

I WAIT FOR THE LORD.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait
As they that watch for the morning;
And soon in the east of His own good
time,
Methinks I shall see the dawning.
So dawn and shine in this heart of mine,
Sun of my spirit and Life Divine.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
For the way is dark and dreary;
And mine eyes oft fail from their upward
look,
And my faltering feet are weary.
When the wind comes bleak o'er my
mountain's peak,
Be Thou a Comforter unto the weak.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
For my life is all His choosing;
And I fain would bow to His wise decree,
Not a bitter nor sweet refusing.
My fear He'll quell, and my doubts dispel,
For I know that He doeth all things well.
I wait for the Lord, I still do wait;
But earth and its scenes are waning,
And I've learned that life, when you sum
it up,
Has nought that is worth retaining.
But soon or late, at the golden gate,
My soul for the Lord no more shall wait.
Cottager and Artizan.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF SACRILEGE.

The extravagant pretensions of the "priestly" party in the Church of England we have fondly imagined to be pretty clearly understood, and the measure of their audacious assumptions to be gauged with tolerable exactness. An incident which has just transpired in a Liverpool church has sufficed to dissipate such a notion, and to show that there are deeper depths of superstition and loftier heights of fanatical vanity than have ever been dreamt of in our philosophy. At a fashionable wedding in St. Augustine's Church, the steps and aisle had been draped in red cloth, in honour of the bridal party. After the ceremony was over, the prosaic and evidently uncircumcised Philistine of an upholsterer, who had laid down the crimson carpet, as carefully rolled it up again, and placing it on his shoulder, proposed to bear it homeward, for possible sale, or haply to be ready for the next nuptial festival at which it might be in request. The daring spoiler, however, was caught ere the shameful deed was done, and pious propriety in the person of the sexton not only upbraided him for such a deed of guilt, but with the heroism which is becoming in an officer of the church militant straightway laid hold upon the sacred property and struggled with the spoiler for his prey. The unenlightened upholsterer loudly asserted his rights as regarded the crimson cloth; the indignant sexton even more loudly asserted the claims of Holy Church; "for," said he, "it has been made holy by its use in church, and so, being consecrated, its removal is an act of sacrilege," and this the loyal Levite was bound to resist even unto death. The cloth suffered very greatly by the fierceness of the struggle, and a large crowd of witnesses gathered round the porch in which the war was waged. Some laughed, some cheered, and some cried "shame!"

"But still the tide of battle rolled,
And fearful was the fray."

Eventually victory ranged herself on the side of the church, and the discomfited representative of secular concerns had to retire vanquished from the field. The consecrated carpet was borne to the vestry by the triumphant sexton, there to abide the issue of "ulterior proceedings." Of course the progress of the case will be watched with bated breath, for, who is there who does not see the very serious consequences which are involved? It is difficult to see why the shoes of worshippers should not be requisitioned after having done duty on holy ground. The thoughtless layman who obliges by taking round the consecrated plate during a collection runs serious risk of being captured by a press-gang and caused to devote his consecrated self to serve before the altar day and night. What of all the secular tools introduced within the sacred walls for cleansing purposes or for repairs? Think of a desecrated mob, which after having washed the sacred floors, is employed on meaner surfaces! The incident we have narrated opens up to us a new array of sacrilegious possibilities that the mind shrinks from following them to their dread issue. (L.H.)

now incur the displeasure of his priest and so come to be unfrocked; should laymen's doublet be flung upon his consecrated limbs, and a secular cap be placed on his recreant brow, who doesn't see that it were far better that he should starve in a crypt, or even vault, than that he should go out and mingle with the common herd and so profane a "vessel" of the holy place? Doubtless the scarlet cloth is a symbol dear to the bastard Popery that finds its home beneath so-called Protestant fanes, and hence there may be something special in the purpose which our valiant sexton had in view. However this may be, we are disposed to think that the departure of the discomfited upholsterer will, at some not distant day, be compensated for by the arrival of the undertaker, who will be called upon to bury such an unwholesome anachronism as an Established Church which alone can give decency as that to which we have directed the attention of our readers.—London Methodist.

DISRAELI—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Hearing that the Prime Minister was to speak, I left the House of Commons, and upon the order of a noble lord, was finally admitted, along with a select few, into the "stranger's gallery" of the House of Lords. The hall employed by the lords is substantially like that of the commons in its shape and furniture. The news that Disraeli was going to speak filled all the seats belonging to members, and all other points where he could be seen and heard were crowded by members from the other house.

I did not need to be told which of all the men below me was the famous Prime Minister. On the front bench, in nearly the centre of the hall, sat a figure in black, in whose motionless attitude, swart face, and Hebrew cast of countenance I at once recognized the famous Tory leader. He was the most marked and striking figure in the House. His features are large, his face smoothly shaved and dark; his expression a dull, sullen immobility. This sullenness of his swarthy features was intensified by his raven black hair, worn long, and cut squarely around the neck. His forehead is wide and high, his perceptive organs prominent, giving him a strong and intellectual appearance.

For a long time he sat on the bench with one leg crossed over the other, head bowed a little forward, and motionless as if cast in bronze, save a twisting in and out of each other of his white, shapely, slender hands. I may except another motion, but which was so slight as to escape notice, unless one like myself were watching him with close attention. This was in the eyelids. They are very large, and drop over the eyes like two great curtains. Ordinarily they were down, concealing the whole eye; but now and then they would rise quickly for a short distance, and a thin back-ground of intense black would flash out upon the audience.

He seemed to be a powerful figure, a little above the medium stature. He wore a frock coat, buttoned about his waist, which displayed to good advantage a strong rather than graceful figure. There was a table in front of him, and to this he walked, so that he stood with a half face to the speaker. He commenced in a low, but yet not indistinct, and with a rather musical voice. His head was thrown forward, his eyes were fixed on the table, and his manner was similarly hesitating. He appeared laboring under a painful embarrassment. His voice had a tremor in it. He seemed to stumble over a word here, and to catch at some other one there. His hands and arms were incessant in a species of nervous shifting. The fingers would rest for a moment on the table. Then the arms would be clasped behind his back, only to remain there a second before swinging by his sides or being moved forward again to rest upon the table.

Nevertheless, all this time it was the eye and ear which took in these developments. Beneath the senses was a conviction that all this was of no account and that despite them he was moving forward swiftly and irresistibly. And such was the case. His ideas were clear, logical in their arrangement, and his words fitted to each other like the

jewels in a diamond cluster. By degrees, the apparent nervousness, hesitancy and indecision disappeared. The feet became immovable; the shifting motion of the arms gradually grew into quiet but graceful gestures, the twisting of the body into a swaying motion, full of power, deference, yet dignified and elegant. The heavy head was thrown back; the sullen, motionless features became lighted up and permeated by a flexible mobility; the broad eyelids rolled up, and the great eyes flashed out with a somber brilliancy.

BIGOTRY.

Dr. Matthew Byles, a venerable Congregationalist minister of Boston, who died there in 1788, was noted for his wit.

He remained a devoted subject of the British King when the Colonies fought for their independence, but, with strange inconsistency, he was very bitter against the English Church. Even in his dying hour this hostility cropped out. His old friend, Bishop Parker, having called to see him, Dr. Byles lifted up his finger, in token that he wished him to bend down, that he might whisper something in his ear.

The Bishop accordingly did so, when the dying man then 82, with his fondness for fun and controversy as strong as ever, faintly whispered:

"I have almost got to that world where there are no Bishops."

The Bishop mildly answered: "I hoped, Doctor, that you were going to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

Within our own remembrance, a district teacher was summoned before those august personages, the "Trustees," to answer to the grave charge of opening the school every morning with an "Episcopal prayer."

What prayer do you suppose this was? Why, forsooth, it was the Lord's prayer.

Bigotry is a very hateful thing, and it is only cherished by the narrow-minded or the ignorant.

We have good reasons for being devoted to our Church and for preferring it to all other systems of religion, but we become little better than blind bats when we refuse to recognise goodness in whatever form it may appear.

DISCOVERY OF SATELLITES OF MARS.

Professor Asaph Hall, of the Washington Observatory, has recently announced the interesting discovery of two satellites attendant upon the planet Mars. At about 11 o'clock on the night of August 16, Professor Hall, by the aid of the great 26 inch refractor telescope, noticed a very small star following Mars by a few seconds. Two hours later he looked again, and to his surprise found that the distance between planet and star had not increased, although the former was moving at the rate of 15 seconds per hour. Hardly crediting his discovery, Mr. Hall delayed further observation until he could bring the matter before his colleague, Professor Newcomb, and that astronomer, being confident that the discovery of a satellite had been made, calculated roughly its time of revolution, which he found to be 1 day and 8 hours. This enabled the prediction of the probable place of the satellite on the following night—a prediction which was verified. On the morning of August 17 another satellite appeared, and its identity was fully recognized.

The distance of the first satellite from the planet is between fifteen and sixteen thousand miles, which is less than that of any other known satellite from its primary, and only about 1.16 the distance of the moon from the earth. It is exceedingly small, having a diameter of not over 100 miles. The inner satellite is believed to be still closer to the planet, and to have a period of less than 8 hours. The first moon is distant 80, the second 30 seconds from their primary. Further and more accurate details will, however, soon be forthcoming, as probably the keen eyes of astronomers the world over will now be turned upon Mars. Next to our moon, more full and accurate knowledge is possessed regarding Mars than of any other heavenly body. Venus is nearer to the earth, but when most closely approximated she is invisible, being concealed by the solar light.

Mars, however, may be examined under favorable circumstances, and during the present year the conditions are especially advantageous, owing to the planet being in opposition to the sun, near perihelion. The apparent disk is now larger in the proportion of 3 to 1 than when the planet is in aphelion, while the illumination is more brilliant in the proportion of 3 to 2. At the same time the planet is nearer perihelion than previously for more than 30 years; so that in the heavens its brightness is but little inferior to that of Jupiter.

While the surface of Mars has been mapped with remarkable accuracy, and although probably no other planet has been subjected to more keen and continuous scrutiny, yet up to the present time all searches for satellites attendant upon it have been fruitless. Most astronomers have not hesitated to assert that none such existed, though it has been said that if Mars has moons they are too small to be recognized by any telescope extant; but in any event the probable presence of Martial moons was not to be predicated on any phenomenon exhibited by the planet itself, and if their existence was suspected it was because it would be more in accordance with the nebular hypothesis that they should be present than absent. In a work on astronomy published some 40 years ago, we find mention of a phenomenon on Mars which might possibly lead to the idea that the planet was subjected to reflected light from some near body, and that was, that a curious and persistent illumination of the planet had been noticed, which, under the circumstances, was unaccountable, save under the hypothesis that the planet was slightly phosphorescent.

The discovery is a triumph, both for Professor Hall and for Mr. Alvan Clark, the maker of the great telescope. It, besides, shows what may be expected of the still more colossal instrument which at no very distant day we hope to see established in the Lick Observatory.—Sc. American.

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.—Some young men in the town of —, having "cut up" one night to the detriment of certain windows and bell-pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time the next morning confronted before the police magistrate, who fined them \$5 each and an admonition. One of the three foolishly remarked: "Judge, I was in hopes you would remember me. I belong to the same Lodge with you." The Judge apparently surprised, replied with brotherly sympathy: "Ah, is it so? Truly this is Brother —! I did not recognize you. Excuse me for dullness. Yes, we are brother Masons, and I should have thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our Brother \$10. Being a Mason, he knows better the rules of propriety than other men! Fine him \$10. You will pay the clerk Brother —! Call the next case."

[We can vouch for the truth of the above. The "upright judge" referred to was that good man and true, Judge Storer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, recently deceased.—Ed. Advocate.]

A SEVERE REPROOF.—I hear a good story which illustrates the desirability of elderly gentlemen strictly observing the truth in their communications, with the third and fourth generations. A grandfather, well known in the House of Lords, was the other day amicably chatting with his grand-daughter, who was seated on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" the little maid asked. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," said his lordship, with a reckless disregard for the truth. "Oh!" said her little ladyship, regarding her distinguished relative with fresh interest, "Are you Noah?" "No, I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No, I am not even Ham." "Then you must be Japhet," insisted the little maiden, at the end of her historical tether, and growing somewhat impatient with the difficulty which surrounded her aged relative's identification. "No, I am not Japhet," said his lordship, wagging his head, intensely enjoying the joke. "Then, grandpapa," said the little maiden firmly and decisively, "You are a beast."—Mayfair.

The president of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. says: "People of both sexes and all ages come to our rooms sent by those who do not take the trouble to understand our mission, expecting to find at once a soup house, a railroad free ticket office, a lodging-house, a pawnbroker's, a money lender's, a detective agency, and a lazzar-house."

WHERE HELL IS.—I wish to ask you a question," said Mr. Sharp to our young minister as he met him in the street; I am anxious to know where hell is. The Bible I have read, geographies, histories, and other books, and I can't find out where it is exactly.

The young minister, placing his hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his eyes, replied encouragingly:—"My dear sir, do not be discouraged; I am sure you will find out after awhile. As for myself, I have no inquiries, and really don't wish to know where hell is. About heaven I have thought, and read and studied, a great deal. I wish to make that my home, and by the grace of God I will. Ask me about heaven, and I can talk. I don't know where hell is, and you had better not find out."

Harper & Brothers' Greek New Testament, edited by the Rev. J. A. Spencer, is a great improvement upon those diminutive books on which students and ministers continue to spoil good eyes. Many ministers have fallen into neglect of the Greek text merely for lack of a fair type. There is really no longer any excuse of this sort. Spencer's text is good, his notes are helpful, and all young ministers ought to form habits of critical study of Scripture. A great deal of "beating the air" would be prevented by such habits, especially with the invaluable aid of the Greek text of the New Testament. We advise our young men to get good Greek Testaments and study them until this study becomes a pleasure.

OBITUARY.

JAMES IRONS.

Died at Young's Cove, Queen's County, N. B., August 21st, aged 30 years. Just one year ago this young man was called upon to bury his wife, after about three years union. Mr. Irons was trained under Methodist influence and was always respected for his moral habits, but he had not given his heart to God until sickness told him he was not long for this world.

In sickness and death Mr. Irons was happy in the love of God, but he lamented for not having given his heart to Christ while in health; and almost close up to death he would exhort his young companions and friends to serve God at once, and not do as he had done in putting it off from time to time. His dying request was that his only child should be dedicated to God in holy baptism, which was complied with at the father's grave in the presence of a large assembly. The occasion will long be remembered for good.

MRS. MARY F. HATCH.

In May last, while the flowers were blooming and the soft winds of approaching summer were wafting their incense to us, we laid to rest, in the beautiful cemetery at Mount Hope, Bangor, one of God's noblest women, whose life, whose character, whose worth in all life's relations, deserve more than a passing notice.

The plain record is but a brief one. But the bare name of Mrs. Mary F. Hatch will arouse pleasing and fruitful recollections in the memories of many, by whom she was known, loved and honored.

Mrs. Hatch was born in Horton, Nova Scotia, July 11, 1794; was married to Col. Silas Hatch in 1817; moved to Bangor in 1825; and joined the Methodist Church here in 1835, though she had been a Methodist in sentiment from childhood. Her ancestors, in fact, had been Methodists—father, grandfather, and great-grandfather—back to the very days of Wesley.

Besides being a devoted Christian, Mrs. Hatch was a natural lady. In her younger days, she was possessed of a personal beauty, a sprightliness of temper, and a warmth of feeling, which would have fitted her for that fashionable society into which her marriage introduced her. All these attractions, indeed, went largely with her to the last. But none of these advantages were sacrificed to pleasure. All she had—all she might have had or hoped—were freely and fully given to the church; and God rewarded her singleness of life with numerous blessings, of which her family of interesting and successful children she always reckoned as the first and best.

As her six children are still living, good taste, perhaps, would here be silent. But justice to her as a Christian mother will not suffer a total forgetfulness of her maternal life; and the least that can be said covers her name, in this regard, with peculiar honor; for her children all stand before the world as monuments of her religious care and labor. Not one of them has been a failure. Not one has given her cause of regret, or pain or sorrow. Not one but could join her second son, the Hon. Silas C. Hatch, late State Treasurer of Maine—in saying that "all was owing to their mother!" Yes true to the holy record: "Her children rise up and call her blessed."