

MR. BLISS'S LAST HYMN.

For the benefit of those who may be interested I send to the WESLEYAN, the original of Mr. Bliss's last Hymn, written by Diniah Maria Mulock, (Mrs Craik.) Mrs. JESSE W. FULMORE.

Five Islands.

HE KNOWS.

I know not what will befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes, And o'er each step of my onward path, He makes new scenes arise; And every joy he sends me, Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me, As I tread the days of the year, But the past is still in God's keeping, The future his mercy shall clear; And what looks dark in the distance, May brighten as I draw near.

Or perhaps the dreaded future Has less bitterness than I think; The Lord may sweeten the waters, Before I stoop to drink; Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside the brink.

It may be there is waiting, For the coming of my feet, Some gift of such rare blessedness, Some joy so strangely sweet, That my lips can only tremble, With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh! restful blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know, It keeps me quiet in those arms Which will not let me go, And nashes my soul to rest. In the arms that love me so.

So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might; I would rather walk on in the dark with God; Than to go alone in the light; I would rather walk with him by faith, Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials Which the future may disclose, Yet I never had a sorrow, But what the dear God knows; So I send the coming tears back, With the whispered word, "He knows."

Moody's voice is magnificent; now ringing out like a trumpet, now soft and tender as the cry of a woman. At times it is pathetic, then startling; always clear and impressive. He has also the physical basis of true oratory. Like Bright, Gladstone, Webster, and other noted masters of speech, Mr. Moody possesses a healthy, robust, and well-preserved body. His style is impassioned. He continues and ends as he commences. There are no eminences or depressions in his oratory. His sermons have been delivered so often that he knows them by heart, and he can declaim them without ever pausing for a word. Cheerfulness is another secret of his power. His face beams with smiles, his eyes overflow with a bubbling light as though his very soul were escaping from the body. The man is the picture of effulgent happiness.

Doubtless the grand singing adds much to the fame and usefulness of the evangelist. Mr. Sankey is the Paganini of singers. The sacred service of song, as I heard it, was emphatically great—great in enthusiasm, great in devotion, great in character, and great in design. Mr. Sankey, with a face shining like that of a seraph, sings with the congregation. I have heard two hundred Methodist preachers, at a conference, sing Charles Wesley's hymns with a thrilling power that sent the blood through the veins; I have heard orators render Handel's Messiah in great opera-halls; I have heard vast multitudes of negroes strike the heavens with their voices, as they sung "Blow ye the trumpet, blow;" I have heard a choir of ten thousand Sabbath-school children sing "God save the Queen," when she visited Belfast in 1853; but I never heard music so pathetic, so overwhelming, so much like heaven, as that which I heard in Moody's tabernacle. I never expect to hear it equalled until I hear from the lips of the redeemed before the throne.

Mr. Moody is doing a noble work. He goes through the land full of the fire of heaven! But I must confess my disappointment at the results of his meetings in Boston. With the press almost unanimously in his favor, with over a hundred ministerial helpers, and with a year's elaborate preparation, I was surprised to see the meagre gatherings. When there ought to have been from one hundred to five hundred conversions, I saw, the nights I attended, only from seven to twelve who came out on the Lord's side. That he is doing immense good there can be no doubt. He is arousing dormant Churches, and stirring up lukewarm ministers. How that class of preachers

can listen to such a man and then remain three years in a charge without a revival, is one of the mysteries which can not be explained until the day of judgment.

I pass from this eminent servant of Christ's, to one of the noblest of men which this country has produced. I refer to the Rev. Joseph Cook. I heard him in Tremont Temple. The audience was immense. Never was there so unmerciful a jam. I was determined, however, at the risk of my ribs, to see and hear this second edition of Jonathan Edwards. It was worth the crush to hear him in the full plenitude of his powers, for forty minutes expose and excoriate the brilliant shams of Theodore Parker. It was a Scotch critic in Blackwood who, at Lord Canning's death, wrote: "There died George Canning, the last of the rhetoricians." Nothing of the kind. The rhetorical spirit still lives. For impassioned oratory Cook never has been surpassed. There are passages in his lectures which bear the impress of inspiration, which seem to have fallen from heaven, as has been said of similar shining bursts in Shakespeare, where the mind for a time, necessarily engaged in working out the subject before it, suddenly inflames and produces those splendid storms of mingled thought, fancy, and emotion which transport an audience. Like the enunciation of principles, his arguments are expressed in concentrated flashes. Logic, imagination, judgment, and emotion are the characteristics of Cook's eloquence. There is nothing of Chalmers' tiresome repetitions; nothing of Melville's gorgeous mannerism; nothing of Panshon's electric rhetoric and ornamentation; but true, manly, downright eloquence, such as Paul might listen to with profit and admiration. Cook is, assuredly, the greatest poet, orator, and logician in the American pulpit.—Cor. West. Adv.

TIME TO ME.

Time to me this truth hath taught, 'Tis a truth that's worth revealing; More offend from want of thought, Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey, There's a time we should convey it; If we've but a word to say, There's a time in which to say it!

Many a beauteous flower decays, Though we tend it e'er so much; Something secret on it preys, Which no human aid can touch!

So, in many a loving breast, Lies some canker grief concealed, That, if touch'd is more oppressed, Left unto itself—is healed.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue Touches on a chord so aching, That a word, or accent wrong, Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride, Many a fault of human blindness, Had been soothed, or turn'd aside, By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught, 'Tis a truth that's worth revealing; More offend from want of thought, Than from any want of feeling.

MR. GEORGE E. FULL'S LECTURE.

Mr. Full's lecture in the basement of the Methodist Church, on Wednesday night last, was entitled, "Select stories from the Book of Nature." Infidels maintained that there is no evidence of God in Nature, and his purpose was to prove that there is. His first proposition was, that all things are subject to inexorable laws, and his conclusion, that where there are laws, there must be lawgivers, and the great Lawgiver is God. His second was, that the works of Nature showed unmistakable evidence of design, and the conclusion was, that where there was design, there must be a designer. Every designer must be a thinking being; therefore the great Designer of the Universe was God.

The lecturer next enlarged on the working out of these designs—the ingenuity manifested in the unfolding of nature—the consummate skill of all natural processes and law—and the wonders recorded in the great Book of Nature. Then came a succinct description of the creation of the Universe, as held by such geologists and scientists as Miller, Huxley and Dawson—the lecturer evidently holding to the seven day period of creation as advanced by Hugh Miller. Thus far the lecturer had been looking through the telescope. He next turned his attention to the wonderful discoveries of the microscope. Then followed a treatise on the adapta-

tion of the earth, in the different periods of its formation, to the life of its inhabitants—all showing evidence of intelligence, wisdom, goodness and design.

The lecturer brought his paper to a close by showing the goodness of the Creator in fitting the earth for the comfort and convenience of man. Everything was made to minister to his wants, his pleasures and desires. The address was exceedingly well written, and abounded in many eloquent passages. The "stories" produced were, indeed, wonderful, and proved to be both interesting and instructive. A high moral tone pervaded every part of the discourse. At its conclusion, Mr. Full was warmly complimented by the chairman—J. B. Brecken, Esq., Mr. Lathern and others.—Charlottetown Argus.

OBITUARY.

IN MEMORIAM.

The little babe That now lies 'neath the frozen sod at rest, Where bleak winds howl through leafless trees, And moans and sighs each passing breeze, Where the winding sheet of snow is spread Though it gives to the sleepers no chill nor dread, Came to my arms and to its mother's breast A year ago to-day.

Our pretty babe, A few short weeks staid for our love and care, A few short weeks to twine its tendril charms Around our hearts, then from our very arms, Death took our babe. But 'twas the Master's will. 'Tis well! in death's cold arms, forever still. Rest thee, who came our care and love to share. A year ago to-day.

This lock of hair Was gently severed from its auburn mates, Fondly I gaze, and as by magic spell, The lock becomes the form I love so well, The tiny hands, the soft brown eyes, the face

That seemed to us possessed of wonderful grace, Vision farewell! that op'd of life the gates, A year ago to-day.

Then rest thee babe, rest thee babe under the trees. Thou art not alone, for each passing breeze, Sings saddest requiem over the forms, Of six little sleepers sheltered from storms. March 7, 1877.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Bethia Moulton, of Arcadia, Yarmouth, was in her 89th year, when on the 11th of March, she exchanged mortality for a most worthy and consistent member of the Methodist Church. Naturally of a retiring disposition, the depth of her religious life, was known only by those who knew her best; but her calm, constant, humble walk with God, must have been observed by all. The word of kindness dwelt upon her lips, and she won the affections of all who came within the reach of her influence. It was the writer's privilege, to minister to her in holy things for two years; and during that time had ample opportunity of witnessing the divine grace, as manifested in her patient submission to the divine will, in the midst of sorrowful bereavement, and severe personal affliction. Whilst there was not the slightest approach to self confidence, in speaking of her religious experience, there was always the expression of unreserved confidence in Jesus as One 'mighty to Save.' And when at length the messenger came, she was not taken by surprise; but calmly and gently as a child glides into its evening slumbers, so with her head pillowed upon the bosom of Jesus—

"She sank in blissful dreams away In visions of eternal day."

WILLIAM HARDING.

At Collins' Cove in the Burin circuit, Newfoundland, on the 6th of March, in "quietness and assurance for ever," resting on the atonement, the venerable Wm. Harding peacefully passed from this "vale of tears," to "the inheritance of the saints in light." He was born at Farrington, near Bideford, England, Nov. 5th, 1793. In early life, he in company with his parents and the members of their family attended the ministry of the "Church of England." Notwithstanding his outward conformity to the ordinances of religious worship as observed by him at that time, he grew to manhood a stranger to vital godliness; being destitute of a saving knowledge of Christ. The course he pursued for some time was one which he afterwards deprecated and deplored. By a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence he was reclaimed from his sinful habits, and brought into intercourse, acquaintance, and ultimate relationship with a pious family. While with them he became acquainted with Methodism, its people and their principles. Gaining confidence in his new friends by their

kindness to him, and general good deportment; he ventured to express to one of them some strange ideas he had entertained in respect to the manner in which the class-meeting was conducted; from reports he had heard which emanated from those whose religious tenets were unfavorable to Methodist influence. He was immediately very kindly requested to attend one of their public services; he did so. Soon afterwards by special invitation he was present at a class-meeting. He was not only undeceived, but agreeably surprised, and confessed his approval of all he saw and heard. But this was not all the good which resulted from these means of grace. He for the first time was sensibly impressed by a Divine power through the instrumentality and agency of Methodism of a sense of his state as a sinner, and the need of a Saviour. Laboring under these feelings, with earnest prayer he earnestly sought God, whom he soon found to the joy of his heart. Delighted with his choice, he soon evinced a zeal for the truth worthy of his profession. He was greatly assisted in his growth in grace, by prayer, meditation, the careful reading of the Holy Scriptures, our incomparable hymns, and the different religious books put into his hands by pious friends. The Methodist Magazine became a favorite study; its biographical portions particularly engaged his attention; these testimonials and memorials to the faith and memory of the sainted dead were read with pleasure and profit; they tended in a great measure to confirm and consolidate his religious principles; and caused him in some degree to emulate the piety of those whose examples of faith and love as therein given are ever worthy of our admiration. After being on trial as a member for the usual time, he received his "note of admittance," and became a diligent attendant on the services of the Methodist Church. When in his 24th year he married and went to live at Plymouth. After a short residence there he removed to Bristol, where he had the misfortune to lose his wife, within ten months after their marriage. Her death was sudden, but peaceful and happy. Soon after this mournful event he returned to Bideford, where he remained until April 23rd, 1819. He then left for this country, and safely arrived at Placentia Bay in the latter part of the following month.

On the 22nd of April, 1820, he married his second wife with whom he lived most happily; and who affectionately shared and sympathized with him in all the vicissitudes of life through which they cheerfully passed through until her death, which took place on the 23rd of December last. We have stated that Mr. Harding had united himself to the Church of Christ prior to his leaving England; but for a short period before his departure by being thrown into the company of the ungodly in his daily employment, and other means of intercourse, he became the slave of intemperance. Being happily rescued from his evil associates, and removed from the scene of temptation and trial, by returning to his former home and friends, he was again brought under the fostering care and kindness of his father-in-law and family. They were grieved because of his backsliding and religious declension; and earnestly besought him to return again to God. Their prayers were not unanswered. Listening to their kind entreaties he began again to pray, joined the Church and soon experienced the sweets of Divine pardon and adoption into the family of God. For a while he was a member of a Mr. Pendell's class, for whom he ever entertained feelings of gratitude and respect. From the time of his second conversion to God, he never appeared to swerve from the truth; or in any way decline from religion. Through faith and prayer he stood armed and guarded against the sin which formerly did so easily beset and deceive him. Soon after his arrival in this Island he located at this place and eventually became a permanent inhabitant; from thence to the day of his death he was known as a good citizen, and a consistent and useful member of the Methodist Church. During this period which extended over fifty-six years he was for some time employed as a schoolmaster, and while imparting to his pupils secular instruction never forgot to inculcate lessons of morality and religion. Among the few who united and assisted in the inauguration and organization of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in this place, (which ceremony was performed on the 7th of June, 1862) our brother occupied a prominent position. To this good cause he was devoutly attached; and cheerfully discharged the duties of the offices which devolved on him in connection with that order. His election to the office of D. G. W. P., was indicative of the high esteem in which he was held by his brethren. Our friend will be especially remembered by our people and many of the ministers who have travelled in this circuit as class-leader and trustee; the responsible and onerous duties of these offices he faithfully discharged. Pro-

verbial for punctuality. As always in his place at the appointed time, unless lastly detained by circumstances over which he had no control. He led two classes, one on the Sabbath-day immediately after the morning service; the other on Thursday afternoons. In the performance of this particular duty he felt a hallowed pleasure. Very few persons took a greater delight in this invaluable institution of Methodism than he did. The members of his classes regarded him with great affection. His consistent habits won their admiration, and rendered his counsels all the more pleasing and profitable. They gratefully cherish his name and the memory of his effective and happy services; and deeply feel his removal from the Church militant. (To be continued)

IN MEMORIAM.

Among the numerous deaths from diphtheria in this place, we have to record that of NANCY, the beloved wife of Wm. P. Lake, aged 35 years. She first complained of sore throat on Saturday, Jan'y 15th, the day following the false membrane with the usual swelling appeared, which of course produced great pain in swallowing with accompanying weakness this continued with increased prostration, until the following Thursday, when it became painfully evident that recovery was hopeless. Thus in a few days under the power of this terrible disease, the flower faded, and the hopes of life were withered and dead, but though deprived of this, she was calm and undisturbed, her soul had found a peace which death could not ruffle or destroy. She had learned to fear the Lord while in health, and when the shadows of a speedy dissolution were gathering around her, she felt upheld by his Almighty arm.

Her last hours were eminently peaceful. She was resigned and willing to abide the Divine decree, commending her sorrowing husband and children to the Lord, she wished them to sing their last hymn for her, and very touching was that death-bed scene, there lay the dying mother, no longer able to speak audibly, raising her hands towards heaven in token of triumph, the heart stricken husband stood by, scarcely knowing whether to weep or to rejoice, the joy of the triumph was so great, while their three little girls, with tear-filled eyes, were sobbing forth, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," thus the mother's spirit was wafted to heaven, on the wings of her children's praise.

Mrs. Lake was early converted to God, and strove to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things, her love to Christ was manifest in various ways, but in none more palpably than in her kindness to the poor, many of whom have lost in her a sympathizing friend. She was also warmly attached to the Church of her choice and liberally supported its various institutions; as an evidence of her love to the class-meeting, her friends after her decease found sixty-three Society tickets carefully preserved.

She was also interested in the new church in course of erection here, and gave evidence of being a liberal contributor to the bazaar to be held in its behalf next fall; but in the midst of a young family, with schemes of usefulness in view, the Head of the Church has mysteriously called her away. "My thoughts are not as your thoughts saith the Lord."

W. KENDALL.

Fortune Harbor, N. F.

JOHN G. MURRAY, PORT HAWKESBURY.

At Port Richmond, C. B., on the 17th ult., passed away from suffering and darkness and trouble and infirmities and mortality, to the light and peace and glory of mortality, John G. Murray, having endured life's ills seventy-two years. How grand and cheering the thought—here in the morning struggling amidst darkness and tears; home ere the evening falls glorying in the joy of our Father's house, that he hath prepared for them that love him. I am afraid the reason why so many of us are in the "straight betwixt two having a desire to depart and be with Christ," is because we have so little religion.

Bro. Murray's sufferings were very severe, but he bore them without murmuring. It is not very long since his wife went over in answer to the Master's summons. "Hail good woman, I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldst stand in robes of mortality, within these ten days," and now both are gone leaving ten children orphans, but not helpless, all having reached the state of man and womanhood; and let us hope that these things will bring all of them to wisdom's state, and by and by an unbroken family circle above.

For forty-five years Mr. and Mrs. Murray entertained the Lords prophets, providing a little chamber with necessary accompaniment, &c.

They now rest from their labors and their works follow them.

Being dead they yet speak; and their memory is blessed.

E. M.