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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18 1870.

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne."-Rev. iii. 21.

Like Christ on earth-like Christ in Heaven, His ransomed saints appear: To them His Providence has given A constant conflict here; But when they reach the realms above, Made "more than conquerors" through His love, And freed from foes and fear, Their God-given armor laying down, Each shall receive a glorious crown, Shall be acknowledged as his own, And "sit with Him upon His throne."

II.

By Him alone they overcame, And triumphed in the fight. No honor for their deeds they claim In battling for the right. Glory to God who died to save," They cry, while high their palms they wave, Arrayed in robes of white; And every heart in that vast throng Echoes the everlasting song, While angel and archangel raise Their anthem of his glorious praise.

III.

Soldier of Jesus Christ, now wield The sword your Leader gave; Dread not defeat—the foe must yield, Though you stand on your grave; And every well-directed blow Is seen above when dealt below, And high reward shall have. The Lord's "new name" your brow shall be

A crown of glory you Your warfare ended, a Hushed in the calm of

Family Circle

DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE. (Continued from No. 17.)

> CHAP. XVII. SOUL TORTURE

Abstain? I have known one in that state when he has tried to abstain but for one even ing.-though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it-in the violence of the struggle, I have known him to scream out. to 'cry aloud for the anguish and pain of the strife within .- Charles Lamb.

Grace Willoughby's wedding day was fixed, and dressmakers and seamstresses sesses the judgment of riper years. We were at work upon moire antique, Lyons are fond of contrast, you know, and to a velvet, gros grain silks, and other costly world-worn, world-wearied man the spring materials that went to make up the bride's and newness of her life are refreshing." trousseau. For the country minister's daughter was to have what Mrs. Thayer that youth, and freshness, and enthusiasm called an elegant outfit, and this lady, who might not find congenial companionship in undertook to superintend the preparations, the world-worn, and wearied; that a rose spared neither time nor money. She was tied to a withered branch will be likely to in her element, tossing over silks and satins, fade and die. sitting in private consultation by the hour with fasionable dress-makers, and displaying her excellent taste in the choice of rides she took with him to visit furnishers trimmings and the blending of colors.

requested her advice and assistance in and rearranging, with her frequent shopfurnishing the stone-front mansion built ping expeditions, so delightfully occupied for him during the summer upon Clement her days, that home duties for the time Avenue, the fashionable street of the city. were neglected. She knew that all was For it was Mr. Landon's purpose to commence married life under his own roof not fail to perceive the gloom that darktree. "He had dragged out a miserable ened his face, and kept him silent and existence," he said, "long enough in hotels sad, save that now and then his eves were and boarding-houses, and now intended lit up with a strange fire, and the melanto commence living with a wife and a home." He peremptorily declined Dr. Willoughby's hilarity, which left him gloomier than beoffer to furnish his daughter's future resi- fore. She understood perfectly well the dence, and proceeded to prepare it for his bride in a style of lavish expenditure She knew he kept his study locked at times. that would have drawn largely upon the when even her voice and knock failed to and an expression of the keenest anguish into "green pastures and beside the still doctor's bank stock. In the arrangement effect an entrance, and that he came out crossed his face. and ornamentation of the rooms, he found with a pale, haggard face, and a look of he needed a lady's taste, and he called upon gloom and terror in his eyes. She could culiarly blessed as those at the communion- sheaves, what sweet addition to that great Mrs. Thayer, who was only too happy not forget his desperate words, after the table. He came to this sacred feast, his multitude which no man can number, than to lend her assistance.

sary at this time for Grace hopefulness of her enthusiastic natu "Your sewing trouble straight Grace, firm, 8 fact was the old seemin people every solitary

this de The Grace her er peared. fortuna believed and sist of herdevoted and th fellowoften But s day. delays would Grace

h of her time in the city with and the feeling so natural in view of here were dresses to be fitted, threatened calamity, that something ons to be made respect- prevent, or the thing is too dreadful ops, plaits and gathers. happen, she put the fear from her, Br. Willoughby's bay mind, too, was thoroughly preoccupi arsonage door, and Grace "I have no time," she thought, "to wal upon some pretext. Louis now. When this wedding is ov rants a little help on her if there is no change, I will tell fat or, "Your mother is in all about it. He has great influence of ou must come and Louis, and will make him realize the between them; for ger he is in, if any one can. Oh, how shhess, had that he be so infatuated! My husband aontrols without no, it will never come to that."

For the two or three Sabbaths and wondered their return from Saratoga she was down to their him closely, but soon found she would do when nothing to fear. Louis Thayer entered the pulpit again under the influ at troubled of liquor. Perhaps he recognized arly part of positive precept the command to the disap nic priesthood, "Do not drink w strong drink, when ye go into the nce she nacle of the congregation, lest ye di feared the fate of those who offered s fire and died before the Lord; or he dared not again test the por venly or of another origin, that st in his sore hour of need. Howe may be, the sermons he pro

she called out with great anilittle closet; just the nicest and a soft bed for my kitten." hayer looked at the grave, careof the man at her side. she were a little more womanly,

don," she said, "for your sake." Mr. 1 e her very well as she is," he re-"Her freshness and enthusiasm turned. e, Mrs. Thayer. One of your nief attractions in my eyes is her youthfulness of feeling. She retains all the buoyancy of childhood, while she pos-

It did not occur to either of the speakers,

Mr. Landon and Mrs. Thaver were excellent friends, and the long walks and and upholsterers, the hours she spent in To add to her happiness, Mr. Landon the house on Clement Avenue arranging not right with her husband. She could choly was exchanged for a brief season of cause of these sudden transitions of feeling. shamful affair at Saratoga; but with the people said, as one who had "seen the Lord," these dear lambs whom he has led to the

curiosity on her face blessing, spirous hayer thought very unbecom- young pastor's head, what was he down future mistress of this stately then? The study door was locked on the went to him on Sabbath evenings now. its solitude. There may be the shadow of the flesh will never dim his spiritual lamp." an apology for one who in mistaken hospitality gathers his friends about him, and passes the sparkling wine-cup, but what shall be said for the man who, turning his key, deliberately sits down to selfish and solitary indulgence? There was no selfdeception about it. He had a thorough understanding of the enormity of the sin he was committing, an utter loathing of the vice and its consequences. He looked to the very bottom of the abyss down which he was gliding, saw the ruin that awaited him, all the horrors of the death below, and could not, or would not stop. At this time he neglected no outward

duty. He visited his people from house to house, seizing the most favorable opportunity to urge upon the impenitent the claims of religion, with a simplicity and directness, and a persuasive tenderness of manner that were well-nigh irresistable He was particularly careful to ascertain who were sick. The scene in Alice Coleman's death-chamber was never repeated, and dying believers, listening to the young pastor's words of assurance, forgot their fear, and with a song of triumph on their pale lips stepped boldly into the flood. His faintly uttered Amen was the last sound of earth in many a dying Christian ear.

"Courage, my brother!" he said to an aged member of his flock in the agony of the last struggle. "Courage! It is but a moment, and you shall be singing the song of redeeming love around the throne. A look of tender recognition lit up th

old man's dying eye. "We will sing it together, my dear pas tor," he said, "when you come."

Then the minister turned away his head

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OMINION OF CANADA.

with his soul melted into tenderness compasssion dwelt upon the love of suffering Saviour, with a touching pathos at melted his audience to tears. He t forth the Son of God crucified, making im incomparably attractive to the eye the believer. And he led them to feel that in sinning against this Saviour they had wounded their dearest friend. Making sin appear very hateful in their eyes, he called upon them, while sealing their vows with the consecrated symbols of Christ's body and blood, to renounce it, and in renewed and unreserved dedication give themselves soul and body to God.

His hand visibly trembled when he took his share of the sacred feast, and when the sexton swept the church the next week he found a piece of bread which had somehow fallen behind the minister's chair.

The senior deacon came to his pastor the week following this precious communion season, to consult as to the expediency of holding a church-fast; "for we feel," said the good man, "that the Lord was made known to some of us last Sabbath, 'in the breaking of bread,' and that 'He showed us His hands and his feet.' Who can tell this if we humble ourselves with prayer and rich fasting before our God, confessing our sins their one to another. He will not 'open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to rewas ceive it?' In conversing with a Christian dis- woman of the church to-day, Miss Bethiah om of Emmersly, she tells me that she has been wonderfully drawn out and assisted in her prayers lately for a reviving of God's work in our midst."

The fast was appointed, and when the large assembly, gathered in the audienceer room of the church that Friday m g, noticed the pelaface, and listless, de-

sir ed up the aisle, they looked upon him with reverence and pity. "He is wearing himself out for us," they said; "the faithful inside, and he was alone. His wife never minister! Such devotion to study! Such scrupulous fulfilment of parochial duty! n the next room, "I've found The horror of this man's sin lay partly in He has no need to fast. The dulness of

He offered a short introductory prayer, read the fifty-first Psalm, and coming down from the desk, took his station immediately in front.

"I wish," he said, "to put aside the minister, to place myself on a visible equality with the humblest disciple present, for in the sight of God I feel myself to be less than the least, -a great sinner, -the vilest of the vile; needing the forgiveness of my church, and that God would have mercy on my soul." Then he sat down, and bowing his head upon his hands, burst into tears.

There was nothing of stage effect in this; no imposing attitudes or gestures, or canting, whining tone, no extremes of intonation, no affectation of tears. Not a person present doubted his heartfelt sincerity. But how did they receive the confession? The senior deacon rose, and, in a voice

tremulous with age and with emotion,

"If to our dear pastor, dwelling, as we believe he does, in intimate communion with his Saviour from day to day, is vouchsafed so clear a view of the exceeding sinfulness of sin that his own heart appears vile in his sight, what depth of iniquity, my brethren, must the all-seeing eye of God behold in yours and mine!"

While the good man was speaking, the minister shrank and cowered in his seat, and would gladly have sunk into the ground for shame.

But his hardest task was among the children. Is there a sweeter sight upon earth than that of the faithful pastor, standing with his Bible in his hands, surrounded by the little ones of his flock, leading them waters?" What choicer fruits can a mi-Perhaps none of his services were so penister reap, what riper harvest of golden