

The Family

A FAMILY SAVED.

Some months ago disease entered a family residing next door to the James-street M. E. Church. The wife and mother was the only Christian in the large household. She was prostrated, and, after months of severe suffering, died of that terrible disease, cancer. She was resigned and happy. She felt deeply for her unconverted husband and children. Death came, and the struggle was over.

A devoted Christian lady residing in another part of their house made the salvation of this family the subject of special labor and importunate prayer. Provisionally reviving prayers were in progress at the time. The bereaved husband entered the Church a true penitent. He knelt all alone at the altar and found God. Next a daughter-in-law bowed at the same altar and found peace.

She hastened to meet and tell him the glad story of her conversion, when he joyfully revealed to her that he too was subject of the same blessed change. At our last communion they, with many others, were baptized and received into the Church. Another son, residing many miles out of town, hearing what great things God had been doing in his father's family, came and bowed at the altar, saying, "I have been distressed in mind on account of my sins for several days." He is now a true penitent.

OUR FATHER.

A good woman, searching out the children of want on cold days in winter, tried to open a door in the heart of a wretched woman, who she heard a little voice say, "Pull the strings up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little black and white children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A drunkard who had run through his property returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall. Anguish was gnawing at his heartstrings, and language was inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his loving wife and a darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look up there. The mother said to the little one at her side, "Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed; and that little baby, as she was wont, knock by her mother's lap, and, gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chilled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison.

FUNERAL PULPIT FLATTERY.

To praise, and to desire praise, for a good character that is good, for conduct that is meritorious, is innocent and proper. The Bible sanctions the bestowal of just praise, and furnishes numerous examples of it. But as one of when it is not merited. While the pure love of praise, the impulse and selfish love flattery. And in nothing is this made more conspicuous than in the craving that every-where prevails for flattering funeral sermons. That kind of funeral sermons is almost universal demand; and, I grieve to say, the demand seldom fails to create a supply. A great many funeral sermons are preached in which unmerited praise is lavished on the dead, solely to gratify the mourning relatives. There are thousands besides the writer who can testify that this is so; thousands who, like him, strongly dislike all flattery in the pulpit, and pronounce it an evil that needs correcting.

Obituary.

Joseph Peters, Esq., of Harbour Grace, N. F., passed away from earth to his heavenly home, on Monday, March 18th, 1872, in his 81st year. Our venerated brother was a native of Cornwall, England, but the greater portion of his life was spent in Newfoundland. In his reminiscences of events that occurred in his youthful days—to which we have pleasantly listened—would often refer with peculiar delight to the devoted piety of his father, and of the affectionate charge he addressed to him just previous to his decease: "And thou, Joseph my son, know that the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind, &c." During the Rev. John

to look death in the face I, too, will have a minister sent for; I will ask him to pray for me, and when I am gone my weeping friends will have his assurance that I have gone to heaven. Ah, friend, lay not the flattering unctuous to your soul that all that you need to fit you for heaven. A lifetime is none too long to fit you for death.

Let me ask my brother ministers not to indulge in funeral flattery. If they feel that they must say some laudatory things about the dead, at least let them send anybody to heaven have those who have left behind them convincing evidence of their meanness for it. May we be able to say, as did one of old, "As we were allowed of God to put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts. . . . Neither at any time used we flattering words."

Who has not heard "Thou art gone to the grave" sung at the graves of men and of whom all that could be said was that they seemed somewhat solemn just before they died, and desired to have a minister pray with them? At the funeral of a William Wisner such a hymn would be eminently appropriate, but it grades on the ear when sung over the grave of one who has not died in the Lord. I am glad to know that my views on these points are the views of many other ministers; and if there are those whose theory and practice are opposite, let me hope that a secessionary brother's counsel will be well received and thoughtfully pondered.

There is something wrong with the dictionaries, or with the people who use them; I've been puzzling my wits to find out which. A great many things in this world seem to be done for fun, and some of them are so unaccountable that I ransacked the pages of the unabridged and found, according to that weighty authority, that fun meant frolic, gladness, and one of its synonyms was the good old German "wonne" which means bliss. Ah, thought I, this is excellent; and I shall remember that fun means gladness.

That day, my young friends, the Widawakes did more than twenty things for fun. Master Tom hung Minnie's doll to the fan, put a patent clothes pin on to the cat's tail, hid Jack's cap, locked Bridget down the cellar when she went for potatoes, and pinned a strip of red flannel to Kitty's magnificent new chignon. Now, I want to know who had the gladness. Minnie screamed with grief and anger, the cat was half wild with fright and pain, Jack turned and fretted and lost his game of cricket, Bridget was out of humor for the whole day, and poor Kitty was ready to die with mortification at being booted at by all the rude boys as she went to school. The gladness must have been Tom's, and in the old times, when I read about Nero, they used to call it cruelty to find gladness in the sufferings of others.

Tom wasn't the only one. Kitty said, "Oh, how fine we are!" when Jack came down with his new necktie; and when Jack colored uncomfortably at having every one look, "Don't blush, so Jack, blue and red aren't pretty together."

This brief obituary notice but very faintly delineates the many excellencies of our now departed brother. All our ministers who have known him—and to every one of them he was uniformly kind, and for them cherished his unbounded affection—cannot easily forget his unassuming genial hospitality, his intelligent, edifying conversation, his devotedness to God, the regularity of his attendance upon the ordinances of religion both on Sabbath and week-days, his liberality in supporting Christian institutions, his readiness to co-operate in every good work, his fidelity as a local preacher, class leader and trustee. Our earnest wish is, that many may be raised up to emulate his zeal and piety, and godly integrity, and that in this time of deep sorrow, the bereaved family may abundantly realize the supporting grace and comfort of the Divine Spirit, and be cheered by the presence Him, who has promised to be a husband of the widow, and a father of the fatherless!

Joseph N. Darling, of Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., passed away on his reward, on the 17th of March, in the 41st year of his age, leaving a widow and two children to mourn their loss. For three years and a half, he had been gradually sinking. Many were the efforts put forth to restore him to his wonted health and strength, but all in vain. The disease which proved fatal was consumption.

Pickavant's superintendency of the Carbonate circuit, our brother consecrated his all to Christ, and connected himself with the Wesleyan church. The sudden death of a beloved child, was the means under God, of awakening his conscience to a sense of guilt and depravity, and the necessity of a personal interest in Christ. He earnestly sought and found the pearl of great price. Henceforth his path shone brighter and brighter, and those who knew him most intimately were involuntarily led to declare: "Behold our Israel indeed, in whom is no guile." Soon after his conversion, he manifested deep interest in the cause of God, and began to employ his gifts as a Local Preacher. Although busily engaged in the work of tuition during the week, it was his custom, nearly every Sabbath, to travel long and weary journeys, mountainous paths, to preach Christ's gospel in the settlements of Perry's Cove, Oranby and Freshwater—places connected with the Carbonate Circuit. We have often listened to the recital from his lips of incidents associated with those wearisome journeys, undertaken in the depth of winter in tempestuous weather, and under the burning sun of summer, and to expressions of the intense joy, the ravishing delight he experienced, in thus seeking in order to save the lost.

Since our dear friend's departure to the rest above, we have perused, with melancholy satisfaction, a large number of his manuscript sermons and outlines. They bear unmistakable evidence that he was remarkably conversant with the Bible; that he had been an earnest theological student, that he entertained enlightened views upon subjects of paramount importance, such as: the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the essential Godhead of our Lord and Redeemer, and consequently the completeness and sufficiency of his Atonement offered in behalf of a guilty race; the privilege of all believers to experience the witness of the Holy Spirit, and deliverance from the power of sin. These, and other doctrines, to which as Methodists we subscribe as a matter of course, and which our dear brother enunciated and enforced with perspicuity, affection, earnestness and pathos. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, and many we doubt not, will be his crowns of rejoicing, in that day when the least service rendered to the Master will be remembered and appropriately rewarded.

We regret that only one opportunity was afforded us of hearing him preach the Word. On that occasion he discoursed from the text: "Draw me and I will run after thee," in a manner altogether unique and interesting. The impressions then made by seeing his venerable form—he was then nearly eighty years old—and his countenance radiated with heavenly pleasure, and listening to the rich exposition of the truth, accompanied as it was by divine influence—can never be erased from our mind. Whenever our loved friend was requested to conduct a religious service, he cheerfully consented, indeed nothing that he could do for Christ, and to advance his glory, was regarded as an irksome task, but as a blessed privilege, an enviable honour.

About ten years since, the Government of the Colony, appreciating his many sterling qualities, and regarding him as every way competent, appointed him to the very important and responsible position of Stipendiary Magistrate in Harbour Grace. It should scarcely be stated that the virtues that he bore so brightly in his more limited sphere, were as conspicuous when elevated to the office of a Justice of the Peace; he voluntarily resigned his public magistratorial functions at the commencement of the present year, he bore with him the high esteem and profound respect of all classes of the community. From that time his strength gradually failed, and it became apparent to his friends that the earthly home was rapidly dissolving. To him, however, it caused no apprehension. He had lived to God and was ready at his bidding to depart hence. During the weeks of prostration and severe suffering that preceded his death, the most cheerful patience and resignation were exhibited by him, and although toward the end the nature of the disease prevented him from conversing much, yet when enabled to do so his utterances were such as proved that his feet were firmly resting upon the eternal rocks—that Jesus was precious—and that heaven's glory waited him. In submission to his Father's will he prayed that He would quickly come and take his spirit home. Thus our friend was found when the hour arrived for his dismissal from our earthly home, to one not made with hands eternal in the heavens. Our loss as a church—the family's irreparable loss is his infinite gain. He is not, for God hath taken him. "Blessed rest the dead which lie in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

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Then be requested that the Rev. Mr. Spangloe should be sent for to administer to him the Sacrament of Baptism. His request was attended to. Subsequently he referred to the ordinance, saying that it had been a means of grace to his soul.

On Friday evening he was exceedingly happy, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He had rich foretastes of future bliss, and seemed as though he had a view of the better land. On one occasion I heard him say, "Blessed Jesus!—The gates of glory are opening!" He seemed intensely anxious to do something, to bring about the salvation of many young men who resided in the village, who were living as though they had never to die. He mentioned the names of several, and requested that they should be summoned to his bedside. Every word he spoke to them was seasoned with power. After he had earnestly entreated each of them to give up his sins, and live for heaven, he asked me if I would conduct a prayer-meeting. I did so. It was a time never to be forgotten.

His end was peace. His sun set in a clear sky. J. E. J. (Baptist Messenger please copy.) The Honorable Henry Allen Johnson, M. D. departed this life at Charlottetown, P. E. I. on the 15th inst., in the 83rd year of his age. A good man has been taken from our midst. "Dr. Johnson." His name has been a household word in this community for many years, and has honorable mention, associated with sentiments of unfeigned esteem.

He was a Christian. (The circumstances of his conversion are noted in Jackson's life of Robert Newton, page 93.) Christ was the object of his trust and his love; the author of his soul's salvation, and the subject of his grateful praise. He adorned the subject of a conscientious discharge of the various duties he was involved. As a husband and a father he was distinguished for a refined affection, a godly solicitude and a pious example; leaving behind children on earth, and providing a welcome reunion to the society of those loved one who preceded him to the heavenly home.

For many years he walked with God. As he approached the terminus of his pilgrimage his communion with his Master was most refreshing, and his heart and life were being changed by him more and more into the Divine likeness, and fitting him for the Divine presence—where absent from the body, he now abides. Dr. Johnson was by intelligent conviction and providential leading, a Wesleyan. His denominational preferences, did not prevent the outflow of his Christian sympathy and love for other branches of the church of Christ.

Resting on the Saviour's promises and grace, he devoutly passed away. He is gone! Another athlete in the Christian race has finished his course. Another spirit joined the great cloud of witnesses. From that happy through another victor cries: "WORTHY IS THE LAMB!" J. T.

REAL FUN. There is something wrong with the dictionaries, or with the people who use them; I've been puzzling my wits to find out which. A great many things in this world seem to be done for fun, and some of them are so unaccountable that I ransacked the pages of the unabridged and found, according to that weighty authority, that fun meant frolic, gladness, and one of its synonyms was the good old German "wonne" which means bliss. Ah, thought I, this is excellent; and I shall remember that fun means gladness.

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