

Volume V. No. 27.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1853.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh, what is like thee ? Hope of the wilderness, joy of the Sea ? One thing is like thee to mortals given The faith touching all things with lives of heave

rded with the solemn darkness of night.

is mantled with the heavy dews of death

whose watchword is " God with us."

battle-field, or on the lonely island, girt with the crested surge, the hope, the anticipation

spirits that we live almost forgetful of our

triumph-songs of the white-robed harpers in that far-off land-" Do we believe, we who

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

Lines THE DEATH OF A MUCH RESPECTED ME

ICAL DOCTOR, OF THIS CITY. Angel of Mercy ! this thy wonted prayer, Spare useful lives, and make the just thy care. But He ! too wise to err, has ordered th Has saved by calling to a realm of bliss! The dearest must in meek submission bow For none of earth may say, what doest Thou For none of earth may say, what doest Thon And tho' the poor shed tears of bitter grief, Not unforgetful of his prompt relief. His skill professional was their's in need... A Christian doctor is a friend indeed; For, while his healing art they may command They share the bounties of his liberal hand. Such was he known in action and in word, Now called to take "the exceeding great

Inscrutable to us are all His ways,

Who calls for boundless trust, for constant praise !

Then mute we hear the tidings-not as ill He was a subject of his Master's will, Waiting *His will*, who measured out his days Lengthening the sum of never ending praise, Softening bereavement to the sorrowing While consolations such as these He lends. Halifax, June 22nd, 1853.

Old Joe Lancaster, or "Company Enough."

Somewhat more than ten years ago, two men, both past the meridian of life, might have been seen wending their way along a ength of it.'

and prayed till the earth, farm, family, hay-

narrow, secluded road in one of the many valleys which skirt the base of the Cumber Lovely as the scenery was around, yet the theme which called forth the following remark seemed to have so interested its speaker that all other objects were lost sigh of; and, turning a countenance happy in the expression of enjoyment on his stener, he said : "I have been all round the neighbor-

hood, and yours is the house I must preach Will you consent to it ?"

cries and bursts of praise, inquired, what company he had. " Company enough !" he cried in an ecstacy: "I've had Jesus with The party addressed was a farmer, rough in his exterior, blunt in his speech, and posne. Company enough, to be sure !" Ever since then he has had Christ for his sessing an eye so quick in its movem and searching in its perceptions, that his ap-plicant felt that any other than an honest guide and companion; and not only so, but very many of his nearest relatives, neigh-bors, friends, indeed a "goodly company," have joined with him in the heavenly warbject would quickly have been detected and as promptly discarded. His conscience, too, though it did not seem to be enlightened to as promptly discarded. His conscience, too, though it did not seem to be enlightened to any great extent, appeared weighty and well respected in its admonitions ; and even then, as the mighty illuminating power from on high accompanied the whole with his own appeal, the man of God discerned his opera-tions, and that conscience, as an imprisoned rise tabling accompanies the dimension of the subject of our sketch was

would permit him to see his wife and chil-dren again, he would henceforth live a godly life. The vow was accepted. With much difficulty he reached his home : and but one theme absorbed his attention,— that was salvation for himself. He had either during his absence written, nor on It is evident that the phenomenon of co-

neither during his absence written, nor on his return was he able to relate, in answer to their argent inquiries, aught of what he had seen. Ships, warehouses, wharfs, dock-yards, public buildings, were all efficed from his mind, so deeply had its powers become riveted on that greater object,---the salvation of his scol

of his soul. Months continued to pass away, and the wound to rankle more painfully than ever, until on one occasion (and O, how the dear man's eyes glistened when he referred to it !) when superintending the making of some when superintending the making of some man's eyes glistened when he referred to it :) i when superintending the making of some hay, and heartily co-operating with those at work, it became so increasingly oppressive that he left the working-party, and retired to some distance, where he threw himself down perhaps it receives an undue amount of crework, it became so increasingly oppressive that he left the working-party, and retired to some distance, where he threw himself down at full length, and cried, "Lord, I want heaven now : I want mercy now. Away, rake !" (and he threw it to a distance :) "I frequently witnessed an University Magazine. witnessed and accorded.-Dublin have raked earth together long enough. O Lord, I want heaven now?" He groaned

The Comet of 1856.

ng, seemed to fade from his sight and The following interesting details respectwere forgotten. He might be in a trance, ing the comet which is expected to make its he scarcely knew; but" there was a voice, appearance about the year 1856, are given as plain as if spoken with man's lips, saying, by M. Rabinet, an eminent French astronom 4 It is finished: I gave up the ghost for thee !" mer, and a member of the Academy of Sc appearance about the year 1856, are given mer, and a member of the Academy of Sci-And there was a book, too, with a long black ences, in an article recently published :--catalogue written in it. I knew what that "" This const is one of the grandest of was; but a black line was run through the which historians make mention." Its period Then, in his inmost soul there was a flash, a glow, a gush of light, and Old Joe Lancas-ter was a pardoned sinner, a consciously saved man. He "heard it; saw it; felt it," and what he heard, and saw, and felt, was "the word of life." He rose from the ground, and heaven was in his heart, and the light of it gleamed visibly enough over his rough, furrowed countenance. His his rough, furrowed countenance. His daughter met him; and, having heard his cries and bursts of praise, inquired, what me, re-assured the astronomical world of the continued existence of the venerable and magnificent comet. "Disquieted as all other act

were, by the non-arrival of the comet at the expected time, M. Bomme, aided by the preparatory labours of Mr. Hind, with a pati-ence truly Dutch, has revised all the calcu-lations, and estimated all the actions of all

in virtue of the blood once poured out for us on the mountain-top, claim the Unsearchable

The Dying Swan. BY MISS S. A. WOODRUFF. I listen to the son Which, silvery bird, doth from the waters rise

FELICIA HEMANS

In glowing sweetness to the smiling skies And float' the hills along. FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN. Stray Thoughts.

Wild is thy strain and lone With strange, sweet power my startled it thrills,

ouring my being through in music rills Of mournful echoing tone.

Twilight is purpling all the eastern hills with her fading radiance, fair fleeting clouds of crimson and amber float like gorgeous ban-ners round the sinking sun. The glory of the departing sunlight mantles the tiny greenwood spray, and the ancient forest trees, and pours its lustre alike on the "balls from old heroic ages grey," and the calum by the wayside. Yet an hour, and al all be A bright spot o'er thy heart Hath the fair earth cast in her smiling Sigh'st thou that from her "Tis thine now to depart

Like children in their glee

you give it. I out think, it may be, of your fellow-men, but you forget Jesus in the mat-ter. This is the true reason of the coldness and reluctance which you feel. The mighty motives of a Saviour's love and costly sacri-fice are pushed aside by some infinitely in-ferior thought. Her young rills laugh amid the meadow flow Flinging bright glances to day's swift-winger

work drag heavily along, in many

gratitude for his matchless sacrifice for us-

of the grateful fruit of his incare News. fice for us.- Glasgore Christian News. J. K.

such a state of confusion and decay, that it is

zzar. They are in

lond conda

Joying in life so free.

graded with the solemn darkness of hight. So passing and changeful is this life... Time lays his hoary fager on our heart-treasures, and they wither. They who "grow in beauty side by side and fill one home with glee," abide not evermore be-neath the shade of the ancestral roof-tree... And to the dreaming night They sing, when the lone valleys list her tread As o'er the earth she bends her queenly head, Rich crowned with jewels bright. The spoiler enters the earth-home, and lo! the brow once so fair in its infantine beauty,

Beauty unfading glows long their paths ; and would'st thou never leav So the fair bud with the petals yet unfolded, fades away from us. Then the monition of ler thrilling presence that thon seem'st to griev In thy song's sweet flow ?

high duty and holy privilege, calls another forth to gird on the armor, and battle ear-Or yearnest thy strange spirit nestly, manfully in that sacramental host To drink forever of that ceaseless pean Life hath ever its turmoil and its change The earth accords to him who gave the yet all over the wide globe, in the cabinet of diplomatist, amid the roar and din of the

Would'st ever join thy songs Of untaught melody to the rich strains Chrough forest-aisles, o'er blooming of one glimpse at the small remnant that yet form the home-circle, is the green, fragrant spot in the heart ; the ever-gushing spring of gladness to the fainting spirit.—" the shadow

plains, By soft winds borne along ? Vain striving to divine

of a great rock in a weary land." Even so hath the Father above ordained, that all glad source whence flows each and glorious homes of earth should image forth, faintly yet truthfully, the Home on note, Which like zolian tones successive float

In this last song of thine ! Yet, even with us, whose lofty hopes an We cannot know why death aspirations should centre in Our Father's house, does not earthly care and purpose, and earthly desire, so dim the vision of our

We cannot know why start Should joy or sadness to thy spirit bring-Why thou in grief or triumph thus sing Away thy passing breath.

priceless inheritance? Is there not cause to ask, now in this holy hour of evening, when the stars, the solemn sentinels of night, are Yet is it not a bliss

In such wild melody to loose the link Which binds the spirit to the crumbli Of changing world like this !

impossible to form from them any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They ap-Thus would I pass from life, With song triumphant from my pale lips

Little Robbie's Death.

Whole No. 208.

giving, for Jesus' sake, to the gospel work. You feel the gift must be drawn out of you. A few nights ago, says Mr. Pickard of You are conscious of a coldness and a reluct-ance which makes the deed anything but Philadelphia, just as I was going to bed, a lady came in, and asked me to go over to a one of the most pleasant things in life. neighbour's house, and see " Little Robbie. Were Jesus present, and holding out his who was dying. Her statement of the strange scene induced me to go. Just be-fore I went in, he had several times called, hand for the gift, you would sink into the earth rather than put what you give into his hand. Yet you give it. What is the rea-son of all this? How can it be that your " Come, children, come !" and I found that all the little ones of the household-who had whole experience in the matter, as well as gone to bed-had been brought into his chamber by his parents to take their last fareyour conduct, is so far from anything like an approach to overflowing gratitude ? The well. He called each one by name. One reply is on the surface—at least, it is pal-pable in the consciousness of your own soul. You do not think of giving to Jeaus at all. by one they kissed him. O, it was a sight of great tenderness and of many tears! One of his brothers was absent at a boarding-You do not dream of his having any interest school, and him he did not call, as he did th in what you give, or in the spirit in which you give it. You think, it may be, of your rest, but said, " Tell Willie come After the children retired to bed again

repeated again and again the call, " Come, ehildren, come! Come, children, come !" and whenever his parents would ask, "Where, Robbie ?" he would answer, " To Heaven." Then he would say, as he lay on his back

with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, " Pleas God take Robbie. God please take Rob My reader, we are all guilty here. And know we are. Some are more guilty than others; but the chariot wheels of gospel bie." These expressions were continually interspersed with, "Pa come-ma come to heaven. Come, children, come to heaven just because we give to man instead of giving to Christ. Our own souls lose the benefit For three or four hours he lay thus gazin intently upward, as though he was looki into heaven, and almost incessantly, duri of all we give, because we thus give to the reature, or give to keep our conscience from oud condemnation, instead of giving to exthat time, uttering these expres andible and almost ringing tone.

press our gratitude for redeeming love. Let Once he asked for a white rose. "Please ma, get Robbie a white rose." A red on it be so no longer. Let us carry every hour of time, and every copper of money we are called to give for the work of Christ, to the being the only one convenient, it was brought When it was offered, he rejected it, saying cross, or the throne of our Intercessor-let No, ma, Robbie don't want that." us lay it down there as an expression of our awhile he asked again for a white ros let us thus have the benefit of giving, by That will do; ma, put it away now." There having before us the true motive, and if we was but little interm do not give more, we shall at least give with all the heart, in such a way that He will see, in the gifts we render him, somewhat of the grateful fruit of his incalculable sacriission during the last fe hours of his life of the above remarke expressions, so that he must have uttered them scores, perhaps hundreds, of times. At one time as I stood over him, gazing with wonder on him. I recited the hyp

" There is a happy land."

"There is a happy land." He ceased to talk while I spoke, showing that the subject agreed with and filled up his thoughts; but as soon as I had done, he be-gan again, "Please God take Robbie," etc. Again he was silent during most of the time that prayer was offered at his bedside. The last words he spoke was almost inaudible, a mere whisper, "Come, children, come"—he had not breath to utter the last word, and the fluttering spark of like went out. Ancient Babylon-Its Ruins. It may be known to many of our reader It may be known to many of our resources that the French government has employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of an-cient Babylon. From reports just received from them, it appears that they have ascer-tained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a tumulus called the Kasr, are those of the marvellous palace-citadel of Se-miramis and Nebuchadnezzar. They are in the fluttering spark of life went out.

A Fable for Strong Minded Females.

pear, however, to extend beyond the bed of The following beautiful allegory is fro the Euphrates, a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river.— In them have been found sarcophagi, of clamsy execution and strange form, and so small, that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them, the chin touching small, that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them, the chin touching the knees, and the arms being pressed on the breast by the legs. These sarcophagi have every appearance of having been used for the lowest class of society; but notwith-standing the place in which they were found, the discoverers are inclined to think that vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a they are of Parthian not Chaldean origin .----There have also been found numerous frag-ments of enamelled bricks, containing por-tions of the figures of men and animals, totions of the figures of men and animals, to-gether with cuneiform inscriptions, the latter white in colour on a blue ground. Accord-ing to M. Fresnal, the chief of the expediti-on, these bricks afford a strong proof that the ruins are these of the palace of Nebuchadglorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak. 'But I wish to grow indepen-dently,' said the Vine, 'why cannot you ornaments on them nezzar, inasmuch as the appear to be sporting subjects, such as are described by Ctesiag and Diodorus. The described by Ctesiag and Diodorus. The foundations having been dug down to in cer-tain parts, it has been ascertained that they are formed of bricks about a foot square, united by strong cement. In a tumulus called Amran, to the mouth of the Kasr, interesting discoveries have In a tumulus called Amran, to the mouth of the Kasr, interesting discoveries have also been made. They appear to be the ruins of the dependencies of the palace situ-ated on the left bank of the Euphrates; and they contain numerous sarcophagi in which were found skeletons clothed in a sort of ar-mor, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. When touched, the skeletons, with the exception of some parts of the skulls, fell into dust; but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crowns are in a fair state of preservation. M. Fresnel thinks that the dead in the sarcophagi were some of the sol-diers of Alexander or Seleucus. The crowns are simple banos, with three leaves in the shape of laurel on one side, and three on the other. The leaves are very neatly executed.

sion. He acknowledged its importance ; and,

though in common with others around him, almost heathenish in conduct, he conditionally consented should his better-half not object.

consented should his better-half not object. It was enough: they parted. The dear servant of God breathing forth the language of praise and thanksgiving, adoring his Saviour for thus opening a door of uiterance in one of the darkest places in Great Britain ; the other, as he crossed his meadow, holding a very characteristic confabulation with hi own thoughts, half terrified with the prospect of persecution, and well nigh hoping that his wife would withhold the necessary and stipulated consent. But the Lord was at work : the consent was given, and at once their house was regularly visited by the servants of God in that vicinity.

Previous to this the whole family had diligently attended the service at the parish church ; and the mother of "Old Joe," the subject of our narrative, then about her eightieth year, had constantly exerted her utmost efforts to make them an honest, frugal, God-fearing family, But, alas! there was little spiritual understanding in all these movements; and no wonder, when "the priest," as they call the clergyman in Cumerland, would often on a Sunday afternoon when the service was concluded, stop her son Joe in the aisle, and negociate the purchase of some barley, or seek permission during the week to shoot over his fields.

The uncultivated farmer was shrewd enough to see that this was not religion ; but Here was a question oft recurring, yet never solved. And amid the chaos o conflicting emotions arose a hope that, "per-haps this strange priest," as he termed the missionary, might unravel the mystery. At least he must be tried.

Months rolled on, and still the people flocked in numbers to the preaching. were powerfully wrought upon; immoral habits were being gradually abandoned.— "Old Joe," too, became thoroughly awaken-ed, and, with others, sought deliverance.— Then Satan raged; neighboring farmers re-viled; landlord, priest, and others, were appealed to that the novel and hateful wor-ship might be stopped. Again was he tempted to close his door cominat the preacher; but a deep conviction were powerfully wrought upon ; immoral

12.44

Mail State

on, and light kept pouring into his heart, and revealing its fearfully sin-stricken de-formity, his spirits became more and more depressed, and even his frame enfeebled, till the village doctor was consulted; and, find-ing every effort fruitless, he suggested, as a restorative, the trial of a voyage. "Sea-sickness hight relieve the stomach," and thus restore the man again. Another medi-cal man approved the suggestion; adding, on inquiry as to distance, "The further the better." Joe left his home. We do not in-tend to recount the events which transpired as he journied from one place to another; however, he arrived finally at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his illness became the solution. As in a moral sense, the spirit is ever at war with the inclinations of the flesh; so, too, in a physical sense the different elements of the body are only pre-served in their integrity by the despoti-control of vitality. These considerations derive some till to notice from the undoubted fact that epide-and eldom fails also to produce most re-markable effects upon the lower animals. We have often heared of the " showers, Halley, and their sccessors have completely and seidom has also to be produce most to the produce to the produce most to the produce to the produce to the produce most to the produce to the produce to the produce to the produce most to the produce mo

appeal, the man of God discerned his opera-tions, and that conscience, as an imprisoned giant shaking, even from the dungeon, the whole edifice with its terrible voice. As he turned to reply, he referred to the Saviour's injunction, though but indistinctly remem-bered, about the reception of his messengers in whatsoever house they should crave admis-tion. The acknowledged its importance, and

Theory of Epidemics.

sovereigns. The great, and once wise, but now wearied and shattered monarch, had Some able writers have endeavoured to been for some time the victim of cruel reaccount for the manner in which dieases unverses. There were threatening indications dermine the vital powers, by a theory not unentitled to attention. As the air is ever more or less filled with the emanations of putrifying animal and vegetable matter, they have assimilated the action of these partia the political if not in the physical horizon. In the pointear it not in the physical horizon, of a still greater tempest to come. He was left to cry in despair, 'Fortune abandons old men. The appearance of the blazing star seemed to him an admonition from heaven, that he must cease to be a sovereign if he would avoid a fatality from which one with-out outbouring might be around the in heaven. cles upon the blood, to that of yeast on wort. By the fermentation produced by yeast, the sugar is changed into alcohol. It is, apparout authority might be spared. It is known that the Emperor survived his abdication ently, predisposed for the change; and the slighest assistance it receives enables it to unloose the former union of its particles, but two years. "Another comet which passed near us in

and to enter into a wholly new state of che-1835, and which has appeared twenty-five times since the year 13 before the Christian mical combinations. Just so, animal matter floating in the air, in the chemical state of era, has been associated by the superstitious with many important events which have occhange called putrescene, if not sufficiently diluted is capable of throwing the blood, with which it may come in contact, into an curred near the periods of its visitation. " In 1066 William the Conqueror landed in England at the head of a numerous army, analogous state of fermentation. Thus of course, it totally alters its nature, and rendabout the time that the comet appeared ers it incapable of fulfilling its proper funcwhich now bears the name of Halley's comet. The circumstance was regarded by the

Other writers have supposed that the air, when rendered impure, becomes overloaded with multitudes of microscopic insects, who attack the human body as smut attacks corn. Conceive a minute fungus, whose spores, floating in the air, form the germs of

tions,

epidemic disease. But all the various the ries brought forward proceeded from the as-sumption of a vitiated state of the atmosp-

To understand the full force of these theories, we must remember that the human body is a wonderful combination of innume-reble particles, all placed in different degrees of chemical affinity or antagonism to each

the appearance of the comet, in the history of the conquest of England, by William, Duke of Normandy. It is supposed to have been executed by Matilda, the conqueror's wife, or by the Empress Matilda, daughter other, and only held separate, and in their proper relations, by the inscurutable powers vitality. Port wine will tan and convert of Henry I. It consists of a linen web, 214 feet in length and 20 inches broad ; and is divided into 71 compartments, each having an inscription indicating its subject. The figures are all executed by the needle.

viled; landlord, priest, and others, were appealed to that the novel and hateful wor-ship might be stopped. Again was he tempted to close his door against the preacher; but a deep conviction of sin, together with anxiety of mind as he witnessed the increasing opposition muster-ing around him, filled his heart with such contending emotions as led to a gloomy con-tinuance of the permission. As time rolled on, and light kept pouring into his heart, and revealing its fearfully sin-stricken de-formity, his spirits became more and more depressed, and even his frame enfeebled, till

" It is known that partaking of the gene-ral superstition, which interpreted the appearance of a comet as the forerunner of some fatal event, Charles V. believed that this comet addressed its menaces particular-even now, only by the shadows of mortality eve, that

this comet addressed its menaces particular-ly to him, as holding the first rank among even now, only by the snadows or morality there is for us a home?—pure, glorious, abi-ding? that to night, while earth is all care, and toil, and fear, and change, we who have stolen away alike from its revelry, and its grief, may look up, and with the engle-gaze of calm earnest faith, view the unfading glories of that land of everlasting light? I so why should the unhallowed, unsanctified thoughts and dreams of easth any more en wrap our spirits?

"This is the hope, the blessed hope, Which Jeau Christ bath given ; The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven."

BESSIE BERANGER. June 29th, 1853.

The Unpardonable Sin.

To every mind susceptible of religious impressions, a terrible mystery gathers around the transgression which Christ affirms finds, no forgiveness. There is a univesal, and, with many, an unconscious recoil from trifling deliberately with the Holy Spirit. Who ever heard, in the dialect of profanity, amid all the appellations applied to the Father and the Son, the name of the English as a prognostic of the victory of the Normans. It infused universal terror into the minds of the people, and contributed not a little towards the submission of the country after the battle of Hustings, as it had served to the Father and the Son, the name of the third person of the Trinity? We can give no reason for the remarkable exception made by the boldest blasphemer, but ihe instinc-tive fear of pouring open contempt upon the Holy Ghost. But it was the design of to disourage the soldiers of Harold before the to discurage the solutions of riarout before the combat. The comet is represented upon the famous tapestry at Bayeux, executed by Queen Matilda, the wife of the conqueror. This celebrated tapestry is preserved in the ancient episcopal palace at Bayeux. It re-presents the principal incidents, including this article to narrate two facts of personal knowledge, which I have regarded as illustrating the nature of that sin, whose general definition is a fatal grieving of the Spirit. Mr. L---- was a man of sound under standing. When past middle life, under the

influence of a praying wife and daughters, he was the subject of deep religious convic-tions. One Sabbath day, a daughter, who has since devoted herself to the missionary work, was by his side, urging the claims of God, and presenting to his bundened heart an infinite Saviour. The father wept, turn-

ed pale, and visibly trembled. At length, in his agitation, he fellfrom his chair on-the carpet, with the Bible in his hands. Af-ter a momentary silence, he rallied, and with indignant energy threw the sacred volume against the wall, exclaiming. " I will not be against the wall, exclaiming. I tota not or a christian !" He soon rese, calm as mar-ble, and remained so till he died, glorying in a joyless scepticism. His decision was evidently final—there was appalling reason to fear the Spirit had left lim to perish. W. T—was a young lawyer of promise. He had often been subject of serious impres-sions from early youth. Iuring a powerful awakening, he was for weeks distressed and anxious. The season of refreshing to Zion passed by, and he was stil impenitent. A gradual hardness was observed, and those who had prayed for him plt that they had lost importunity at the throne of grace in his behalf. He waxed boil in sin, until he bared his breast while the thunder-storm was darkening the sky, and dared God to strike him. He sported with his former emotions, and stood amongmen like a mo-

nt branded with the words of doom He did not know, and none but the infinite

but sweeter as my spirit soare From earth's vain joy and strife.

Though never more my eyes Should to the morning's splendour lift their ga Or watch at close of Summer's golden days, lift their gaze The burning western skies

Though never more for me

and song and tragrance fill the passing gale, And earth be fair to see ;

Though I should not rejoic

When green-robed Summer smiled on hi dell; The Summer I have ever loved so well; Though never more my voice

Should tremblingly assay To utter faint the joy my heart had known ;

Yet oh ! I would not breathe one mournful tone In my last earthly lay

I would that joy should swell My spirit's anthem ; that the voice of Faith uld the pale Terrors charm which wait on

death, And whisper-" All is well." I would that in the strain

Were notes caught from a higher, holier Whose gladsome songs have few fain

Where mingle joy and pain Then would my spirit soar

Through endless day ; nor would the Cease egun on earth-in Heaven a song of peace,

Immortal evermore ! almal an

Giving.

Giving. THERE are two sides of the matter of giving—one on the part of Jesus, and the correct the eyes. From the shape of laurel on one side, and three on the other on the part of Jesus, and the correct the eyes. From the shape of laurel on one of the cyes. From the shape of his followers. It may be well for a moment to glance at the connext is supposed covered the eyes. From the part of frist—" the loved me, and gare himself for me." Have you entered fully into its wondrous reality? Do one and three-quarter yards in length, by between half and three-quarters of a yard wide, and are entirely formed of bricks and box spectrum the giving on which you rest all your hopes for eternity I Well, there is another giving which naturally follows this first. How wondrous the giving on which you rest all your hopes for eternity I Well, there is another giving which naturally follows this trop, black stones, etc., of Greek, Persin, or the travail of his soul on earth—his heart is set on the carrying on, mightily and exitences in the work of laws reming the work of laws reming the work of laws reming the work of laws the work of laws the work of laws reming the work of laws the work of laws reming the work of laws the work of laws reming the work of laws the work of laws reming the work of laws the the termine the work of laws the work is set on the carrying on, mightily and ex-tensively, the work of leavening the world tensively, the work of leavening the world with his truth, so that thousands may be ad-ded to his kingdom. In various ways you are invited to give in order that this may be done. Jehovah-Jesus gave his soul an of-fering for yours ; you are required to give your time or money, in order that he may largely reap the gratification of infinite bene-volence in winessing the results of his glo-rious work. Let us look at this giving which is required on your part. What is has done? No. Can you, by giving to him, cancel his claim on your eternal grati-

him, cancel his claim on your eternal grati-tude? No. You can only give, vent to the ir-4. That it is the standard for determining

stand, but letting go, I fell. So when I en-deavour to stand in my own strength, I fall deavour to stand in my own strength, I fall; all my attempts serve but to show my weak-ness; but holding on to Christ by faith, 'when I am weak, then I am strong.'" Young Christian, trembling believer, hold fast with an unyielding grasp to Christ, The more you feel your weakness, cling the closer to the Saviour. Let your motto be-

dence, lest you let go your hold on Christ and fall from your own steadfastness. Christ strengthening you, you can do all

tude? No. You can only give vent to their repressible affection that can never through be give to Jesus at all in such a spirit that be can accept your gifts, it must be as the ut-terance of a gratitude which, would not be exhausted had you ten thousand worlds to give, and gave them all. Now, mark it is well—there is not a Christian on earth but will at once admit the trath of all this— Come, then, to actual practice. You are

"Weaker than a bruised read, "Help I every moment need." "Other refuge have I none, "Haug ny helpless soul on Thee."

Strong Christian, beware of self-confi