



FOR EVERY THING THAT'S VIEWED ON EARTH, WELL PONDERED, LEADS THE SOUL TO HEAVEN.

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Support of the Ministry, No. IV.

There is a sentiment very common in our Church against which, if I could, I would wage a war of extermination. It is, that as soon as a preacher's family becomes of any size, he ought to locate; and that the Church ought not to be required to support a preacher with a large family. This sentiment is unjust to the preachers, and ruinous to the Church. Let us look at its injustice.

Take a young man, for example, of education and talent, but of little property. He has the ability to place himself and family in affluence, but he is called to preach. He enters the ministry, and, at a suitable time, he marries. According to the policy of our Church, while he is single, and while his family is small,—during that period when a man, in whatever business he is engaged, lays the foundation of success, and of wealth if he is ever to have any—he receives little more than a support. He is, indeed, laid in store much knowledge, and he laid the foundation of much usefulness.

But, now beware, his family is large—when, without a start, he would do well to support them at a business he was well acquainted with—he is driven from the only business at which he can earn a support for them. Is this just to himself? Is it just to his family? It is in our opinion extremely unjust and unrighteous altogether. In such a case, no, give that man a parsonage, and there is scarcely a circuit in Conference but would be glad to support him. At least, there ought to be none.—But, without that parsonage, he is obliged to locate.

This sentiment is ruinous to the Church, in its ultimate effect it must deprive us of an influential ministry. The young man, we notice, that it deprives us of, is, by keeping young men from the ministry, that it deprives us of. What young man will enter our Church with this view of his case before he has his family? The young man has his places of honor for life laid out, yet he feels that he is called to preach. But he sees that, in the itinerancy, must be a temporary business; that to begin it will break up all his other plans; and that about the time he has learned to preach, he will have to get up, and with a family on his hands, begin the world anew, without means to be useful, or to provide for his own house. The man that urges him may be commendable, but is the judgment good? Can any man blame him, if he finally concludes that he will do more good in the end, by being a minister for a few years, but by continuing his exertions through life? Is this not the case with so few of our educated young men, that our ministry? If the kind of support presented to them in a permanent parsonage, they must see that if life and other things continue, they won't have to abandon preaching as soon as they have a family to support. BRUCE.

For the Weekly Message.

"Conceit will kill, and Conceit will Cure."

BRO. BUMPASS—I have just been reading an article in the first number of the Message extracted from the Spirit of the Age, and originally published in an Ohio paper. I have noticed that this article has been going the rounds of the newspapers for some time. It is headed "The Science of going to Bed," and is as follows: "The earth is a magnet, with magnetic currents constantly around it. The human body is also a magnet, and when the body is placed in certain relations to the earth, these currents harmonize—when in any other position they conflict. When one position is to be maintained for sometime, a position should be chosen in which the magnetic currents of the earth and the body will not conflict. The position, as indicated by theory, and known by experiment, is to lie with the head towards the north pole.

Persons who sleep with their heads in the opposite direction, or lying crosswise are liable to fall into various nervous disorders. When they go back to the right position, these disorders, if not too deeply impressed upon the constitution soon vanish. Sensitive persons are always more refreshed by sleep when their heads point due north.—Architects in planning houses should bear this principle in mind."

How old the theory is, and by whom first taught, I am not now prepared to say. But permit me to state, that it has been demonstrated not more than two months ago, and not more than seven miles from my residence, that this theory is erroneous, and that magnetic currents are constantly passing around the earth in the direction east and west. It was demonstrated in the following manner: The magnetic needle was placed north and south, and currents of electricity were passed over it in the same direction, when the needle instantly turned across east and west, and thus remained until the operation was suspended. If this be shown to be true by the further experiments of scientific men, the former theory will soon be exploded, and this going to bed philosophy will prove to be merely imaginary. I do not feel myself competent to write upon this subject as its importance demands, but my object is, to call forth the efforts of an abler writer. I do hope some of your correspondents, who are able, will take up this matter and give us additional light. DAVIDSON.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

Without wishing to supersede the labors of abler pens, it may not be amiss to submit a few remarks on the article of our correspondent.

1. In giving publicity to this article, we do not wish to be understood as endorsing its scepticism, any more than we did the truth of the extract referred to. The power of an electric current to deflect the magnetic needle, is a well known fact, but we are not aware that it proves the existence of magnetic currents in the earth in the direction in which the needle is deflected.—If so, it only proves them to be temporary; for so soon as the transverse current of electricity ceases, the needle returns to its former position. Again, the poles of the needle invariably turn in one direction or the other, according to the course of the electric current. If this passes from north to south, the north pole of the needle is invariably thrown around in one direction, while it invariably turns in the opposite direction if the current passes from south to north. It is upon this invaluable discovery that the electric telegraph is made to speak across the country. The man at London, for example, knows what quantity of the electric current will turn the needle half or quite around at Liverpool; how many touches will turn it once, twice, &c.; by which wire to send the current that the needle may turn this way or that. While the man at Liverpool knows which letter is denoted by each several motion of the needle, and has nothing to do but to put them together, and make out a telegraphic dispatch. And this is the way in which the thing is actually done in England. In this country, they have an improved method, built upon other wonderful effects of electricity, of which we have not space to write particularly at present. 2. The extract referred to, has no reference, we suppose, to the smaller currents of electricity produced by artificial or accidental means. These are created by secondary agencies, and flow in all directions. The galvanic battery is constantly sending its currents from post to post of the electric telegraph, in the following manner: This battery is a trough of wood or porcelain, with a series of zinc and copper or platinum plates, fitted together in pairs, and inserted crosswise, so as to form little cells between them. These cells are filled with clean sand moistened with sulphuric acid, which generates the electricity. In order to set the electricity in motion it is only necessary to connect the plates at each end of the trough by a wire passing—it matters not how far, or in what direction—around. The circuit is then closed, and the electricity flows in a constant current at the rate of eight times around the earth in a second! If there be the smallest gap any where in the circuit, the electricity will not pass.—This matter has been tested in all manner of ways, and proved beyond a doubt. When the electric telegraph was first invented, they stretched two wires, connecting them at the farther end; and the current with the news, went along one, and returned along the other. But it was soon ascertained that the ground would supply the place of one wire, and the return mail now passes through the earth!! In this way currents of electricity are constantly darting back and forth from New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Raleigh, and various points in South Carolina and Georgia, and bearing on their fiery wings messages of the greatest importance. Even now, reader, at this very moment, some message—some word from Kussoth, some development of the Cuban expedition, some shameful defeat or horrid massacre in Mexico, some diplomacy involving war or peace between this country and Spain—some news of this kind, we say, may be darting under your house, through your wells, fitting along the furrows of your fields!! Again, it has been ascertained that when a stream of water runs at right angles with the poles of the earth, a current of induced or negative electricity flows in the opposite direction. In tropical climates, this only occurs in the case of water-falls. But in high northern latitudes, the courses of all the streams, as well as the currents of the ocean, are at angles with the poles, producing, of course, constant currents of electricity. And this is the most probable cause that we have ever seen assigned for the Aurora Borealis. But we must close. When we commenced, we certainly did not expect to write so much. If our friends do not wish a repetition of the same offence, they must keep us well supplied with original articles. We did not begin this paper with the view of controverting Davidson's position, nor of advocating the "going-to-bed philosophy." There is certainly truth in his thesis, that "conceit will either kill or cure." And it may apply to this case.

From the Westminster Review. TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA. CONTINUED.

information, that they had the power of living in the water like fish; that, when you least expected it, they would suddenly rise to the surface, and launch at you gourds filled with flames; and then, no sooner had you bent your bow to send an arrow at them, than they were down again beneath the water. The valiant Tartars, however, had no fear of the monsters; for, before the departure of the eight banners, the grand Lamas had opened the "book of celestial secrets," and predicted a happy issue to the affair. The prediction was verified, for the rebels, terrified by the approach of the Tartars, had ultimately sued their holy master, the emperor, for peace, and he, in his immense mercy, had granted it to them. The Frenchmen also learned some other particulars concerning these same rebels, which are perhaps not generally known; for instance, that Queen Victoria has a great garden in which she shuts up her husband, who is allowed to walk in this as much as he pleases, but never to go out. The great point of interest with the missionaries was the religion of Buddhism, whose overthrow was the secret object of their wishes and their prayers. M. Hue of course expresses great horror of this idolatrous worship, but at the same time congratulates himself, with such naïveté, on the numerous points of resemblance between it and the orthodox Catholic faith as taught at Rome. The immense multitudes of Lamas devoted to a monastic life; the extreme asceticism of some; (he found holy personages, devoted to what they called a contemplative life, who lived in holes in the side of a mountain, and drew up their food by a string, emulating the performances of saints in the early ages of the church)—the devotion of the laity, their deference to their spiritual masters, their fondness for pilgrimages and showy ceremonies, their liberality in contributing money for supposed pious objects, cause him sometimes to cast a longing look back toward the "good old times," and seem, speaking profanely, to make his mouth water. The apparent coincidence between the worship of Buddha and that which the "Lamas of Jehovah" were endeavoring to introduce, may perhaps have contributed to procure them respectful attention from the Buddhists; but it seems doubtful whether it would have greatly facilitated the object of their mission, as it might be often difficult to make them see what the difference was, or what would be gained by exchanging the old for the new faith. There is a point of resemblance too, besides those mentioned by M. Hue. The fundamental tenets of Buddhism are pure and sublime; but these have been so overlaid by a mass of fantastic ceremonies and forgotten symbols, that their influence has been almost wholly neutralized. The greatest truths, thus lying dormant, are of little practical value; in the words of Coleridge, "they lie bed-ridden in the soul, side by side with the most absurd errors, without having any tendency to disturb them." But this observation will apply, we cannot help thinking, in some degree, to the religious system of the Church of Rome, as well as to that of the Dalai-Lama.

On the "fifteenth day of the eighth month" the missionaries had an opportunity of joining in a great Chinese festival, called the "Feast of the Moon's Leaves," when all labor is suspended, workmen receive from their masters a pecuniary present, every one puts on his best clothes, and all is mirth and rejoicing. It is, according to M. Hue, of high antiquity, but has acquired a political character from an event of the fourteenth century. An extensive conspiracy was formed amongst the Chinese to shake off the yoke of the Tartar dynasty founded by Tchingis Khan, and it effected its object by means of a general massacre, for which the signal was given by notes concealed in the little cakes engraved with the image of the moon, which it is customary to interchange on this occasion. By this catastrophe the Tartar Army, which was scattered through all the families of the kingdom, was completely annihilated, and an end put to the Mongol domination. The Tartars of the present day, however, join in the celebration of the festival with great bonhomie, and without the least idea of the significance given to it by their neighbors, though the Frenchmen, with more zeal than discretion, undertook it seems to enlighten them upon this point.

"At about a gun-shot from the place where we had encamped, we saw suddenly rising several Mongol tents, whose magnitude and cleanliness testified the easy circumstances of their inhabitants. This opinion was, besides, confirmed by the numerous flocks of sheep and the immense herds of horses and oxen which were grazing in the environs. Whilst we were reciting our breviary in the interior of the tent, Samdachiemba went to pay a visit to these Mongols, and soon after we saw coming toward us an old man with a long white beard, and who had the air of a person of distinction. He was accompanied by a young Lama, and a child whom he held by the hand. My Lord Lamas," said the old man, addressing us, "all men are brothers, but those who dwell beneath the tents are united among themselves like flesh and blood. The fifteenth of the moon is a solemn epoch; you are travelers and strangers, you cannot this evening occupy a place at the

hearth of your noble family. Come and rest yourselves for some days amongst us; your presence will bring us peace and happiness." We told the good old man that we could not entirely accept his offer, but that in the evening, after having said our prayers, we would go and take tea with him, and have a little talk about the Mongol nation. On entering the Mongol tent, we were surprised to find there a degree of cleanliness to which one is little accustomed amongst the Tartars. There was no hearth in the centre, and the eye perceived nowhere the presence of those coarse cooking utensils which usually accompany Tartar habitations. It was easy to see that all had been arranged for a fête. We seated ourselves on a red carpet, and were soon served from the neighboring tent, the kitchen pro tempore, with tea with milk, and little rolls fried in butter, as well as cheese, dried grapes, and jushube. After having made acquaintance with the numerous Mongol company in which we found ourselves, the conversation incessantly fell on the festival of the Moon's Leaves. "In our country of the West," said we, "we do not know of this festival. We worship only Jehovah, the creator of the heavens and the earth, of the sun and the moon, and all that exists." "Oh, the holy doctrine!" cried the old man, carrying his joined hands to his forehead. "But neither do the Tartars worship the moon. They have seen the Chinese celebrate this fête, and they follow the custom, without well knowing why." "Yes," said we, "you follow this custom without knowing why. That is a wise saying. But this is what we have heard about it in the country of the Ketat (Chinese). And (thereupon we related all that we knew about the terrible day of the massacre. As our narrative concluded, the faces of the Tartars appeared full of astonishment; the young men spoke together in a low voice, but the elder one kept a mournful silence; he held down his head, to hide the large tears that flowed from his eyes. "Brother, enriched with years," said we, "this tale appears not to surprise you, but it has filled your heart with emotion." "Holy personages," said the old man, after having raised his head and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, "the terrible event which causes so much astonishment to these young men, was not unknown to me; but I wish I had never known it, and I seek to drive it from my memory, for it makes a bluish mount to the face of every Tartar, whose heart is not yet sold to the Ketat. One day, the day is known to our great Lamas, the blood of our forefathers, so shamefully spilled, shall be avenged. When the holy man who is to command us shall have appeared, we shall rise to a man and follow him. Then we will go, and in the face of day, demand of the Ketat an account of the Tartar blood which was shed in the darkness of their houses. The Mongols celebrate every year this fête, and the greater number see in it only an indifferent ceremony; but the Moon's Leaves' awakes in some hearts the remembrance of the perfidy of which we have been the victims, and the hope of a just vengeance."

"After a moment's silence, the old man added, 'Holy personages, however this may be, this day is truly a festival, since you have deigned to descend into our poor habitation. It is not well to occupy our hearts with sad thoughts. Child,' he added to a young man who was sitting on the threshold, 'if the mutton has boiled enough take away the milk.' Whilst he cleared the interior of the tent, the eldest son of the family entered, bearing in his hands a little oblong table, upon which rose a sheep cut into four quarters, piled one upon another. Immediately, when the table was placed in the midst of the guests, the head of the family, arming himself with the knife that hung at his girdle, cut the tail off the sheep, divided it into two, and offered a half to each of us. Among the Tartars the tail is considered the most exquisite part of the sheep, and consequently the most honorable. It is, with these Tartar sheep, of a remarkable form and size, a thick broad oval of from six to eight pounds weight.

"As soon as the head of the family had presented us with this delicate morsel, the guests fell to with their knives to cut to pieces these formidable quarters of mutton; of course, in this Tartar festival we found neither plates nor forks; every one was obliged to place on his knees his piece of mutton, and tear it without ceremony with his two hands, ripping from time to time the front of his waistcoat the fat that dripped from them. As for us, our embarrassment at first, was considerable; in offering us this white sheep's tail, our friends had doubtless been influenced by the kindest intentions; but we were not yet sufficiently warned from our European prejudices to dare to attack, without bread or salt, the lumps of fat that seemed to tremble and pant beneath our fingers. We took counsel together in our mother tongue, so to what was to be done in these difficult circumstances. To put back these dainties by stealth on the table seemed extremely imprudent; to speak frankly to our Amphitryon, and declare our repugnance to the favorite dish, would be shocking to Tartar etiquette. We hit, therefore, on the plan of putting up the epicurean morsel into the sleeves, which we handed about to the

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