

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America

Volume XIX. No. 30

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1867.

Whole No 931

Religious Miscellany.

The Footsteps of Decay.

(From the Spanish.)

O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Awake its senses, and awake,
To see how soon

Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hours employ,
And deem such future dreams a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind;
No happier lot we hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivolet's glide
To that vast sea!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within a grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That pass above, of all unthought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all his heavenly fall—
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurns decay,
The step that treads on light and gay,
The bester's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and woe!
When age comes on!

Who is My Neighbour?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eyes with want dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him!

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him!

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gain;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them!

Thy neighbour? Yonder tattered slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him!

Whose'er thou meetest a human form
Less favour'd than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother and thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by!
Perhaps thou canst redeem—
The broken heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

—Robert Colvin.

Spiritual Joy.

It is one of those commands which may be considered as more recomendatory than imperative, when the Apostle says, "Rejoice evermore."

Yet no one can doubt that not only the general spirit, but the express letter of the gospel, favors a happy, and ever joyful temper.

No one who reads the Scriptures with unobscured reference to this point, can be unconscious of the fact, that while they may not unqualifiedly condemn dejection, they nevertheless discountenance it as not only foreign to religion, but generally hostile to it. How infatuated, then, the impression of many, that spiritual-mindedness is essentially somber!

Look for a moment at the spirit of true religion. Gloom and severity of mind usually associate with melancholy; but the central element of religion is love—love intense, supreme, ever-growing. Remorse is a painful source of mental misery; yet it is chiefly by the absence of hope that the mind languishes.

What a terrible word is despair; yet its most fearful import is hopelessness. But how full of fruition is the future to a Christian mind—endless, boundless future! Repose your thoughts on a moment on the "language of the Scriptures": "A good hope," "a lively hope," "a blessed hope," "rejoicing in hope," "abounding in hope," "full assurance of hope." Choose any other attribute essential to the mental frame of the Christian, and you will find it in contrast with gloom, as much so as the star is with the darkness in which it shines.

Assuredly there can be found nothing in the practical system of Christianity which is repugnant to a happy temper. How pure are its ordinances; how simple and untrammelled its duties; how befitting and coincident with our daily cares, its duties. Christianity is indeed a discipline; it imposes self-denial. It has its "burden," but its burden is light; it has its "yoke," but its yoke is "easy."

General Miscellany.

There's Work Enough to Do.

The blackbird early leaves its nest,
To meet the smiling morn;
And gathers fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;

The busy bee that wings its way
Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eggplant,
Preach sermons as we pass;

The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon its tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The scotch drunkard woe,
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and woe;

To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe,
To see that all can work and read,
"There's work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done,
This wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun;

The moments fly on lightning wings,
And life's uncertain too,
We're none to waste on foolish things,
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward to their cars,
For Nature's will is never still—
Progressive as the stars;

The leaves that flutter in the air,
And scatter on the ground,
One solemn truth to man declare,
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man create a lord be found
Less busy than the bee?

Our court-yard allies are the field,
If men would search them through,
The best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

[From the Christian World]

The Wives of Great Men.

Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, delivered a popular lecture in London, taking for his subject "The Wives of Great Men." He commenced by referring to the estimate which had been formed of woman during the whole of the literary history of England, from Claunder downwards, throughout which, he observed, would be found a golden thread of praise of the female sex. If, however, leaving the book of history, in order to get a true estimate of woman, the pages of biography relating to the marriages of great men were turned over, some of these marriages would be found to be noble and true, many disastrous, many tragic, many farcical, and many absurd. If any body needed a guide in this matter—if, indeed, anybody should be capable of guidance—they should seek some principle which would present the disastrous, tragic, farcical, and absurd results which had followed some marriages. The principle which he laid down on this subject in starting was, that there could be no true relation in life between man and woman, or between man and woman, unless there were involved in it, in addition to whatever else there might be, a true element of friendship; and he used the word "friendship" in its own old, true, real, and deep sense, and not in the modern, common and vulgar sense in which many people now seemed to understand it. He considered as his friend not the man whom he invited to dinner because he was obliged to do so, nor the man whom he called his friend in accordance with the usages and customs of society; but his friend was the man whom he drew to himself, either by reverence or by love, or by some common pursuit; in fact, the man whom he elected to be his companion and friend, and who would be his glory and his crown of rejoicing. Many of his relations were not loveless. They were thrust upon him; he had no choice in the matter; he looked upon them as a part of his fate, either his fortune or his misfortune; he bore them as his burden; they might be his friends or they might not. He had not the choice of his relatives, but he had the choice of his friends; and in all the relationships of life, to make them deep and true, there must be this element of friendship, as he had described it. Passing on to apply this principle to the question of marriage, Mr. Dawson said that there never had been a true, real, noble, great, or genuine marriage in this world yet between man and woman, unless the wife could have been a true "friend" to her husband, supposing he had never married her. Whenever a man had married a woman who could be his "friend," his marriage had been a happy one, but in other cases the most lamentable and disastrous consequences had resulted. To make a happy marriage, there must be a sympathy between the man and wife; there must be some common object, whether books or business, or whatever else it might be. After instancing the wives of Piliy Budens and Samuel Clarke, as specimens of true wives according to the principle he had laid down, Mr. Dawson next referred to the wives of great divines for the purpose of seeing how such men had fared in the matter of marriage. First in order came the marriage of Luther, which Mr. Dawson declared to be one of the greatest and most important the world had ever witnessed, and before it the marriages of kings and princes sank into their native nothingness. All Catholics were, of course, shocked by this marriage and believed would bring a judgment on Europe. The judgment, however, did not come, and if they wanted to see a marriage that was in all ways noble, they must go to the *chateau* at Wartemburg where Luther and his wife lived. Luther's biographer had given a picture of his married life and broke out into an eulogy upon it. The woman was entirely and thoroughly Luther's friend. The books he loved she loved; his enthusiasm she shared; she surrounded him with the gentle

Marriage and the Sabbath.

Vestiges of Eden are rare; yet two institutions have survived the wreck and have come down to us, witnesses of that happy and perfect condition in which they originated. These are the marriage relation and the Sabbath. As the bunch of grapes from Reboah was a visible testimony to Israel of the fertility of Canaan, so do these divine appointments remind us of the felicity of Paradise.

The marriage bond lies at the foundation of domestic happiness, is the source of home joys and pure affections, without which the world would be far more blank and miserable and wicked than it is. Paradise is gone, but in a measure, in the sweet and sacred relations of the family.

The other memorial of Eden is the Sabbath. God's reservation to himself of a share of the time measured out to men by the celestial clock—the motions of those heavenly bodies which are for times, and for seasons and for days, and for years. And while the halving of one day in seven was an assertion of God's right authority, and a memorial of his creative work, it has since become a sign of his blessing and favor upon mankind. With what surpassing loveliness must that first Sabbath have been invested. With what splendor must the sun have issued forth as a bridegroom from the chambers of the east, and how must the primal earth have rejoiced in his radiance. The rivers and lakes reflect his gladdening beams; the bright flowers open their petals; the birds make the groves echo with their sweet melodies; and the parents of our race, untroubled by thought or breath of sin, bow down in loving adoration and glorify their beneficent Parent. No jar or discord mars the full harmony; no sound of strife or wailing; no groan or shriek, nor sob, nor curse vexes the air, but one grand, thrilling, universal chorus of praise and love ascends to the King eternal, immortal, invisible. And even now, what is so radiant of Paradise as the calm, bright Sabbath morn, when nature has just put on her robes of real beauty, and the busy world, hushed and peaceful, enjoys a bright reprieve from care and toil.—*Bishop Lee, of Delaware.*

West Indies.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Richard H. Bibb, dated Demerara, May 8th, 1867.

LABOUR AND HOPE.

I suppose there is no need for me to describe to you the hindrances and difficulties which have held back the work of God on this Station for some years past. The brethren who have preceded me will have informed you of the disturbances (almost daily at times) of open insurrection and bloodshed, which have kept these villages in a state of ferment for five or six years past, and have been a moral blight. And this has been aggravated by the influence of men of immoral character, setting themselves forth as Ministers of Christ,—wearing in shreds the robes of holiness, and doing unrepentable injury. But there is good reason to believe that things are now getting into a more settled and hopeful state, and that the work will shortly prosper again as it used to do. Since I have been here, I have been cheered by marking evident tokens of the Holy Spirit's influence. The congregations are improving; the week-night services are better attended; there is a powerful influence felt in prayer-meetings and other means of grace. Some have evidently been awakened, and one or two have found peace with God. "There exists a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." O, Sir! I am longing, and praying, and striving for souls! These villages make me heart burn. The immorality which prevails is fearful. The callousness of the people in many of the parishes, seems to set the drawing power of the Cross at defiance. Perhaps not one-third of the inhabitants attend the house of God. If the Lord will use such an instrument as I, if He will pour out His Spirit and revive His work, how gladly would I spend my strength, and lay down my life, if need be, for the salvation of souls! I hope soon to be able to tell you of showers of blessings.

South Africa.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. W. J. Davis, dated Graham's Town, Native Circuit, Feb. 28th, 1867.

PROSPERITY AND INCREASE.

I send you a short letter to inform you of the progress of the good work of conversion on this Circuit. Since my last communication to you we have admitted to full church-fellowship, by public baptism and by public recognition, one hundred and sixty-seven persons. The services connected with these baptisms and recognitions were of the most solemn and profitable character. The chapel was filled by an attentive and well-behaved congregation of natives, among whom also were some of our European friends, who had attended to show their sympathy with our native work, and to rejoice in this glorious accession of the hearth to the church of the living God. The greater number of those baptized were young men and young women, who in the days of their strength and vigor, had thus given their hearts to Christ; but there were also men of hearty hearts, and children of younger years, present before the Lord to acknowledge Him as their God.

After the usual preliminary service, the whole of these one hundred and sixty-seven persons, answering to their names, rose before the congregation, and each for himself and herself entered into solemn covenant with Christ, by distinctly renouncing heathenism, and all the works of the devil; by their reception of the faith of Christ; and by engaging henceforth to keep God's holy commandments, and walk in the same all the days of their lives.

After this solemn profession of faith, and of consecration to Christ, they were bapized by immersion, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, during the administration of the ordinance, the blessed influence from on high was eminently present, and all felt the attesting witness of the Holy Ghost and of Christ to His institution, by the baptism from above, and the impartation of the "inward spiritual grace," of which the baptism of water was "the outward and visible sign." After the baptisms, Mr. Impney addressed the newly received converts in an appropriate discourse, founded on Psalm lxxviii. 3: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In speaking of the great things which God had done for the new converts, and for which people generally in the gracious revival with our people has favored us of late, the words touched many hearts, and most solemn but joyous feelings pervaded every soul. In the evening I preached

Religious Intelligence.

Can a Child Comprehend.

I must have been ten years old, when the daughter of our nearest neighbor, Mr. Pomfret, was taken sick and died. The youngest of a large family, indulged by my father and mother, and petted by brothers and sisters, the only person who had ever ventured to reprove me for my vanity and self-will, had been Miss Phebe. She was my Sabbath School teacher, and as I had never seen a death-bed till I saw hers, and as she had completely won my childish love and faith, the scene made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind.

"Oh! Phebe," I said, "Why must you go away? Why do you love to go?"

"It is because Jesus calls me home," said Phebe. "I am leaning on Jesus, and he makes the dark valley light."

Those were the last words my dear Phebe ever said to me. Ere another sun had risen, she had gone to that land where there is no more death. Through years of struggle and sorrow, through years of unbelief and doubt, I ever kept in my memory that precious death-bed scene, and those triumphant words: "I am leaning on Jesus."

A few weeks after Phebe had been laid in her grave, her father came over to our house to consult with mine about some fencing. When business was over, and he rose to go, he said in a slow, uncertain way:

"Good evening, neighbor; your house is more pleasant than mine. All the light went with my little girl."

"But she left a ray to help you on," said my father. "Phebe's death was very happy."

Treading Under Foot the Son of God.

Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The General reasoned with his soldiers. Expostulating with them, he appealed to their love of country, to their honor, and to their oaths. By all that could revive a fainting heart he sought to stimulate their courage and shake their resolution. Much they trusted, they admired, they loved him, but his appeals were all in vain.—They were not to be moved and carried away, as a panic they faced round to retreat. At this juncture they were forcing a mountain pass, and had just cleared a gorge where the road, between two stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming river on the other, was but a footpath—broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resort he laid himself

General Miscellany.

There's Work Enough to Do.

The blackbird early leaves its nest,
To meet the smiling morn;
And gathers fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;

The busy bee that wings its way
Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eggplant,
Preach sermons as we pass;

The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon its tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The scotch drunkard woe,
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and woe;

To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe,
To see that all can work and read,
"There's work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done,
This wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun;

The moments fly on lightning wings,
And life's uncertain too,
We're none to waste on foolish things,
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward to their cars,
For Nature's will is never still—
Progressive as the stars;

The leaves that flutter in the air,
And scatter on the ground,
One solemn truth to man declare,
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man create a lord be found
Less busy than the bee?

Our court-yard allies are the field,
If men would search them through,
The best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

[From the Christian World]

The Wives of Great Men.

Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, delivered a popular lecture in London, taking for his subject "The Wives of Great Men." He commenced by referring to the estimate which had been formed of woman during the whole of the literary history of England, from Claunder downwards, throughout which, he observed, would be found a golden thread of praise of the female sex. If, however, leaving the book of history, in order to get a true estimate of woman, the pages of biography relating to the marriages of great men were turned over, some of these marriages would be found to be noble and true, many disastrous, many tragic, many farcical, and many absurd. If any body needed a guide in this matter—if, indeed, anybody should be capable of guidance—they should seek some principle which would present the disastrous, tragic, farcical, and absurd results which had followed some marriages. The principle which he laid down on this subject in starting was, that there could be no true relation in life between man and woman, or between man and woman, unless there were involved in it, in addition to whatever else there might be, a true element of friendship; and he used the word "friendship" in its own old, true, real, and deep sense, and not in the modern, common and vulgar sense in which many people now seemed to understand it. He considered as his friend not the man whom he invited to dinner because he was obliged to do so, nor the man whom he called his friend in accordance with the usages and customs of society; but his friend was the man whom he drew to himself, either by reverence or by love, or by some common pursuit; in fact, the man whom he elected to be his companion and friend, and who would be his glory and his crown of rejoicing. Many of his relations were not loveless. They were thrust upon him; he had no choice in the matter; he looked upon them as a part of his fate, either his fortune or his misfortune; he bore them as his burden; they might be his friends or they might not. He had not the choice of his relatives, but he had the choice of his friends; and in all the relationships of life, to make them deep and true, there must be this element of friendship, as he had described it. Passing on to apply this principle to the question of marriage, Mr. Dawson said that there never had been a true, real, noble, great, or genuine marriage in this world yet between man and woman, unless the wife could have been a true "friend" to her husband, supposing he had never married her. Whenever a man had married a woman who could be his "friend," his marriage had been a happy one, but in other cases the most lamentable and disastrous consequences had resulted. To make a happy marriage, there must be a sympathy between the man and wife; there must be some common object, whether books or business, or whatever else it might be. After instancing the wives of Piliy Budens and Samuel Clarke, as specimens of true wives according to the principle he had laid down, Mr. Dawson next referred to the wives of great divines for the purpose of seeing how such men had fared in the matter of marriage. First in order came the marriage of Luther, which Mr. Dawson declared to be one of the greatest and most important the world had ever witnessed, and before it the marriages of kings and princes sank into their native nothingness. All Catholics were, of course, shocked by this marriage and believed would bring a judgment on Europe. The judgment, however, did not come, and if they wanted to see a marriage that was in all ways noble, they must go to the *chateau* at Wartemburg where Luther and his wife lived. Luther's biographer had given a picture of his married life and broke out into an eulogy upon it. The woman was entirely and thoroughly Luther's friend. The books he loved she loved; his enthusiasm she shared; she surrounded him with the gentle

Religious Intelligence.

Can a Child Comprehend.

I must have been ten years old, when the daughter of our nearest neighbor, Mr. Pomfret, was taken sick and died. The youngest of a large family, indulged by my father and mother, and petted by brothers and sisters, the only person who had ever ventured to reprove me for my vanity and self-will, had been Miss Phebe. She was my Sabbath School teacher, and as I had never seen a death-bed till I saw hers, and as she had completely won my childish love and faith, the scene made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind.

"Oh! Phebe," I said, "Why must you go away? Why do you love to go?"

"It is because Jesus calls me home," said Phebe. "I am leaning on Jesus, and he makes the dark valley light."

Those were the last words my dear Phebe ever said to me. Ere another sun had risen, she had gone to that land where there is no more death. Through years of struggle and sorrow, through years of unbelief and doubt, I ever kept in my memory that precious death-bed scene, and those triumphant words: "I am leaning on Jesus."

A few weeks after Phebe had been laid in her grave, her father came over to our house to consult with mine about some fencing. When business was over, and he rose to go, he said in a slow, uncertain way:

"Good evening, neighbor; your house is more pleasant than mine. All the light went with my little girl."

"But she left a ray to help you on," said my father. "Phebe's death was very happy."

Treading Under Foot the Son of God.

Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The General reasoned with his soldiers. Expostulating with them, he appealed to their love of country, to their honor, and to their oaths. By all that could revive a fainting heart he sought to stimulate their courage and shake their resolution. Much they trusted, they admired, they loved him, but his appeals were all in vain.—They were not to be moved and carried away, as a panic they faced round to retreat. At this juncture they were forcing a mountain pass, and had just cleared a gorge where the road, between two stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming river on the other, was but a footpath—broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resort he laid himself

General Miscellany.

There's Work Enough to Do.

The blackbird early leaves its nest,
To meet the smiling morn;
And gathers fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;

The busy bee that wings its way
Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eggplant,
Preach sermons as we pass;

The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon its tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The scotch drunkard woe,
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and woe;

To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe,
To see that all can work and read,
"There's work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done,
This wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun;

The moments fly on lightning wings,
And life's uncertain too,
We're none to waste on foolish things,
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward to their cars,
For Nature's will is never still—
Progressive as the stars;

The leaves that flutter in the air,
And scatter on the ground,
One solemn truth to man declare,
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man create a lord be found
Less busy than the bee?

Our court-yard allies are the field,
If men would search them through,
The best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

[From the Christian World]

The Wives of Great Men.

Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, delivered a popular lecture in London, taking for his subject "The Wives of Great Men." He commenced by referring to the estimate which had been formed of woman during the whole of the literary history of England, from Claunder downwards, throughout which, he observed, would be found a golden thread of praise of the female sex. If, however, leaving the book of history, in order to get a true estimate of woman, the pages of biography relating to the marriages of great men were turned over, some of these marriages would be found to be noble and true, many disastrous, many tragic, many farcical, and many absurd. If any body needed a guide in this matter—if, indeed, anybody should be capable of guidance—they should seek some principle which would present the disastrous, tragic, farcical, and absurd results which had followed some marriages. The principle which he laid down on this subject in starting was, that there could be no true relation in life between man and woman, or between man and woman, unless there were involved in it, in addition to whatever else there might be, a true element of friendship; and he used the word "friendship" in its own old, true, real, and deep sense, and not in the modern, common and vulgar sense in which many people now seemed to understand it. He considered as his friend not the man whom he invited to dinner because he was obliged to do so, nor the man whom he called his friend in accordance with the usages and customs of society; but his friend was the man whom he drew to himself, either by reverence or by love, or by some common pursuit; in fact, the man whom he elected to be his companion and friend, and who would be his glory and his crown of rejoicing. Many of his relations were not loveless. They were thrust upon him; he had no choice in the matter; he looked upon them as a part of his fate, either his fortune or his misfortune; he bore them as his burden; they might be his friends or they might not. He had not the choice of his relatives, but he had the choice of his friends; and in all the relationships of life, to make them deep and true, there must be this element of friendship, as he had described it. Passing on to apply this principle to the question of marriage, Mr. Dawson said that there never had been a true, real, noble, great, or genuine marriage in this world yet between man and woman, unless the wife could have been a true "friend" to her husband, supposing he had never married her. Whenever a man had married a woman who could be his "friend," his marriage had been a happy one, but in other cases the most lamentable and disastrous consequences had resulted. To make a happy marriage, there must be a sympathy between the man and wife; there must be some common object, whether books or business, or whatever else it might be. After instancing the wives of Piliy Budens and Samuel Clarke, as specimens of true wives according to the principle he had laid down, Mr. Dawson next referred to the wives of great divines for the purpose of seeing how such men had fared in the matter of marriage. First in order came the marriage of Luther, which Mr. Dawson declared to be one of the greatest and most important the world had ever witnessed, and before it the marriages of kings and princes sank into their native nothingness. All Catholics were, of course, shocked by this marriage and believed would bring a judgment on Europe. The judgment, however, did not come, and if they wanted to see a marriage that was in all ways noble, they must go to the *chateau* at Wartemburg where Luther and his wife lived. Luther's biographer had given a picture of his married life and broke out into an eulogy upon it. The woman was entirely and thoroughly Luther's friend. The books he loved she loved; his enthusiasm she shared; she surrounded him with the gentle

