

Memorial Notices.

Jesus we murmur not That thou has taken hence to be with Thee, The friends so dear to us; we have a sure And certain hope to meet them in Thy realms Above, where parting is no more; and though Our tears will fall, as fond remembrances Arise of happy hours gone by, we look To Thee for strength and help to say—Thy will Be done, who givest thy beloved sleep."

CARRIE FAWCETT,

beloved daughter of W. Wesley and Margaret Fawcett, Upper Sackville, after witnessing the death by diphtheria of a little brother, was prostrated by the same dread disease, and passed away after a few days illness, July 4th, 1880, aged fifteen years. Her sufferings were very severe. The exudation in the throat continued to increase until the terrible "membrane" occasioned violent spasms and intense suffering, yet during this slow process of strangulation, Carrie's countenance was radiant with the joy of her soul. Seldom has it been our lot to witness—never indeed in one so young—so manifest a triumph of Divine grace. Her triumphant expressions of faith in God; her loving utterances of the name of Jesus; her wise and impressive counsels to friends; were worthy the wisdom and piety of advanced age. Conscious that her end was near, she called for her pen, and succeeded after repeated and exhausting efforts in filling a half page of note paper with dying counsels and adieu to her young friends. At different times and in the midst of her own sufferings she had with grateful emotions of what Christ had endured for her, of her abiding hope of speedy release, and of her longing for eternal life. She struggled hard and long with the inexorable disease, but was at length overcome and gently fell asleep in Jesus. We turned away from Carrie's dying bed thankful to God that we had been permitted to read one more chapter of Christian evidences.

MRS. JOHN FAWCETT,

Scarcely had the grave closed over the remains of dear Carrie when Catherine Fawcett, beloved wife of John Fawcett, Esq., became aware that the same fatal disease had fastened upon her. She had cheerfully given her presence and aid to the afflicted and now bereaved family of her brother-in-law, Bro. Wesley Fawcett. Her ministries to the dying and the dead involved to great a strain upon her enfeebled constitution—the disease attacked her on Thursday, and on the following Monday morning, July 12th, 1880, she passed to rest, in the 55th year of her age. Sister Fawcett's family name was Atkinson. Her father, the late "Kitty" Atkinson, is remembered by many of the elder people of the country as, for many years, a very zealous and useful class-leader. At the early age of eleven our sister connected herself with the Methodist Church, of which she remained a useful member to the day of her death. She had the care of a large family, nine of whom, with the deeply-stricken husband, survive to cherish her memory. As a Christian mother she was ever solicitous for the welfare of her children for both worlds. She lived to see the seven who had passed the years of childhood, promising members of the Church. When she became conscious that she was seized by diphtheria, she calmly turned her thoughts to the future and prepared for a fatal issue. There was no great surprise, no strong emotion. She was fully resigned. The Master had come and was calling for her. She had but to repeat, with the emphasis of the last occasion, the valuable counsels she had frequently given her family in health—to leave her messages of love to friends and neighbors, and then, committing her interests for time and eternity to the hand of the Great Disposer, she calmly awaited the call that should release her from her weakness and suffering. She was heard to say, "I know whom I have believed, &c." "So tired." "I know what that means." She found her rest. How comforting to the friends that mourn is the thought that it was permitted to our sister to close her useful life amid ministries of kindness to those who were in great need, and so to vindicate her claim to the designation—"A good neighbor." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, &c." D. C.

Correspondence.

A SABBATH IN ST. JOHN.

Sabbath, August 15th, was a bright, beautiful day, with the exception of a smart shower between four and five in the afternoon. At 11 a. m. we sat in the basement of the Portland Methodist Church, the main audience room not being yet quite completed. The basement is large and commodious, and is well arranged for Sabbath-school work. We were very glad to learn that our dear brethren of this Church are all alive to the great importance of Sabbath-school work. There was present a good and devout congregation. Bro. McKeown occupied the pulpit. He preached from the precious words, "Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts," etc. We have heard him preach with, apparently, more power, but the discourse was thoroughly evangelical, inspiring and comforting. The singing did us much good. It was lively, earnest, and with very suitable expression. Altogether, we thoroughly enjoyed the service.

We went to the Mechanic's Institute at 4 p. m., and heard the Rev. Mr. Chubbuck, a Boston evangelist. The audience was a large one. Mr. C., who has an excellent voice, sang some pieces very well, but we did not think that the solos he sang, either as to their poetry or musical composition, were much, indeed we counted them inferior. Mr. C. announced for his subject "Ye must be born again." He gave a very earnest exhortation, which was listened to very attentively by all present, as far as we could see. The point of his address was immediate closing with the Saviour, and seeking holiness of heart. There was no effort at all at explanation, no attempt at instruction. He did not tell us what it is to be born again, and

very little as to how we might attain it. We confess to some considerable disappointment here. The subject was so vital, the interests at stake so great, we had hoped this grand subject would have been handled masterfully by one who is so thoroughly in earnest.

In the evening we sat, by the kindness of one of the brethren, in one of the uppermost seats in the lecture-room of the Centenary Church. This was the first time we had been in this edifice. We need but express the general testimony concerning it, that it is elaborate and beautiful. The chairs used for seats are very near each other, so that there is no room to kneel before the Lord, and, in common with the entire audience, we had to sit at prayer. This part of the service did not enjoy, but made the best of it. A peculiar feeling came over us as we looked over the audience. How very different from that we were wont to see twenty-six years ago in the former church. True, there are a few links remaining, a few faces to remind us of those days, many of which are of happy memory. But then we thought—and the thought did comfort our heart—many of those with whom we took sweet counsel in going to the house of God, are with Jesus. We praised the Lord for this blessed assurance. Bro. Currie preached an eloquent sermon. There was much to inspire, stir up, and intensify our zeal for God. We had some regret that he left St. Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans. Charity forbids us from coming to the conclusion that this was intentional. We hope God will greatly bless Bro. C.'s ministry in the Centenary. From all I could learn, the congregation are in entire sympathy with him in all his work, especially in regard to building the Church, and commencing at once. May he see this grand work accomplished.

R. WASSON.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF HON. JOHN RORKE AND LADY.

CARBONAR, Nfld., Aug. 14, 1880.

ME. EDITOR.—There are many readers of your largely circulated and well-conducted paper who will be pleased to hear through its columns of this very interesting event. It is not often they are recorded, and when they do happen I think they should not be passed unnoticed.

Mr. Rorke has been connected with the Methodist Church from his infancy, and so has his beloved wife. Their home has been a home for Methodist ministers for very many years past. Some of the ministry have here also found valuable help-meets who are toiling with their husbands in the cause of Christ. For these and other reasons we think it fit and proper, and not at all out of place, that your numerous readers should be informed of the event, that they, with those connected with the family and their numerous friends, may wish this aged couple every blessing in this life, and a happy termination of its chequered career.

As you may imagine, the relatives and friends took occasion of this event to show their love and appreciation of the hon. gentleman's and lady's many excellent qualities. The presents which they received were costly, chaste and very appropriate, and it is to be hoped they will live long to enjoy them. The ministers and other members of the Board of Trustees of the Carbonar circuit presented Mr. Rorke with a congratulatory address, which was read by the Rev. George Boyd, the Superintendent of the circuit.

The address contains the following sentiments.

We are thankful that you have been spared so long; that by your business energy the mercantile interests of Carbonar should be consolidated and furthered. We would also rejoice in the goodness of God in sparing you as one of the oldest living trustees of our church, and thank God for the interest, your good lady and yourself have always manifested in the promotion of the interests of our Zion.

As one of the homes in this land where Methodist ministers have always found a welcome and a home, we would remember with you this day. We trust and pray that many happy days and years may be before you both, and that when life shall close, you may be found celebrating in higher realms the goodness of your God.

Several very excellent pieces of poetry were received and read,—among the rest one composed by the Rev. Joseph Pascoe of Brigus, an intimate friend of the family, and read by the Rev. J. Goodison. Altogether the event has passed happily by. Letters and telegrams were received from far and near. The expressions of love and esteem were such as few are favored with. We hope that this dear old couple may long be spared to enjoy each other's society on earth, and then throughout eternity dwell with Christ in heaven, which is far better.

WELL-WISHER.

THE LAY MINISTRY.

MR. EDITOR.—I have not seen the July number of the Canadian Methodist Magazine, therefore I am unable to know precisely the ideas of the late Robert Wilkes, but from what I can gather from "Observer," I think that Mr. Wilkes and "Observer" both deserve the thanks of the Methodist body.

I fully agree with them in the first and second ideas advanced by "Observer." The evil arises from the same cause in both cases. I have watched for the last twenty years the working of some, at least, of our country circuits, and I find, and so will any others who take an interest in Methodism, that although we have more ministers on some of those circuits, yet they are not advancing, but rather retrograding; therefore, I am led to ask, why it is that our ministers, especially those on country circuits, want their circuits divided, and why, on most country circuits, the office of local preacher has been abolished? I cannot wait for the answer, but facts have given it; and when I state it, or give my idea of the same, it will be an answer to both. In doing so you must allow me a little latitude, and the privilege of going back forty or fifty years, and how were matters then? Why, on most country circuits there were from one to a half a dozen local preachers, who, in their day, were the means of doing more good, God's blessing following their labors with-

out the aid of special effort, and they were always acceptable and beloved by the people. Besides, if there was a missionary or other meeting to be held, it was not as now; many of the local brethren were movers and seconders of resolutions. It has sometimes seemed to me that the ministers of that and a later day must have felt some jealousy towards local brethren, and have influenced their congregations. However this may be, local preachers are seldom heard in our country circuits. I am aware that in cities like St. John, Halifax and Charlottetown, they keep up the good old system of Mr. Wesley, and I am sure that none of our ministers of the present day know better than what is best for our beloved Methodism. This change having taken place, the people are now not satisfied unless they have one of the regular ministers in the pulpit; therefore the ministers require a small circuit, which they can go round in one Sabbath. Consequently more ordained ministers are required. The people are unable to pay these, and frequent deficiencies are heard of in the minister's salary at the June Quarterly Meeting. Let us look at the former country, where local preachers were first used. Surely there they have as much light and understanding, in all matters, especially in all that will benefit Methodism. Have they done away with local preachers? Have they found out that they are a useless body of men? I will give the answer from the Burslem circuit, in Staffordshire. The question was asked of one of their leading local preachers—Edwin Powell, Esq.—"How many local preachers have you on the Burslem circuit?" He answered,—"We have three towns in the circuit, Burslem, Hanly and Tunstal, and three ordained preachers and thirty local preachers, besides a good staff of exhorters and prayer leaders."

It is plain we have departed from the good old ways of our Methodist fathers, and the sooner we get back to them the better it will be for the Church, its ministers and people.

OSBERVEN, JUNR.

County of Annapolis, August 21, 1880.

NOTE.—We assure our correspondent that his assumption of jealousy on the part of the itinerant ministry has not the slightest foundation in fact. None can prize more highly than they the assistance of devoted and competent lay preachers. We have such in the Lower Provinces, and wish they would consent to enter our pulpits more frequently. EDITOR.

MINISTERIAL COURTESY.

It is always a special duty among Christian ministers to care for each other, and to seek in all things to render mutual help in their peculiar duties and labors,—seeking to elevate the aggregate character of the ministry and the personal welfare and effectiveness of each individual. And this common duty is intensified by the very intimate relations into which Methodist ministers are brought in respect to each other and to the aggregate body of which they are members. It is indeed a duty of the very highest interest, and incumbent on every one to use all proper means for promoting the purity and the effectiveness of the body, and steadily to elevate its character. First of all, there should be used due diligence to secure a sufficient supply of thoroughly trained recruits for the ministry; and then great care should be exercised that no unworthy person shall be admitted to the body. And after such admission each one should feel and confess the most sacred obligation, on the one hand to suffer no sin or fault in any member of the body, and on the other to guard with the most delicate fidelity the golden name of every one. This duty our ministers, like those of other denominations, owe to themselves and to each other; but on account of the peculiar relations of our ministry to the churches, this duty becomes a most sacred one. Our churches are supplied with ministers and pastors, not of their own choosing, but such as are sent to them by the proper officers of the denomination. The pastoral office, with all its sacred and delicate relations, is thus given to comparative strangers, the pledge for whose fitness for such a trust is their standing in the body of the ministry. And since every member of that body must be assigned to some church, without recourse on the part of those to whom he may be sent, these considerations should steadily impress those concerned with a lively sense of the high duty that devolves upon the Methodist ministry respecting the composition and character of their own body.—National Repository.

A RUMSELLER'S STORY.

A man named Stacy, the owner of a splendid drinking-saloon in New York, signed the pledge lately and closed his house. Hearing that a party of lads had formed themselves into a temperance society, he went to them and gave them his experience as a rum-seller. We repeat some of his recollections for our larger audience. "I sold liquor," said Mr. Stacy, "for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterwards fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated come into my saloon, who now cannot buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers worth from one thousand dollars, who are now without money, place or friends." He warned boys against entering saloons on any pretext. He stated that he had seen many a young fellow, member of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said the rum-seller, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any man, no matter how strong his resolutions, is outside the door of the saloon."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Luxury increases the luggage of life, and thereby impedes the march.

To conceal a fault by a lie has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

A good definition: 'Obedience is love in action.'

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

There is a great deal of modesty in this world which will gaze at almost anything—provided it can be seen through a crack.

The Golden Rule says: "Things are going wretchedly wrong in that family where the little ones stay in the house as a prison, or go to bed unhappy."

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.—Madame de Staël.

"This is the season," remarked an observing paragrapher, in June, when the colleges shoot off the alphabet, and no must be a man of very low degree who is not hit with two or three capital letters."

A French artist gave his last work to a porter to convey to the Salon. "Be careful," said he, "the picture is scarcely dry." "Oh, never mind," exclaimed the porter, "my clothes are old!"

Can anything be more absurd than the political economy that puts one dollar into the public treasury by licensing the making of criminals, and then spends ten for their prosecution and punishment.

A generous sophism lurks in the supposition that one man is as good as another, or even that one man is as much a man as another. Manhood varies—varies in volume and purity.

There are beauties of character which, like the night-blooming cereus are closed against the glare and turbulence of everyday life, and bloom only in the shade and solitude beneath the quiet stars.

A preacher at a Sunday school excursion described heaven as an eternity of picnics—and several young men, members of his congregation, who lugged baskets weighing nearly a ton each, and climbed high trees to put up swings, have left church.

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the street with his arms hanging in curves from his body like the wings of an overheated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."

A South Carolina Baptist Church contains in its old records the mention of a woman's being excluded from the church for the offense of "doing too much talking in the neighborhood." As no such case is recorded of late years, it is supposed that the race of such women is extinct.

Feinagle taught a system of memory—mnemotechnics. One day a friend of his found a hotel servant laughing heartily. On asking the cause of his mirth, the fellow replied: "I can't help it, sir; it's raining hard, and that ere memory man has gone and forgotten his umbrella!"

A house without a roof would scarcely be less a home, according to Bushnell, than a family unsheltered by God's friendship." A pious wife with a prayerless husband is compared by Payson to a dove with a broken wing, trying to beat her upward way through storm and wind.

The process by which a church fair pays church-debts is thus described by a Presbyterian elder: "Now, brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food. Then give it to the Church. Then go buy it back again. Then eat it up, and then—your Church-debt is paid."

The following grave remark is credited to a Cape Cod sexton. It was an exceptionally fine day in September, when the fashioner of final resting-places said, with a sigh of regret: "This would be a lovely day for a berrien—if there was anybody to be berried."

"Yes, I am to be married, my dear friend. The young lady is pretty and very clever, yet she cannot play the piano forte, that is her only failing." "Why? I should call that a blessing. It is certainly no fault!" "Hear me through. She cannot play the piano forte, but she always insists on playing."

O! there are golden moments in men's lives Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds, All gold, which suddenly illumine the gates Of the lost sun.

O, play for them! They bring No increase like the gains of sun and showers, Only a moment's brightness to the earth, Only a moment's gleam in common life, Yet who would change them for the wealth of worlds?

He was only a poor street-crossing sweeper. But he was missed from his place before Mr. Gladstone's door, and the Premier called to see what was the matter. The sweeper was telling it to his minister afterward, and said: "Yes, sir, he just got right down on his knees and prayed for me!" Mr. Gladstone is an eloquent orator. But it will be a long time before he can put as much eloquence in his words as he embodied in that simple act of obedience to the Spirit of the Master.

A lady had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door that "Mrs. ——— was not at home." One day John made this reply to a lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to his mistress, she said, "John, what did you say to the lady?" "I told her you were not at home." "Well, John I hope you did not laugh." "Oh, no, ma'am," said John. "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

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