lot by marriage.

It is pleasant and encouraging to our belief in progress to contrast the tone in which this portion of the community is thought, spoken, and written of in our day, with that which prevailed in the society and the literature of a hundred, or even fifty years ago. The sour and spiteful old maid we so often meet with there, punished for the coquetry and heartiness of her youth by ridicule and unloved isolation in her age, is almost an obsolete character. We have come to discern that amongst our single women are many of the noblest and purest spirits of the time. It is among them that society mainly looks for reformatory efforts and civilizing influence among the poor and the ignorant. The peculiar trials of their life are no longer overlooked; on the contrary, it is because they are so feelingly recognised that we expect to find in our unmarried women such tender beneficence and such sublime self-sacrifice. Perhaps, indeed, there has even been of late a slight tendency to exaggerate these trials. Perhaps sympathy has been rather unduly concentrated on the darker feelings of the unmarried life. Some of the books written with the professed purpose of enumerating its compensations, leave on the mind a disguised impression of its grief. We shrink a little from their minute analysis; although their wide circulation shows that they do supply a present want, we think their tone will change in a few years, and that, *as a class*, unmarried women will no more continue to excite commiseration, than they have continued to excite ridicule. More and more varied scope for labour paid and unpaid; more and more freedom of action and recognition of equality (not identity) of influence and pursuit, will place them much in the same category as unmarried men, for whose especial benefit no books

andolence or direction have, we believe, ever appeared! Already there are a goodly array of feminine names in literature, art, social science, philanthropy, with which our reverential admiration has never associated the least shade of pity. They stand alone, indeed, by their own choice (whether sorrow or struggle attended that choice we presume not to inquire); and they have strength so to stand. We do not lament, rather we glory in their independent attitude, and should probably feel some tincture of regret if names, that have so often "helped us in our daily need," were to be exchanged for any others.

Meanwhile, though we believe that there will be increasingly less and less general reference to it needed, we are quite justified in drawing an argument from the comparative blankness and desolation of many an individual unmarried lot. There are fervent spirits, whose only satisfaction lies in the exercise of their affections. Their intellect is valueless to them, unless as the handmaid of their heart. Material comforts are not even recognized as compensations. The one luxury of their nature is to spend and be spent for another. Now let none of these blame themselves for their intense yearning after a fuller life, or starve their souls by an attempt to persist upon small interests and personal pleasures, because these satisfy the majority of their friends and acquaintance. Not for *this* have they been "chosen in the furnace of affliction." They are the very women to "minister with their substance," their time, their energy, their culture to the poor, the ignorant, the sick, and the criminal. The strong sympathy of their nature that tortures them now unbestowed, will incalculably promote their success in all such undertakings. The "loving much" that has made them weak hitherto, will be their strength in this new career. Not one craving, one pang that will have been wasted, since each has added to the keenness of their insight, and the tenderness of their toleration. Of these, too, in their measure, we may venture to pronounce it true, that inasmuch as they have suffered, being tempted, they shall be able to succor them that are tempted."

We will not attempt to indicate here the numerous calls upon unmarried women of this stamp. We would not say, Do not fear to accept the life which your whole nature yearns. Do not let any make you despondent or discouraged by suggesting that you want this occupation of systematic beneficence for your own sakes; not purely out of pity for the poor, but love for Christ. Sometimes we meet a spiritual over-refinement of this kind, which makes sad very unnecessarily. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," of increased personal happiness, and we need not fear to find a motive in the Divine appointment, "He that watereth shall himself be watered."

It may, too, be worth remarking, that whenever a woman of this peculiar temperament takes a decided step, and makes for herself a life purpose, a *profession*, as it were, of some department or other of the charitable effort of our day, she does good not only directly to herself, and to the cause in which she enlists herself, but indirect good to that other large class of unmarried women who have no special vocation. She leaves them their scope in a different and lowlier sphere. For there are, and always will be, characters of less energy, or quite different energy,—satisfied with mental culture, social enjoyments, domestic avocations, or, at least, sufficiently satisfied not to look beyond these, confining their highest aspirations,

and their most strenuous efforts, to a better performance of "the common round, the daily task." And indeed, when we come to think how important the duties that it comprehends, we feel we have no right after all to pronounce that theirs is a lowlier sphere. But if it be idle to contend which life is best in itself, it is, at all events, very certain that relative to that is best which is most in harmony with the individual character, and most fully calls out the capabilities the Creator has given.

Let both classes respect each other. Let the unmarried women in their comfortable homes, leading gracious and kindly lives there, and conscious of no unemployed time, be yet very slow to pronounce that sister injudicious or fanatical, who has betaken herself to the Reformatory or the Hospital, to grapple with the darker forms of evil in the heart of some great city. Nor again let this hard worker suppose that all are necessarily idle and frivolous who are content with a life of much apparent ease and little apparent self-denial. We want these two classes of unmarried women. Some to help us by what they do; others to cheer us by what they are. It is too much to expect often to find completeness. In some women we shall have pre-eminently to honour the instrument; in others let us be satisfied to love the character. Both lives alike may be lived "unto the Lord."—*Author of "Memoirs of an Unknown Life."*

### THE PREACHER'S HOME,

"That is right, my brother. I am glad to see you setting out the shade, ornamental, and fruit trees on the parsonage lot. I have wondered that we itinerants did not take more care to improve our homes."

It is true, we do not tarry long in any one of them, but we spend our days and rear our families in some of them. And why should we not make all of them neat, pleasant, and desirable homes? While you are improving yours, it is for me, and I am doing the same for you. Next year we will exchange fields and both have pleasant residences. Your wife and children love flowers, and so do mine; let us make them a choice bed for the roots and seeds, and if yours bloom for us, ours will bloom for you.

What cheer it is to the weary itinerant family, after Conference, to see the teams haul up at a nice, clean parsonage, with a good fence and good houses, and a yard well trimmed and abounding in flowers and fruit. Chance if wife does not stop to kiss the smiling roses before she looks inside the house—for she knows the inside will be neat where the outside looks so inviting. Don't say the people ought to do these things; they have their own houses and lands to fix, and besides that they don't live in the parsonage, and you do. Do not say, "I have no money to spend on improvements." It does not take as much money as it does strength, and that you have; and, besides, if you assure the people that you really are desirous to improve the preacher's home, and ask them for lumber, or money, or both, you will be sure to get them, for they love to see the preacher work, and know that he feels anxious for a nice home on the circuit; and more than that, they feel a little proud of a nice house for their new preacher when he comes.

If the house needs repairs, make them; don't wait till the thing is five times as bad for the next preacher to do. If it needs paint, paint it; if a new fence, go to work and build it. Do not say, "I can prep this old thing up to do till Conference." Possibly you may occupy it after Conference, and if you do not, some one else will, and a good fence will certainly be needed. Be sure to have a good garden with plenty of Fall vegetables to leave for your successor. It will make him feel good and think well of you. If fruit trees and grape-vines are few, or none on the place, get them, plant, water, and care for them. True, you may never eat the fruit of them, but somebody will, and bless the hand that planted them. Do not say the next preacher will turn his horse into the yard and have them all eaten off. The next preacher may have as much sense and taste as you have. Or if you want a guarantee, ask your quarterly Conference to appoint a visory committee to keep a sharp look-out for the premises, with special instructions "to take the first preacher by the nape of his neck and shake him," that dares to turn his live stock into the parsonage yard or garden.

L. TAFT.

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### NOTHING TO SPARE.

"I have found nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour, when you and I, and all pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in our skirts! Standing, as I now do in the sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly avow, that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains of all the people in America to embark together to carry the Gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead; or rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment on the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan Idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the Church, how hard would seem for your neighbors to neglect your misery! When you should see your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the Gospel to you! My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our children. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may cutail on generations yet unborn.—*E. D. Griffin.*



## SURPRISES IN BIBLE READING.

The Bible is a well which is always ready to slake any one's thirst for living water, but whose depth no man can sound. Whoever is both diligent and sincere in the study of the Bible is sure to find ever fresh instruction and pleasure. Unfortunately, the Bible is often studied with diligence without sincerity. The letter of its truths is conned in order and by rote, while the heart of the reader remains blind to their spirit. But the most formal and drowsy student of the Bible cannot help being sometimes surprised by finding something that goes to his heart of hearts. Suppose he is listlessly thumbing its leaves, or looking for a verse, to which he has seen a reference in a newspaper or a book. While he is turning over some of the books with which he is not familiar—Hosea, it may be, or Micah—his eye falls on a striking verse which he does not remember to have seen before. Perhaps it is a verse which exactly meets his deepest present want, carrying out a certain train of thought, or quickening his flagging devotion; soothing and nerving him to resignation, or hinting at some active duty; seconding him in a struggle with temptation, or revealing to him errors and sins which lurked unexpected in his heart. The verse crosses his path like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day, the brighter for being unexpected. As he reads it again, he is amazed that he never before noticed it. He gladly accepts its teachings; they become incorporated into his experience, and will have an influence on his character through eternity.—*Examiner*.

## GOD IN LITERATURE.

There is only one true source of happiness, and that is—God. Is it unfashionable, is it sentimental, to bring that name into a story such as mine? If I wish to stamp these pages with power, who is so powerful with beauty, what so beautiful, as the Author and Finisher of all things good and beautiful? He gives soul to harmony. His is the grand music of the forests, the oceans, the heavens, eternity. Men and angels sing before him. He touches earth but to make it bud and blossom, and laugh in fruits and flowers. He sends his angels to sing in the infant ear of Beethoven, and forthwith the world is rich with his undying song. He groups men as a skilful artist groups flowers, giving to each the tints and perfume of different gifts, yet harmonizing all. He is the wondrous chemist who brings from all sources of suffering, crime and deformity, the purest essences of life. Why, then, should he not be spoken of, and his dealings with the human heart? "What have I to do with God?" asks the unbeliever. Only this, that you can do nothing without him. Even in that wild wail of anguish that seems forever smiting heaven—that comes from the helpless and deserted who live in endless drudgery, and feel of cold damps and hungry gnawings, and where there seems only discord and hopelessness, despair—these, hereafter, in the great Master's oratorio, will be found, perhaps, to be the most triumphant halleluiahs. As garments may be washed white in blood, so out of the heart's agonies may be wrought the grandest anthems.—*Mrs. M. A. Denison*.

## SEEDS OF LIFE.

No man ever truly measured his influence. If in every action there were present to our mind its possible consequences, near and remote, the responsibilities of life would become unbearable. Yet it is true that as every one atom in the universe attracts another, every one act has infinite relations. We propose to give a few illustrations of the manner in which this complexity in human affairs is controlled to Divine ends. The wisdom of God conspicuously appears in the marvelous adaptation and variety of means by which he works out his sure results, and it may prompt to a more comprehensive faith to recall some few of the diverse modes by which in the conversion of men the glorious resources of his grace have been manifested. As none can tell the precise effect of his conduct, so too, we recognize how the commonest things may become instruments of inestimable good. In the highest sense it is true that men may find "sermons in stones and good in everything." What is there which God cannot make instinct with heavenly power? As from a hundred different plants the seeds of life may be scattered abroad, but falling on prepared ground, each shall bring forth fruit according to its kind.

First, as to the preaching of the Gospel, the ordinary means of influencing men, it is encouraging to note how often, when there may be no immediate sign, the word of salvation reaching some stray hearer has prepared a channel of extraordinary usefulness. Our readers may remember how John Owen, after years of anxious thoughtfulness, went one day to hear the celebrated Edmund Calamy, but was disappointed to see a country preacher ascend the pulpit. The stranger gave out as his text, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and preached a plain sermon. Owen never ascertained his name, but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, the natural energy of his character, weakened by distress of mind, reasserted itself, and he entered on a career which has made his name illustrious in all the churches. Thus the individual smaller influence may in a single act of usefulness stand related to a succession of important results. "The lips of the righteous feed many." What wonderful transformations, again, have been wrought by books. The fragment of a leaf rent off at a fair has been known to change the tenor of a life; and in how many hundred instances has a volume easily lent or bought proved the entrance into another world of thought and feeling. Of Plavel's treatise "On Keeping the Heart," it is related that the publisher once offered it to a "sparkish gentleman" who came into his shop inquiring for some plays, and that his customer, glancing into it, responded by abusing the fanatic who could make such a book. However, he bought it, at the same time saying, "I don't mean to read it." And what, then, will you do with it?" "I shall tear it, and burn it, and send it to the devil." "Then," said the bookseller, "you shall not have it." The upshot was that he promised to read it. About a month after the gentleman returned, by no means so gaily attired as on his former visit, and addressing the publisher, said, as he ordered a number of copies for distribution, "Sir, I most heartily thank you for putting this book into my hands, and I bless God, that moved you to do it; it has saved my soul."

Similar results followed, in another case, a gift of Mr. Venn's. He had not long brought out his "Complete Duty of Man," when he was sitting at the window of an inn in the West of England. A man was driving some refractory pigs, and one of the waiters helped him, while the rest looked on and shouted with laughter. Mr. Venn, pleased with this benevolent trait, promised to send the waiter a book, and sent him his own. Many years after a gentleman, staying at an inn in the same district, asked one of the servants if they went to a place of worship, and was surprised to find that they were required to go at least once on the Sunday, and that their landlord not only never failed, but maintained constant family prayer. It turned out that he was the waiter who had helped the pig-driver, that he had married his former master's daughter, and that he, his wife, and some of their children owed all their happiness to Mr. Venn's present. Books are missionaries, and the humblest caterer who keeps a choice volume to lend may sometimes be as useful as his wealthier neighbor who dispenses charities.

Of Samuel Bradburn, one of the most original and powerful preachers of the last century, it is recorded that he was first stilled into seriousness by looking at some decayed flowers. And in a similar way it has frequently happened that an action, or its manner, has been effectual in exciting the profoundest thoughts when no word has been spoken. Early in life John Angell James was arrested in a downward course by seeing a fellow apprentice on his knees. The mother of the late Dr. Buntin was awakened rather by the sight than by the hearing of a strange man who stood in the village street and earnestly exhorted sinners to repentance. She contrasted the manifest sincerity of the man she watched with her own conscious want of a worthy aim in life, and was first startled and then subdued by the reflection, "The fruit of a righteous man is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise."

The realization of a single thought has many a time sufficed for the conversion of men. Mr. Benson, at a period of great personal trial, had been preaching in Cornwall, when he found himself one day so pressed by a crowd of out-door listeners that he begged those already converted to stand back, and those as yet unsaved to come within hearing. But they stood still with eyes fastened on him. "What!" he cried, "*all unconverted?*" and in a moment the terrible conviction of sin, guilt, and danger ran like fire through the multitude, and conscience-stricken sinners fell by hundreds, as if slain by those two words. In common we know what mighty forces lie when the dull ear is opened to receive their full significance.

Sometimes the tone of voice has inspired seriousness. Mr. Madan, who became the founder and first chaplain of the Lock Hospital, and a very popular preacher, went one evening from a coffee-house, at the request of some of his gay companions, to hear Mr. Wesley preach, that he might turn and exhibit his manner and discourse for their entertainment. When he entered the chapel, Mr. Wesley gave out as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God," with a solemnity of accent that so impressed him he could not but listen reverently to the sermon. On returning to his friends, and being asked if he had taken off the old Methodist, he answered, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off," and from that time he forsook their society and changed entirely his habits of living.

The opportuneness of a word has often pointed it for conviction. A striking example is that of an inkeeper among the converts of Mr. Haweis, who, being fond of music, resorted for once to church. To the hymns he listened with delight, but to the prayers he stopped his ears. Heated and annoyed, he closed his eyes too, till a fly stinging his nose, he took his hands from the side of his head to punish the trespasser. Just then the preacher gave out the text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The impression was irresistible; the man listened; and that Sunday proved to him the beginning of days. He gave up swearing and drinking, and after eighteen years happy walking with God died rejoicing in hope. In another instance, a young woman cherishing a determination to commit suicide was persuaded by a friend to enter Surrey Chapel. The preacher took for his text, "O that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end;" and at the close of his discourse, quite unconscious who were his auditors in so large and crowded a congregation, addressed himself particularly to any one who might have resolved to rush forbidden into the presence of the unseen Judge. That night his miserable listener could not fulfill her resolve; the appointed hour passed; and when the next Sabbath arrived she repaired again to chapel. The text this time was, "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." She was led to understand how, in her own case, the providence of God might be acting for the accomplishment of his purposes of love and grace, and the result was her conversion. By a peculiar conjuncture of circumstances the All-wise mercifully adds emphasis to truth.

Even the individual's own sinful act, bringing him into sudden and incongruous relation with eternal realities, has not unfrequently been converted into an occasion of awakening. Many Sauls have been stricken down as they journeyed to Damascus. The mystery of divine mercy was probably never more remarkably illustrated than in the case of Mr. Thorp, formerly a minister in Masborough. At a convivial tavern-meeting he and three of his associates undertook to mimic Mr. Whitefield for the amusement of the company. A wager was agreed upon, to be adjudged to the most adroit performer, and the text was to be the first passage on which his eye fell in opening the Bible. Mr. Thorp's turn came last, and he seated at the table, exclaiming, "I shall beat you all." But when the Bible was handed him he opened on the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (Luke xiii, 3.) And immediately the sharp pangs of conviction seized him, and conscience denounced tremendous vengeance on his soul. His subject expanded before him, and he proceeded to discuss it with great clearness and force. Frequently afterward he declared that "if ever he preached by the assistance of the Spirit of God it was then." The solemnity and evident sincerity of his discourse produced visible depression over his audience, which reacted upon himself, intensifying his feelings. When he left the table a profound silence reigned in the room. Full of the deepest distress, he withdrew. That was his last bacchanalian revel, and this the first of many persuasive sermons. The course also into which the thoughts of men have been carried when they themselves have had least control over associations, has sometimes issued in the regeneration of their lives. In fine, facts like these might be varied, or multiplied, almost indefinitely. They show how

minute and comprehensive is the providence of God ; that “ no man liveth to himself ; ” that eternity alone can be the measure of their influence who are “ workers together with him. ” “ O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. ” — *Sunday at Home.*

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### NATURE A BIBLE.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity ; besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies exposed unto the eye of all : those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens ; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than his supernatural station did the children of Israel ; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them than in the other all his miracles ; surely the heathen knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye upon these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to such divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so far forget God as to adore the name of nature ; which I define not, with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained in the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now, this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work that with the self same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created ; for God is like a skilful geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art ; yet this rule of his he does sometimes pervert to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogance of our reason should question his power and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument he only is ; and therefore to ascribe His actions unto be is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument ; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast that we have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writing.

I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore deformity in any kind of species whatever ; I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all he made was good, that is, comfortable to his will, which abhors deformity and is the rule of order and beauty ; there is no deformity but in monstrousness, wherein, notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so is

veniously contriving the irregular parts that they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or misshapen but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God; now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both servants of his providence; art is the perfection of nature; were the world now as it was the sixth day there were yet a chaos; nature hath made one world and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

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## THE MODEL MAN OF ZEAL.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

"When I reach heaven," said an aged saint, just then ascending the electable Mountains, "I shall love to talk with the Apostle Paul." This was a very natural and a beautiful wish. It was not strange that the old pilgrim, whose life struggle was nearly over, should long for communion with that glorified saint who had withstood so many trials and borne so many stripes (if it be one occupation of heaven to talk of things below) to hear him tell how, in his Master's strength, he had confronted Grecian philosophy on the hill of Mars, how he had stood before Caesar unpappalled, how he had risen from his sleep in the midnight dungeon to sing praises to God, and how he had cast off the weeping brethren from his neck and cried aloud, "Behold, I go bound in spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there."

Paul was the model man of zeal. "It is good to be *zealously* affected," said he with a peculiar grace from his burning lips. Other men may have been more sublimely eloquent—perhaps Isaiah was. Elijah was commissioned to work more majestic miracles. Solomon had vaster knowledge and profounder wisdom. The bosom that lay nearest to our Lord's at the paschal supper may have contained a more tender, loving heart. But in the zeal that confers not with flesh and blood, that rejoices in abundant labors, stripes above measure, in weariness, watchfulness and tears; in the zeal that counts not even life dear, but cries out exultingly, "I am ready to be offered," in this the great apostle outshone them all.

This zeal no waters could quench. No prison dungeons or royal judgment halls could shake it. No intimidations could fright it. No labors or painful watchings could weary it. On through every dungeon, on through every difficulty, on he went in his holy mission, and became "all things to all men," if by this conformity to their wants (not to their errors) he might possibly save the more souls from the death that never dies.

The examples of Paul's zeal which his inspired biographer gives us are not brilliant isolated cases in a life of chronic self-indulgence and sluggishness. They were the outcome of a spiritual fervor so great that if seen but on one occasion they might appear to have been the overflow of a momentary enthusiasm; but the regularity, the *constancy* of their occurrence showed them to be the customary and normal actings of a soul per-

petually impelled by the same lofty and heavenly principle. He was *ways* zealously affected. We can hardly imagine him as ever delivering even one dull discourse, as ever offering one listless, languid prayer, as ever idling away one single day of his existence. After labouring through revival in Lystra, or Ephesus, we do not read that he put into Antioch for a long period of spiritual repose. The "coming home to refit"—the "dock for repairs," were something this tireless courier of the Cross never knew. He began his spiritual career with the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to *do*?" It ended as it began. His life was one connected powerful, magnificent gospel-discourse from the text that was uttered and the flood-light of Damascus on to the crimson *Amen* that gushed out his martyr-blood beside the gates of pagan Rome. "O for one hour Dundee!" said a commander at a critical juncture on a battle-field. So may we half-hearted Christians of modern times cry out, "*O for one hour of Paul!*"—*Evangelist*.

### CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN GERMANY.

The schools in Germany have been great helps to the cultivation of congregational singing. Very frequently the schoolmaster is also the organist of the congregation. Learning the catechism and singing hymns form part of the regular school exercises. Hymns are committed to memory, and sung to the same melodies used in the church service. Thus singing year after year in the school trains the children for singing in the congregation. Herein lies the difficulty with respect to our American congregational singing. Sacred music is taught only in rare and exceptional cases in our common schools. The children may help to sing a few hymns once a week in the Sabbath-school. But the little that might be gained here is to a great extent lost by the practice of light modernized airs, which we nevertheless sing in our church service. The popular Sabbath-school music books are a positive injury, a hindrance to the cultivation of church music, just because their trifling sentimental airs beget a distaste in the minds of the young for solid church melodies. In the German schools there have but one set of hymns for old and young, as they have but one Bible. The hymns they learn and sing in youth are learned for a lifetime, and remain to them a thing of beauty and joy forever.

The Germans have but few melodies, though many hymns; and a general rule always sing the same tune to a hymn. Sometimes they use one tune for a number of different hymns. The tunes are named after the hymn for which they were originally composed. The "Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten" is always sung to the same tune, which is named after it. When a hymn is to be sung to its tune the minister says, "Nach der Melodie, Wer nur," etc. This reduces their church melodies to a comparatively small number, and simplifies their church music. Our plan is the reverse. We multiply tunes and tax the patience of old and young in introducing new ones. Every L. M. hymn would be sung to Old Hundred, Winlam, Luther Hymn, and Ward, and to no other, how readily all the children could learn to sing L. M. hymns. This is the German plan. The praise

our churches is throttled by incessantly thrusting upon them new tunes. Where this praise-encumbering process is not allowed, choirs complain of monotony and staleness. For the same reason they might demur at the staleness of the hymns, for they never go beyond the collection of the book; and even the Bible might on this ground be charged with a defect in point of freshness. The German melodies have become historical by long use; ours are not likely to become such with our novelty-loving tastes.—*German Ref. Messenger.*

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### MEMORY.

We are apt to forget what a remarkable instrument the human memory really is. More than two thousand years ago, Plato expressed the apprehension that a habit of receiving assistance from, and trusting to, written books, might enfeeble the mind. His remark is valuable as involving an expression of opinion by one who had, perhaps, heard the entire Iliad recited by a rhapsodist, to effect that the powers of the human mind, deprived of all literary aids, are well fitted for thought and recollection. Numerous illustrations will occur to the reader, casting light and countenance on Plato's observation. Italian story-tellers repeat long scrolls of their country's poetry. The ballads of a people descend, as the minstrelsy of Scotland descended, in substantial correctness, generation after generation. A Daseent, inquiring into the tales of Norway, and comparing them with similar tales elsewhere, finds that the popular memory, acting in branches of related kindreds parted for a thousand years, retains circumstances and occurrences with such minuteness that the identity of a tale which has crossed the Himalaya and Ural mountains, skirted the icy solitudes of the north, and arrived finally in the green valleys of England, can be distinctly traced. When the human mind is conscious that a prized treasure is confided to its sole custody—when memory is its own book—the characters are clearly impressed, and the clasps which bind the whole are strong as iron.

The recollection of any man, who had impressed his contemporaries as the Christ of Tacitus palpably had impressed his, would be keen and vivid in the popular mind for at least one hundred years. It would be so in our own time, and we can scarcely conceive how much more likely it was to be so at the commencement of our era. The crystals of memory would for such a period continue angular in their forms, brilliantly vivid in their contents.—*Buyne.*

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### THE GOSPELS.

It is an exhibition of mental confusion or culpable ignorance to launch forth into expressions of vague admiration in reference to their style and fiction. Their literary qualities, strictly so-called, are of no pre-eminent order. They possess, indeed, one quality which, in literature as in life, is the basis of all excellence,—self-evident, unflinching truthfulness. But they bear no trace either of wish or of ability to enhance the interest or impressiveness of what is related by the manner of relating it. Their au-



thors have not thought of literary composition at all. They have not trained themselves to arrange their recollections in sequence of time or place. They feel only the unspeakable moment of what they have to relate, and their sole aim is to commit it intelligibly to manuscript. The fact that Jesus did this or said that is with them of such transcendent importance that the question, when or where he spoke or acted, is, comparatively speaking, overlooked. Absolute certainty, absolute accuracy, perfect distinctness, in putting down the syllable uttered, the deed done, by Christ—that is their grand, absorbing aim. Thirty years of His life may be a blank; they offer no conjecture to fill up the gap. Certain of His sayings may give offence, certain of His doings may appear mysterious. No matter. Their eyes saw them, their ears heard them, and they put them down. They do not write about Christ, they do not purposely draw the portrait, or describe the character, of Christ; they transcribe from their memory what is vividly, indelibly imprinted there of Christ. Their connecting narrative is the gold of simplicity, earnestness, integrity; but set in it, quite distinct from it, are the pearls and rubies of Christ's words and actions; and it is as we contemplate these that His image comes together, that His likeness draws out upon us, that we are aware of a magnetic, marvelous, God-like Personality, compared with whom all other historical characters flit swiftly back into insignificance.—*Bayne.*

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### L I F E .

Think not thy time short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity; and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before and may be after it. And if we should allow of the old tradition, that the world should last six thousand years, it could scarce have the name of old since the first man lived nearly a sixth part thereof, and seven Methuselahs would exceed its whole duration. However, to palliate the shortness of our lives, and somewhat to compensate our brief term in this world, it is good to know as much as we can of it; and also, so far as possibly in us lieth, to hold such a theory of times past as though we had seen the same. He who hath thus considered the world, as also how therein things long past have been answered by things present; how matters in one age have been acted over in another; and how there is nothing new under the sun may conceive himself in some manner to have lived from the beginning and to be as old as the world; and if he should still live on, it would be but the same thing.

Lastly,\* if length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expectation. Reckon not upon long life: think every day the last, and live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his expectation lives many lives, and will scarce complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a shadow; make time to come present. Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them: be like a neighbor unto the grave and think there is but little to come. And since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this life, will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conform-

ty and close apprehension of it. And if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exolution, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, and ingestion into the divine shadow, according to mystical theology, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven, the world is in a wanner over, and the earth in ashes unto them.—*Sir Thos. Browne.*

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### EYES GO IN PAIRS.

This is the rule. They seem made to match. The two eyes of a person are so alike, that when you have seen one you can see the other. There are exceptions to this rule. You now and then meet with a man whose eyes are odd ones. They do not match, but looked as if they belonged to different men. And sometimes you see a person whose two eyes seem to have had a quarrel. They look shy of each other; and do not act in harmony. One eye turns this way, and the other—as if to show its independence—looks at something else.

As sure as men have two eyes, they live two lives. The professing Christian has his world-life, and his church-life: life in the market, and life at the prayer-meeting. If the man is what he ought to be, these two lives are as much alike as are the two eyes of a person. They match perfectly; and when you have seen one, you know the other. What such a man is at the class-meeting, he will be in the shop, the field or the factory.

But you sometimes meet with a man whose two lives do not match. There is a want of likeness and harmony between life in the world, and life in the church. If you can fix your sight upon the bargain and the prayer made by the same person, the effect is peculiar; it is like looking upon two eyes that are odd ones. If you can catch the seeming drift of life on the week-day, and life on Sabbath, you find that the two lives have parted company, and move in different directions. It is like confronting a man who has a cast in one of his eyes; you do not know for certain what he is looking at. For two eyes he seems to have two objects; and, as to some professing Christians, week-day life looks one way, and Sunday life another.

A cast in the eye is understood to be a blemish, and a drawback to beauty; a cast in the life is fatal to the beauty of holiness.

*Fork.*

J. B.

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### MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

“And you must not put on mourning.”

“Oh mother!” and Maddie lifted her head with a beseeching glance.

“No, dear, I forbid it; I would have you think of me in another way than that suggested by gloomy colors. Wear white as often as you please; that be your morning garb, or rather let it be an emblem of my happiness and the purity of heaven. Think of me as being arrayed in the shining white of heaven, not as mere dust, senseless and soulless in the

tomb. In the midst of flowers, of every innocent enjoyment, keep thy memory fresh, for there is music in heaven; immortal gardens bloom there and its delights it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. In this way, my darling, you can in one sense keep me by you, and say to yourself many times, 'No, I am not motherless.' As soon as the first heaviness of your grief wears away, you will love to feel that I am resting—that I am basking in the sunshine of God's great love—that I am patiently waiting for you.—*Mrs. M. A. Denison.*

### A CURE FOR CARE.

Trust in him at all times.—Psa. lxii, 8.

The Christian life has its trials and sorrows; but we cannot let thinking that these would be far less numerous,—or, at least, much easier to be borne—if there were more trust in Christ, who is not only our Saviour from sin, but has also undertaken and promised to deliver us either from encountering trials, or else from experiencing their dejecting and disastrous effects. Many believers are apt to go limping and groaning beneath oppressive burdens which there is no earthly reason why they should carry, because Christ is the great burden-bearer of his people, and has declared in many precious promises that he is able and willing to relieve his followers from their trials, or else to give them sufficient strength to endure them without hurt or inconvenience. O that Christians had a clearer view of the work of their Master! then there would be fewer "ready-to-halts" full of uneasiness and despondency in his Church, casting the unhealthy shadow of their influence upon those around. Lord! send us prosperity to thy chosen, and sweep clean away the unbelief of thy heritage.

When a Christian is in any trouble let him not sit still and mope over his sorrows, exclaiming in doleful tones, "Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" but let him go at once to Christ and, having declared his case, leave it in his hands, with the firm belief that he who "doeth all things well" will cause all things to work together for good to his servants. None need have tearful eyes for the present, or fearful hearts for the future who can trust Jesus. What said Paul? "I know in whom I have trusted, [Greek.] and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." 2 Tim. i, 12. In the same way should we "commit unto Him" our trials and troubles, as well as our souls and all that concerns us, knowing that "He careth for" us, and will watch over our interests with a loving and jealous solicitude. He is our tender and powerful friend. His sympathy never wavers, and his aiding, supporting, cheering power is always at the disposal of faith. It is to "ask and have" with him. No matter how desperate may be our condition, how great our extremity, he can always deliver us. As a Puritan weightily says: "A man can be in no condition where in Christ is at a loss and cannot help him. If comforts be wanting he can create comforts; and only out of nothing, but out of discomforts. He made the whale that swallowed up Jonah a means to bring him to the shore. The sea was a wall to the Israelites on both sides. The devouring flames were a great refreshing to the three children in the fiery furnace."

There is, indeed, no limit to the power of Christ, any more than to his

fore. If we did but meditate more upon him, his promises and faithfulness, we should not so often, with clouded faces and sinking hearts, exclaim, "O, my God, my soul is cast down within me!" but the language of the Psalmist would more become our lips: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." There can be no tangible reason assigned why our spirits should be depressed on account of the trials of life, when we know that Christ is at our right hand to protect us from evil and do us good. It would be well if we followed the advice which Luther sung:

Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure trust and tender care  
Who earth and heaven commands.

If we could imbibe the spirit of that verse, and trust entirely in the Lord, we should be much happier than we are. Trust in God is a blessed, effectual cure for care. This the Psalmist found, and hence his advice: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass," (Psa. xxxvii, 5.) It is certain that "confidence in the flesh," (Phil. iii, 3,) "trust in ourselves," (2 Cor. i, 1,) or in any carnal resources, (Psa. xx, 7; xlv, 6,) will only end in vanity and disappointment; for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," (2 Cor. x, 4.) In the Lord alone should be our trust, (Psa. xi, 1; xxv, 2; xxxi 14,) in his word, (Psa. cxiv, 42,) and mercy, (Psa. xliii, 5.) No fear shall fill his bosom whose heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord," (Psa. cxii, 7.) Even death itself shall have no terror to such a one, (Job xliii, 14.) In all his troubles and sorrows, with which he must meet in his journey from the cradle to the grave, the Christian who trusts in his heavenly Father shall find him a safe refuge, (Psa. lxxii, 8,) and a very present help in trouble. And what powerful reasons there are to incite us to this "trust!" The beneficence of God, (Psa. xxxi, 19; Nahum i, 7,) his great love, (Psa. lxxvi, 6,) his paternal pity, (Psa. lv, 22; ciii, 12) his solicitude for our welfare, (1 Peter v, 7,) his eternal omnipotence, (Isa. xxvi, 4,) his god-like and gracious liberality, (1 Tim. vi, 16,) his promises and faithfulness in the past, (Psa. ix, 10,) all these are so many irresistible arguments, proving that it is not only our duty but our interest to confide in the Lord. O that you, dear reader, may be led to trust him with your soul and all that concerns you. Believe me, you may trust him heartily and unreservedly, (Prov. iii, 5,) and he shall order all things aright for your soul. No foes are strong enough to prevail against those who trust in the Lord, and are therefore under his especial protection, (Psa. xxxvii, 40.) Mercy encircles the believer, and is his life-guard in this wilderness world, (Psa. lxxii, 10.) He is blessed above all men, (Psa. ii, 12; xxxiv, 8 lxxxiv, 2;) perfect peace fills his heart, (Isa. xxvi, 3,) and he cannot be moved by all the artifice and rage of the world, (Psa. cxv, 1.) Truly, they alone have true happiness who trust in Jehovah, (Prov. xvi, 20.) They have no need to fear anything, and can say, "In God I have put my trust: I will not fear what flesh can do unto me," (Psa. lvi, 4; xxvii, 1; cxviii, 6.) And dear Christian reader, you can doubtless say that you have experienced the blessedness of trusting in the Lord, having been delivered from dangers, defended against enemies, cheered and supported in trials,

and blessed far above your desert. Continue to trust him, brother, and you shall "not be ashamed," (Psa. xxv, 2,) for he will ever be your shadow at your right hand, the rock of your salvation, and your God.

In patience, then, possess thy soul ;  
Stand still ; for while the thunders roll  
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom  
And will to thy assistance come ;  
His love and mercy will be shown  
To those who trust in him alone.

—*Christian Cabinet.*

## FILIAL REVERENCE OF THE TURKS.

A beautiful feature in the character of the Turks, is their reverence and respect for the author of their being. Their wives' advice and reprimand is unheeded: their words are *bosh*—nothing; but their mother is an oracle; she is consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honoured to her latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave. "My wives die, and I can replace them," says the Osmanli; "my children perish, and others may be born to me," but who shall restore to me the mother who has passed away, and who is seen no more?"

## P o e t r y

### LIFE'S QUESTIONS.

Drifting away,  
Like mote on the stream,  
To-day's disappointment  
Yesterday's dream ;  
Ever resolving—  
Never to mend ;  
Such is our progress—  
Where is the end ?

Whirling away,  
Like leaf in the wind,  
Points of attachment  
Left daily behind,  
Fixed to no principle,  
Fast to no friend ;  
Such our fidelity—  
Where is the end ?

Floating away,  
Like cloud on the hill,  
Pendulous, tremulous,  
Migrating still—  
Where to repose ourselves ?  
Whither to tend ?  
Such our consistency—  
Where is the end ?

Crystal the pavement,  
Seen through the stream ;  
Firm the reality  
Under the dream ;  
We may not feel it.  
Still we may mend—  
How we have conquered  
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter  
Sports of the wind,  
But stands to the winter  
The great tree behind ;  
Frost shall not wither it,  
Storms cannot bend,  
Roots firmly clasping  
The rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament  
Over the cloud :  
Clear shine the stars through  
The rifts of the shroud  
There our repose shall be ;  
Thither we tend—  
Spite of our wanderings  
Approved at the end.

## THE PEACEFUL WAITING.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
 Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing,  
 And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,  
 Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
 Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,  
 While tender grasses and awakening flowers  
 Send up a golden tint into the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
 The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,  
 The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,  
 To fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
 Shall starry night be beautiful to thee,  
 And the cold morn shall look through the blue silence,  
 Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
 Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,  
 Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,  
 Bringing its thousand joys thy hearts to fill.

A little longer still—patience, beloved !  
 A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll  
 The glory and the brightness, and the wonder,  
 Eternal and divine, that wait thy soul.

A little longer, ere life, true immortal,  
 (Not this our shadowy life), will be thine own,  
 And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,  
 And trembling bow before the great white throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,  
 And fills thy spirit with a great delight,  
 Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,  
 Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,  
 Shall beat forever with a love divine,  
 And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,  
 No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices  
 Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;  
 Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee ;  
 Beloved, can we bid thee linger here ?

*Register.*

## Narrative Pieces.

### THE CONVERSION OF A SHIP'S CREW.

CAPTAIN M'KELVIE, of the ship *Thomas Campbell*, communicates to a contemporary, under date, London, July 2nd, 1861, the following particulars:—

On our passage out, it had been laid upon the hearts of the chief officer, the carpenter, my brother, and myself, the only professors of religion in the ship's company of twenty-two individuals, to pray much for the conversion of the rest of the people. To this end I instituted public worship on the Lord's day for as many as would attend. Subsequently, we held a prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings; and, ultimately, finding a disposition to avail themselves of these opportunities, daily service, or, as it might be termed, family worship, was instituted and regularly maintained. Still, beyond a willing attendance on these means of grace, we saw no other result until our passage home, and in the neighbourhoods of the Western Isles: when the following striking and most blessed incidents occurred, which exceeded all we had ventured to anticipate.

On Monday, May 2th, 1861, the Mate having in the morning heard one of the boys threatening to revenge himself effectually upon another who had given him some offence, shortly found him in the long-boat,—which, placed on deck, was in common use as retreat and general lounge,—opened his Bible, and directed his attention to the passage, Rom. xii. 19. "Avenge not yourselves," &c.; when the lad burst into tears, and began very earnestly to cry to God for mercy on his soul. The other lad had in the meantime also entered the boat, and joined in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. One or two of the crew followed, and, as they approached, and appeared to feel the Holy Ghost, and to yield to His soul-subduing influence.

This occurred in the forenoon. I was informed of it at dinner; and in the evening we held a prayer-meeting. The two boys, Archie and Jack, and

some others, were present. A good influence rested upon us, but there was no outward manifestation. Jack prayed aloud, and both he and Archie were set free from the burden of their guilt.

Tuesday, 21st.—During the day they held a prayer-meeting in the boat. In the afternoon, one of the seamen named Black, came down to my room under conviction. I prayed with him long and earnestly. He was in great distress. While praying with him, I heard the steward in the pantry crying for mercy. At half-past six o'clock a prayer-meeting began. The thirtieth chapter of St. John was read; the carpenter then prayed, and next Mr. Heans, the chief officer. While Mr. Heans prayed, his voice was drowned by cries for mercy, and others weeping for their sins against a loving Saviour. It was truly affecting to witness it, and to see the little boys and Jack kneeling over their shipmates, and endeavouring to point them to the Lamb of God. One of the men ran away, apparently afraid. Our prayer-meeting did not break up till about eleven o'clock. Many rejoicing in Saviour's love. The steward and Deason, Mr. Daniel and the boy Bob, professed to have found a Saviour. All then engaged in prayer and all seemed to have the spirit of prayer, especially the boys. Hearing their earnest and eloquent prayers, we remembered the word of our Saviour: "Of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." It was a glorious night, rich in blessing to our souls, except poor Black, who was in despair: there was no mercy for him, he said. In the evening I expostulated with those who would not attend our meeting, entreating and warning them; but they did not come. During the time of our meeting, Mr. Heans went forward, sounding his notes of warning to the impenitent while they still knelt on deck and prayed.

Wednesday, 22nd, was set apart for special prayer. In the morning we went forward, and expostulated with

those who would not attend our services; warning them of the danger of resisting God's Spirit, and inviting and entreating them to come to our meeting. We began about nine o'clock and our meeting lasted till noon.— There was a good influence, but no fresh cases. We met again about two o'clock; and, on about four, the Spirit came down in rich effusion; two of those who did not attend on the previous night were now crying for mercy, and professed to have found a Saviour before we dismissed. Poor Jack, also, found relief; thus were three added to our number. Of another ordinary seaman we did not feel quite sure. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for His wonderful works unto us poor sinners!

Thursday, 23d. — I got up shortly after five this morning, and knelt in prayer; but I felt I must go and get some of them down to pray with me. I went on deck for the carpenter to come; he was in the long-boat. I went forward, and found the boat full, praying and praising; and the very man that ran away yesterday was engaged in prayer, having found a Saviour.

I found one of the men who did not attend our meetings. I told him he must come down with me to the cabin to pray; and he came; also the carpenter. We engaged in prayer for him; and we were not long engaged when the steward brought another of the non-attendants. We engaged in prayer for him; and, with humility could I say it, the spirit of prayer was poured upon us, and we soon heard the joyful sound of another sinner crying for mercy in the name of Jesus. The first that came down ran away.— After breakfast there was another lad prayed for in the cabin; and of him I must it might be said, "Behold, he is saved." The meeting was still going on in the boat, and it had begun about nine o'clock in the morning. I went on deck for a little while, and found there was a happy influence; but I did not stay long. I went into the fore-castle, and found a man without hope. He felt he was too great a sinner to be saved. I endeavoured to tell him of a gracious Saviour, and prayed with him. I asked for his Bible, that I might point out a chapter for him to read; but he had none,

having lost it in a recent gale. I invited him down to the cabin to give him a Bible. When we came down we found a meeting going on of the boys and some of the men. I gave this man a New Testament, and told him he had better stay where he was, and read it; and I went on deck into the carpenter's house. I found him praying; I joined him. After awhile we went down to the cabin, and I found the man who a little before had no hope now telling all he had found a Saviour.

In the afternoon we had a meeting, and all were present except two Swedes. However, two of them ran away terrified, and nothing could induce them, to come back. Mr. Heans followed them, and they ran from him terrified. I shall never forget the solemnity of that afternoon. Before the meeting began, it seemed as if we were in the immediate presence of God. Yes, our God was near us, to bless us, and protect us; for Satan seemed to rage, seeing his strongholds pulled down. But our God was for us; and who could be against us? Our meeting went on, and it was truly a blessed time. Well might we exclaim, "I'm lost in wonder, love, and praise."

O the wonders of redeeming grace, to hear the bold blasphemer pleading mercy, confessing his heinous sins! and, O, what a joyful sight to see so many faces beaming with joy, and happy in a Saviour's love! to see the boys holding each others hands, weeping and saying, "We shall not fight any more; we shall love each other. Glory to God!" Three to-day professed to have found a Saviour.

Friday, 24th.—Another blessed day. Some met in the cabin and some in the boat. In the morning, we in the cabin had a rich blessing poured upon us. We all met in the afternoon in the cabin, when another, who would not attend our meetings, came and knelt with us, and prayed for mercy; he professed to have found Jesus. He is a Swede, and prayed in his own language. We then sang the paraphrase, "From every kindred, every tongue," &c. After six o'clock I had a meeting in the cabin, when Mr. Heans, the carpenter, and the rest of the converts went into the fore-castle, and pleaded for a hardened sinner, and got him to his knees. Twice he endeavoured to deceive them, as he afterwards con-



fessed. After our little cabin-meeting broke up, we went forward: all were around him; and God magnified His own name. We heard the penitent cry for mercy; and before we left him he professed to have found a Saviour. This man ran from the presence of God twice; yet he was brought to repent. "O my soul, for ever praise, for ever love his name!" None but God such grace can show. All appear to be growing in grace; many of them have delightful, and all have penitent, prayers.

Saturday, 25th.—A day of rich blessing. We met in the cabin in the morning, and enjoyed much of God's love: all the converts joined in prayer; many of them are growing fast. The afternoon was set apart by all to plead for the only hardened sinner left. All but one now profess to have found a Saviour; but I trust our prayers will yet be answered for him. Our ship has now become a house of prayer; the songs of Zion are night and day ascending from some part of her.

Sunday, 26th.—Another happy day. We had service in the forenoon and afternoon. In the evening, there were a few down in the cabin; at eight o'clock, an old man of fifty-three, who had resisted every entreaty, now came down, and knelt with us; and it might be said, "Behold, he prayeth."

Our meetings after this were continued day by day; and the result is, that on arriving in London, on Sunday, June 23rd, I am enabled to record the mercy of God in giving us reason to believe that eighteen conversions took place on board the ship in the course of one week; and that the whole ship's company, of twenty-two, are now following the Lord Jesus towards the rest which remains for the people of God.

#### HOW A KAREN WOMAN BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

HOW A KAREN WOMAN BECAME A CHRISTIAN.—The first Christian woman I met, says Mrs. Mason, in Burma, told me this story:—

Sixteen years before, she was one day by the Salwen river, when she saw a ship coming up. She ran to see it, when a tall, handsome, white foreigner stepped on the shore. He came up to her, and gave his hand.

"Mahalah" ("How do you do") "Mah, Th'kyen," ("Well, my lord") was asked, and answered; when enquired where she was going, she bade her go in peace. The white foreigner returned to the ship, and stood gazing after it. Soon her husband came up, and she said,—

"I have seen one of the sons of God."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he gave me his hand."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, I did; for he looked like an angel, and I am not ashamed of it."

That night her husband beat her, giving her hand to a stranger, and she was then ordered to go to heathen festivals as usual. Guapung towered (and she was a most noble-looking woman). "No," she said; "now twenty years I have been making offerings to Guadama, and he has not spared my husband from beating me. Hereafter, I pray only to this white man's God. The white foreigner looked like an angel; he spoke to me gently and respectfully, as if I had been a man! His God must be the best God." She began that night to pray. This was her prayer:—"Father God, Lord God, Honorable God, Righteous one! in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the sea, the north, in the south, in the east, the west, pity me, I pray!"

This prayer she prayed for five years, utterly refusing to make offerings to the idols. After that time, a Missionary went into her region. As soon as she heard another white foreigner had come, she ran and sat down at his feet for nine days. She was converted, and was the means of converting her husband and all her family, and raising up three churches. She became a deaconess, sexton, and everything else. She became a *Bible-talker*. She never stops to learn herself, but had her children taught; and she treated up the scripture in a most wonderful way. For months this woman has been with me over the burning plain, when I have been compelled to wear a towel for a turban, dipped in every cool spring we came to; I reading the Bible in her language, and she talking it.

This woman had been a fortune-teller; and one day a woman came five miles to get a charm for her husband who had run away from her.

"Yes," said Guapung, "I have a charm. Sit down, sister."

So down she sat, the whole long day, listening to Guapung's wonderful stories.

"No," she said, "there was once a wonderful Man in this world, whose face shone like a rainbow. One day He saw a woman crying, and He went up to her, and asked, 'Why weepest thou, Mary?' Then He spoke kind words to her, and made her happy. Now, this being, who spoke so kindly to a woman, was the Son of God!" Then she went on to tell her of the charm; which was to go and call back her husband, and not scold him any more; because this Son of God commanded that women should obey their husbands.

About three weeks after, a man came over from the heathen village, and

wanted to see "the big teacheress" that had the charm; for he said that that woman who had been such a brawler that nobody could live in peace in her neighbourhood, was then living very happily with her husband, the quietest of all; and the men of the place were anxious that their wives should join the Christians, because they understood the Christian religion did not allow women to scold their husbands!

Now, all this good resulted from that one expression of sympathy, in giving the hand to a heathen woman. This I call the greatest sermon ever preached by that Missionary; and that Missionary was dear, good Dr. Judson; and could his ransomed spirit now speak, would he not say,—

"PITY HEATHEN WOMEN! DO NOT GIVE UP BURMAH!"

## Biblical Criticism and Exposition.

### BENEFICENCE INSTEAD OF DEVOTION.

But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation saying, To what purpose is this ointment? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor.—Matt. vi. 8, 9.

*Beneficence instead of Devotion*—proposal basely suggested by Judas, and ignorantly adopted by the rest of the disciples.

How rudely the act or word of a neighbor grates against your feelings, if it is violently incongruous with your own spirit at the time! If you and your friends are engaged in conversation, sober and sad, on some great calamity that has recently alighted on the land, and if a third person suddenly break in upon the colloquy with loud, uproarious mirth, the intrusion shocks you, not so much by anything absolutely evil in itself, as by its want of harmony with the mood in which the moment you happen to be. "As he began upon nitre, so is he that sings songs to a heavy heart" (Prov. xxv. 10). This is eminently true in the religious affections. Whether the incongruity lies between the spiritual and the worldly, or between the more cool and the more ardent of true believers,

the discrepancy is keenly and mutually felt. David's ardour when he laid aside the king, and threw himself body and soul into the popular rejoicings before the returning ark, appeared to his haughty and unimpassioned wife, as she watched him from the window, a shocking impropriety altogether unbecoming the dignity of a king. Many a warm hearted, single-eyed disciple of Jesus has been denounced as a fanatic by mere formalists, or admonished as extravagant by true Christians, who were constitutionally cool in their tempers and languid in their emotions. Nor should it be on the other hand, either denied or concealed that ardent Christians have sometimes, by their own improprieties, invited reproof. To err is human; and in no case are all the errors found on one side of truth's straight dividing line. In the meantime, however, we speak here mainly of the errors that lie on one side for the double reason that they

are in themselves the most dangerous, and that to them the lesson of the text is expressly directed.

In the word of the Lord we find the warning, and address it affectionately to every reader—Beware of blaming any Christian for the supposed excess of his devotional ardour, because it glows more warmly than your own. We have no right to compress within our approved moulds the bursting emotions of a soul that is bought with a price, and “weary with holding in.” It may be quite true that we feel a jar,—that the words and ways of that young and eager convert are not in harmony with our judgment and our taste; but to say the least, it may admit of question whether the cause of the incongruity be that he is above or that we are below the standard of zeal proper to the redeemed of the Lord. Whenever any extravagance occurs in the name of religious fervour, by all means let sober Christians gently reprove or firmly repress it. In a time of great and miscellaneous development of religious forces like the present, it is lawful, perhaps we should say expedient, to watch carefully, not only deeds and doctrines, but the times, measures, and forms of expressed devotion; but much depends on the attitude of the watcher. If he lie in wait for errors in the path of his neighbor, he will probably mark as vices some things which are already marked as virtues in the Master's book. If hopeful and liberal, he rejoices in the good that is doing, and faithfully rebukes the evil that may occasionally mingle with it, he will serve his generation well. The times are not stagnant; a broad stream of blessing is flowing through the Church. We do not affirm that its whole volume is absolutely pure; but the dry chaff and withered leaves that here and there float upon its bosom disfigure its surface rather than pollute its mass. Rash and short-sighted are those who, at first sight of these excrescences, rush into the river's bed and strive to stop it bodily.

We do not deny the existence of spiritual excesses in the church, but we believe that, in this country at least, for one who transgresses the rules of propriety in the manifestation of the zeal for Christ, ten lie freezing below zero in the spiritual thermometer. For one simple Mary, with her heart melt-

ing and overflowing into abnormal and lavish devotion, there are twelve disciples, not to mention traitors who are more notable for maintaining the conventional properties of earth, than for catching the fire of heaven.

In this case, true disciples were found sneering at an expression of devotion which their Master appreciated and approved. What happened in those ancient times may happen again in ours. We must be jealous over ourselves with a godly jealousy, lest we should be found loathing what the Lord loves. It was the interested, dishonest Judas that led the eleven on that occasion into an error of judgment. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Sometimes one who has not the spirit of Christ at all, obtains a place and influence among Christians which he does not deserve. It is the wiles like these that the adversary obtains an advantage over us. The Lord on one occasion, addressing Peter, said, “Get thee behind me, Satan. That man is full of warning. Peter at that time was a true disciple. His heart trusted in the Saviour, and his name was written in the book of life. This case shows that the tempter succeeds in partially perverting the judgment, even after the heart has conclusively submitted to another Lord. Genuine Christians caught and carried away at the time by the spirit of the world, do more harm than the profane. Judas desires to put down Mary's ardour, a piece of mischievous fanaticism; but he will succeed better in his object if he can persuade simpler and better men to adopt his cry. Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. Justice is the righteous judgment.

Perhaps the multitude may shout their hosannas more loudly than melodiously; perhaps the children may cast their palm-branches on Christ's path with more energy than discretion. What then? If the cry be a hosanna to the Son of David, and those branches be true emblems of his victory, he who looketh on the heart receives and loves the offering. Let us beware lest we should condemn what our Master approved. We will not condemn Mary's ardent offering, and the mistake of the twelve regarding it, and the Lord's decision on the case, all be to me, I must be very sure of my ground ere I venture to denounce as waste

lavish oblation which a saved  
 mer in the first gush of her gratitude  
 er bring to the Lord. One who has  
 er known any method of conveying  
 er to dwelling houses except the  
 way of carrying it in a pitcher  
 n the well, would be greatly amazed  
 he should witness a main bursting  
 the streets of Glasgow. He would  
 unable to comprehend why the wa-  
 should of its own accord rise so ex-  
 ingly towards heaven, and spread  
 elf so tumultuously around. Yet  
 water has acted strictly according  
 rule. The height of the fountain  
 elates the pressure, and produces  
 at grand, joyous, lofty leap. Of that  
 e which struggles in a forgiven sin-  
 's breast, the fountain head is in  
 aren. None but he who feeds it,  
 ows how great the pressure is. Make  
 vance for sudden outbursts, high  
 eavals, wide outspreadings, when  
 eild of wrath has been by an act of  
 ery made a child of God.

When Judas, and those who for the  
 e partook of his spirit, had condem-  
 the woman's devotion as a useless  
 wasteful enthusiasm, they pro-  
 ed material alms-giving in its stead.  
 e precious ointment which Mary  
 poured out might have been sold  
 high price, and the proceeds given  
 the poor. Judas, who had been  
 ng into the treasure and calculat-  
 its value, is able to name the pre-  
 sum which it would have brought  
 the market. Had the traitor obtain-  
 the money, it would never have  
 ed the poor; in the hands of the  
 taken disciples, it would, indeed,  
 e been employed in clothing the  
 ed, and feeding the hungry; but it  
 ld have been a foolish effort to  
 ulate the flow of the stream, by  
 ng up the fountain.

his species of opposition to warm-  
 ed, open handed devotion may  
 be found in the world—may still  
 ound in the Church. A demand of  
 s to the poor is still one of the  
 s of betraying Christ. Why spend  
 uch money in sending Bibles and  
 ionaries to the heathen abroad,  
 e multitudes of your own country-  
 at home have neither food nor  
 ing? Men have thought them-  
 very wise while they thrust with  
 e weapon against the missionary  
 t and against the Missionary work:  
 knew not from whom they bor-  
 ed the spear. they were stabbing

with. There are exceptions on both  
 sides—there are niggardly Christians,  
 and liberal unbelievers, and yet the  
 exceptions do not destroy the double  
 rule, that ardent disciples of Christ  
 are the best benefactors of men; and  
 the best benefactors of men are the  
 true disciples of Christ.

We gladly acknowledge that the sore  
 is healing apace in our day. Fifty  
 years ago the complaint, "To what pur-  
 pose is this waste?" prevailed much  
 more than it does now. It has been  
 gradually giving way for many years.  
 Think of the period when the Govern-  
 ment, supported by the influential  
 classes, refused to allow a Christian  
 Missionary to plant his foot on the soil  
 of India; when the pioneers of the  
 gospel in that land were obliged to set-  
 tle on a spot that belonged to a foreign  
 power, and send the word of life by  
 stealth and stratagem across the line  
 into the forbidden territory of Britain.  
 Compare that day with this, and you  
 will discover abundant cause to thank  
 God and take courage.

The National Association for the  
 Promotion of Social Science has held  
 a series of annual meetings in some of  
 the chief cities of the empire. It is a  
 secular, and not a religious society.  
 Its main object is the mental and ma-  
 terial amelioration of the common-  
 wealth. The science which it studies  
 is political economy, and not revealed  
 religion. In short, its aim is precisely  
 that which Judas and his dupes pro-  
 posed to themselves when they com-  
 plained that through Mary's inconsid-  
 erate devotion, three hundred pence  
 of possible hard cash had been thrown  
 away, and desired that all such out-  
 pourings should henceforth be authori-  
 tatively intercepted, that the process  
 might be deposited in their hands as  
 the raw material of practical charity.  
 The object is similar to that of the  
 ancient Galilean economists; but the  
 methods are thoroughly diverse. In  
 particular, the enlightened students of  
 social science who hold their annual  
 assemblies in our own great cities,  
 never attempt to enlarge the stream  
 of substantial physical improvement,  
 by diminishing or stopping the paral-  
 lel stream of religious effort and con-  
 tribution. While all were zealous  
 for economic amelioration, not one  
 ever proposed material beneficence in-  
 stead of spiritual religion. With all  
 the zeal for good works which the As-

sociation displayed, no whisper derogatory of Christian faith was ever uttered. Religion and economics were openly and articulately joined together by many in the association, and none ever evinced any disposition to put them asunder.

On both sides an advance has been effected. Neither has Beneficence been pitted against Devotion, nor Devotion against Beneficence in our day so much as in former times. If philanthro-

pists do not now treat spiritual religion as an obstacle in their path, neither do religious men dissociate work from worship so much as some of our forefathers were accustomed to do. On both sides there is a tendency to union. Worship and work, both to the highest degree, meet in Christ; Christians, heart-devotion and hard work should unite and co-operate for the good of body and soul.

## Religious Intelligence.

FRENCH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—The Rev. J. P. Cook, in a letter to the *Watchman*, dated May 24, gives cheery news from some of the stations in France. At a station in the Drome circuit a young man is appointed, a child of Methodism, who has just been received on trial. He labored there at first as a hired local preacher, and the station was a new one, in which everything was to be commenced. "He now writes that, as a result of fifteen months' labor, we have there a congregation of 200 persons, a society of 23 members, with seven on trial, and a Sunday-School with 134 scholars. He has also access to twelve surrounding villages, where the number of his hearers increases at every new visit. Since the beginning of January he has had to preach every evening in the week. In the same circuit another young preacher has been so blessed in his labours that the people have resolved to build a chapel with a minister's house, and have subscribed among themselves not less than 6,000 francs (\$1,200.) The ground has been bought and the chapel is rapidly advancing. From the department of the Haute-Maine another of our ministers writes: 'A Roman Catholic village, nine miles from my residence, has just opened its doors to the Gospel. For some Sabbaths a goodly number of its inhabitants have come over to I. to hear me preach, in order to form a correct idea of Protestantism. Now their decision is fixed, and mine also. Yesterday evening I held in their village

a very interesting meeting, and returned home, my heart filled with joy though I was exceedingly tired. I find it impossible to do all that is required. After the death of my dear child your brother has just lost a son. I had hoped to rest a little, but on the contrary, during the eight days that followed the burial I have had to preach twelve times. My cry to the Conference will be that of the Madonian, "Come over and help us." Normandy, one of our oldest stations has just been visited with a revival. The want of a suitable man has obliged our president to leave this station unsupplied for some months. Scarcely has a Christian brother arrived than the Spirit has come down and converted a few souls. All our work is exclusively among the French ministers I have mentioned by themselves Frenchmen. Here, in Pierre les Galais, we have an English organization which has given us much encouragement. It is a Tract Society by means of which tracts are sent every week to some 170 English families, or given to French laborers to English and Norwegian sailors. These tracts are generally well received, and no impediment has hitherto been thrown in our way by the authorities. Our French District Meetings are to begin in Paris on the 3rd, and in Anduze (Cevennes) on the 11th of June, and our Conference will be held in Nimes on the 20th and following days."

## Varities.

### AN AUTHENTIC DOG STORY.

Sir Harry Lee, of Dickey, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any particular regard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his *faithful* valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed him up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labour of love, or rather, providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of his tail, and a look of affection to his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodgings there. To save further trouble, but not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber, led him to the spot? All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great expectation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reason which induced him to take this step appear plausible. But the importunity of the dog, the time, the place,

the manner of the valet, all raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Providence. How else could the poor animal know the meditated assassination? How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services, and finally seize and detain a person, who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done? It may be impossible to reason on such a topic, but the facts are indisputable. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favored," are still to be seen at the family-seat at Ditchley, and are a lasting monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

THE ADULTERATION OF TEA. — The *London Lancet* gives the result of the microscopical and chemical analysis of forty-eight samples of tea.

Of the 24 specimens of black tea analyzed, every one was found to be *genuine*. Of a like number green teas, *all were adulterated*. The adulterations are mainly a colouring matter with which the tea-leaf is faced, painted or glazed. Ferrocyanide of iron or Prussian blue is the article most commonly used for this purpose. Sometimes, however, indigo, kaolin or China clay, and turmeric powder were found in addition. That species of tea which is denominated gunpowder, was adulterated in other ways by admixture with leaves not those of tea, with paddy husk, and particularly with "lie tea," so called, a leaf which resembles the tea leaf closely, and is sent to this country from China in vast quantities, to be employed in ad-

alteration here. The coloring of the tea is almost entirely done in China, and probably because it improves its appearance, and perhaps renders its sale more sure and rapid.

Such is the result of a *thorough* analysis of this article by eminent scientific men in England, and it is certainly not very flattering to the tastes of those who drink green tea for the love of it. There is no *such article as an unadulterated green tea*. Let the lovers of the herb remember that fact, and as they sip the delicious beverage, and fancy that they find in it a solvent for their aches and pains, let them also remember that they are sipping with it a solution of Prussian blue and indigo, as well as sundry other little peccadilloes that neither add to its exhilarating properties nor yet entirely harmless to the system. On the other hand, the black teas are not adulterated, and are the only ones used by the Chinese. Knowing the impurities that are in the best green teas they send them to foreign ports to tickle the palates of the English, the French, and the American, who, in their view, fancy the bright lively appearance imparted by the coloring compositions they use.

**RIDICULE.**—If there is a destroyer of good feeling, friendship, affection and love; if there is one thing more than another that will change love to hatred, corrode the heart and poison the mind, it is ridicule. We are most easily tempted and led away from right and duty by ridicule. To avoid the shame, we compromise with our conscience, commit the greatest wrong; and in an hour, bowed in the dust with bitterness of spirit, oh! how deep is our repentance!

The hot breath of the desert sirocco is not more deadly than the voice of ridicule. We are afraid of it; we humble ourselves, and crawl in the dust at its command; we degrade ourselves to avoid it. It arouses the most fiendish passion; the eye flashes, the bosom heaves tumultuously over the feverish fire that rages within it, the heart beats wildy, and all control is gone.

Use it not! Life is too precious, love is too heavenly, friendship is too beautifully eloquent with happiness, to be destroyed thus thoughtlessly.

Rather let every word, every thought be weighed in the balances of your heart, stripped of every useless adorning, and then go forth to fall gently, smoothly, like spring-time rain-drops, in the ears of your fellow mortals.

The preacher tells us that "laughter is mad;" and the Proverb of the wise man adds a warning that "the end of mirth is heaviness." The habit of looking too much at the ludicrous side of life is always hurtful to the moral feeling. The pleasure is faint and vanishing, and leaves behind it an apprehension of disgrace. "It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.—*Christian Treasury*."

Before the railroad was built from Baltimore to Washington, Daniel Webster arrived in Baltimore one evening too late to secure a seat in the regular coach, and as his presence was imperatively required in Congress on the following day, he was compelled to take a private conveyance. The night was extremely dark, and the driver, a tall, rough looking specimen of the genus homo, attempted to relieve the tedium of the journey by telling stories, all of which, however, were about highwaymen, and several dangerous robberies which had been committed upon that very road. Webster began to be alarmed for his personal safety, and the *personelle* of his companion being far from flattering, the suspicion more than once crossed his mind that he was in the company of the identical highwayman, the recital of whose deeds of daring he had been an unwilling listener to for the last two hours.

Being now in a dense wood, the driver suddenly brought his horse to a halt, and in stentorian tones, exclaimed:

"Now, sir, who are you?"

Webster, with a slight tremor in his voice, replied:

"I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts."

"I am glad to hear it," replied the driver, warmly grasping his hand. "You are so confounded ugly that I took you for a highwayman!"

**INSECT LIFE IN CEYLON.**—Neither beast nor bird in Ceylon, beautiful as they are, can compare in rarity and splendor with its insect life. In the solitude of the forests, there

perpetual music from their soothing and melodious hum, which frequently falls to a startling sound as the cicada fills his sonorous drum on the sunny bark of some tall tree. At morning, the dew hangs in diamond drops on the threads and gossamer which the spiders suspend across every pathway; and above the pool, dragon-flies of more than metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways to ascend to their nests in the trees. Lustrous beetles with their golden elytra bask on the leaves, whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the eye can follow by the booming of their wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous coloring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and at times the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage—whence coming, no one knows; whither going, no one can tell. As day declines, the moths issue from their retreats, the crickets add their shrill voice to swell the din, and when darkness descends, the eye is warmed with the millions of emerald spots lighted up by the fire-flies amidst the surrounding gloom.

**AN UNSENTIMENTAL PHYSICIAN.**—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates the following:—A story is told upon Rayer, the eminent physician of Paris. He was called in, a few weeks ago, to attend a sick child. The child—it was the only child of healthy parents—recovered its health. A few days after Rayer had discontinued his visits, the mother of the invalid called on the doctor. She said: "My dear doctor, there are services rendered in this world, for which we cannot pay. I know not how we could adequately reward you for your kindness and attention and skill for Ernest. And I have thought that perhaps you would be good enough to accept this little port-monnaie—a mere trifle—but which I embroidered." "Port monnaie?" roughly asked the doctor. "Medicine, madame, is not a sentimental profession. When we are called in to visit sick

people, we want their dues and not their gratitude. Gratitude—humbug! I'd like to see gratitude make the pot boil, and I have not only to make my pot boil, but I have got a horse to feed, madame, and a driver to pay, madame, and daughters to portion, madame,—and gratitude wont aid me to do any of these things. Money is what is required—money, madame—yes, money." "The lady was, as you may well imagine, confounded by this burst of indignant talent, and she could only stammer, "But—doctor—what is your fee?" "My fee is two thousand francs—and I tell you, madame, there is no use screaming about it. I will not take one sou less." The lady did not scream. She quietly opened the porte-monnaie "I embroidered," and unrolled the five-bank notes in it, gave two to the doctor, placed the other three in the porte-monnaie, and the latter in her pocket, and bowed profoundly, "Good morning, Doctor," and made her exit.

**PORTUGUESE WOMEN.**—The position of woman in Portuguese countries brings one nearer to that Oriental type from which modern society has been diverging. In the lowest classes, one daughter is often decreed by the parents to be brought up like a lady, and for this every sacrifice has to be made. Her robust sisters go barefooted to the wells for water; they go miles unprotected into the lonely mountains; no social ambition, no genteel helplessness for them. But Mariquinha is taught to read, write and sew; she is as carefully looked after as if the world wished to steal her; she wears shoes and stockings and an embroidered handkerchief, and a hooded cloak, and she never steps outside the door alone. You meet her pale and demure, plodding along to mass with her mother. The sisters will marry laborers and fishermen; Mariquinha will marry a small shopkeeper or the mate of a vessel, or else die single. It is not very pleasant for the girl in the meantime; she is neither healthy nor happy; but "let us be genteel or die."—*Lancet*.

**THE PALM TREE.**—This tree which grows in tropical countries, is most important on account of the many uses to which its products are applied.—From it is obtained the cocoa nut, date, and other fruits. When fermented, it



yields wine: wax and oils of various kinds are got from it, and its leaves are manufactured into cordage. The centre of the tree also yields sago-flour, which for many years past has been successfully applied by a Glasgow firm in manufacturing a starch which the Queen of England has used exclusively for several years in her laundry, and whose laundress pronounced it to be "the finest starch she ever used."

**A CURIOUS JEWISH LEGEND.**—Titus passed through what had been Jerusalem after its destruction. It is said that the sight of the ruins filled with sorrow and awe the conqueror, in whose character, according to the statement of contemporaries, good and evil strangely alternated. A Jewish legend has embellished this circumstance by describing in the same fabulous terms certain tortures which Titus had to endure in punishment for the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple. On his voyage from Egypt to Italy (so goes the story), Titus was overtaken by a storm, which threatened to destroy the vessel that bore him. Conscious of the righteous anger of the God of Israel whom he had offended, Titus broke forth in blasphemies against him, as if his power were limited to the sea, in which he had once destroyed Pharaoh, and now threatened his own safety, while he was unable successfully to contend against him upon land. A voice from on high rebuked the blasphemy. The storm was hushed; but no sooner had Titus landed than he felt excruciating pains in his head, occasioned, as it afterwards turned out, by an insect gnawing on his brain, which according to the Divine threatening, was to continue his tormentor through life. Only once, and for a short time, the noise from a blacksmith's shop caused the insect to desist. On his death-bed, Titus ordered the physicians after his decease to open his skull, in order to ascertain the occasion of this ceaseless agony. To their astonishment they discovered in it an animal, which had grown to the size of a swallow, two talents in weight, with metal bill and claws, that had gnawed at the emperor's brain.—*Hebraist.*

**MEANINGS OF WORDS.**—How many

words men have dragged down upon with themselves, and made partakers more or less, of their own fall! Having originally an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated or degenerated thereto. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful meaning, as the secondary lease; how many words have acquired an unworthy. The "knave" once meant no more than a lad, (nor does it now in German mean more;) "villain" than peasant; "boor" was only a farmer; a "varlet" was but a serving-man; a "menial" one of the "many" or "household" a "churl" but a strong fellow; a "minion" a favourite; "man is 'God's dearest minion," (Sylvester.) "Timeserver" was used 200 years ago quite as often for one in an honourable sense in a dishonourable sense, "serving his time" "Conceits" had once nothing conceited in them; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness, and not to busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to man's mood without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demare" (*des mœurs*, of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed still retains very often its more honourable use, a man's "craft" being skill; and then the trade in which is well skilled. And think you that Magdalene could have ever given "maudlin" in its recent contemptuous application, if the tears of penitence and weeping had been held in due honour by the world?

**RANGE OF SOUND.**—Peshel gives 370 miles as the greatest known distance to which sound has been carried in the air. This was when the awful explosion at St. Vincent's was heard at Demerara. The cannonading of the battle of Jena was heard in the fields near Dresden, a distance of 100 miles, and in the case-mates of the fortress it was very distinct. The bombardment of Antwerp is said to have been heard in the mines of Saragossa, 370 miles distant.