The Provincial Wesleyan.

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Religious Miscellany.

"Lo, I Am With You Alway."

O, Jesus walks with us through all our journeys,
If we have learned his blessed name to know,
Why walk we then so oft with weary footstep,
Nor breathe earth's joy and beauty as we go?
Because our eye of faith so oft is holden,
We do not see 'tis Jesus at our side,
Till at some loving word the eye looks upward,
Knows the dear Saviour, and is satisfied,

Yet we forget sometimes when our kind Father
Asks for some token that we love him well;
Knowing we cannot safely keep our treasures,
He keeps them for us, safe with him to dwell.
And when on some glad morn we hasten early,
And find for us the "stone is rolled away,"
We'll know how Jesus all the while was with us,
And will be with us through earth's darkest day.

Our Father knows our poor hearts need refining,
So takes away the dross we count as gold;
And while we grieve we hear not Jesus saying,
"For earthly good, take joys an hundred fold."
For evermore adide with us, our Saviour!
Our day of life wanes fast, soon night will come
That ushers in the bright eternal morning
When we may walk with Thee in heaven our home.

Pastoral Address.

To the Members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of British America—1869.

The return of the season for our assembling in Conference, calls us again to the pleasing duty of addressing to you our Christian salutation. Grace unto you, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

"We are bound to thank God always" on your behalf, for "you," with us "hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins," and "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus;" therefore, unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

The review which we have taken of the past year is suggestive of many important lessons, both to us and to you. Our churches have almost universally enjoyed great peace. The ranks of our ministry are unbroken by death. "Ths gospel of the grace of God—of grace for every sinner, that he may be saved: and for every believer that he may be sanctified wholly, and preserved blameless, unto the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ—has been preached from our every pulpit, and to many has come "not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance." This though affording no reason for boasting is yet in these days of "divers and strange doctrines" cause for humble and hearty thanksgiving to God. Nor has the revival spirit ceased from among us. Churches that had long seemed arid as the desert have by the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit been made to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." In others the work of grace if less visibly has not less really advanced. "Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake." In the conversion of souls in their growth in grace, in their preservation amidst the activities of life and in the final triumph accorded to many in the hour of death "the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

But can we be satisfied with our efforts or their results? We are grieved and humbled to find that the number of our members to-day is somewhat less than it was twelve months ago. Death has deprived us of not a few. Emigration has borne from our midst many of our beloved families. On this account alone some of our circuits have suffered the loss of a third or more of their entire membership. Failure of the fisheries in Newfoundland and depression of trade in other places have seriously interfered with the prosperity, with even the stability of our work. Yet allowing for these disadvantages we cannot reconcile our present position with our sense of the Divine claims. We might have been more zealous, more faithful towards men, more powerful in prayer to God. Then unquestionably had we realized more largely the fulfilment of the Divine promises. After long and serious conversation on the religious state of our churches and earnest prayer, and humbling of ourselves before the Lord, we have bound ourselves anew "to think and speak and act for God" and now we exhort that ye sympathize with us, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints and for us that utterance may be given unto us that we may open our mouths boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel."

At such seasons as the present we feel peculiarly impressed with the solemnity of the charge we have received to "feed the flock of God which he hath purchased with His own blood." Suffer then brethren the word of exhortation in which the solicitude of the collective Pastorate finds its expression for we "watch for your souls as they that must give an account." We affectionately exhort you to cultivate deep personal piety. You are pledged to unswerving fidelity to the Divine will and 'this is the will of God even your sanctification." Neglect here is inexcusable. The dangers which threaten you, and the magnitude of the interests involved afford the strongest motives to your giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure.

Be consistent in your profession. We remind you of the solemn engagement made in the hour of your espousals to Christ. You surrendered yourselves implicitly to the Divine will in all things. Deliberately and cordially you embraced the principle that "no man liveth unto himself" as the foundation of your entire life—of every thought as well as of every action. Your strict adherence to this principle is all the more necessary because many walk—professedly the friends and followers of the Redeemer—who "are enemies of the cross of Christ," who "make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof," "who mind earthly things." "Let no man deceive you with vain words for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Be not ye therefore partakers with them." Steadfastly avoid those vain and sinful amusements by which some in our day are seduced from the simplicity of Christ and those soul-destroying habits which are in direct contravention of our rule discountenancing the use of spirituous liquors.

Seek the grace which you require in the appropriate means. Pour out your hearts at stated times every day before God. Gather your families together for domestic worship. Lead them to the house of God on His own day and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable. Prize greatly the week evening services and both by precept and example recommend to all our youth the Class meetings and Love Feasts which have so long and so happily distinguished our denomination and to which the Great Head of the Church has so signally set the Seal of His approbation. Let the spirit of devotion pervade your whole life "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving."

The work of the Lord is your work. Engage in it intelligently, perform it zealously and continue in it perseveringly. Begin in those cases which are nearest to yourselves but embrace the remotest of your fellow men in your efforts to do good "Blessed are they "who with liberal soul and open hand" sow beside all waters."

Too much attention cannot be given to the young people of our congregations. For them and for the children whom we may gather from abroad are our Sabbath schoo's maintained. In this department of Christian exertion there is scope for the highest talent and the most mature spirituality of mind. Let there be no lack of labourers. Place before you the design of securing the conversion of the children and not only aim at but expect this glorious result. And here let us warn you against undoing in who'e or in part your own work by the introduction of trifling much more of pernicious books into your Sabbath school libraries. From our own Book Room you may expect to be furnished with suitable and trustworthy works which have been selected with great care.

Several changes have been made in the management of our Book Room and Educational Institutions. The former devolves on us personally a large pecuniary liability. This we would more willingly bear if we could but see our own literature as widely diffused and as highly prized as it deserves to be. We have shown our sense of the importance of this means of reviving, extending and conserving the interests of true religion by appointing a brother greatly beloved and highly qualified for its successful management—the Rev. Dr. Pickard—to be our Book Steward and Editor. We trust that you will confirm our choice by every means in your power. Let the Provincial Wesleyan be found in all our families. Let the works of Wesley, Fletcher, Watson and Clarke as well as the more recent productions of our writers have a place in your homes and be employed in the instruction of your households, at once, in the saving truths of Christianity and the principles and history of Wesleyan Methodism. Here we repeat let your own libraries and especially those of the Sabbath school be replenished, if you would promote a wise and vigorous piety among yourselves.

In consequence of Dr. Pickard's removal from Sackville, we have had to rearrange our staff of officers there. The College and both the Male and Female Academies will continue in operation as formerly. The President of the former is David Allison, Esq, a gentleman well fitted by his natural abilities, his scholarly attainments and his Christian excellence to stand at the head of such an Institution. The Rev. C. Jost, A.M. continues in his position as Vice Principal of the Male Academy, and will, as formerly, prove a friend, as well as a instructor to those committed to his care. J. R. Inch, Esq. is placed at the head of the Female Department, and his gentlemanly deportment, his superior literary qualifications, and his true piety afford us the assurance that the work which he has so successfully performed during the past few years will continue to be prosecuted with zeal, and efficiency. We bespeak the patronage for these Institutions which they well deserve. Let their halls be filled with the youth of our Church, who desire to

"Unite the pair so long disjoined
Knowledge and vital piety."

And for both those who impart, and those who receive instruction, let fervent prayer daily ascend to the throne of grace. Much of the future prosperity of the work of God among us, depends upon the religious and liberal training of the rising generation, and much of the success of this must rest with the fervent supplications of our own people.

With thankful feelings we inform you that two brethren, who have honourably fulfilled their probationary course have been ordained to the full work of the ministry, and that three young men who give evidence of their divine vocation, have been received as candidates for this holy work. But we have to regret the smallness of these numbers, while many and pressing calls from various portions of our work reach us for additional ministerial help in places but partially supplied with Divine ordinances. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth more labourers into his harvest."

We commend again to your enlightened Christian sympathies, our various connexional Funds. We are gratified to find in the very considerable increase of the Home Mission Fund, the proof of your interest in the evangelization of our own land. We have distinctly placed before you this year in the Minutes the list of those Circuits which form our Home Mission field. We trust the income of the fund will be so increased at once as to provide for the wants of this most necessitous work.

The current income of our Supernumerary and Ministers' Widows Fund, always administered with the utmost care, is found insufficient this year to meet the very moderate claims upon it. This statement of a fact, so nearly affecting our beloved supernumerary brethren, and the widows of those who have ceased from their labour, will, we are sure, be sufficient to secure yet larger proof of your Christian liberality.

And now brethren we shall at once quickly be with you again, at our several posts of duty. We pledge ourselves to entire devotion to the work of soul saving. We are determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. We shall not entangle ourselves with the affairs of this life, that we may please him who hath chosen us to be soldiers. We ask your enlightened and faithful coöperation "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Signed on behalf, and by order of the Conference.

HENRY DANIEL, *President.*
DUNCAN D. CURRIE, *Sec'y.*

Charlottetown, June 30, 1869.

The Measureless Love.

I can measure parental love—how broad, how long, and strong, and deep it is: it is a sea—a deep sea which mothers can only fathom. But the love displayed on yonder hill and bloody cross, where God's own Son is perishing for us, nor man nor angel has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the altitude of the sun, the distance of the planets—these have been determined; but the height, depth, breadth and length of the love of God passes knowledge. Such is the Father against whom all of us have sinned a thousand times! Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the Summer calm, or lashed into fury by the winter's tempest is thundering on her sands, and when you have numbered the drops of her waves, the sand on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore, may we go to Him with the contrition of the prodigal in our hearts, and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." The Spirit of God helping thus to go to God be assured that the father, who, seeing his son afar off, ran to meet Him, fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an image of him who, not sparing his own son, but giving him up to death that we might live, invites and now awaits our coming.—*Dr Guthrie.*

One of the sweetest and most attractive titles of our Lord Jesus Christ is "the friend of sinners." He was in his manner so gentle towards offenders, so graciously did he seek out the lost, and so tenderly did he invite the erring to pardon, and reconciliation, that it was slanderously said of him, that he was the Friend of sin as well as of sinners. This was the old heathen slander of the days of Celsus. Philosophy and Pharisaism sneeringly asserted that Jesus treated iniquity so lightly, and made it so easy a matter to escape from its consequences, that he was rather the aider and abettor of sin than its destroyer; and they blasphemously declared that his Apostles had preached the doctrine of "let us do evil that good may come." My brethren, you know that this charge was utterly and entirely false, and those who uttered the libel knew it to be so to, if they were at all conversant with our Lord's history. In his example evil meets with no encouragement, and in his teaching it finds no excuse. If they possessed the slightest acquaintance with the objects of his life, they must have known that though the Friend of sinners he was emphatically beyond all other public teachers the enemy of sin. His hatred towards sin was not a mere passion: it was a principle. It did not flash forth now and then: it was a constant flame. He hated sin, if I may so say, implacably, never making a moment's truce with it; he pursued it by day in his ministry, and by night in his prayers; he lived to smite it, and he died to destroy it; and now in his risen glory it is upon sin as well as upon Satan that he sets his heel. He was manifest that he might destroy the works of the devil, and he has erected a battering engine which will not leave of Satan's stronghold so much as one stone upon another which shall not be thrown down.—*Spurgeon.*

The Universalist Dying.

I was conversing with a highly esteemed Christian acquaintance, a lady somewhat advanced in life. We were speaking of Universalists, and I asked her if she had been engaged in discussion with them when she had been in their society. She replied that she never argued with them unless forced to do it, "and then," said, she "the only argument I used is the relation of my brother's history." She then gave me the following story, which, to me, was one of deep and solemn interest:

"My brother came home from the South where he had been spending some time, to enjoy a visit with the members of the family. He was a strong Universalist, shrewd, and well booked up on points relating to that doctrine Few would venture to argue with him; he would almost always corner them, and overpower them, so that he was avoided by all. One afternoon he told me of a ball, that was to be held that evening not far away, and asked me to go.—We were both good dancers, and I had been with him much to parties and joined in that amusement before my conscience became tender on the subject. I told him I could not go; I did not think it right.

"'Now, said he, 'I hope you have not become so foolish as to deny yourself all the pleasures of life! Just go along, and throw away all those foolish notions.' He urged me, but I was firm, and refused to go.

"'Well then, you will ride with me, won't you?

"'To this I agreed.

"'We got into the carriage, and rode nearly all the afternoon. Almost from the moment when we left the gate we began to talk on Universalism, and continued so to talk until we came home. I could not move him in the least. He was confident in his creed, as if he had received a revelation from heaven to assure him of it.

"I said to him, 'You know our father was once a Universalist, but gave up that belief before he died and besought us to avoid his errors and delusions."

"'Yes I know that. When he was laid upon a sick-bed, and his mind was as weak as his body, people came with one accord and pitched into the business of distressing and alarming him. He had not then his thoughts calm and collected, so as to argue with them, and thus they overpowered him, and destroyed his confidence in the doctrine he had always held. It is mean! It is contemptible! If any one should come to take advantage of me in that way, lying on a sick bed, with mind and body alike weak, I would order him to leave the room.

"'So he continued to talk, and I saw how idle and useless were all my words. We came home. The eighth day after that my brother died. Unknown to himself he had contracted the yellow fever in New York, and soon the attack came on. I was away from home when he was seized, and did not dare to go and see him, knowing that I could not keep silence on the forbidden subject. The doctor was called—a young man to whom he was much attached, and who was also a firm believer in Universalism. As he entered the room, my brother threw out his hand from the bed clothes, eagerly stretching it toward him, and caught hold of his clothes as soon as he came within reach. He made most anxious inquiries about his disease. He was told that he had the yellow fever, and there was little hopes of his recovery.

"'Doctor, said he, "pray for me!" clutching his garment tightly in his hand. 'I am a lost man! I have deceived myself and deceived others; I argued my belief confidently, and felt great assurance while I talked, but when I came to lay my head on my pillow at night convictions would force themselves upon me that I was wrong, and there was certainly a hell. I have encouraged you in the delusion; we have helped each other, and now you must kneel down here and pray for me. I shall not let you go till you do!' The doctor was forced to comply, and kneeling down, prayed for his dying companion. That prayer was the beginning of the means that resulted in his own conversion.

"A message was sent to me that my brother wished to see me. How could I go? I remembered what he had lately told me, that he would order out of the room any one who should broach that subject to him on a sick bed.—While I was delaying and hesitating a few moments, a carriage came in haste for me.—My brother must see me without delay. I knew nothing of his feelings at the time, and went not knowing what I should do. The doors of the house were open, so that he saw me from the further bedroom, as I entered the front door. He stretched out his hand to me. When I came to him, he seized it and said, immediately, "Pray for me!—kneel down and pray." I did so. Many persons came in, and he called on every one to pray for him, "Pray for me everywhere and all the time. You need not do it here, but in any place. He made every one that came in promise to pray for him. I never saw such a house elsewhere. One day I had occasion to go up stairs to a meal room, and on my way counted seven persons on their knees engaged in prayer. After a short time all Universalists ceased to come. They did not dare to come. Every one present seemed agonized. My brother prayed constantly. If ever there was a beggar at the throne of grace, he was one. But up to the moment when consciousness left him he had received no assurance of pardon.—The last words he said were, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." This story is the argument I always use when I am assailed by Universalists. —*N. Y. Observer.*

Christian Cheerfulness.

A true Christian can find elements of comfort in the most crushing afflictions, and looking to God, the burden is lightened, and the heart full of peace. A pastor tells the following story of one of his flock:

She was a poor widow, and supported herself with the most rigid economy by knitting.

I saw her in the intense cold of last winter. The house was one upon which time had made such ravages that only one room could now be inhabited; and in that she dared not to have a fire when the wind blew hard, because the chimney had become unsafe.

"How favored I am," she said, "for when it has been coldest the wind didn't blow much; or there was so much snow on the house I could have a fire without danger; I can not be thankful enough; and then," she continued, "Joseph has been at home nights almost all winter, and he could get my wood and water when there was so much snow I could not get out."

"But do you not feel very lonely while Joseph is away?"

"Oh no; I get along very well through the day;" her Bible lay on the table by which she was sewing, "and when I can see the neighbors' lights in the evening, they are company for me. I have thought a great deal about sick people this winter; and then I think how favored I am that I can go to bed and sleep all night in health."

I saw her again to-day. Rheumatism had disabled one foot, and she sat still sewing, with swollen, painful limb raised upon a cushion.—"How favored I am!" she exclaimed; "when my poor Lydia was alive, I lost the use of both my feet for a time, and she took care of me; but now I can get about by moving my foot upon a chair, and I make out to do my work, and get Joseph's meals ready nicely. What if it had been my hands? How favored I am!"

"Don't Belong to the Church."

Some people seem to regard the outside of the Church as a privileged locality, and entirely beyond the range of moral accountability. They admit that they do foolish things, mean things, wicked things; but then, they are not foolish, mean or wicked in them because they are not members of the church. What they censure severely in church members they consider perfectly excusable in themselves. They are only outsiders.

This is a very comfortable doctrine, but it is false in reason, Scripture and fact.

God owns the world as well as the Church. He is King of the whole earth as well as King of Zion. There is but one law, and that is for all in or out of the Church. Joining the church does not create your obligation to obey all the commandments, it simply acknowledges the obligation.

To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ is a saving duty. Not to believe is a sin anywhere. Unbelief will insure your damnation, whether you are in or out of the church.

God says: Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Now worldly men have no more right to murder, kill or steal, than members of the church.

Some people condemn members of the church for doing the very things which they do themselves. It may be wrong for Church members to do those things, but it is no less wrong for others.

Saul of Tarsus, the Jew, committed many sins, when he became Paul the Christian, he repented of them. He did not comfort himself with the reflection that he had done no wrong because he was only a Jew. He acknowledged his past life as sinful, and sought mercy and found it.

If you become a Christian, you will not think yourself excusable in having lived a sinful and worldly life. You will feel yourself fearfully guilty before God in having broken his laws and omitted to do your duty, and you will confess your guilt. If you act otherwise you will deceive yourself.

Whatever is sinful in a Christian is sinful in everybody else. Whatever a Christian ought to do, everybody else ought to do. If Christians are under obligation to read the Word of God, to worship God regularly in his sanctuary and to extend his Kingdom, others are under the same obligations. If Christians are to come to the Table of the Lord, confessing him before men, all who neglect or refuse to obey the Lord's command are guilty of denying him before men. Some may say, we are not members of the church, and therefore cannot come to the Lord's Table. But being out of the church is your own act, and in denying your Lord it makes you the more guilty, because you deliberately and willfully keep yourself where you know you must deny him. Think of it.

Sin is everywhere, and its guilt is proportioned, not to the position occupied, but to the light enjoyed. 'He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes,' whether he has lived in the Church or out of it: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.'

Living by the Day.

I compare says John Newton, the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to day, and then another, which we are to carry to morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it. William Jay puts the same truth another way. We may consider the year before us as a desk containing three hundred and sixty five letters addressed to us—one for every day, announcing its trials, and prescribing its employments, with an order to open no letter but the letter for the day. Now we may be strongly tempted to unseal beforehand some of the remainder. This however would only serve to embarrass us, while we should violate the rule which our Owner and Master has laid down for us, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Judge Not.

"Judge not; the workings of the brain
And of his heart thou canst not see,
What looks to thy dim eye, a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well won field
Where thou would'st only faint and yield."

Judge not, the gloom upon that countenance may have been there impressed in some struggle which would have crushed you to the earth; the fault which you condemn may have been committed in circumstances, in which you would have fallen much lower than the unfortunate fellow-creature whom you censure. If we could penetrate the inmost depths of the hearts of men and become acquainted with their secrets and the causes of their words and actions we might with reason judge them. But we are seldom acquainted with the motives which actuate our fellow-beings. Their aim may be praiseworthy though present conduct be inexplicable.

When the Saviour was upon the earth He said, "Judge not that ye be not judged."—Follow his command. Judge not the poor mortal who has deviated from the path of rectitude and virtue; assist him to rise from the depth into which he has fallen; do not remind him by word or deed of his past offences; lend him a helping hand through the rough passages of life, and he will bless you for it, and God will reward you.

"The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand,
Or trusting less to earthly things
May henceforth learn to use his wings."

How many a one would forsake the path of sin if it were not for the cold judgments of a heartless world. Then do not be hasty in your judgments; they may turn the good that is yet within to bitterness and hate. Condemn not all you think is wrong; the stern forbidding look may cover a warm and loving heart; the harsh word may bear no evil meaning in its tones; the conduct that to you is mysterious may after a while be unvailed and discover to you its goodness and purity.

Judge not harshly the erring child of poverty. Ye who have been cradled in the lap of luxury and affluence, know not the temptations by which the poor are beset. Do not censure them for what they oft times cannot help; they have enough to bear without your judgments; rather comfort and console them, and help them to bear bravely the rough burdens of life.

"And judge none lost, but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
The soul to God in after days."

—*Telescope.*

Life's Last Hours.

Life's last hours are grand, testing hours.—Death tries all our principles and lays bare all our foundations. Many have acted the hypocrite in life, who were forced to be honest in the hour of death; and many who have seemed all right for heaven, have had to declare that they have been self-deceived.

A gentleman of renown was on his dying bed, when a friend near at hand spoke of the Saviour.

"As to the Bible," he said, "It may be true; I do not know,"

"What then are your prospects?" he said.

He replied in whispers, which indeed were thunders, "Very dark! Very dark!"

"But have you no light from the sun of righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible?"

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but it is now too late; too late!"

A mother who had laughed at religion, and religious people, was restless and miserable on her bed of death. She desired that her children should be called, and she in broken accents addressed them:

"My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your life. I now find that the broad road ends in destruction; I would not believe it before. Oh seek to serve God! and try to find the gate to heaven, though you will never meet your mother there!"

Her lips were closed forever, and her soul departed to its account, while the household looked on horror-stricken.

Mother! would you die thus? O No! Then "point to heaven and lead the way."—*Mother's Friend.*

Faith.

"Faith," said D. L. Moody, "has a very clear sight. By its aid Abraham looked forward down through a period of eighteen hundred years and saw the Saviour upon the cross. It has a very long arm, for it can reach from earth up to heaven and take the promises out from the hand of God. He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Very frequently my little girl comes to me and says, 'Papa I am thirsty; but she does not stop playing, and I don't get any water for her, because she does not ask as if she wanted it. By and by she comes again, but as she does not stop playing, I don't get it for her; but finally when she comes to me and leaves her playthings and says, Papa, I want some water,' and wont let me go, I know that she is in earnest, and I get it for her right off. Just so it is with God. We ask him for a good many things and he pays no attention to our asking, because He knows we don't care much about it. But when we leave every thing else, and go to Him, saying, 'Father, I *must* have this blessing,' why, He will give it to us."

General Miscellany.

Our Aged Ones.

Blessings on them, may they linger,
Resting in a sunny way;
May no sombre cloudlets hasten
Their release from life's blest day,
Through the long, oft toilsome journey;
Heat and burden they have borne;
Earnestly they watch the shadow,
Prelude of the coming morn.

Kindly, gently smooth their pathway,
Let no thoughtless word give pain;
Treasure up their loving counsel,
Words of wisdom thou may'st gain;
Words thou wilt do well to ponder,
Ere the counsellor has fled;
Let the aged one's rich blessing,
Brightly rest upon thy head.

They have suffered for the Master,
He hath treasured up each tear;
They shall reap a golden harvest,
Fruitage of the sowing here.
Blessings on them—they are blessings,
While they linger here below;
Cherish them with loving-kindness,
Ere they from our sight shall go.

Earth is better, while they linger,
With their holy faith and prayer;
Heaven will be one gem the richer,
For each one it welcomes there.
Blessings on them—they are blessings,
Cherish them with reverend love,
Till the Master calls them higher,
To the mansions bright above.
—*F. R. Whiton.*

The Bottom of the Ocean.

In 1853, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of his sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg, of Berlin, and to Bailey, of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep sea mud was almost entirely composed of skeletons of living organisms, the greater proportions of these being just like the Globigerinæ, already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieutenant Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value, when the enterprise of laying down the telegraph cable between Great Britain and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth of the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom.—In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of any kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of these operations is that we know the contour and nature of the surface soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we all know that of any part of dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plain in the world. If the sea were drained off you might drive a waggon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about two hundred miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would be even necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents on that long route. From Valentia, the road would lie down hill for about 360 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than 1000 miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet, and there are places in which Mount Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole bottom of this central plain (which extends for hundreds of miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud which when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft grayish chalk. Examined chemically it proved to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of a piece of chalk was made, and view it with a microscope, it presents innumerable Globigerinæ embedded in the granular matrix. Thus the deep sea mud is substantially chalk.—*Prof. Huxley.*

Valley of Jehosaphat.

The efforts the Jews have made, and sufferings, losses, and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of obtaining sepulture in the Valley of Jehosephat form a singular feature in human history. No other nation has ever thus struggled, not to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but I confess none of them ever afforded me a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the fountain of Siloam and by the arid bed of Kedron, it suddenly opened on me a perfect mountain of graves,—a hill-side paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so small, as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies must be buried perpendicularly. At all events, if the multitudes there interred were simultaneously to arise they would form a crowd as dense and compact as it would be enormous. Short Hebrew inscriptions (some evidently of great age) are on all the stones; and these are laid together with intervals only of a few inches as in our oldest churches. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, so that it is literally one large pavement of death—an appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Man's Indebtedness.

Man owes much to the atmosphere; for it gives him pure air to breathe; it carries away his bad gases; it feeds the plants he requires as food; and it wafts his ships from shore to shore.

Man owes much to the ocean; for it hands him sandstones, limestones, coal, ironstones, and precious metals; it gives him salt and other saline matter for food; and affords him anchorage ground in his sojourn through space.

Man owes much to plants; for they suck in the noxious gases of the air, and make him food therefrom; they give him wood and coal, cotton and linen, spices, perfumes, and medicines.

Man owes much to animals; for they aid him in his daily toil; they afford him nourishment in its most condensed and suitable form; they clothe him with material to resist the inclemency of the winter; and they watch over his welfare during the dark hours of midnight.

And man owes everything to God, who governs all things, and has so ordained that the atmosphere, the ocean, the land, the plants, and the animals, should minister to his wants; who lights up and guides each star in its course through space; who watches over each drop of water as it sojourns from ocean to sky, from cloud to earth, and from river to ocean again; who directs each atom of gas and salt as they perform their endless circuit, from atmosphere and soil to plant, from plant to animal, and from animal to atmosphere and soil again; who so alots each atom of matter, that, whilst all is in endless motion, and forms part of a mighty circle, yet nothing is lost, and the minute as well as the great fall in and form part of a Mighty Plan.

The Tutor's Delight.

In college, Beecher, notwithstanding his stern morality, which ever placed him in open antagonism to all forms of college vice, was what is termed 'a jolly good fellow.' In fact 'he was generally the centre of a circle of tempestuous merriment, ever eddying around him in one droll form or another. He was quick in repartee, an excellent mimic, and his stories would set the gravest in a roar. He had the art, when admonished by graver people, of somehow entrapping them into more uproarious laughing than he himself practiced, and then looking innocently surprised.

'Mr. Beecher, on one occasion, was informed that the head tutor of the class was about to make him a grave, exhortatory visit. The tutor was almost seven feet high, and solemn as an Alpine forest; but Mr. Beecher knew that, like most solemn Yankees, he was at heart, a most deplorable wag, a mere whited sepulchre of conscientious gravity, with measureless depths of unrenewed chuckle hid away in his heart. When apprised of his approach, he suddenly whisked into the wood closet the chair of his room, leaving only a low one which had been sawed off at the second joint, so that it stood about a foot from the floor. Then he crawled through the hole in his table, and seated meekly among his books, awaited his visit.

A grave rap was heard.

'Come in.'

'Far up in the air, the solemn, dark face appeared. Mr. Beecher rose ingenuously and offered to come out.'

'No, never mind,' says the visitor, 'I just came to have a little conversation with you, Don't move.'

'Oh!' said Beecher, innocently, 'pray sit down, sir, indicating the only chair.'

'The tutor looked apprehensively, but began