THE MATRON YEAR.

The leaves that made our forest pathway shady
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;
The year is fading like a stately lady
Who lays aside her youthful vanities;
Yet while the memory of her beauty lingers,
She cannot wear the livery of old,
So, Autumn comes, to paint with frosty fingers
Some leaves with hues of crimson and of gold.

The matron's voice filled all the hills and valleys With full-toned music, when the leaves were

While now, in forest dells and garden alleys,
A chirping reedy song at eve is sung,
Yet sometimes, too, when sunlight gilds

morning,
A carol bursts from some half-naked tree,
As if, her slow but sure decadence seorning,
She woke again with olden melody.

With odorous May-buds, sweet as youthful pleasures,
She made her beauty bright and debonair;
But now, the sad earth yields no floral treasures,
And twines no roses for the matron's hair;
Still can she not all lovely things surrender;
Right regal is her drapery even now—
Gold, purple, green, inwrought with every splendor
And clustering grapes in garlands on her brow!

In June, she brought us tufts of fragrant clover
Rife with the wild bees' cheery monotone,
And when the earliest bloom was past and over,
Offered us sweeter scents from fields new-mown;
New, upland orchards yield, with pattering
laughter,
Their red-cheeked bounty to the groaning wain,
And heavy laden racks or excepting after

And heavy-laden racks go creeping after,
Piled high with sheaves of golden bearded grain

Ere long, when love and life are clinging,
And festal holly shines on every wall,
Her knell shall be the New Year bells out-ringing;
The drifted snow, her stainless burial pall;
She fades and falls, but proudly and sedately,
This matron year, who has such largess given,
Her brow still tranquil, and her presence stately,
As one who, losing earth, holds fast to heaven. -National Repository.

#### REPENTANCE.

This is not an obsolete word, but it is rapidly becoming so; at least in much of the theology of modern times. It is heard less frequently in the pulpit now than it was forty years ago. And in some recent books on Christian experience, the word and the doctrine are quite ignored. Why is this? Were our truly converted and deeply experienced forefathers in error on this point of Christian doctrine? or are some in our day drifting away from the safe anchorage of the Bible ? Is it so that men and women can now believe to the saving of the soul, without conviction of sin, and godly sorrow?

Is it right to depreciate repentance in order to exalt faith?

Sin is of the same nature that it always was. Not to love God is sin, and merits the awful curse "Anathema Maranatha." Is not divine truth obscured by placing faith before repentance. For while it is true that no man repents until be believes the threatenings of God, it is also true that without repentant feelings no man believes to the saving of his soul. What prepares the mind of a sinner for the reception of Jesus the Saviour, but a conviction of his lost condition? With this will always be associated less or more sorrow of soul, for having sinned against God. Without an apprehension of danger who will cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" The fear of being lost forever prompts the sinner to hasten to the arms of a loving Saviour. Hence the joy

of conscious pardon. A religion for sinners, which has no repentance in it, is not the religion of the N. Testament. We dare not make the gate of life so broad. If we ever get upon the way to glory, it will be by striving to enter the straight gate. Look back upon early experience. Who among us ever found the pearl of great price without selling all he had to obtain it? Were there no pangs connected with the new birth? Just think of it, a man running with a trifling spirit from the broad to the narrow way! Is not the pathway to the cross generally bedewed with tears? It is not until a man is pricked in his heart that he utters the cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Is not this earnest desire for salvation the result of a deep conviction of his danger as an unpardoned sinner, under the wrath of God? and an apprehension of the mercy

of God in Christ Jesus P. Surely this most solemn of all questions is not asked, and the answer realized without the grace and duty of repentance.

As regards the grace, that belongs to God and is not withheld from any man. But the duty which belongs to man is often wickedly neglected. He who yields to the convictions divinely wrought in him, will soon realize the present salvation of God.

As God commands all men everywhere to repent, he certainly does not withhold the help divine. So that every man who repents not is continually disobeying the plain command of the Most High.

We fear that too many Christians in our day know very little about the "worm-wood and the gall," hence regard it a very small matter to be converted. This partly accounts for the rapid declension which Often follows modern revivals.

The directions often given to those who seem to be seeking the favour of God are misleading. The writer has heard from the lips of ministers the following, "Only believe you are forgiven, and such will be "Believe you are saved and the case."

you are saved." I was informed by several persons who were present, recently, at a religious meeting, that the minister told the people generally "that they were now saved, and all they had to do was to rejoice." But more than half would not believe him, for their consciences old them that they were not saved,-not even being saved. Such preaching reminds me of an incident which recently occurred in the adjoining Republic. A preacher in conversation with a wicked man, who made no profession of religion, asked him, "Do you believe that the Bible is true?" "Yes," "Then

our preaching insist upon the necessity of true repentance as well as of saving faith in order to a a safe religious experience. Let us follow the Apostolic order, "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jeses Christ." G. O. H.

THE DEAD RAVEN.

unwilling to be separated from you, I have come to offer myself to the Baptist church that we may live together in the same communion and fellowship."

"Thank God!" rolled up from many voices, "We've got the preacher too."

Mr. Cartwright was requested to relate his Christian experience which he did in a concise manner, referring to his awakening, his repentance and his conversion, after which he was pronounced a Christian experience.

The subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wupperthal; a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "The Lord helps," he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom the weaver was employed gave him his discharge. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terri bly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left, no bread, no fuel in the house, only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage : "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There saint! there is something for you to eat!"

he cried. The weaver picked up the dead raven and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature, thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had causd the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand! The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it. and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket "Shall I tell you the owner ?" he asked when the weaver called again. Yes," was the joyful answer, would gladly give it back into the right hands

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory. Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former masployer. In his family too, there was much oy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. he said thoughtfully and kindly; " the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus he who fed Elijaa by living ravens proves himself equally able to supply the needs of his tried servant by the same bird when dead .- Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel.

# REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT.

The following incident in the life of the Rev. Pcter Cartwright, who died a few years ago in Illinois, has never, so far as we know, been given to the public:

While he was yet a young man he ex-hibited those peculiar traits of character. that afterwards gave him the reputation of a clerical wag. He was travelling the Barren circuit in Kentucky, a portion of which embraced Cumberland county. A lady, a member of the Baptist church, had died, and her pastor lived too far off to be present at her funeral. Learning that the young Methodist preacher would pass through the neighborhood on the day she was to be buried it was decided to get him to preach on the ocassion.

His sermon was plain, pointed and won upon the hearts of the people—and Mr. Cartwright was requested to leave an appointment foe preaching in the neighbor-

hood in his succeeding round.

The entire neighborhood turned out to hear him, and the meeting which was pro-tracted through several days, resulted in the conversion of 70 persons

As there seemed to be no inclination on the part of any of the converts to join the Methodist church, no opportunity to do so was offered them.

In a few weeks a meeting was held in the same church by a Baptist minister, the pastor of the church, when all who were converted under the ministry of Mr. Cartwright, related their experience and were received as candidates for the ordinance of baptism.

The large audience, together with the candidates adjourned to the Cumberland river, where the ordinance was duly to be administered. Just as the preacher was about to con-

duct one of the converts down to the water, a voice was heard coming from the hill top crying in an earnest tone-"Stop! stop!"

that the Bible is true?" "Ies, "Lieu you are a saved man,—you are a Christian." "Do you think so?" said the man, when a horse covered with sweat and foam and an excited rider appeared in sight.

WESLEYAN.

after which he was pronounced a Christian and the right hand of fellowship extended him by the church.

', As brother Cartwright is a minister, I will baptize him first," said the preacher.
"I do not propose to be baptized," said Mr. Cartwright. "I was baptized while

yet an infant by sprinkling.

"You were neither a proper subject for baptism when you were sprinkled, nor is sprinkling the scriptural mode of baptism," said the preacher.

"I beg to differ with you," said Mr. Cartwright, "I can prove from the Bible not only that immersion is nowhere taught as a mode of baptism, but I affirm that the Word of God teaches sprinkling and pouring."

"I would like to hear you on that subject then," said the Baptist minister.

Mounting a stump, by which he was standing, yet holding his horse by the bridle, he announced his text—

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death." For three hours, he held the assembly in breathless silence while he showed that Christ was paptized by sprinkling, that John the Baptist never immersed anyone, that Philip administered the ordinance to the eunuch by sprinkling, that the Phillipian jailor with his family were baptized in their own house by sprinkling, and that 'buried with him by baptism,' had no reference to water baptism, but to the

baptism which puts us into Cnrist. "For know ye not," said he "that as many of you as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death. Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death."-" The baptism," added," that puts us into Christ is the baptism of the Holy Spirit, 'For hy one Spirit, says the apostle, we are all baptized into one body."

He concluded by showing that God gives us the true baptism in the pouring out of the Holy Ghost, which he himself does call baptism.

The effect was overwhelming. A stillness like that of death pervaded the assembly. No reply was offered by the preacher.

The silence after a few moments was broken by a large, rough looking young man, who turning to the minister, said-" Will you receive Bro. Cartwright ?', " Not with his views," said the preach-

"I am sorry," said Mr. Cartwright, that we cannot live together. I have done everything in my power to go with you, but you will not take me, and now

my children we must part" Turning to the preacher, the young man who had previously addressed the Baptist preacher, further said to him-

"Brother Cartwright is right. don't take him, you can't get me."
"Stick to that, Bill," said Cartwright. "I will stick to it, and so will all of

To Mr. Cartwright the sequel was full of interest. The entire number of converts joined the Methodist church, and on the banks of the Cumberland received tism by the office and ministry of their spiritual father, in the scriptural mode, which is sprinkling or pouring. A society was at once organized whose influence has been felt for more than two generations. -Richmond Chris. Adv.

# WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready-made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat, of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy.

Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous kindly man—a gentleman.

# AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A curious East Indian 'legend,' treating of the future of the Mogul empire, and based upon the prediction of a priest, made many years ago, has been put in verse in Dresden, and is now in circulation in that city. It describes how the great Mogul monarch, Arungzebe, when following his resolution to extirpate the English from Hindostan, was stopped in his work by a holy Brahmin, who held before his face a magic mirror, in which he saw the continued growth of British pow-er until only a shadow remained of his own. At length the shadow itself was swept away and another imperial throne was set up, with a lady seated in its chair. The priest had given assurance that 200 years of expiation and servitude were ne-cessary in order to free Hindostan from the evil powers that controlled her destinies, and for that reason all prisoners had been set free by Arangzebe. The legend goes on to say that when the lady becomes seated on to say that when the lady becomes seated on the throne, the scene suddenly dissolves in a thunder clap, and India resumes her sway. The priest's prediction is well known, says the legend, to the natives of India. The first part of the prophecy, it continues, has been fulfilled alphaeouth.

#### SARDINE FISHERIES.

previous year. A sardine fleet consists of for us. But we sleep up-stairs, and we vessels from eight to ten tons each, with a talk and cry in the dark all we want to. crew of from six to twelve persons, and goes six to nine miles from land. The bait, consisting of eggs and fish cut up, is scattered on the water. The sardines "Who will put it up at the grave?" are taken with gill nets. A few are salted on board, but the bulk are carried on shore. Their heads are cut off, and they are well washed and sprinkled with salt. After drying, they are arranged in frames in almost perpendicular rows, and immer-sed again and again in the best boiling olive oil. When sufficiently cured they are packed in small tin boxes by women and children; after which men fill the vember, and that she has gone to heaven, boxes up with fresh oil and solder them tight. The work is not complete, however, for before fit for the table the fish require cooking. To this end they are placed in a covered kettle and boiled from half an hour to an hour, according to their size. After drying, labelling and placing in wooden cases they are ready for shipment. The American sardine, or menhaden, is taken in large quantities on the coast of New Jersey, and put up in oil.

### INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

To show the influence of forest on clinate he referred to the country round the Mediterranean, now so sterile and unproductive, which was formerly the most populous and fertile region of the earth the desert of Sahara was once a wellwatered plain; Tripolf, now unhealthy and almost depopulated, in the e rly part of the Christian era, before the forests were destroyed, had a population of six millions, and a delightful climate. Spain, Portugal and Italy lost their populations and the means of sustaining it, just in proportion to the destruction of their forests, and the restoration of the trees and the growth of the population will go on together. The chemist Liebig said that the decay of ancient empires, of Greek and Rome, was due more or less to the neglect of their people to take care of the grave as well, and painter and carpentheir land, and its fertilizers and climate ter had done their work with full hearts, Sulator, the forest." Asia Minor. Egypt and the mountainous parts of Austria have lost their fertility and natural rainfall wherever the trees have been cut off.
He gave an account of his own experi"won't the grave look nice, though, and ments at Woods Hole, Cape Cod. In 1841 won't ma be awful glad!"

Ere this the mother's grave has been about 20,000 seedlings imported from motherless ones will cuddle close together England-larches and bir hes, oak, sycamore and spruce; at the same time he began to transplant the native pines on the bare, gravelly hills behind his house fronting the water; the nursery trees, after two years. he mixed with the native trees, and they all did well. About his house, where formerly there was not a tree, right in the face of the salt-bearing southerly gales, the hills are covered with large pines, spruces and other trees. In 1861 he sowed broadcast, and without any special care, the seeds of Scotch and Austrian pines and Norway Spruce, mixed with native seed, on one hundred acres of very poor pasture land, overgrown with patches of bushes and moss; he now has stretch of nearly one hundred acres overgrown with a dense growth of ever-green trees, at once beautiful and useful. What he has done with very little labor or expense, shows what may be done by care, economy and sound calculation. Instead of sowing broadcast, or planting with the spade, he recommends sowing in furrows, the seed planted with a hoe in regular order; in this way less seed is wasted and needed. A half-pound of pine seed is ample for an acre, if judiciously used; the field must be fenced to keep out cattle and sheep till the trees have grown beyond their reach. The planting with seed is cheapest, both as to labor and cost; but if one has the capital to spare, it would be surer, and time would

# FAMILY READING.

WAITING. Learn to wait, life's hardest lesson, Conned, perchance, through blinding tears, While the heart throbs sadly echo To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait, hope's slow fruition; Faint not though the way seems long; There is joy in each condition, Tears, though suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, however welcome, Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower; Giant oaks owe half their greatness To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow, Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait. Human strength and human greatness

Spring not from life's sunny side, Heroes must be more than driftwo Floating on a waveless tide.

MA'S GRAVE WILL GET LOST. A boy not over eleven years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River avenue, the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman :

"We want to get a grave-board for ma. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can't hardly find her's no more. We went up last Sunday, and we came near not finding it. We thought we'd get a grave-board, so we wouldn't lose the grave. When we thought we'd lost it, Jack he'd cried, and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I

Oh, he's home, but he never goes up The sardine fisheries have supported many families for generations. The chief supply originally came from Sardina, whence they take their name, but for a long time they were mainly caught on the coast of Brittany. Sardines are unusually abundant in French waters this season, and the catch will be larger than in any previous wars. A sardine fleet consists of the sa How much will the board be ?"

The carpenter selected something fit

"We'll take it up on our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the grave-yard man will help us put it up."

" You want the name painted on, don't "Yes, sir, we want the board white. and then we want you to paint on that she was our ma, and that she was 41 years old, and that she died on the 2nd of No. and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives, and go up where she is when we die. How much will it cost,

sir ?" " How much have you got ?" "Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied the contents on the bench, "But drawed the baby for the woman next door, and earned 20 cents; Jack he weeded the garden and earned 40 cents, and he found five more in the road: I run of errands and made kites and fixed a boy's cart, and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned 65 cents. All that makes 130 cents, sir; and pa don't know we've got it, 'cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said-

" A grave-board will cost at least \$3.00. The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back; realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly wailed out-

"Then we can't never, never ouy one, and ma's grave will get lost." But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday, little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a head-board but one for the foot of

and done it well. "Ain't it nice-nicer than rich folks have!" whispered the children as the

marked, and when night comes the three and whisper gratitude that cannot be lost to them even in the storms and drifts of winter.—Detroit Free Press.

#### " IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE.

" Mother, every night when I go to bed say, 'Now I lay me;' and do you know mamma, though saying it so often. I never thought what it meant until Fanny Gray died? I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said. 'Yes.' She went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all. Now, mother," continued Rena, " I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well, Rena," said her mother. "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down

to sleep?""
"Oh! that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep, till morning." "Well, then, as you lie down to sleep,

what prayer do you offer to God?"
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep." I
want the Lord to take care care of my soul while I am asleep, and take care me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake, would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it be saved, by setting out trees of two or seems to me when Fanny died that God three years' growth at regular distances. did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"Oh, no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take;' so you see God took little Fanny's soul to Himself; and when she awoke, she was in the arms of the bles Jesus.-Now, Rena, when you say 'Now I lay me, I want you to think in this way:
'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and
I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child, and do not pray to God, ought I to ask him or expect him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling that I am in the Lord's care, and if I should die before I wake, that still I am the Lord's child; and I pray that he may take my soul to dwell with him."

"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it.—Thank you, mother, dear. Please hear me to night when I go

to say my prayers."
Ab, little children, are there not a great many who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they meanwords, with no meaning in them? Go cannot listen to such prayers. They as not for him "unto whom all hearts se open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

"Think of what I have written sout little Rena when you say, "Now I lay me," to-night; and pray that Gd will watch over you, waking and sleeping Exchange.

BOASTED OYSTERS.

wash thirty large oyster in their shells and set them with their deep side downwards on a baking shet in a hot oven, watch, and as soon as the shells withdraw, separate the shells carefully serve on the deep shell with lemons quart

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