POETRY.

GRIEF'S GUERDON.

- A pleasant isle in desert place. Untouched by ship or bird-A vast wherein we see no face, From which we hear no word
- So is this earth in hours of bliss, When all that greams is gold. The spirit world that circles this Is like a table old.
- I ut when we watch the baing breath Of him whose life ebbs fast, And mark the saith that smiles at death As sky but overcast;
- With what calm certainty he waits The dawn of things supreme-We learn 'tis death that liberates, And wakes; life did but dream
- And when the worn, wan face is lit With light almost divine; The glory flush transfigures it And softens every line :
- As though an angel scattering light A veiled evangelist Were by him, or his eyes were bright With looking on the Christ-
- The unseen world of truth and thought, Made palpable by grief, Into the web of life is wrought And broadens our belief.
- Sc brother died, in surest hope-Nay, more than hope was his. He saw where we but lightward grope,
- Earth seems, but heaven is. The country "very far away" So true, so near did seem, The soul's privation was to stay, And be content to dream.
- Our vision of the unseen is dim Till love our sight doth mend. How narrow is the world to him Who never lost a friend.

COMMUNICATED.

REMINISCENCES

BY JOSEPH SHEIDOW.

As the WESLEYAN has a large circuation, it is possible that the following neident in connection with the introduction of Methodism in the locality where I was born may meet and interest some of the widely scattered sons of old Ireland.

My paternal grandfather came over rom France and settled in Dubin (Ireland) about one hundred and Afty years ago, when my father was born, who after reaching man's estate was led into the Methodist Church in which he held several positions. An obituary of him, written by one of the or reachers, appeared in the "Methou, it Magazine " about thirty years ago. My father removed from Dublin about the beginning of the present century to a farm which he rented from my mother's father—Mr. Charles and delightful a thing it is to obtain Hughes of Fairville. Grandtather salvation through the merits of her Re-Hughes was in very comfortable circum- deemer. Sometimes in apparent delistances, raised a respectable family, rium she would imagine herself and and a local preacher and classleader in her friends in Heaven, and afterwards that denomination, but he had broad the Episcoval Church. The Methodist preachers at this time came to a place them still in this world, and that she called Corrick and were entertained by a Mr. Morris. Corrick was three miles from Farmill, where my grandfather lived. The members of his family at gended the Methodist services and became the subjects of grace. They were desirous of inviting the preacher, but dare not, without their father's permission, who frequently warned them of the talse prophets who were to come n sheep's clothing. But as they were diligent in their attention to business he had the good sense not to coerce them, leaving them to attend the meetings at will. Things went on in this way for some time when a preacher came to this circuit whose name was Barber. It appears that Mr. Barber was a man of sound judgment and good common sense and acted upon the principle that every man could be bought it you know his price. Having eceived information asto Mr. Hughes's rejudices, on his next visit to Farmill re sent his horse by a servant boy and

ext day a servant brought him back the preacher with this message, Give my compliments to Mr. Barber and tell him never to send his horse ere again; but it he comes with his orse I will take care of both." Mr. arber regarded this as an invitation which he made arrangements to accept an his next visit to that preaching sta-

nstructed the boy to give his compli-

ments to Mr. Hughes, and request him

to take good care of his horse and send

im back the next morning. Accord-

ngly the horse was cared for, and the

Grandfather Hughes was in this way Frought under Wesleyan influence and eventually became a devout member of Society—one of his grandsons was in the regular ministry-Rev. John Hughes, and travelled about thirty years. This incident occurred about one hundred and ten years ago, and the Methodist ministers still find their way to the place.

If any of my old acquaintances should read the above it will doubtless recall memories of the past, and they will recognize in the writer an old triend, remember the old homestead, the old preacher, and the of: repeated pledge we were wont to sing:

'Now here's my heart, and here's my hand To meet you in the heavenly land. Where we shall part no more."

Changes have occurred since then, years have left their impress upon us; but still we linger in the land of the dying, having seen eighty-four Christmas days. And as we look back from the borderland, the whole way flashes with light, and the best of all is God is

The writer well remembers the Rev. coleon Ousely-seventy years agoand has seen him after riding thirty sh miles of a winter's day throw off s great coat and heartily sing

"Come all ye weary travellers, Let us unite to sing everlasting praises of Jesus our great

King.

King. have a toilsome journey, and tiresome 'tis

see how many dangers the Lord has might us through.

and highly interested congregation, and in the progress of his sermon would relate his experience, tell where theological attainments consisted of two ideas-he knew the disease and he knew the cure.

Good was done. These fathers in Irish Methodism-Gideon Ousely and his contemporaries-labored not in vain nor spent their strength for nought. The leaven has worked and the influence of Methodism has been carried the world over-Australia, United States, and Canada- and some still remain in the old land who believe in the same doctrines and receive into their confidence and homes the Methodist ministers as their fathers did. Pownal, P.E.I., 1881.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

HARRIET ATWOOD BARKER.

Harriet Barker, the beloved daughter of Charles B and Caroline Barker. died in the Lord, on the 12th inst., at her father's residence in Sheffield, Sunbury Co., N.B., aged 25 years.

Our deceased sister was well known to many of our ministers and people. She was the organist of our church here for 10 years, and in her father's house numbers of our brethren save found a hearty welcome. Although naturally of a very quiet, retiring disposition, vet she was always ready to aid the cause of God, and was very much devoted to the interests of our chu ch. She never allowed a trifling matter to interfere with her attendance on our services, and her duties connected there-

Her last illness was certainly a remarkable instance of sanctified affliction. The disease from which she suffered, and which, in spite of all that friends and physicians could do, proved fatal-cerebro-spinal meningitiscaused her the most acute agonies. What she suffered for nearly three long months we can never tell. But it was all borne with Christian fortitude and resignation-never a murmur save the deep sigh which suffering would force from the unwilling heart. During the early part of her illness she felt anxious about the future, but was enabled. about a fortnight before she died, to cast herself entirely by faith on Christ and then she rejoiced exceedingly in His great love. She frequently charged her triends to meet her in Heaven. She left messages of love for those who had been her companions, wishing the writer to tell them especially how easy salvation through the merits of her Rewas going alone. Then she would sing with amazing clearness, and strength of voice for one so weak, some of our beautiful hymns, especially those commencing :-

"Come Saviour, Jesus from above."

" Jerusalem, my happy home." Nor would she be satisfied until her friends joined in singing, accompanied by the piano, the last hymn as set to the

well known anthem. She often rejoiced in prospect of that "glorious home." Her loss will be painfully felt for a long time to come, not only by her auxious and sorrowing parents and friends. but also by all who attend the services of our church here. The esteem in which she was be'p, and the sympathy teltefor her friends, was shewn by the large number of persons who attended ber funeral and followed her to the grave. Our hope is that her prayers and wishes for the young people of this community may be answered in their eternal salvation.

ROBERT S. CRISP. April 17th, 1882.

MRS. PHILIP MOSHER.

Ella, the beloved wife of Mr. Philip Mosher, Jr., was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McDonald, of Avoudale. During the pastorate of the Rev. J. Strothard she was awakened to a concern for her soul's salvation, and though on a few occasions meeting in class it does not appear that the great change was yet realized. Now, however, religious influences were at least intensified, the fear of God was before her eyes, so that from this sue gave herselt more definitely to private prayer, a feature of daily life that specially characterized her last two years. Never robust, her health gave cause for serious anxiety during the past six months. Naturally she clung to life, but mercifully the possibility of a fatal issue was not hidden from her. Affliction seems to have been blessed, and turning a penitent and trusting heart to Christ, she made bold to claim Him as her present Saviour, and in the presence of husband and babes, parents and sisters passed away from earth on the 11th of March, 1882, twenty-two years of age. R. McA.

MISS LAVERS.

Hannah, only daughter of the late Mr. W. G. Lavers, of Avondale, passed to her heavenly reward on the 8th of March 1882, having all but completed her twenty fourth year. Connected as were her parents with the Baptist Church, it was under the ministry of the Rev Mr. McDonald, at that time pastor of the Newport charge, she sought and found the Saviour. She then, in her sixteenth year, united with that denomination, and has since walk-Consumption laid its fatal hand upon her upwards of a year ago; the possi-

He would then preach to a large her mind, but failed to discompose the the chasm. Kate climbed to the remspirit. Alluding to the preparation nant of the bridge with great difficulty, for death she said, "That matter was using an impoverished lantern, and the attended to long ago." Her illness and when he was converted, his call to | was protracted, but she was spared exthe ministry and then remark that his | treme suffering. The last stages were somewhat rapid, but the mind remained clear and unclouded, her faith lovingly clung to the Rock of Ages, and as the light of a new day shone upon ber face, ber happy spirit was present to be crossed on the ties-an easy thing with the Lord.

ANDREW THOMPSON.

April 10th at his residence. Five Islands, Coichester Co., Capt. Andrew Thompson, aged 75. He was an obliging neighbor, an affectionate husband and tather, and a liberal supporter of the gospel. Through all the trou-bles of his life, he never swerved from his attachment to the Methodist Chuich of which he had been a member for many years. His end was neace. One of his sons, Rev. C. L. Thompson, is a missionary in British Columbia.

THE LATE JOHN McMORRAN.

This morning Higshtown mourns the sudden death of a good man, and so quickly has the blow fallen that many even in the immediate vicinity will gather the first news of his illness from this notice. On Sunday last Mr. Mc-Morran's absence from church led to the information that he was not well. On Tuesday he was reported worse, with typhoid symptoms: yesterday it was apparent that his disease was pneumonia, and at this (Thursday) morning he passed away. His funeral will take place on Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m. His family may rest assured that their grief is shared by a very large circle of sincere mourners.

Mr. McMorran was about sixty years of age. He was, we believe, a native of Ireland, but he spent the greater part of his life at St. John, New Brunswick, where he was engaged in shipbuilding and amassed a considerable fortune. The loss of several promising children led him to seek a home in a more temperate climate, and in 1869 he came to Hightstown, his brother, Mr. Joseph McMorran, having been a citizen of this place since his boyhood. Mr. John McMorran had been one of the most prominent and zealous Christian and temperance workers in St. John, and his departure from that place was marked by a series of farewell meetings that told how useful he had been. He brought his earnestness and zeal with him, and at once began here a life of hearty work and selfsacrificing benevolence that endeared him to all classes. He was a Methodist express her disappointment to find and liberal views of Christian work, swart boy, Jonas, but I larns him myand helped every church that gave him | self." "But, Aunt Charlotte," replied a call. He was a strong teetolaler, but the lady, "how can you teach the child his tender heart gained him friends among those whose practices he oppos-

> His love for young men made him an and revival work, and his name first appeared in the Hightstown Gazette appended to a call for the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association. He was good to the poor-yes, beyond what many of us know and his loss will bring sorrow to many a poor man's heart and home. In these few lines, hastily written while the tidings of his death are fresh, we do not pretend to pay a tribute worthy the good man's record, but we do feel that a great loss has come to the community in the death of this earnest, effective and devoted Christian worker. When the news was brought to us our first thought was a sense of deep regret, our second came full of comfort in the memory of a testimony we have so of. ten heard him give: "Welcome Death.

> the end of fear, I am prepared to die." Next to his work in the Young Men's Association, in reference to which we will merely say that he was the original founder and one of the best friends of those at Hightstown, Windsor, Dutch the East Windsor Township Association, he gained the name of being a model organizer, and much of the efficiency of the many schools in this vicinity has been gained through his encouragement. He considered all these his own schools, and what he could give or do for the Milford, Cedarville, Allen's Hickory Corner, Locust Corner, Pleasant Grove, was always liberally and cheerfully contributed. Sunday next will be a sad day for these organizations and will bring together such a crowd of mourning children as

is seldom seen. He gave whole hearted service to the Temperance reform in all its aspect and was a prominent member of Temperance orders both in St. John and here. This cause will sadly miss him. Mr. McM. ran leaves a wife, two daughters and one son. With the son te carried on business under the firm name of C. W. McMorran & Co. He also owns largely in real estate, to the care of which he devoted his leisure time, but had considered himself as retired from active pursuits, his physical affliction being constant from the asthma.-Highistown (N. Y.) Gazette, 30th ult.

A HEROINE.

Kate Shelly, to whom the Iowa Legislature has just given a gold medal and \$200, is only 15 years old. She lives near Des Moines, at a point where a railroad crosses a gorge at a great bility of an early release dawned upon light of a locomotive flash down into donald.

engineer's voice answered her calls but she could do nothing for him, and he was drowned. Then she remembered that an express train was almost due, and she started for the nearest station, a mile distant. A long, high bridge over the Des Moines River had to do in calm daylight, but perilous in stormy darkness. Kate's light was blown out, and the wind was so violent that she could not stand. So she crawled across the bridge, from timber to timber, on her hands and knees. She got to the station bedraggled and exhausted, but in time to give warning, though she fainted immediately.

BREVITIES.

If you find that a companion is not strictly apright and honest, shrke him off as the apple tree shakes off a wormy apple.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when alone. This, to a great degree, moulds the man.—Dugald Stewart.

If you were to tell a man he could make a fortune by shaking a knife and bollering, he might not believe it; but that's the way Buffalo Bill has accumulated \$100,000 on the stage.-Boston

Prof. Phelps of Andover does not ike weeping clergymen. "In a public speaker," he says, " tears are an infirmity to be got rid of, never a gift to be vain of. My advice to weeping clergymen is to use tonics; study mathematics; take fresh air: take to the saddle.'

There are only 113 works in the English language which the blind can read. Producing books in raised letters is very expensive, and of course the sales are small, so that their publication is a matter of charity. Perkins Institute of Boston has almost raised a fund of \$100,000, with which it will issue twelve books a year indefinitely.

The Colonel, who lives in the South. was finding fault wilth Bill, one of his hands, for neglect of work, and saying he wouldn't have any more preachers about the place-they had too many protracted meetings to attend. "Bill aint no preacher," says Sam. "He's only a 'zorter." "Well, what's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter?" "Why, you know, a preacher-he takes a tex,' and den he done got to stick to it. But a 'zorter-he

There is food for thought in the following: "Lor, missus," said the old lady "what make you pay money fur to send the chile to school? I got one when you don't know one letter from another?" "How I teach him? I jis mek him tek the book an' set down on the flo', and den I say, 'Jonas, you tek active laborer in the Sunday School ye eye from that book, much less leggo him, an' I skins you alive!"

An amusing story is told of the successful courtship of the late Astrono. mer Royal, and how it began. A friend had asked, "Have you ever observed Miss X.'s eyes? They have the p inciple of double refraction." This struck the philosopher as odd, and he expressed a wish to see them, and to call. At the end of his visit he begged permission to call again to observe the lady's eyes in a better light, and at last found the problem was one which it would take a lifetime to study-and he married her.

Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the mighty capitalists, attained the age of ninety-eight years. Her wit, which was remarakble, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said in a suppliant tone to the latter: "Dear doctor, try Neck and other places, Mr. McMorran's and do something for me." "Madame best and hardest work was given to what can I do? I can't make you the Sunday-Schools. As Secretary of young again." "No doctor, 1 don't want to be young again; but I want to continue to grow old.

The Rev. John Gillespie, minister of Kells, was once holding a catechising meeting, when old David Maxwell, a shepherd was present. It sometimes happened on such occasions that questions were put to seniors which they could not answer, and in consequence they felt affronted before the company. When it came to David's turn he found that his Scripture knowledge was not equal to the question which he was required to answer. He however proved equal to the occasion in another way, for putting on his " best tone," he concealed his ignorance and saved his credit by replying, "Juist answer that question yersel', Master Gillespieye'll pit the faur best gloss on 't.'

Theday will come-and may I do something to help it hither-when the youth of our country will recognize that, taken in itself, it is a more manly, and therefore, in the old, true sense, a more gentle thing to follow a good handicraft if it makes the hands as black as coal than to spend the day in keeping books and making up accounts, though therein the hands remain white. Not but that from a higher point of view still, all work set by God and done di. vinely is of equal honor; but where there is a choice, I would gladly see a boy of mine choose rather to be a blacksmith, or a watchmaker, or a bookbinder than a cierk. Production -making-is a higher thing in the beight. One night there was a furious scale of reality than mere transmission, ed worthy of her christian calling. storm, and the bridge was carried such as buying and selling. It is, beaway. The first that the Shelleys sides, easier to do honest work than to knew of it was when they saw the head- buy and sell honestly .- George Mac-

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