

THE GIVING OF THE LAW.

The lightnings wrapped the mountain round, The rumbling thunders shook the ground, And flame, and fire, and smoke appeared, While darkly hung the cloud o'er head.

Still hangs the cloud o'er Sinai's brow, And lo! in fire descending now, Jehovah deigns with man to speak— What blanches not the prophet's cheek?

Fort Clarence, Feb. 19, 1877.

REV. W. W. HOLLAND ON "EX-TEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING."

Delivered before the Local Preachers of London.

He wished to consider in the second place how the power of extemporaneous speaking was to be attained. It was, no doubt, natural with some people of gifts, but it would be better for them to assume that none of them possessed that gift, and then consider whether they could acquire it.

be chosen; the subject should be urged on both sides and then a reply made but he thought it inadvisable to vote in order to ascertain which side won. Their object should be not to win, but to accustom themselves to extemporaneous speaking.

A LEGEND OF ST. FRANCISCA.

BY LUTHERA WHITNEY.

On a prayer-desk of the chapel, In an old baronial hall, Lay a priceless vellum Bible, Chained and bolted to the wall.

Before it, on a velvet cushion, Was Francisca of the Yare, Reading from the holy volume, In the attitude of prayer.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel"— As she read she heard a call: "Master, with his hunting party, Waits your coming in the hall."

Half an hour she spent in talking Of the coming chase and feast; Horse and hounds, and tercel gentle, That should ride upon her wrist.

Then returning to the chapel She began the psalm anew, "Truly God is good to Israel"— "Mama, mama, I want you."

Called her daughter from the nursery And no shadow dimmed her face; Though she left her index pointing To the same remembered place.

Scarcely had she hushed the baby When three holy pilgrims stood, At the draw-bridge humbly craving In Christ's name for rest and food.

"Thus I serve Thee in my household, Of my work an offering make Sanctify it, O my Father, And accept it for his sake."

Praying thus, she served the pilgrims From the castle's choicest store; And the fourth time read her lesson To the same verse as before.

The fifth time at the threshold She paused in mute surprise, For from her humble prayer-book She saw an angel rise.

He touched her blessed Bible With his starred and plumed pen, Then slowly floated upward, And she stood alone again.

With reverent feet she sought her desk, And knelt in silent awe, For on the letters of her text, The angel's work she saw.

No longer black with scrivener's ink, But golden, clear and bright, These words upon the vellum page Shone with a heavenly light:—

"Nevertheless I am continually with Thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

'Tis but an idle legend Of the old monastic time; But in it read a lesson For your busy life and mine.

A LONDON CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF POVERTY.

A "SEXAGENARIAN CURATE," writes to the Standard, saying that his experience may possibly throw some little light on the difficulty experienced in obtaining curates of the Church of England, as it will show what may be the possible end of a life spent in doing the work of that Church:—"I was admitted to holy orders," he says, "some five-and-thirty years ago, and began my ministry in the diocese of Ely.

"The death of my last rector, and the loss of a small patrimony by ill-advised investments, drove me to London, to seek rest and medical advice. There my trials began. The money I had left was soon spent; and being at that time an invalid, and unequal to the exertion of reading or preaching, I looked about for employment which my knowledge of books and some skill as a linguist pointed out as the most likely way by which I might earn my daily bread.

"My books and my sermons were sold, and my clothes that were good for anything went piece by piece to the pawnbroker. But I still struggled on, eating the scanty bread of independence, and suffering the most pinching

poverty. This kind of existence lasted more than two years. I wrote to some brother-clergymen of the same University, who were my contemporaries, an account of my position. One of them sent my letter to the Mendicity Office; another forwarded my communication to the Charity Organization Society. I was interviewed by officials from both institutions. They treated me much as is the wont of such men to treat the ordinary mendicants and impostors of London.

"The mendicity officer advised me to apply to the Church Societies which profess to aid necessitous clergymen. The agent of the Charity Organization Society gave similar counsel. So I appealed to three of the best known of the Church Societies in town. My reference to beneficed clergymen who knew me personally were satisfactory. I had never incurred censure from my bishops, or blame from any one of my numerous incumbents. But to each application there came a reply of regret from the secretary, civilly worded, but meaning—no. Things were now looking very gloomy. I had sunk into a state of semi-starvation. Pacing the streets in search of employment, with worn-out boots and threadbare clothes, I have at times been without food for two consecutive days.

"So I made up my mind that I must die—die of sheer want, in the midst of the richest city of the world, surrounded by treasures of untold wealth, encompassed by abundance in every form. To all appearance the end was fast coming. One day in the past autumn of 1876 I had managed to drag myself to a seat near the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. There I sat for hours, hardly knowing where I was. Boys were sailing their toy ships on the water, men were giving their dogs a swim, nursemaids with bright-eyed children were throwing bread to the wild fowl. A flood of golden sunshine poured itself on the trees, and on the shining roof of the palace hard by, and lighted up the many-coloured dresses of ladies who were taking their afternoon walk. It was Saturday, and I had scarcely tasted food since the previous Thursday. It was, however, a day that brought an end to my suffering from absolute want.

"An old college friend, whom I had not seen for many years, was crossing the gardens, and recognized me. My story was soon told, and relief promptly given. But for the timely arrival of this good Samaritan I should have perished, and another death from starvation would have formed the subject of a paragraph in the columns of the press, with no information that the latest victim was a clergyman and a scholar. I did not wish to write bitterly, but I would fain have this picture of what may be the possible end and reward of a life spent in the service of the Church of England taken into consideration by those who are starting in the race. If, after years of patient waiting, a curate should unhappily lose his health, and fall out of work, there exists no institution to which he may turn for speedy aid. Mechanics and labourers, with their clubs and benefit societies, are far better provided for than are poor scholars or impoverished clergymen. With me life's little day is well nigh ended. But as a warning to the golden youth of Oxford and Cambridge, in the midst, of my present surroundings of garret toil and London loneliness this Christmas-tide, I wrote this brief sketch of my own career."

OBITUARY.

Died at Berwick, Jan'y. 25th, ANNE COLDWELL, aged ten years, eldest daughter of David and Emma Coldwell.

This death has caused much sadness in our community. Her sweet and amiable disposition and winning manner endeared her to all. The diligence with which she pursued her various studies, and the faithfulness with she performed every duty caused us to hope for her a bright future in this life. But God had in store far better things, and it has pleased him to call her suddenly "To that blissful inheritance that fadeeth not away."

About three years ago, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Addy, she became conscious of her state as a sinner, and showed her determination to give her heart to God. And those who knew her best testify there was a great change in her life from that time. In the home circle she seemed a ministering angel, lending a helping hand wherever it was required. Joining in the amusements of her younger brothers and sisters; and with a skill far beyond her years—tenderly soothing all their griefs and sorrows. Who can picture her loss there. Only the Hand that has inflicted the wound can mercifully heal it.

In the Sabbath school she was a faithful scholar. Studying diligently the word of God, drinking in eagerly every word from her teacher, to whom she seemed much attached. Her seat was never vacant when it was possible for her to be there. On the Sabbath before her death she was in her place as usual. But on the following Tuesday she was taken ill and showed some symptoms of diphtheria, but was not thought to be a dangerous state. Yet she continued to grow worse, until Thursday night her mother, who was watching over her, felt fearful her end was not far distant. She seemed to be conscious of it herself for she called her mother and asked her to pray for her. She promised to do so, at the same time telling her she must pray for herself. "Oh I do pray ma," she said. After a little, her mother went to her again, and with almost breaking heart pointed her to the Lamb of God. Telling her that Jesus loves little children. "Yes, I know he does," she said. Then in a moment more she exclaimed "I know, I know Jesus will save me." For a short time she seemed to sleep—then aroused and asked for a drink. After she had taken it she quietly leaned her head back and all was over. Without a struggle she had passed from this weary world of sin safe to the arms of Jesus. When we think of her glorious change, we can but say—though it be with tearful eyes and aching hearts—"the will of the Lord be done."

Had a stranger visited our Sunday school on the Sabbath after her death, they could not have failed to see the tender regard in which she was held, by the teachers and scholars.

"She is not dead, this child of our affection, But gone into that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule."

M.

DEAN STANLEY has been speaking on the subject of sanitary reform, and particularly on the part the clergy should play in promoting it. He told a story of John Wesley, "the most famous clergyman of the eighteenth century." He remembered he said, an old woman telling him that when she was a little girl, Wesley came into the cottage where she lived—a fine little man with a plain voice. There was fever in the house, and on entering it he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, opened the windows, and poured out the dirty water. The Dean also referred to Charles Kingsley, and said that it was this matter of sanitary reform which most fired his ambition, and gave him more than anything else the character of a Crusader. The clergy of the Established Church have doubtless not always been mindful of their duties and opportunities with respect to this important question; but certainly, neither have the clergy of other Churches. A few plain lectures on sanitary laws might be given with advantage to the students in our institutions.

Among those who obtained degrees at Cambridge, were Mr. Alfred B. Wilson, of Bath, and Mr. E. Chambers, of Hammersmith, and among the successful candidates at the recent Matriculation Examination at London University, were the following former scholars of New Kingswood, viz.:

A. J. Gaskin, 4th in Honours with prize of £10, son of the Rev. J. Gaskin, Boulsgrove.

T. Jackson, First Division, son of the Rev. W. Jackson, (B. A.).

C. G. Nuttall, First Division, son of the Rev. C. Nuttall, Machynlleth.

I hear that on an average one Wesleyan minister per week has died since Conference. The death-roll of the year promises to be a long one.—London Methodist.

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