

lowell Circuit, there was a wedding to take place, of some importance, but the *time* was kept a profound secret. It was known that brother Black was to be the officiating clergyman. He came into the neighbourhood to preach, and all eyes were upon his movements. He went to stop over night with Mr. P. D., whose lady was unusually kind, in order to prepare the way for getting the great secret. Next morning when he was about leaving, Mrs. D. says to him, "Brother Black, when is Miss —— to be married?" "Sister D., are you good at keeping a secret?" "I am," was the reply, and thought she was about to have it. "So am I," sister D., good at keeping a secret,—good morning, good morning,"—and with a polite bow, such as he alone could make, retired, and that day shared in the wedding solemnities.

When he was stationed on the C—— Circuit, an officious Pastor of another Church called upon him to go and take the Sacrament at his Church, because he looked upon him as a member, upon the ground of his being baptized and confirmed in it. "You are very kind and considerate, Mr. W., I thank you for calling, just step in," said Brother Black, not the least disconcerted. He handed the zealous Pastor into the parlor, and introduced him to another Minister, thus: "Mr. W., this is the Rev. J., my Chairman, or Bishop,—the Bishop of this Diocese. I am a Minister under Mr. J. He can say to me, go, and I must go,—come, and I must come; he is really my master. You, sir, I see, claim to be my master too. Now Christ says, 'No man can serve two masters.' Mr. W. you place me in an awkward position. I do not know whom to obey. Gentlemen, please settle it between yourselves,"—politely bowing, and retiring, and thus leaving Mr. J. and Mr. W. to settle the real *status* of Bro. Black. For a moment there was silence. It was soon, however, broken, by Mr. J., the Chairman of the District remarking, "it was high time that every man would learn to mind his own business." Mr. W. then took his hat and left. Bro. B. politely showed him the door, and thanked him for his call.

As a preacher he has somewhat of the Welch manner about him,—at least their familiar metaphors and illustrations; those that he used in general originated in his own mind, and were adapted to himself and to no one else. When according to Millerite prognostication the world was old and about to throw off its shell for a better incrustation, he would point to a new Grist mill in the neighborhood where he was preaching, and describe all its machinery, and the intention of it, and ask, did Mr. ——, the owner, make the whole for the purpose of immediately destroying it? then draw this inference, that the wise and good Being would not institute such machinery as Bible Societies, Missionary Socie-