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Religious Miscellany.

The Name of Jesus.

One name alone in all this death struck earth,
One name alone, come down from highest heaven,
Whence healing and salvation we receive,
To sinful man is given.

Name brought by Gabriel from the heart of God,
And laid like flower seed in the adoring breast
Of her in whom the mystery was wrought,
And God made manifest.

Name of Jesus! of that lowly babe
Born on the sunny slopes of Naeth
Or in the cottage floor beside the lake
With wild flowers played:

Name of the wondrous child that in the temple stood,
With brow of meekness, and with eye all light,
While to the blinded teachers of the law
Would have given sight:

Name of the prophet, healer, master, friend;
Sorrow's chief mourner and death's perfect cure;
The fountain of new innocence for man,
That ever shall endure.

The secret, the unutterable name,
From the world's earlier ages hid so long,
Now in time's fullness given at length to be
The new creation's song.

And yet it was the scorn of Jewish lips,
And written by unholy heathen pen,
Then nailed aloft upon the awful cross,
Signal to God and men.

Not never written in the dust of death,
Nor cut upon the portals of the grave,
So quickly he that threshhold had recrossed,
Triumphantly to save.

Still from heaven, like gently falling plume,
But when the shadow of the white cloud fell
Upon the apostles' upward turned brows:
"O wherefore dwell,

Ye Galileans, gazing up so long
Into the clear blue depths ye search in vain?
This same Jesus rising to his throne,
Shall so return again."

Once more Heaven sent it down upon the earth,
When from love's central fount the accents came,
And on the persecuting Saul poured down,
In glory and in flame.

Name of value infinite! and yet
Thou mov'st our spirits with a deeper thrill,
For the dear lips that have thy music breathed,
And then grown still.

Yet thou the last gift art our lost ones leave,
Will be our comfort on our upward way:
"Love Jesus," Jesus is our only hope,"
Adoringly they say."

Like shipwrecked sailors clasp a plank, and launch
Upon the billows of a midnight sea,
These fearless souls, embracing "Jesus," plunge
Into eternity:

Then safely floated to the home of peace,
Where bright-plumed angels wait along the shore,
Still, still the name of Jesus those glad hosts
In anthems pour.

Name! that the ransomed souls forever wear,
Gemmed with pure lustre on each perfect brow,
Be thou the radiance of our earthly lives;
Transform us even now.

Name above all names the most beloved!
Richest of memories and of untold peace,
Earnest of all unutterable joys!
Yet, fond heart cease;

For Jesus is the name of the high God:
Hushed be thy thoughts, and silently adore,
When thou shalt come to see him as he is,
Thou shalt know more.

Gone Home.

The loved is gone, the eyes are closed,
The heart on which our own reposed
Has ceased on earth its beating.
She's passed from earth and earth's decay
Through death's dark night to endless day,
We hear her footsteps on the way
Like angel steps retreating.

The voice we fondly loved to hear,
For which sad memory drops a tear,
Has ceased on earth its singing;
But does it not in fairer skies,
Where angel music never dies,
Amid those harmonies arise
Which throughout heaven are ringing.

Our loss her gain, we fond believe;
And trusting this we will not grieve,
Although our souls are riven;
Her earthly troubles all are o'er,
God wanted her, one angel more,
She is at home in heaven.

The Childhood of Jesus.

In the heart of Galilee, in a small obscure town called Nazareth, a young virgin named Mary led a humble life in the house of an artisan. She was betrothed to one of her kindred, poor like herself, and earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. This was Joseph, the carpenter. Yet was this virgin the daughter of the kings of her people; she was of direct descent from the royal dynasty, and could rightfully claim David as her ancestor.

Poor and unknown as was the virgin of Nazareth, she was no less the "blessed among women," who was to give birth to the Saviour of the world. Mary is not a species of divinity in a cloud. She is truly a daughter of the earth, and the humanity which she represents is the same that we know—weak, fallible, and suffering; but she represents it in the most touching humility and the most assured faith. We give her no other glory than that radiant hope illuminating her words after the annunciation; and we leave her that vail of celestial modesty in which she hides herself when she learns her high destiny, and of which she has never been despoiled. Human poetry has no more beautiful creation than the scene of the annunciation.—When the angel Gabriel, after having announced the miraculous conception to Mary with that sublime chastity which belongs only to a pure spirit, added the words, "Therefore that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God," he gives us the true commentary on that grand saying of John, "The Word was made flesh." As to the explanation of this glorious mystery, we know no other than the words, "With God all things are possible." It is enough for whoever believes in omnipotent mercy, the sole foundation of the supernatural.

This great event, the most important in the world's history, since it is its dividing point, and the pole around which gravitate all human destinies, passed unperceived like the most insignificant fact. No one cared for it except the angels in heaven and some shepherds feeding their flocks on one of the hills surrounding Bethlehem. It was at the time of the year when the softened temperature sometimes allowed them not to bring back the flocks at night to the city. It was undoubtedly one of those Oriental nights when the heavens speak only of pity.—These simple men had been chosen as the first to receive the great tidings, because they waited for them. Everything in these fields, where the young David, a shepherd like themselves, had led his flocks, reminded them of the promise made to his race, and they undoubtedly, as well as the scribes of Jerusalem, had read the mysterious oracle which announced that this very ground they trod should be the cradle of the Messiah. Suddenly in the cool air sounded a mysterious choir; they heard angelic voices, and these divine words descended to their ears:

Glory to God in the highest:
On earth peace, good-will toward men.

The shepherds believed this announcement; they were plain, simple men, who had not learned in the schools of Jerusalem to admit as possible, in the way of mercy, only what a Pharisee could comprehend. They thought it not strange—neither shall we think it so—that if there are angels, man's elder brothers, dwellers in a purer region where evil is not known, they should celebrate with their sweetest songs such an event as the birth of the Redeemer.

"The child," says Luke, "grew and waxed strong, being filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was with him." Evil has never touched him; nothing has disturbed the exquisite purity of his soul. He has never for a moment ceased to be united to his Father; his heart has opened spontaneously to the divine life, as the chest inhales the vital air. Then, as he grew older and began to reflect, he became more and more conscious of the unique relation which united him to God. As a child he fulfilled perfectly the duties of his age, which are comprised in submission to family authority. "Thus," said Irenæus, "he sanctified this age in passing through it."

Every thing tends to make us believe that he grew up in the workshop of Joseph, laboring with his hands. The loveliness of nature around him was as a book in which he read the name of his Father; he felt in all its depths the harmony which exists between the revelations of earth and heaven.

Nazareth is one of the most beautiful sites of the country. St. Jerome was right in calling it "the flower of Galilee," and compared it to a rose opening its corolla. It does not command the country like Bethlehem; the belt of hills surrounding it makes it a quiet retreat, whose silence is still broken by the artisan's hammer or chisel. The child Jesus grew up in the midst of the people, in a simple mode of life; thus could a soul like his be most harmoniously developed. He had only to ascend one of the surrounding heights to contemplate one of the most beautiful landscapes of the Holy Land. At his feet spread the plain of Jezreel, starred with innumerable flowers more beautiful than "Solomon in all his glory." It stretched between Tabor and Carmel, echoing with the voice of Elijah. Libanus is in front of Carmel, and the chain of Hermon binds its white summits to the mountains of Moab; while in the distance shines the Great Sea, which, lying beyond the national limits, seemed to open to the eye of Jesus the world he was to save. Thus living near to nature, he learned to know her familiarly.—Thence those expressive traits scattered through his discourses, which make his parables pictures full of reality and freshness.

His precocious wisdom had already revealed itself in his interview with the doctors of the temple; his questions showed such richness of feeling and thought, that these illustrious masters were confounded by it. The questions of children are often more embarrassing from their deep simplicity than the most consummate arguments of dialecticians. They go straight to truth by the royal road of candor. There was not a rabbi grown gray in the study of the law who could resist the questions of the child of Nazareth. This scene in the temple had a great significance in the development of Jesus, by revealing him to himself. He lived eighteen years after it in the most complete obscurity. We will not endeavor to penetrate their secret; it is enough for us to know that they prepared him in solitude for his great ministry. He filled them with prayers and sanctity.—*Hours at Home.*

The Eternal World.

No fragment of an army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes, and so swept by storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and downfall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon, which they conquered, have been weighed in the balance, and long ago found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame: "Tis living Greece no more;" and the iron Rome of the Cæsars is held in precarious occupation by a feeble hand. And yet the Book that foretels all this still survives. While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read and sifted and debated, more devoutly loved and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honored and more abused than any other book the world ever saw;

"Strange words fulfilled, and mighty works achieved
And truth in all the world both hated and believed."

It survives all changes, itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulphed in the stream of time, yet is borne along triumphantly on the wave; and will be borne along, till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea, and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."—*Christian Observer.*

Melchizedek.

No *person* mentioned in Scripture is enveloped in greater mystery than the being whose name stands at the head of this article. He seems to fall in the twinkling of an eye from heaven, performs one act which is shrouded in mystery, and disappears to be no more seen on earth, at least under that appellation. Once or twice he is mentioned during the prophetic period, but the mystery surrounding him only increases under the Gospel dispensation. The graphic pen of the great apostle of the Gentiles gives a particular description of him, but does not entirely lift the mystery that covers him as a drapery. Commentators and divines have attempted to clear away the mystery, but their explanations fail to satisfy the intelligent and inquiring mind. To say that a mere man could be designated King of Righteousness and King of Peace; that he had no father, or mother, or descent, because there was no record of them; and no beginning of life or end of days, and no predecessor or successor, because we have no account of it; and that he was made "like unto the son of God, and abideth a priest continually," because we have no account of his birth or death is scarcely satisfactory. These statements, it seems to me, can never apply to a mere man; and if applied to the Lord Jesus Christ, as some have been disposed to do, the difficulty is still very great. Christ, as to his human nature, had a mother; he had descent, and beginning of days and end of life. Who then can it be? St. Paul in Hebrews is not speaking of Christ as he appeared in the flesh, but of that mysterious being who appeared to Abraham. Now if we suppose it was the *Eternal Word*, the second person of the trinity, the difficulty is removed. The *Eternal Word* may fitly be styled the King of Righteousness, *and afterward* the King of Peace. *Afterward, in in the fullness of time*, when he became the reconciler. how fitly may he be styled the *King of Peace.* Then, as to his divine nature, he had no father or mother, or beginning of life or end of days, but was clothed in a body, or the appearance of one, such as, in the fullness of time, he should assume in order to fulfill the redemptive plan, and so, as the apostle says, "abideth a priest continually." But did the *Eternal Word* ever appear as man under the Old Testament dispensation? I answer, he did. He appeared to Jacob as a man at Peniel, wrestled with him, and Jacob said he had seen God face to face. At Jericho he appeared to Joshua as a man clad in armor, and said he came as captain of the Lord's host, and commanded Joshua to put off his shoes because he stood on holy ground. There are other instances of his appearance as a man under the Old Testament dispensation, but these are sufficient; then if we suppose he brought forth bread and wine as typical of the eucharist under the Gospel dispensation, it is more reasonable than to suppose that he brought forth bread and wine for the purpose of feeding and refreshing a hungry and fainting army consisting of many hundreds, and possibly thousands. Abraham, like Moses, had most likely requested God to make him understand his salvation, and how fitly such a visit as this prepares the way for the fuller explanation of God's design, as vouchsafed in the sacrifice of Isaac, which plainly typified both the death and resurrection of Christ; and with this view what significance is couched in the words of Christ to the Pharisees, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad." That is, God had made him understand his great plan of salvation. With this view how striking the words of Paul, "And blessed him that had the promises: and without contradiction the less is blessed of the better." No wonder that Melchisedek is styled "Priest of the most high God;" no wonder the Apostle says, "Of whom it is testified that he liveth;" no wonder the Psalmist and the Apostle should style him a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek.—*Ch. Advocate.*

"I will wait till after Harvest."

I heard these words carelessly spoken, yet they rested with a sad weight on my heart, and echoed and re-echoed drearily for many days. One spoke who had advanced to manhood—that period of life when maturity is rapidly going forward, and the unmistakable signs of virtue or vice mark the chosen path.

Such an one, urged by a friend to go to church and regard the Word of God once more made answer kindly, yet carelessly, "I will wait till after harvest." And now the harvest is past, the summer ending, and the soul of such an one may not be saved.

"Tis sad to seen those who might be waymarks in society, honored by men and looked upon with approbation by God, yielding to vice against their better judgment; giving to Satan's service the talent, the time, the energy and ability of manhood; laying up no treasures in heaven, and establishing no permanent hope for the future which might make life charming, death cheerful, and heaven glorious. Waiting till after harvest ere they flee to Christ when wasted life and feeble body warn them Death is near—waiting until vicious habits and associates demoralize the heart and soul and take the energy God will claim at the last when the harvest of the world shall come. Waiting until after harvest—the summer-time of life passed in folly, the summer sun shining, not on the maturing fruit of manhood, but on the wasted wilds of life; and though the rich autumn-time comes with full garners, yet the heart is found wanting of the rich fruit of love and perfection God gives those who seek Him early.

How many are living blanks, as it were—the world absorbing all their thoughts; Time, though the tomb-builder, to them ever an unfailing surety, wherin they shall sow and reap and have space for repentance. Waiting till after harvest! How many bright, beautiful and blessed dreams have faded as the harvest waned; how many hopes of better days and deeds have fled with life's autumn-time; how many tears have been shed over wasted treasures, lost forever; how many visions of brightness have died as the harvest time closed and the summer ended, leaving the soul desolate and alone, standing garbless in the face of Death.

Why not, then, accept love and mercy *now*, so kindly offered, and begin at once a *pure* and *peaceful* life, hastening to redeem the wasted moments, losing sight of the world awhile, looking inward and above—resolving to do noble deeds, live noble lives, and make "the world the better for it?"—*Mrs H M. Lincoln.*

A Beautiful Life.

Passing down Chesnut street in Philadelphia on a wintry day last year, I came suddenly upon a superb show of flowers in full bloom behind a wall of glass, and close behind the pavement. The lady who was walking with me exclaimed, with eager surprise, 'Let us stop, and look at this; what can this be?' I answered, 'This is the conservatory of M. W. Baldwin, the rich locomotive-builder. Instead of hiding his flowers behind his house, he puts them here on the crowded street for everybody to enjoy; even the chimney sweep and the beggar's child can feast their eyes on it without money and without price. He is a noble man this is just like him.'

And that brilliant display of camelias, geraniums, and roses—on a mid-winter day—free to all passing eyes—was a beautiful type of the life and character of the Christian philanthropist who owned them. Alas! he is gone from us now! This very paper has chronicled his departure. But those exquisite flowers are a fitting emblem, of a fragrant career whose memory will be as sweet as 'ointment poured forth.' Like that conservatory that stood right in the midst of bare walls, and on a crowded thoroughfare—so shone the cheerful beauty and benevolence of Baldwin's Christian life in the crowded marts of that business world which regarded him as one of its influential leaders. Everybody in Philadelphia knew and loved Mathias Baldwin as well as they did his flowers. He had a stone in the wall of nearly every church that has been built in the city of Brotherly Love; in fact, several of the new edifices reared there by our own denomination are almost the monuments of his princely liberality. Hundreds of young men whom he has aided, have thanked God for him in their prayers. Many a widow's heart has he caused to sing for joy. When I called on him last winter to counsel with him in regard to our newly formed National Temperance Society he 'sat down quickly' and wrote out one of the first checks that ever went into the treasury. How shall we all miss him, and mourn him! The sweet flowers that bloomed in his hot house on that winter day have all withered long ere this, and fallen to the earth, but his beautiful spirit shall bloom with amaranthine freshness in the memory of God's Church.

Such men never die. They are simply transplanted to higher climes. The deeds they have wrought, the benefits they have rendered, survive to all time. Baldwin is in his grave; but thousands of souls will continue to listen to Christ's gospel in the sanctuaries that he reared. Brainerd sleeps in his new made sepulchre; but the spiritual children whom he led to Jesus will be doing their work long after his form has moldered back to dust. Good men never die. Lincoln's hand is still striking off the fetters of the oppressed; John Wesley's voice rings out every Sabbath in the music of Methodist church bells. Calvin and Edwards from a thousand pulpits are still proclaiming the transcendent sovereignty of God.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler in N. Y. Evangelist.*

Our Mercies.

The talents which we have received are many and great. What people breathing on earth have had plainer instructions, or more forcible persuasions, or more constant admonitions, in season and out of season? Sermons, till we have been weary of them; and Sabbaths, till we profaned them? Excellent books in such plenty that we know not which to read? What people have had God so near them? or have seen so much of Christ crucified before their eyes? or have had heaven and hell so open unto them? What speed should such a people make for heaven? How should they fly that are thus winged!—And how swiftly should they sail that have wind and tide to help them! A small measure of grace beseems not such a people, nor will an ordinary diligence in the work of God excuse them. All our lives have been filled with mercies. God has mercifully poured out upon us the riches of sea and land, of heaven and earth. We are fed and clothed with mercy. We have mercies within and without. To number them, is to count the stars or the sands of the seashore. If there be any difference betwixt hell and earth—yea, or heaven and earth—then certainly we have received mercy. If the blood of the Son of God be mercy, then we are engaged to God by mercy. Shall God think nothing too much nor to good for us, and shall we think all too much that we do for Him? When I compare my slow and unprofitable life with the frequent and wonderful mercies received, it shames me, it silences me, and leaves me inexcusable.—*Christian Treasury.*

Clinching a Sermon.

I heard a sermon once, from a venerable itinerant preacher, on benevolence. I thought the effort very lean, but one thing impressed me a little. "Go," said, he, "and do something, after I have done preaching. Have it to say when I come back, four weeks hence, that you have done something, and my word and God's word for it, you will be a better and a happier man." I knew a poor widow, living on the edge of some woods about a mile from my home. Her husband had been dead two or three years, and with three helpless little girls she had a conflict with poverty. I had often spoken kindly to her, and thought my duty ended when the words were uttered; but when the sermon of the old white-headed preacher was done, the resolution was formed to go and do something.

Next day I visited the cellar, and measured out a bushel of potatoes, a bushel of apples, and a variety of other things, and having put them into a wagon, started for the cottage of the widow. A load of wood, for which I paid three dollars, preceded me. An hour's drive brought both loads in front of the house, and when my explanation was given, there were wet eyes and warmer hearts in both parties. The widow wept for joy, and the children joined in, while I, finding my feelings too much for my strength, had to give way also to tears. The act was one that gave me a new spiritual start, and when the preacher came back, I thought the discourse one of the most eloquent I had ever listened to. The charge was in myself, not in him or his preaching.

Religious Intelligence.

The Gospel in China

At a meeting last week of the Board of Missions of the protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Paine spoke of the existence of heathenism in China, and said that the providence of God made breaches in the great wall for the entrance of the eternal word. Through the diplomacy of France, England and America, missionaries were now enabled to preach the word of God in the ancient capital of China. In India the English Government had at one time encouraged the worship of Juggernaut, but now what a happy change had taken place there! There were now five hundred and fifty one English and American missionaries, and in the Christian schools of the country no less than five hundred thousand children. Referring to Africa, he said that God had given them the same encouragement to go forward with the blessed work there. Africa, as had been observed, was regarded as the most benighted and wretched part of the world, but it was not always so. Christian missions had at an early period existed there. At the present moment there were five hundred Christian missionaries in Southern Africa; but in Central Africa the most deplorable state of things existed. The King of Dahomey had three thousand wives, and it was said of another African king that if all his wives linked hands they would reach across his kingdom. The palace of the King of Dahomey was ornamented with human skulls, and it was generally believed the mud of which his palace was build was tempered with human gore. Slavery existed all through Africa, about four-fifths of the Africans were slaves to the rest. Refering to slavery in America, he said he was glad to see the interest taken in the freedom of the South by people at the north. There was much to be done for them yet in the way of instruction. After twenty-two years spent in America and twenty-nine years in Africa, he could see that the best portion of the African race was to be found in the United States of America. He stated that the tribes at Sierra Leone would never have been brought to the knowledge of the Christian religion but for the exertion of Christian missionaries. On the west coast of Africa there were sixteen missionary societies, one hundred and four foreign missionaries, one hundred African missionaries, one hundred and ten stations, one hundred churches and chapels had been built; there were thirteen thousand children in the schools, there were nineteen thousand communicants, and the gospel was preached to ten million people. The foreign missionary and the domestic missionary spirit lived and acted with each other. It was well to leave Christ's word, but they should drink that word into their hearts. He who was worthy of the Son of God should take up his cross and follow Him. The Holy Spirit had been promised to the church, and when they went forward in that spirit they would win great moral and religious victories.

The Vaudois Mission.

The Vaudois Churches of Piedmont, among which the faith once delivered to the saints has been wonderfully preserved, doubtless because God has a work for them to do in these latter days, are making strong efforts to evangelize Italy. They have 23 stations in Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, Tuscany, Sicily, etc., without including those little communities, which have not yet received a regular organization. They employ 59 agents: viz., 19 ministers, 11 evangelists, and 29 teachers. They expend some 124,000 francs—or almost £25,000—of which England pays about $16,000, America $6,000, and France $800. A recent writer challenges the managers of missionary societies to give results of the mission work. He does this with a belief that no success worth speaking of can be adduced, certainly none adequate to the expenditure of life and treasure which has been made by the Church. The following extract from a history of missions in the Tonga or Friendly Islands, will show that God's preached word has not returned void: There are in these islands, "169 Protestant places of worship; 24 resident European and native ministers; 13 catechists; 214 day school teachers; 676 Sabbath school teachers; 856 lay preachers; 9822 church members; 248 day schools, containing 9712 scholars. The number of regular attendants upon public worship is about 30,000; and more than £3000 per annum are contributed voluntarily by the people for religious purposes." The native churches "meet the total expenses of the missionaries, and religious institutions amongst them"—a remarkable fact which ought to silence those whose pleasure it is to decry Christian missions and missionaries.

THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Australia, held at Sydney, New South Wales, a missionary report was presented which contained some interesting statements.—In the Fejee Islands, during the last year, several thousand heathen have renounced the worship of dumb idols, and now acknowledge the Lord to be God. Nearly 3000 persons have, in the past year, been added to the Church. Progress is made also in the out-lying islands. In Rotumass, several elementary books have been printed for children of the schools, and in the fact that professing Christians on the Island outnumber those who continue heathen, the missionaries have the pledge that yet a little while and the little leaven shall leaven the whole lump. Yet the light shines amid gross darkness. We are still told of wars, and fightings, of cannibalism the most revolting, of sick persons buried alive, of the strangling of widows, that they may be buried with their husbands.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday, the 4th instant. Twelve new auxiliaries were recognized: one in each of the States of Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, North Carolina, and Georgia, five in Kentucky, and two in South Carolina. Grants of books were made, amounting in all to 7,505 volumes; among which were Bibles and Testaments in the Bohemian language, for a colony on Long Island; many grants to different points in the Southern States; to the American Seamen's Friend Society; and three volumes in raised letters for the blind; in addition to this, donations to the value of $300 to feeble societies in Tennessee; and in funds, $1,000 were granted to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for printing Scriptures at Lucknow, in India.

General Miscellany.

Old Winter is Coming.

BY HUGH MORE.

Old Winter is coming again—slack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back;
He's a saucy old chap to white and black;
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold country!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—
A mighty old fellow for glee!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss—
And freezes the dew on their lips; for this
Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—
He is wild in his humour and free!
He'll whistle along for "the want of thought;"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught;
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought—
A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song—
Now moaning, and short—now howling and long
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he.

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you see!
He will trip up your trotters and rend your clothes
And stiffen your limbs from your fingers to toes;
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away,
And mark all our doings from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he's peeping at me!

Wanted—A British American Mint

The gold production of British North America now reaches considerably over half a million dollars *per annum.* The amounts returned as the total yield of Nova Scotia have gone up from 7,275 ounces in 1862, to 24,867 ounces in 1865, and Canada is already producing 10,000 ounces per annum. So numerous are the veins and so various the ores, that it is now very desirable that a Government Assay Office should be established, or, at least, that some competent chemist, to be paid by fees, should be authorized to give official assays for the guidance of discoverers and capitalists. And in connection with this, we would suggest that it is now time to think of establishing a mint for British North America.

From the *Year Book and Almanac of British North America*, we find the Colonies have already imported minted money to a considerable extent, as under:—

	Gold.	Silver.	Copper.
NEWFOUNDLAND.			
	$	$	$
$2.00 pieces	20,000	00	00
20 cent pieces	00	32,000	00
Cents	00	00	2,400
NOVA SCOTIA.			
Cents	00	00	15,903
Half Cents	00	00	2,000
NEW BRUNSWICK.			
20 cent pieces	00	55,002	00
10 cent pieces	00	30,000	00
5 cent pieces	00	10,000	00
Cents	00	00	12,980
CANADA.			
20 cent pieces	00	146,079	00
10 cent pieces	00	121,640	00
5 cent pieces	00	96,904	00
Cents	00	00	73,020
Showing a total of	20,000	480,721	117,207

Thus, besides British, American, French, Mexican and other moneys, there are *thirteen* different coins in circulation. The coins of one Colony are hardly current, and certainly are not legal at their face value in any other; a state of things which cannot possibly be allowed to last, for with or without Confederation, these Colonies ought to have but one money, weight or measure.

Of course, it would be possible so to arrange matters as to have the new coin struck at the Royal Mint, in London, as the present ones have been; but we should much prefer to have it done in British North America. Probably it would be best to have the mint in Montreal, with a branch at Halifax. Philadelphia retained the United States mint when the head of Government was established at Washington. Montreal, which is to be the seat neither of the local nor general government under the Confederation of British America, may, perhaps, in like manner, claim the mint, to which its proximity to the Canadian gold fields gives it the added claim of convenience.

The new coinage for British America would probably reach a million of dollars, within the first year; and, on the ground of expence, it would be better to have it struck here, avoiding insurance, freight, &c., in its transportation from Europe. Besides—in connection with the Assay Office—it would establish a market at our own doors for the gold we raise, and so relieve our miners from the loss they must now often suffer from dealing with middle-men, too often foreigners.—*Trade Review.*

THERE is no perplexity, no necessity, no obligation, no expediency, which should either enforce or persuade us to any sin.

Honesty the Best Policy.

A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said the Earl, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can produce an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you." The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty dollars would not more than repay him. The lord gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were trampled, the wheat was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to the Earl, and, being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." He recollected the circumstances. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for the loss?" "Yes, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty dollars back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the Earl, "this is what I like; this is what ought to be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking some questions about his family; how many children he had, &c. He then presented the farmer a check for one hundred pounds. "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell the occasion that produced it."

Not Very Near Neighbors.

The diameter of the earth's orbit is as it were the pocket-rule of the astronomer with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or *a centauri*, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000 miles distant.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130 millions of solar systems, and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems, the size of our own. Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love, and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good sceptical man, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great milky way, and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breath, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems!—Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the world that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

"ONE WORD MORE AND I HAVE DONE."—How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker at a public meeting. It is a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start. The "one word" is too often a half hour's discourse.

Obituary.

MRS. MARTIN, OF SAND POINT, GUYSBORO' CO.

Died at Sand Point, Manchester Circuit, Oct. 15th, 1866, Mary Ann, widow of the late Joseph Martin, aged 58 years. Early in life Mrs. Martin was the subject of religious impressions, which resulted in her conversion to God when about fourteen years of age. Though not always favoured with that encouragement which is derived from religious associations, yet from the time of her conversion her conduct was marked by a decided and unswerving devotion to the true purposes of life. She felt deeply for the spiritual welfare of her family. Her attachment to the cause of Christ was ardent and sincere. For a number of years the ministers in their stated visits found a home and a preaching place in her house.

In August 1865, she felt the first symptoms of cancer. Soon after being persuaded from its rapid development that she could not escape its fatal effects,—and while thinking about the dreadful forms which cancer generally assumes before it becomes fatal,—there was something in such a death at which flesh and blood recoiled. But she submitted to the will of God, and while passing through the trying ordeal, she calmly committed herself to the Saviour, and realized the all-sufficiency of Divine grace. Some months before her death she seemed to have been favored with a glimpse "within the vail." Listening to her speaking about what she saw beyond the "River of death," the impression was made that one who had really seen was describing that blessed abode. She had ardent longings to depart and be with Christ. On a certain day she hoped the mortal conflict would end, but having watched away the hours of suffering without being released she appeared somewhat disappointed. Receiving a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit she was enabled willingly to suffer and wait until the Lord saw fit to call her hence; and when at length the messenger arrived, she departed in great peace to be forever with the Lord.

J. G. B.