

STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL.

A strange and beautiful story of a little boy that died—of which, in an imperfect version, Mr. Moody makes frequent use in his sermons—is told truly by Augusta Moore in the Boston *Congregationalist*. The mother of the child, who is yet living, is her friend, and did not believe in early religious instruction: "She said—Wait until the child is able to understand something of what you mean before you try to get ideas of sin and redemption, or of heaven or hell, into its mind." Her ideas were very firmly fixed, and she acted upon them. She did not know that Eddy, up to his sixth year, had so much as heard of heaven, and the name of Jesus he clearly did not know. At the age of six he was taken sick; and lying near to death, on his bed, with his eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling, he asked—"Mamma, what country is that I see beyond the high mountains?" The mother replied—"There are no mountains here, Eddy. You are with your parents in this room at home." But the boy insisted that he saw a beautiful country, where were children playing and calling to him; but said he—"I cannot see over the mountains. Mamma, papa, won't you carry me across?" Then the mother wept, for in her heart she felt that her child was called away. "What country is it, mamma, that I see?" he repeated. The mother, not knowing what else to say, asked—"Is it heaven, Eddy?" She told me that she did not know that the word would carry any meaning to the child's mind; but he caught it instantly, and answered—"Yes, it is heaven. Oh! who will carry me over the mountains?" The distressed parents tried to quiet their little one, asking him if he wanted to leave papa and mamma, and home. He lay still and silent for a time, and they anxiously watching him, hoped that the trouble was past. The trouble was past. Eddy had never in all his little life said the dear word "mother;" but suddenly he turned his face to her, and with his eyes bright with more than mortal light, and with voice clear and strong as when he was well, he said—"Mother, mother, don't you be afraid. The strong man has come to carry me over the mountains." Thus Eddy died.

MADAME GUYON.

Madame Guyon spent the years in which she walked in the continued sunlight of the higher life amid perpetual defamations, persecutions, "bonds and imprisonments." Fourteen years of that period she spent as a prisoner in the Bastille, where the grated window was daily darkened by the shadow of the Man in the Iron Mask as he passed up and down in the hall of that prison. Even there she ever "saw the bright light which is in the clouds," and thus sung for joy of heart:

A little bird I am,
Sht out from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there,
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.
Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.
O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love,
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

The expiring *Ladies' Repository* celebrated its last moment by an ill-considered fling at our current hymn-book revision. This work, the moribund growler said, "is now in the hands of a large and cumbersomely ordered committee, the infelicity of whose methods of action may prove to be the best thing about the matter," and so on. The committee's size was ordered by the General Conference, and Bishop Jones just before he died probably did more to "order" the personnel of the committee than any one other single man. It might indeed be regretted that neither consulted the *Repository* oracle, but the theory that most excites our admiration is the fact that the departing organ which was edited in October seemed to know all about the committee's "infelicitous methods" a plump month before the committee had

its first session—November 20. Our doubts about the organ's prophecy of the committee's success in making a hymn book should be shaken when we contemplate the organ's advance knowledge of the aforesaid "methods." Nothing remains now for the new born *Repository* but to follow in earnest Sidney Smith's joking proposal to review a book before reading it, in order thereby to avoid being prejudiced. The organ also expresses regret that the hymn book will destroy a million dollars now invested in the old hymn book, and thereby outrage Wesley's words about unnecessary expense. What a world it is, needed!—steel rails wasting iron rails, steamers wasting the value in sail vessels, cars smashing canal boats and stage coaches, and new editions superseding the old—alack-a-day! With all possible modesty we hope the committee will work hopefully and successfully, and conquer both the natural obstacles and the unnatural grumblers.—N.W. Adv.

John Wesley's Bible is still to the fore and likely to be so for centuries to come. It is the insignia of the Wesleyan Presidential office, and is handed from the outgoing occupant of the conference chair to his successor. It is the badge of prerogative and authority as well as office. John Knox's Bible is now in the possession of John B. Rollo, Esq. It contains the signature of the sturdy reformer, the ink and handwriting of which correspond with copious notes written in a cypher on the margin, in which hand the Psalms are divided into morning and evening portions. The following affidavit is also inscribed:

"The book was printed by a gentleman named Richard Cameron, in the year of our Lord 1530, and was presented to the famous John Knox, our Scottish Reformer, in the year of our Lord 1560, for his family Bible, which he kept till his death, which happened at Edinburgh; in the year of our Lord 1572, being twelve years in his possession. It next fell into the hands of his successor, Mr. Carson, where it remained till his death, and passed into the hands of his widow, whose name was Page, where it continued till the present year of our Lord, 1688. (Signed) Thomas Page.

The Bible was transferred from the name of Page to that of Hosten on account of marriage, and it continued in the hands of the Hosten family till it was next transferred by Margaret Hosten to the name of Elder, and at his decease upon the 20th of February, 1807, it came into the hands of his son, Hugh Elder, now residing in Edinburgh. It was purchased from him by Wm. Gleny of the same city, and at his death was sold by his wife to the Hon. Roger Rollo, whose son now has it. It ought to become the property of some branch of the Presbyterian Church, and used as Wesley's Bible is now used by the Wesleyan Church.—Ch. Advocate.

A BISHOP'S CONVENTION was recently held by the dignitaries of the M. E. Church, at which among numerous appointments we find that Dr. Upham, of the New England Conference, was nominated fraternal delegate to the Methodist Church of Canada. A Committee was appointed to consider the propriety of introducing Lay delegation into the Annual Conferences; also a large Committee to correspond upon and prepare for an Encumenical Methodist Conference. All this means progression. Lay delegation to Annual Conferences will come everywhere, sooner or later. An assembly of representatives from the various branches of the great Methodist family would accomplish much for good.

If there is a man who ought to be bright and cheery, that man is the one upon whom God shines. According to the world's standard, the son of a king should lead a gay life. How absurd that the sons and daughters of the king's King should wear long faces. We are on our journey through a wilderness to our Father's palace. Never mind the brambles. The glorious sun shines bright. Let us be glad.

TENNYSON.

Tennyson is represented as having that "eternal tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with a tobacco-jar big enough for an ancestral urn beside him." He gazes out of his window at the "gray line of undulating hills and strip of silver sea, smokes and writes, and fences out curious intruders." He is

doubtless having the posthumous biographer in mind, and means that the path of glory shall extend beyond the grave. His wife and stalwart sons are his chief companions. Beyond them, he has little desire for society.

President Lincoln was certainly a good judge of a joke. He pronounced the following first rate: Rev. Thomas Williams was met one day in Providence, many years ago, by the late General Carpenter, a noted lawyer of that city, and one of the sympathizers in Dorr's insurrection: "Good morning, Father Williams," said General Carpenter, "How do you do? how have you been? I do wish I could hear you preach once more, I have not heard you now for a long time." "If you had been where you ought to have been," rejoined Mr. Williams, "you would have heard me last Sabbath." "Ah! Where were you? where did you preach last Sabbath?" said Gen. Carpenter. "In the State's Prison," retorted Father Williams.

If Methodists in this country are at the top of the list in numbers, they appear to be at the bottom in giving to the great cause of Missions. The following is the rate per member for five denominations: "The Congregationalists give \$2.42; the Canada Methodists \$1.80; the Northern and Southern Presbyterians \$1.25; the Episcopalians \$1.22; and the Northern Methodists 42 cents."

We fear that we in the South have not done as well as our Northern brethren.—Richmond Adv.

BAD HABITS IN CONVERSATION.

Among the many bad habits which may be observed in society, is that of indulging in expressions which are not literally true. Truth is a jewel of such inestimable value that it ought on no account to be sullied or disregarded.

The bad habit of expressing ourselves in an inflated manner has a tendency to make us undervalue the truth, and must therefore be injurious. Thousands fall into this error through want of thought or attention. The few following expressions, drawn from every-day life, may furnish useful suggestions to those who are anxious to avoid evil in all its degrees:—

"I was so ill that I thought I should have died."—Nothing could have been further from the thoughts than dying.

"The doctor said, if it had been a hair's breadth deeper it would have killed me."—A skilful surgeon that same doctor.

"He leaps a five-barred gate and makes nothing of it."—Then he overcomes an impediment better than I can.

"She turned pale as a sheet."—Somewhat paler than the truth, I fear.

"My hands were cold as ice."—I rather doubt that.

"His face was as black as my hat."—What! that is blacker than a blackamoor.

"I am tired to death."—Then I hope you have made your will.

"He was as fat as a porpoise, she thin as a herring."—An ill-matched pair, truly.

"We were up to our knees in dirt."—It must have been a bad road, then.

"It was enough to kill me."—Strange that it did not.

"I have called on him fifty times."—Are you sure that you counted them?

"I have told you of that fault a thousand times."—Do say, nine hundred and ninety-nine.

"I had not a wink of sleep all night."—Pity you went to bed at all.

"I would not do it for the world."—Then you have a spirit above bribery.

The above remarks apply to the bad habits of many. There are two persons who should benefit by them—the writer and the reader.—Weekly Visitor.

MINISTERS' WIVES.

Christian at Work.

We hardly see a religious paper now, a-days which does not make allusion to the hardships of ministers' wives. Indeed, they have their trials. They have not only to look after the congregation, but the minister. The pastor's wife has to be the friendly critic of the husband's sermon and its delivery. If the preacher comes home with the suspicion that he has made a dead failure in his discourse, she has to persuade him that it was not as bad as he supposed; that he will yet hear of good done by it; that our weakest efforts

may sometimes result in a great harvest; that she liked it better this time than when he preached it in the other settlements, &c. She has to stand between him and the door-bell; suppress unpleasant things brought to the house by pestiferous gossips; tear up insulting anonymous letters; and often, on a small salary, navigate a household around the Cape Horn of large expenses.

But oh, the joys of being a minister's wife! Is she not generally the pet of the congregation? If she has culture and disposition she will have more attention shown her than any other lady in the neighborhood receives. She is sought after, bowed to, and consulted on all sides. She has an open door to all the confidences of the people. In a word, no one has so fair a chance as she. She may sometimes complain about the hardships of her station, but she is really so well satisfied with her place that she would not exchange with any one else. We can think of no position more desirable than that of a minister's wife, except that of a minister. Trials—of course. What women are without them? Ever since Eve was down sick from eating too many harvest apples, woman has had troubles; but the parsonage is not the favourite place for their congregating. The merriest wives we have seen, all up and down the land, are minister's companions. We congratulate the parsonages of Christendom!

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARE MINISTERS OVERPAID?

MR. EDITOR.—I have had the pleasure of reading a number of your correspondents letters on the above subject, and have been waiting to see some reply from "A Layman" to "A Subscriber," but have not seen any up to this date. The correspondence shows how much some families can spend and how much less others can get along with. While "Layman" needs \$900 (we don't know whether he could stop short of \$3000) for his family and horse, "A City Lawyer" can feast on beef-steak, roast goose and boiled turkey for \$750. While a "Circuit Rider" and his family (we presume he has one) and horse can subsist on \$300. It shows plainly that families, as well as horses, can subsist on a very small amount. While "A Layman" wants \$800 and upwards for himself and family, and \$100 for his horse. I will venture to say (and I think I have lived long enough to know what it takes to support a family) that one half of the families, as well as the horses, in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia do not have one half of that amount yearly to expend or keep them, and one half of that number of families and horses live on less than one third of that amount. It is quite likely that "A Layman" can spend \$100 or more on a horse through the year; but I can tell him that I kept two horses last year on less than one half of that amount, and I think that my two did as much work as one of his. "A Circuit Rider" has not told us whether he has any children (I write from memory, as the *Wesleyan* is going the rounds to other families), but we presume, by his correspondence, that he has not. It seems to be an unfortunate circumstance for him that he has not. Had he been blessed with eight or ten children, their income would have exceeded his. There seems to be something wrong in the distribution of the children's fund, for while he has only received \$360, he has to pay out \$60, and what for? To support those ministers children who are receiving the \$750 and upwards; and if he has eight children, his salary would be \$320 more. Then there is the donation and educational allowance for his children—say some \$200 or \$300 more, which would raise the amount he would receive somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1370, while "C. R." gets only \$300, and quite likely has the same amount of labour, perhaps double, and only receives about one quarter of the amount. Now, Mr. Editor, we think there is something wrong in this item, and until there is a change made, the Stationing Committee should endeavor, as far as circumstances will allow, to place those ministers that have large families on independent circuits; then "Circuit Rider," and others like him, will be eased, and the others, perhaps, not overburdened with too great an amount of the things of this life. I would throw out these hints, trusting that others, far more competent to deal with the matter, will endeavour to suggest and bring forth such measures as will equalize the matter, so that none shall be burdened at the expense of others. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space, I remain yours truly,

ANOTHER LAYMAN.
New Brunswick, Dec. 8th, 76.

NOVA SCOTIA CONFERENCE.
CHILDREN'S FUND, &c.

MR. EDITOR.—A few days since I received a paper addressed to the Quarterly Board of the Nova Scotia Conference, concerning 1. *The Children's Fund*, and 2. *The Loan Fund*, &c.

Concerning the latter, I've nought just now to say. When I saw the announcement of the scheme, I thought—now we have a happy issue out of all our troubles. Then reason said to impulse—Wait a minute, friend, let us scan it a little. I put on my glasses—these are not fashionable glasses—they are not blue nor green, nor do they show good and bad just alike! I read, "Any suggestions, &c. concerning the Loan Fund, &c., thankfully received." Please allow me a trial or two at the scheme before it is launched.

From my first entrance into the Conference (and I would say from your dear sir, only I saw the silver thread coming the other day when I called on you, which made me pray, as I went out, "God bless our editor on his unchosen chair, and send him an easier one"), but from my first days in the Conference, the *Children's Fund* has been regarded, if I could judge from the objections, complaints, threats, &c., as one of our chief defects. And if I have any memory, the chief difficulty, the real trouble, was the assessing of circuits according to membership, thus keeping down the lists, and putting the same tax on the poor as the rich. These difficulties, though apparently removed, are really retained and augmented by the proposed scheme.

Year after year the trouble became worse and worse—confusion became worse confounded. A committee was appointed at the last Conference to bring in a scheme, &c. This committee reports,—

"After a careful examination of several proposed plans, it was unanimously resolved that the following be recommended as the most feasible."

Well, truly, I would like to see some of the plans that were less feasible. I wonder what they were like, and who brought them in?

"1. The Independent Circuits to provide for the Minister's children upon them, according to an apportionment to be made annually by a Committee appointed by the Conference."

So, our so-called Independent Circuits are not yet to be allowed to become such. Nay, are still to receive grants for their ministers children; and worse still, this is to be done by an annual committee of—mostly—fallible men, who may be influenced by personal, local or other influences to do, of course, innocently, the most unjust things; and there is no remedy. A fine basis for a grand church scheme, truly. An irresponsible, changing committee of, possibly, interested men. At the last Conference, a committee, something like this, was appointed to do something similar, and they remitted the tax for the Children's Fund on certain Independent Circuits, and, of course, took it out of the dependent ones, that is, took from the men who were getting \$500 a year, and gave it to those who were getting \$1000 a year. This may be repeated every year under the new scheme.

"2. The claims of the children of Ministers upon Dependent Circuits to be a first claim upon the Missionary Grant."

What does this amount to? They have always got their children's claims; and if I read correctly, the others, no matter how rich the circuit, or high the salary, will get exactly the same.

"3. All Circuits hereafter attaining to an Independent relation to be relieved of any assessment for the Children's Fund for the first year of their independence; the claimants to draw their allowance for that year from the Missionary Grant. The second year, such Circuits to be assessed half of their proportion as Independent Circuits, the balance of the Children's claims for that year to be drawn from the Missionary Grant. The third year, such Circuits to be assessed their full amount as other Independent Circuits."

By this, certain Independent Circuits the first year are to be relieved altogether from tax for Children's Fund. That is, their ministers are to receive their full salary, and their children's allowance besides, out of the Grant to Missions, or out of the allowance for the poor and dependent men? Is this so? The second year half of all this; after that, entire independence. That is, go into the hands of this committee to be assessed or relieved of assessment as it may happen. Is this whole thing framed in the interest of the strong and wealthy? To suit that certain Independent Circuit that last year gave its minister \$800 salary, and received out of the Children's Fund \$50 more than it paid in?

"Circuits to be assessed, &c." So the old monster is retained, after all the groaning or complaining—after all the brain and power of the Conference is spent in trying to annihilate it.

READER.

Job Printing neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

Dear, dear, mas morning, ter, the snow everything we chill. Turie up into her ch with a patted As she sat, he and cold, knitt flew as fast.

"A penny f we? Nowher sugar, nor coa terday for Tim, coming!"

The half-solved itself, toned. "Yes, feet were pla floor, and Tur surely "in m getting over the ed walking. O her head, one t to the same he ed itself along door of her be more comforta the best. A y toe, and breath on a white fac on the pillow. white face epo

"That was

"Yes, I did scrabble a bit that if I can o can soon earn of that Tim!

Tim looked he answered w ly wistful tone

"I thought ner time, and I thought you all."

It was well f he could not se ed to move the its brightest co should see them dismay; and i before, with a she regained l cheerily:

"You great dinner you wa you go for to must go out, b er."

With a great she produced carefully conce and only one. him again, she door. All the whirling figur, the farthest cor in outspoken g

"Oh, Tim; hungry, and P and sobbing a strove to think

They were c and ill from b their father had and been broug Turie picked up ing the lace a day, that her fi night. Some f father, then a c tre, had befrie in return Mad Brady had co to dance. Th and want the k Turie had been grief to Corinn couldn't ee v many were th held with Tim entertained the feet would saie kept this idea not yet stumbl y, Corinne ha teoupe in the Turie would b kindly help. Christmas Day or happy one health had ke late, and her dwindled to on

With a resolu her tears, she- her ragged sha bonnet without and so large, t rested on her e ing an old veil