THE WHISLEY

If I should die to-night My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place, And deem that death had left it almost

And, laying snow white flowers against Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness.

And fold my hands with lingering caress-Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to night My friends would call to mind, with lov ing thought. Some kindly deed the icy hand had

Some gent le worthe frozen lips had said Errands on which the willing feet had sped-The memory of my selfishness and pride,

My hasty words would all be laid aside, And so I should be mourned and loved to-night.

if I should die to night Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,

Re alling other days remorsefully, The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance, And soften in the old familiar way, For who would war with dumb unconscious

So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night, Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold

The way is lonely; let me feel them now. Think gently of me : I am travel-worn ; My faltering feet are pierced with many Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive I

plead! When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long to-night.

-Newark Daily Advertiser.

## BOSTON TABERNACLE SERVICES

## SERMON BY D. L. MOODY, MARCH 6TH.

Mr. Moody took for his text Deuteronomy vi, 7 and v, 29, and said: I remember years ago, when I was Superintendent of a Sabbath-school in Chicago, I used to think if I was a preacher I would preach most of the time to parents. We hear a good deal about "if you get the lambs you will be sure to get the sheep.' but my experience was right the reverse; that in order to get the lambs, and have them well nursed and trained, we have got to get the parents, and if the father and mother were all the week pulling " right against the instruction you give the children on the Sabbath, there isn't much power to do them good.

I believe the most powerful sermon that can be preached in this world is a happy Christian home. If parents exert a right influence over their family, I cant help but believe the children wil grow up to honor and love God. I can imagine some of you meet me with the objection: "How is it that Christians' children are any worse than any others?" That is one of Satan's lies! There isn't any truth in that. If a minister's child turns out bad, Satan is pretty well up to it, and he spreads it far and near, and, being a public man, it is held up. Somebody has tried that. They took a district of country, and took the figures, and where the father and mother were both Christians two-thirds of the children over twelve years old were Christians, where only one one-third, and there was only one-twelfth where neither the father nor mother were Christians.

One reason why Christian children don't always turn out well is that they don't inherit grace. They have to be born of God as much as others. Another reason is because their parents make an empty profession, and the children are very quick to detect it. Another reason is that the father and mother are not united, and one often destroys by bad example all the good influences of the other. Then a great many parents don't know anything about training children. Some mothers wonder why it is that the children hate the Bible, and yet these mothers will punish them by sending them off into another room to read it, and they will grow up to hate it with a perfect batred. But these blessed heavenly truths have been put in such beautiful stories that the children, if properly presented, are always glad to hear the Bible read. They want the same food as we do, only cut up a little finer. Often a parent sets a bad example which the child follows, and not having strength of will, as his father has, he is ruined.

Then again, if parents treat God's commands lightly, it is likely to turn out there. And she wanted me, when I went that the children will treat their commands lightly. Children are imitators. If the father swears, the little boy thinks he can't be a man till he swears. And out on the lake and was drowned. His fawhat can the mother do to overcome the exil example? A thing that has helped a Christless shroud, and brought it back me is, resolving that I will give up any- to a heart broken mother, and she, in a thing that injures my child. And then few years, went down to the grave. The there is a great deal of infidelity in the mother, when the boy was impressed, in that hymn sung by that poor man, church. There are hundreds and thousands of people who don't believe children can be converted in early childhood. What we want is to begin early; bring to come to Christ. If he has ever been them to the Saviour in the morning of touched by the Spirit, don't stand in his

I have travelled considerably, and met a great many praying fathers and mothers, and wherever I have found them with their heart set on this one thing,-my family must be blessed, my children must be saved.-the answer has come, and one after another of the family has been brought into the fold.

Bishon Simpson says he was converted before he was four years old. He can't remember being converted, it was so early. I believe we ought to commence right down at the cradle, and when the y commence to lisp the name papa and mamma, let us teach them the name of Jesus. If we teach our children faithfully of the Lord Jesus, Christ will bless them ; they will grow up to be a blessing to us, the church and the world. If we, as parents, had faith to believe our children could be brought to the Saviour, do you think He would not put His hands on their heads and bless them? When a child is converted, instead of watching it, let us try to lead it. A great many say that the children who are converted don't hold out. It is not the fault of the church. It is the fault of the parents; it is because they haven't been looking after them : and if the children haven't Christian parents the church ought to take their place, and train them for God and for heaven. Mr. Spurgeon says the children in his church have held out better than any other class. But if the children are not looked after and instructed, they. of course, can't grow in grace. If the parents would look after them, the result would be wonderful. The children would not wander off into places of vice and crime as they are doing now. And there is no one to blame for it but ourselves. If we are only faithful, my dear friends, God will bless them.

Then there is another fault, I think with a great many parents. They go to Church, and if the minister says a hund. red good things and one poor thing. the parents will go home and magnify the poor thing, and talk about it right before the children. I think we ought not to take our children to hear any minister we haven't confidence in, and then we ought to uphold him. Oh, may God wake up the parents in this assembly tonight, and may we remember that God holds us responsible for the children He hasgiven! And if they are lost it will be our fault. It won't be His fault, it won't be because He is not ready and willing to bless them. He don't want our children to be lost. He don't want them to perish He wants them to lift the hallelujahs of heaven as eternal ages roll on, and if we are faithful. God is true to His promises and He will make good His word.

Then another mistake parents make They come to a meeting like this, and they see something that isn't just in accordance with their ideas, and they begin to criticise. Perhaps they have got a drunken son that has been in the Tabernacle. He is here to-night; he may have been impressed; that impression is al taken away, perhaps, by the father and mother. There is many a young man that is laughed out of serious thought by perhaps his own father or mother. heard only the other day of a man who came here night after night to these meetings. He is a terrible slave to strong drink, and his own mother has been ridi culing him for coming to these meetings. Three sons already have gone to ruin, and she has one more who is coming here, and that mother, that ought to be praying for him and holding him up to God in her arms, is laughing at him and making all manner of sport of these meetings. Oh, may the Spirit of God trouble her! A mother once told me a sad story. She in vited me to her beautiful home, and she said that when her boy was quite young he got interested at the Young Men's Christian Association meetings, and one day she found him out distributing tracts. and that touched her pride. She wanted him to move in better society, and she tried to keep him away from the Association, and, not succeding, she finally sent him to a boarding school. He soon fell into bad company, and at last she heard that he had got to drinking. She wrote to him, and then went to see him, and before she had been with him ten minutes she saw the cord that bound him to her had been severed. The boy ran away, and finally they heard from him in Chicago and his father set him up in business there, to try and find him. I found him, but never could get an opportunity to speak to him. Some time after, he went ther came on, found his body, wrapped in stood in his way.

Let me say, dear parents, if you have a child that is out of Christ, encourage him their days, and Christ will bless them. way, don't do anything to hinder that child from coming to Christ. If you do the day may come when you would give all the world to have him back. You may be taken away by death, or the child may be taken away by sin. Oh, let us be faithful with the children God has given us! Let us train them for eternity! After I am dead and gone I had rather have my children come to my grave and drop a tear there and say, "While father was alive he was more anxious about my eternal welfare than anything else." I had rather have my children rise up in the judgment and say I did all I could to bring them to the world of light. It is a thousand times worth more to leave them that legacy than it is thousands of dollars, to make the way down to hell easy.

Mothers, if you have a child that is wild and reckless; fathers, if you have a son that has wandered from God, let us bring him to-night to God in prayer! Let us have faith in prayer! And if any fathers here are out of Christ, don't let this night pass till you have cast your sins on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then erect a family altar, and begin to pray for the children God has given you, and then they shall be a blessing to you and the church. Oh, may God bless every parent here to-night! Make them realize the great responsibility that is resting upon them, that God is going to hold them responsible for the children he has given them! And if your children are lost. bear in mind it will be your fault. It will be because you have not been faithful. It will be because you have not offered the praver of faith, and have not furnished a godly example.

Mr. Moody read the following request for prayer, which had been sent him by a little girl only eight or ten years old: Will you pray for my mamma, that she may come home?" Her mamma has gone off and left her, and every night for a year that child had been praying that she might come back. Oh how touching, how sad, for a mother to desert her child in that way-leave her in a dark city like this! Oh may God touch that mother's heart. May God hear the prayer of that little child, and her heart be touched and she brought back to that little one! There is many child in Boston that has no mother to pray for her, or father to look after her; and if your children are all safe in the fold, wont you go out after those who are not? Shan't we be fathers and mother's to those who have no fathers and mothers to care for them? There are many wandering up and down the streets of this city: shall not our hearts go out for child whose mother has left her? Oh. may God save that mother and bring her back to this child !- Reported in the Boston Advertizer.

# THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

Mr. Gough was in a church in strange city ouce, and the sexton showed into the same pew another person whose looks impressed Mr. Gough un favourably. The stranger had a face like mottled soap; his face twitched as if a sheet of lightning had run all over it. and every now and then his lips would twist and give utterance to a strange spasmodic sound. I got as far away from him as I could. Presently the hymn was given out, and the congregation rose to sing,

" Just as I am, without one plea,

But that Thy blood was shed for me. saw that the man knew the hymn, and said to myself, "He can't be so disagreeable after all." I got nearer. He would sing. It was awful, positively awful. I never heard anything like it. And occasionally he would make that strange noise with his lips. Then he'd commence again and sing faster to run ahead. They came to the next verse. He'd forgotten the first line, and while the organist was performing the interlude, he leaned toward me and whispered, "Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse ?" I did so:

"Just as I am : poor wretched, blind"-"That's it" said he, "I am blind-God help me"--and the tears came running down his face and the eyelids quivered, "and I am wretched-and I am paralytic." And then he tried to

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind." At that moment it seemed to me that In ver heard a Beethoven symphony in my life with as much music in it as whom Christianity had made happy in

BLUE glass will cure a Spitz dog hydro-Pound it up fine, and mix it with MRS. KEMBLE ON BYRON.

I now believe that there is a great deal of unreality in those sentiments to which the charm of his verses lent an appearance of truth and depth; in fact, his poetical feeling will sometimes stand the test of sober reflection quite as little as his grammar will that of a severe application of the rules of syntax. He has written immensely for mere effect, but all young people read him, and young people are not apt to analyze closely what they feel strongly, and judging by my own experience. I should think Byron had done more mischief than onewould like to be answerable for. When I said this the other day to my mother, she replied by referring to his Don Juan, supposing that I alluded to his profligacy; but it is not Don Juan only or chiefly that I think so mischievous, but Manfred, Cain, Lucifer, Childe Harold, and through them Byron's own spirit-the despondent defiant, questioning, murmuring, bitter, proud spirit, that acts powerfully and dangerously on young brains and throws poison into their natural fermentation.—Atlantic Monthly.

A NEW USE FOR GLYCERIN.-Physicians and dentist who use small mirrors to explore the throat and teeth, astronomers employing large mirrors out of doors, all who have occasion to use spy glasses in foggy weather, and especially those near sighted persons who cannot shave themselves without bringing their noses almost in contact with the looking glass, are doubtless aware that the luster of Mirrors becomes soon dimmed by the breath, by dew, and generally by water in a vaporous state. The way to prevent this troublesome fog is simply to whip the surface of the mirrors before using with a rag moistened with glycerin. By this substance, watery vapor is completely

Two Scotch lads, who knew little of natural history, but were familiar with King James Bible, and with the winged heads that pass for cherubs in painting and sculpture, went out shooting together. One of them shot a bird and the other ran to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl so sprawled in the grass as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay, "We're in for it now, Jock : we've shot a cherubim !"

## OBITUARY.

MRS. BACHEL MCKENNY.

At Deer Island, N. B., January 13, Mrs. Rachel McKenny, in the 89th year of her age, exchanged mortality for life. Few lives have commanded such a wide respect | the fields, showing bim the trees, grass and affectionate admiration as the one and flowers, and from these natural objust closed. For nearly half a century this Christian woman endeavoured to live the life of a faithful disciple of Jesus Christ. The noble record of her religious career will testify how earnestly she sought to realize the lofty aim which she had set before her. A more complete and beautiful exhibition of the Christian character it has been the privilege of few to witness. In her lenghtened life we cannot but recognize the hand of a benign and gracious Providence. Surely her days were multiplied-that she might show forth his strength to this generation, and His power to everyone that is to come.

We note a few of the more prominent features which characterized this Christian woman and endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her religious life was marked by intense reality and unbroken consistency. In these qualities she became a much needed and beautiful example. Religion meant to her a living and vital principle reigning within, and bringing the disposition and inclinations of the soul into reconciliation and sympathy with the mind and will of Christ. Her conversation and subsequent religious experiences were the most delightful and conscious realities of her life. Her conception of the work and mission of the Christian religion was of the most elevated and scriptural character. Earnestly did she pray for a correct apprehension of its spirit, privileges and obligations, and her deep clear experience of Divine things evidenced from time to time how fully the redeeming relations of the Gospel had taken possession of her heart and mind. A faith like this-so simple and comprehensive, brought forth its fruits in her useful and exemplary life. As a result of the complete surrender of herself to Christ and the abiding exercise of a consecrated faith she entered upon higher and holier ground. This elevation in the spiritual life freed her from the many irregularities and inconsistencies of those who are living in a low state of grace, and gave to her a strength of faith and character which made her calm in the very presence of suffering and death.

Her interest and constant activity in the cause of Christ were distinguishing features in her Christian career. Her supreme desire was the advancement of the interests of true religion in the community where she resided. For this she prayed, labored and lived. Hor attachment to the sanctuary and the various means of grace was deep and abiding. Her pre- Sydney, C.B., March 1877.

sence too was always welcomed by congregations. When the community were unfavored with ministerial oversight this dear woman was ready to assume large responsibilities in order to spstain the social means of grace among the people. The deep and lively interest which she had taken in the spiritual well-being of the community for so many years remained undiminished to the very end.

Her attachment to the ministers of the Gospel of every denomination was constant and sincere. The brethren who have labored in this field cherish towards this now sainted woman, the most tender and affectionate remembrances. Constantly she spoke of the consolation and spiritual advantages which their labours had brought to her from time to time When they were removed from the island to other stations she felt the loss most keenly, and the separation was not without many prayers and tears. The time came however when this "mother in Israel" must die. Her complete resignation in her last affliction and triumphant end deserve a place in this imperfect memorial. During the brief but severe illness which ended her life, she was perfectly reconciled to the Father's will. Much of her time was spent in praising God for his great goodness in the past and for the good hope he had given to her for the future. She anticipated the end without the least fear or hesitation. As the shadows of life's declining day were thickening around her she spoke assuredly of a world where the flow of years bring neither weariness or decay, To one who visited her shortly before the end, she said-"I am almost over." At times it seemed as if her countenance was lit up with a radiance from the upper world. Somewhat suddenly the end came. The poor frail tabernacle by one rude shock was dissolved. To the bereaved family and the sorrowing friends there came the ever welcome and comforting voice from heaven saying," Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Surely the "Righteous shall be had in ever lasting remembrance."

## MRS. DUNCAN MCKENZIE.

Born A. D. 1831. Died A. D. 1877. Almost from her earliest childhood she appeared to have not only the fear but the love of God in her heart. Her brother John, now one of our honored ministers, first recollects her as taking him out inte ects, teaching him something of the Di vine goodness. At this time she could not have been more than six years old.

As far as can be learned, no one ever saw her in a passion. As a daughter she was truthful. docile and obedient. As a wife loving and confiding. As a mother tender and forbearing. "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." As a friend she was true and faithful, forgetful of her own comfort and careful for the comfort of others. Charitable in her own judgments she sought to excuse the errors of any whe being absent were made the subjects of

Although in her early youth she gave many proofs of genuine piety, she did not make a public profession of her faith until she was nearly twenty years of age. If her life before had been blameless, after her open avowal of Christ it was spotless and pure. She never gave the enemies of religion an opportunity for reproach. She loved her own church, its members, and especially its ministers, she loved all the followers of Jesus for his name sake.

For many years the desire of her heart was to see a house of God erected in the locality of her birth. Her prayers were answered and her wishes realized, when on Christmas eve last she was permitted with others to unite in the dedication of a neat and comfortable sanctuary, situated but a few yards from the home of her childhood. Her illness was tedious, but not painful. For many months she failed visibly before our eyes. It was not until a day or two before her dissolution that she realized how near her end was, for she had hoped that the Lord would permit her still to live. The patience with which she had borne her affliction was more than equalled by the resignation with which sbe accepted her Master's will, when it was revealed to her that her work was done. Her peace had long been assured, and now with words of kindly counsel she bids farewell to loving friends. The night before her death, as her pastor stood at her bedside repeating the words of Jesus. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself"-she replied "I long for his coming." At the last she passed away peacefully and quietly, the rod and staff upon which she had leaned in life, supporting her in death. /

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