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Religious Miscellany.

2 Saml. xxiv. 24

Nether will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God, of that which cost me nothing. Lord! in all I offer Thee, Let this rule my guidance be; It must cost me loss or pain; Else Thou wilt not count it gain.

'Tis not meat that first my health, Time and talents, heart and breath, Should be all on self bestow'd, Thence to overflow to God.

Not the refuse of my field; Nor the worst my flock may yield Are the offerings I should bring To the great and glorious King.

Either be my gifts supplied Out of luxuries denied; Out of pleasures I might take, But refuse for Jesus' sake.

—Missionsary Gleamer.

Heart-Backsliding.

The backsliding in heart, are not those whom all agree to say backsliders; and, who admit themselves to be such, without heart at all, because of open sin. But they are a much larger class, whom charity seems bound not to inspect, and who ordinarily, are not conscious of the fact, or at least are unwilling to admit it to others.

Who are included in this class of heart-backsliders? All who draw near to God with the mouth, while their hearts are far from him. All moreover, who have a form of godliness, but by their willingness to live powerfully for God, do yet deny the power? Are such persons unrepentant in our churches?

I saw this matter tested recently, in a church of two hundred members, in a way that sent a thrill of anxious fear to many a troubled heart. A sermon of plain, common-sense truths, but of searching analysis, had been listened to by a large congregation. The minister was a plain, unpretentious man. The people all gave good heed to the word, and were about to retire.

"I wish to know, how many of this audience are Christians, or consider themselves such. Let me man judge you. State your own relations to God, as you now suppose they exist. All such will honor God by rising to their feet."

A tide of human forms rose slowly and solemnly to their feet. "Thank God for so many witnesses." "You can be tested now." All was quiet for a moment, and very solemn. The preacher added:

"The Christian's privilege and experience, allows him to say, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' And even to desire to depart and be with Christ, as something far better."

"I wish to know how many of these witnesses for Jesus, are living up to the standard of Christian privileges and experience. Let all of you, who are living so near to God, that you believe sudden death would be sudden heaven—now rise to your feet!"

How silent that congregation sat! How solemn they were! How still! How awful the pictured scenes which thronged the vision, ad toward the valley and shadow of death, in many minds! At last, two persons rose with firm expression of face, and no one who knew them, doubted that, to them, sudden death would be a sudden sight of glory, now all veiled from human eyes.

They, who sat fixed in their seats could have sung with more than usual interest, the words—

"Where is the blessing I know, When I see the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his love?"

"And then the preacher said: 'Now, here is work to be done! God helps his people! Brothers, this must not be! You cannot live so! You dare not risk a dying hour in this condition. Come, let us go and do good. Look the facts in the face. A church of two hundred members. Two only with the pastor, standing where they do not fear to die in their tracks. Was are on the Lord's side? Who are in for a thorough work?"

"This is God's house. Here is his altar. The altar, where some of you bowed when you were converted. The altar at which you monthly bow, at the sacrament, and vow renewed devotion to the Saviour. Give me your eyes, now, in the presence of all his people. Confess by common consent, when throwing apparently his whole soul into the words, he said to our Lord himself, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!'"

What a noble confession was that! No hesitation about it, no circumlocution, no "perhaps," no "I think that it is so," or "I say that it is," but boldly, affirmatively, with the utmost directness, "Thou art!"

Let us look for a moment at some of the particular included in this confession. 1. Peter declares Jesus to be Christ, that is, Messiah, of whom the Jewish nation was in expectation, that great, long-promised deliverer for whom they were looking. 2. He acknowledges Jesus, not as some deliverer or holy one, but definitely the Christ, the very Saviour expected. 3. He declares Jesus to be Son of God, not as all his sons, for we are all in one sense "his offspring," but 4. The Son in the peculiar and personal sense, which belongs to the only begotten of the Father. 5. He declares this God, whose Son Jesus is, to be the "living God, whose Son Jesus is," to be the "living God, the eternal, self-existent Jehovah. Was ever a confession of faith more precise or more emphatic? "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God?" Not a word to spare; not a word which

Chameleon Christians.

It is said by naturalists that the chameleon has the singular faculty of turning its eyes, as some other animals turn their ears, in two different ways at the same time. One eye may look forward while the other looks backward; one eye may gaze heavenward while the other surveys the ground. A distinguished philosopher asserts that this is because the nervous currents in one half of the chameleon are going on independently of those in the other. The consequence of all this is that sometimes "its movements appear like those of two animals glued together. Each half wishes to move its own way, and still there is no concordance of action." This strange want of unity in the animal is the occasion of much embarrassment, and often exposes it to great danger. This singular habit of the chameleon is a fitting illustration of the actual life of many Christians. There is a want of unity in their feelings and actions that is distressing to holders and dangerous to themselves. They seem to have, morally speaking, "two lateral centers." While one of these prompts them to heavenly aspirations and pious deeds, the other urges them to worldly courses, and moves them with sensual desires. With one eye they look on heaven, while with the other they gaze on the earth. Their movements appear like those of two souls of opposite tendencies joined together by some strange irresistible power, they are unable to separate, and cannot work in harmony. This dual condition of moral being is a constant cause of unhappiness and a perpetual hindrance to usefulness. Its practical absurdity may be best expressed in the words of the Saviour: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. You cannot serve God and Mammon."

Chameleon Christians are stumbling-blocks. Their unequal movements, row on the side of God, and set on the side of the Devil, cause many to fall. They are at the same time a puzzle and a snare; for while their double-dealing is to some minds unaccountable, their example draws after it many imitators. We do not refer simply to those unimpaired by backsliding persons who go to church on Sunday, contribute regularly to incidental expenses and to benevolent objects, and during the week take advantage in trade, and visit places of amusement where the Christian ought never to be seen. With such the heavenward eye is almost closed, only giving an occasional wink; and the eye that is earthward is wide open, taking in an extensive range and missing no obj. that can afford delight. But there is a large class who, while not so gross and strongly marked in their worldliness, are at the same time very far from being single eyed. Their heavenly aspirations are strangely mingled with earthly desires.

A desperate conflict at times takes place in the soul, the powers of light and of darkness are set against each other, alternately prevailing. As Jesus expressly says that in the world to come he will confess before his Father, that he will publicly acknowledge and recognize as his friends, those who in this world have confessed or acknowledged him. We confess Christ here, we are confessed by him hereafter. Glorious reward!

But let us not forget that there is a negative side to the picture—that they who are ashamed of Christ here, of them will also be ashamed when he cometh in his kingdom!—S. S. Times

"If you love Me, lean hard." In a volume of most touching interest "Morning on the Mountains, or Women and her Saviour in Persia."—we noticed the following letter written by Miss Fiske one of the devoted missionary workers in Oromia, Dec. 1855.

"My dear Friend, I have learnt here that He who fed five thousand with the portion of five loaves, fed the soul to the full, with what I once counted only crusts. I may give you one of the Master's sermons:

A few Sabbaths ago, I went to Glog Tapa, with Mr. Steadard. It was afternoon, and I was seated in a man in the middle of the earthen floor of the church. I had already attended Sabbath school and a prayer meeting with his pupils, and weary, I longed for rest. It seemed as if I could not sit without support through the service. Then I remembered that after that came my meeting with the women readers that of the village; and I, how desirable seemed rest!

But God sent it in an unexpected way; for a woman came and seated herself directly behind me, so that I could lean on her, and invited me to do so. I declined, but she drew me back, saying "If you love me, lean hard." Very refreshing that support. And then came the Master's own voice, repeating the words, "If you love me, lean hard;" and I leaned on Him too, feeling that a better support woman! He had preached me a thorough sermon that I could have heard at home. I was rested long before the services were through; and then I spent an hour with the women, and after sunset rowed miles to my own home. I wondered that I was not weary that night nor the next morning; and I have rested ever since on those sweet words, "If you love me, lean hard."

Lean on the Redeemer's breast. He thy quiet spirit keeps; Rest in Him securely rest; Thy sustenance never sleeps."

One Talent Workers It was doubtless not understood that he who had the single talent is represented as one of all others who went and buried it, hid it in a napkin. Such an one has most temptation to do so. He naturally thinks that he has so little to invest for God that it is scarcely worth while to invest it. It is had only higher endowments, such as are worthy of God's great gifts, that he might well employ them for God, but the yield of his little investment would be so insignificant that it would amount to nothing either for God or himself; it would scarcely honor either. In fact, as he reasons, it will be better to let those who can work better than he. His feeble effort, his ungodly words, his pitiable confession, can amount to anything in swelling the aggregate of heavenly success. So the devil helps him to wrong his Master of his love, to rob his God, and thus also secures the inaction of a large part of the church. It is a horrid liability burdened by funds in Christ's name. But we must awake. Ten talents scattered among ten individuals can in some respect yield more than ten talents concentrated in one. If all Christians were by God, such to the utmost of his ability, the church would at once increase an hundred fold her power. The giants are working, but the waste of power is with the masses; the eloquent are speaking, but the stammering tongues are

does not ring with the very essence of gospel truth!

Doubtless we should confess our sins to God. We are all sinners, and we should make humble confessions thereof. So did Peter, after his inglorious denial of the Lord. But that confession of sin is a suspicious article which does not lead to the correlative duty of confessing Christ. "I have sinned" refers to self, "I do believe," refers to Christ; and self-abasement is without meaning or end, when stripped of its complementary duty of Christ-honoring.

Confessing Christ is something more than believing in him, something more than expressing thinking that he is the Saviour. It is expressly our belief. It is saying openly, publicly, by words and by significant acts, that we believe in him. Secret discipleship has no sanction in the economy of the Gospel. Every man to whom the gospel comes is bound not only to believe it, but to profess his belief. This is a duty which we owe, as well to our fellow men, as to Christ. It is one great means by which Christianity is propagated in the world. No man ever makes a public profession of discipleship without thereby preaching the Gospel. The very act of thus "standing up for Jesus," speaks trumpet-tongued to the man's unconverted friends and companions. Our Saviour knew well what was in man, and the influences by which men are moved, when thus enjoined upon his followers the duty of confessing his name. We are not all called upon to argue in defence of Christianity. Many of us are not able to do so. But we are required to bear our testimony, to be witnesses for the gospel, to "I do believe." When men thus unite to express their belief in any doctrine, or their allegiance to any person, the act is itself a power in human affairs. Never is the conscience of an unconverted man so effectively pricked, as when some friend or neighbor, with whom he has frequent intercourse openly confesses Christ.

There is a significant and beautiful counterpart to confession of Christ. When Peter said to Jesus, "Thou art the Christ," the Lord replied, "It also say to thee." As Peter acknowledged Jesus to be his Lord and Master, so Jesus acknowledged Peter to be his disciple. It is a noble confession, of Lordship on the one side and of discipleship on the other. This seems to be the natural interpretation of our Lord's reply to his disciples, "Ye also know me to be what I claim to be, the Messiah, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world; I also acknowledge you, and all who thus believe and profess to be my disciples, my friends, the representatives of my religion." And elsewhere, in the passage already quoted, Jesus expressly says that in the world to come he will confess before his Father, that he will publicly acknowledge and recognize as his friends, those who in this world have confessed or acknowledged him. We confess Christ here, we are confessed by him hereafter. Glorious reward!

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confessed and absolved her; weak by weak, or even day by day; and has left her to believe the fatal lie, that he, a poor, weak, and sinning creature, could actually pardon all her sins. Others may call Messiaour Christ 'a holy and deeply religious man; if they will; but we should be very unwilling to award him any such commendations. It is not, however of him, so much as of the system, that we complain. Without any doubt or hesitation we say, that the Romish Church has, far more than the case of Queen Isabella. Her moral classes were known to all men, yet her confessor could 'shrivel' her work by weak, and even her 'shriv' Father the Pope could stoop to send her a sign token of his approbation, the golden rose, blessed by him, and held to confer peculiar privileges. Thus sanctioned and approved by the chief men in her church, how was poor Isabella to imagine, that she, after, all, a wretched sinner against even the decrees of life, and an object of loathing to sixteen-twentieths of her own subjects?—London Morning Advertiser.

The Runaway Knock. "Teacher," said a bright, earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, seek ye and shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted."

"Did you never sit by your cheerful parlor fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a loud knocking at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out into the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering feet of some mischievous boy, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? This is it often with us. We ask for blessings, but we do not really expect them; we knock, but do not wish to enter; we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not fulfill his promises, will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with new light dawning in his soul. "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. He has never promised it. I mean to keep knocking, knocking, until, until he cannot help opening the door."

Trembling and weakly doubting, I knocked at Mercy's gate, Listening yet unexpecting, I did not even wait, But stepping quickly backward, I stated that I might see, Whether the gracious Keeper Would admit me into his room.

He came not, then I murmured; I murmur not to day; I'm knocking now at Mercy's gate, I will not go away. —Sunday School Times.

Deans of Canterbury and Westminster. There are very significant indications of the progress which liberal Church principles are making in England. The Dean of Canterbury, the learned and distinguished Dr. Alfred, has put himself again and again upon record as in favor of the admission of dissenting clergymen into pulpits of the Church of England, and of acts of inter-communion with their Churches. Some time since the Dean of Westminster, the brilliant and accomplished Dr. Stanley, expressed the opinion that the only way to save the Church of England was to treat the dissenting clergy as on an equality with themselves. Lately, at a meeting at the house of the Rev. Newman Hall, he avowed his opinion of the desirableness of occasional pulp exchanges between the Dissenting clergy and the clergy of the Establishment. It is beginning to be felt both in England and this country that the most powerful blow is to be given to Ritualism, not by ecclesiastical trials, but by practical exhibition of the unity of Evangelical Protestantism.—Prot. Churchman.

A Church in Revolution. No careful student of the events of the past six months can fail to recognize the revolutionary character of the present struggle in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is not merely dogmatically. Neither is it a contest about unimportant questions of church discipline. Nor yet is it only a strife about doctrinal differences. The very nature and relations of the Church itself are the points in issue. And it is high time that this question was plainly put before the people.—Protestant Churchman.

Gavazzi hard at work. Alive, active, stirring as ever, Christian Work in Italy, says that he has preached and lectured in Venice, seventy-two times; in Leghorn, forty six; in Milan, twenty-nine; in Genoa, twenty-six; in Ferrara, fifteen; in Luca, twelve; as well as repeatedly in Piacenza, Como, Verona, Padua, Mira, etc., etc. And his discourses are orations in which the speaker's whole nature—body, soul, and spirit—is earnestly engaged, frequently occupying two hours, and delivered to immense and exciting crowds.

There is probably no preacher in Italy who, in the same period, has been listened to by half the same number of persons. His varied national qualifications for the work, elevated and sanctified by the grace of God, give him advantages not possessed by any other living preacher, and place him foremost in the van of Italian evangelists.

The Archbishop of Cleveland suggested that the resolution some to last year might be repeated by that House, as it represented a new Convocation.

This was agreed to by the Archbishop of Lindisfarne, and the Prolocutor withdrew his amendment. The latter part of the Archbishop of Lindisfarne's resolution was then put to the meeting and carried by a large majority, only two hands being held up against it.

Quite an interesting discussion took place All the speakers spoke respectfully of the Wesleyans. The President said: "The Wesleyans were one with them in doctrine, and they sprang out of the Church of England, not because they intended separation but because they could not remain in her; And when they heard the name of Wesley, and contemplated the genius of the Wesleyan body, he felt with a certain thrill of shame at knowing that the Church of England then parted with what she might have kept. Nor could there be a doubt that the Wesleyan body had rendered in the North of England great services. Could there be a doubt that when the Church slumbered in drooping enjoyment of her corporate property that the Wesleyans kept alive the fundamental truth that the way to the throne of grace was by each man embracing the offer of salvation, and receiving the glorious tidings of forgiveness for mercy? That was what the Wesleyan body had been doing since it existed; and therefore it was in no spirit of hostility to that body that he proposed proceeding any further in the direction suggested by the motion."

General Miscellany. "I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else." Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life at the present rate. She makes nothing serious, no acquaintance with his story of her times, nothing intellectual; nothing but newspaper news! Empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads which the weekly press teems and groans, throwing off by tens of thousands its sheets of shallow, insipid and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destruction of all taste and fitness for life's duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentality to divide the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly paper, and parent and child will soon begin assimilating to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large. Bland and stupid therefore, your worse, are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are good for nothing, then had—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be "at the foot" in a town school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation. Albany Spectator.

True Courtesy. Real courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms in the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Show me the man who can give the brilliant society of the young, to hold to the kind voice of age; who can listen to cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charm, show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy, show me the man who treats an unprotected maidenhood as he would the betrothed, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family; show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to a woman, in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman.—May, you show me better—you show me a true Christian.

Build Wisely.

Be true to yourself and young man, Be true to yourself and God; Ere you build your house mark well the spot, Test all the ground, and build you set, On the sand or the abaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundations deep, young man, Plant firmly the corner wall, Let the props be strong and the roof be high; With an open turret toward the sky, Through which heaven's dew may fall,

Let this be the room of the soul, young man, When shadows shall bead care; A chamber with never a roof or thatch To hinder the light—or door, or latch To shut in the spirit's prayer.

Build slow and sure—'tis for life, young man, A life that outlives the breath; For who shall gain the Holy Word? "Their works do follow them," saith the Lord, "Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high and broad, young man, As the needful case demands; Let your title-deeds be clear and bright, Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light, For the "house not made with hands."

Knocked about in the World. It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though he is soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly sixteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-confidence. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but schoolboys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; and no man can ever be truly good or truly respectable who is vain, pompous, and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, he is the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down, or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world—it makes men of them.

The Yosemite Valley. "Carleton," the well-known correspondent of the Boston Journal, who has been visiting this famous region that color and rhetoric have so taxed themselves to set forth, thus describes the sardonic gorge and magnificent cataract: "We have been riding through the forests since early morning, and it is mid-afternoon when we approached the valley. We come to no view of the chasm, but suddenly we have a clear space and find ourselves upon its brink. One may leap off our steed, and horse and rider would fly half a mile down into the yawning gulf! The heart ceases for a moment to beat on the troubled waves was missing—her father's hoarse and half a mile from the cottage, her father's body was washed upon the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She washed her father's body, according to the custom of the people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she laid down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her chamber, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it and spun when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine. So many banks as she had, spun before for her daily bread, she spun will, and once over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, desolate harbor has never once been without the light of the candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say now many a dark night the fishermen depending on it, went fearlessly forth can not be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight came; they had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; they saw but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flames and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men and just men and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worry, certainly not more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman! but never for the dreared rock, her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatman's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or, perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course. Sometimes the fishermen fly fish on her

gy, the Te Deum Laudamus, the eternal hymn of praise!

Hidden from view by a great precipice are the lofty "Yosemite" falls and cascades; as we hear the voices of the water; like an unseen choir, chanting as of old in the temple service. In his hand are the drops of dew of the earth. The strength of the hills is his also.

There are but eight persons in our company, yet we join in singing Old Hundred. How insignificant! The only fitting choir would be that of the whole Church militant singing the closing chorus of Handel's Messiah from this halcyon stand-point.

THE YOSEMITE FALLS. They are situated near the middle of the valley upon the northern side. They are in full view from my window. There are three falls, with two interesting cascades. The lower fall has a perpendicular descent of about four hundred feet, the middle one and the cascades a descent of seven hundred feet, the upper one a perpendicular of fifteen hundred feet, the entire distance about twenty six hundred feet. It seems but a short distance up to the place where the mighty trail of the upper fall sweeps the rocky shelf; but before starting to climb thither fill your pockets with bread and cheese, for hour after hour will slip away before you can reach it; but when there you may stand behind the veil and look down upon this cathedral floor through circling rainbows. Or you may sit here beneath the mighty pines and never grow weary with gazing upon the ever descending stream, awayed by the wind of its own creation; a sheet of molten silver pouring over the cliff, changing to masses of light, crumbling into crystals, and dissolving in star dust.

Crossing the Merced, so clear that we can almost count the glittering of the sands at the bottom of its deepest channel, following a foot-path over the meadows and beneath old oaks and pines, we reach the foot of the lower fall, finding a seat on a block of granite as big as a country farm-house, which has fallen two-thirds of a mile from the cliff above us. Pick out the tallest pine, measure its height by the eye, then set it against the cliff and see how little it reaches up. It is no more than a yard-stick against the pine itself, or the highest reach of the upraised arm of a child against a church steeple! It is only by some such standard that we can comprehend the height of these walls.

In the spring of the year, when the rains and the sun dissolve the snow upon the mountains, this cataract is a hundred times more majestic than now. We have evidence of the power of its might in the great boulders of granite around us, larger than a thirty-ton locomotive, which in years gone by come down the dizzy height snapping the largest pines and fir as if they were but p-p-stems, crushing and grinding the rocks beneath to powder. So the Almighty sets the forces of nature to grinding the solid granite into flour for human food—the "river of Mercy" waiting it out upon the meadows, to be transmuted by golden sunlight and dew into ripened wheat and pulsing grapes.

Science is at a loss to account for the formation of this abyss. Was it chiseled out? Then what became of the chips? Or was there a falling in at the bottom—a giving way of the rock beneath? Omnipotent might alone could raze three miles of solid rock as if they had no more tenacity than pipe clay—the same omnipotence which shields the sparrow and crowns the year with goodness.

A Story of Long Ago. The long time ago to which I mean to refer was a wild night in March, during which, in a fishermen's boat ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel, and looking out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened tremblingly, to the sound and the sea. The morning light dawned at last. The boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's hoarse and half a mile from the cottage, her father's body was washed upon the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She washed her father's body, according to the custom of the people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she laid down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her chamber, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it and spun when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine. So many banks as she had, spun before for her daily bread, she spun will, and once over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, desolate harbor has never once been without the light of the candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say now many a dark night the fishermen depending on it, went fearlessly forth can not be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight came; they had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; they saw but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flames and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men and just men and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worry, certainly not more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman! but never for the dreared rock, her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatman's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or, perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course. Sometimes the fishermen fly fish on her