

PAUL.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

"I have fought a good fight," hear him say. As the veteran Christian reclines At his desk. 'Tis the close of the day. Mark that forehead, now furrowed with lines—

Signs of battles hard fought, and hard won; See the eye, once so bright, now grown dim;

And the hair, which is whitened by One Who has filled Paul's cup to the brim.

"I have finished my course," thus he writes, With the shadows of night creeping on, And his eye brightly gleams as it lights On the parchment o'er which he has gone.

"I have finished my course," yes indeed, Though thy course was not easy to run; "In perils," how oft didst thou need The kind care of the Redeeming One!

Again the pen moves: "I have kept the faith" Are the words that are traced on the sheet. He now only waits for his Master, who saith:

"Come higher, and take up thy seat." Facewell, blest apostle! May thine be my fate— To go where all sorrow and strife Forever are o'er; there, once in the gate, I, too, shall have my crown of life.

A. T. P.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Feb 1, 1877.

DRINK IN AUSTRALIA.

"Now for a yarn about grog. I am more disgusted with it than ever, and I am very glad to say that the feeling is spreading very much amongst the miners and workmen at large; still they will drink, though full well they all know its damnable consequences. I have long yams with most of the men, about 100, working in the quarry; they almost all agree on this point, and I am sure, if it were put to the vote, not a public-house would stand. The trade is damnable. If I go to town with fish or game to sell—'What do you want for that goose?' 'Three shillings'—'Here is 2s. 6d.; you must take a glass' (for the rest). It is a most damnable slavery! Not a bargain, no work—nothing to be done without grog; the very parson wants it (he thinks) to preach a good sermon!—it is a fact, I have seen it over and over again in this country. I long to see the Permissive Bill pass into law all over the British Empire. It would be a glorious day! To say 'there is a hill; there is stone. We want so many thousand tons.' One hundred men are employed to get this stone, at from eight to ten shillings a day. The contractor puts his head to work with others to bag his men's wages. What is simpler? Put up a public-house; Government gets the licensing money and the duty on alcohol; the publican, contractor, &c., bag the rest, and the poor working man is not only legally plundered by a licensed robber, but very likely 'gets the sack,' or in English, is discharged. The Government, in fact, is the captain of banditti, and such a Government wants overthrowing!

The above is extracted from a letter just received by Sir Walter C. Trevelyan from the neighborhood of Reckhampton, New South Wales, dated 22nd September, 1876.

Sir Walter writes:—"I think this extract from a letter I have just received from an old settler and a hard worker in Australia will interest you. It is important as showing the strong feeling which is springing up among a large and powerful part of the population, on the iniquity and tyranny of a Government in partnership with the drink interest, robbing and ruining the people through the licensed liquor laws, which are formed and well calculated to protect their cursed monopoly, but not the community, whom it unscrupulously plunders and ruins in all its most vital interests."

PRAYER.

Mr. Tennyson has written some beautiful things about prayer. In his "Harold" he makes Edith say: "God help me! I know nothing—can but pray For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer, A breath that feeds beyond this iron world, And touches him that made it. That is exquisite. It reminds us of the saying "Prayer moves the hand that moves the world"—perhaps the poet-laura got his idea from it.—Nash, Ade.

ANTIQUARIAN SUPPER AND CONCERT.

The Old Folks' Supper and Concert at German St. Methodist Church, last evening was a great success in every respect. The school room, where the supper was served, was full of people soon after the opening, and the tables were not large enough to afford the people seats. But they passed out into the church as fast as they got supper, and others took their places at the tables. The Tables! What an interesting illustration of antiquarian customs they afforded! Only the style was rather old even for the memories of the most aged, and was typical of the ante-fork era. It was truly primitive, and well calculated to make the people sigh for the good old times, to see civilized man, woman and child, eating meat on the table cloth! The spoons, too, reminded one of the age of tin, carrying the mind to times of song and story. There was an abundance of food and dozens of waiters, but the antiquarian model on which the supper was planned somehow kept the waiters and the refreshments separate, and it was extremely difficult to get them together. The primitive plan on which the tables were set awakened much admiration. Simplicity was the law that governed the arrangement. One table, for instance, was well supplied with ham, another with tongue and another with turkey. It was rather embarrassing for a hungry man who couldn't get ham to get at the table that was furnished with that article, as he soon found that efforts to get anything else were useless. Then, again, one table had biscuits without butter, and another had butter without biscuit. The waiters were active and obliging—so obliging, so ready to respond to every call, that they attended only to the last order received. Fifteen waiters were despatched, one after the other, by a man who sat at the upper end of the room, and every one of them stopped, while rushing away to fill the order, to attend to some demand that met them by the way, they being too obliging to ignore one call while engaged in fulfilling another. This was, we understand, the ancient style of waiting at table, and the faithfulness with which it was adhered to was deserving of all praise, there not being a trace of the modern style of waiting visible—a style that requires one commission to be executed before attending to another. Everybody was jolly, however, and those who couldn't get bread and butter began on pie and wound up with oaks.

The body of the Church was nearly full when the concert began. The singers, about forty in number, sat on a platform in front of the pulpit. They were led by Mr. John March. The singing was excellent, and made many of the audience wish for a return to the old tunes.

Brief speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Sprague, Pope and Mitchell. Mr. Sprague referred to his "venerable friends," the singers, at which the audience laughed and the ladies on the platform looked indignant, and made some very happy remarks in a pleasant vein. Mr. Pope, in the course of his remarks, amused the audience with a few elaborate puns. The music was a grand march, he said with a nod toward the leader. (Laughter.) Out West a great storm was known as "a real blizzard," and yet the old walls didn't seem to mind the real blizzard on the stage. (great laughter.) not even though there were three or four Bustins there, (Applause and more laughter) The reason he supposed, was that they had provided themselves with faithful and watchful Guards. (Renewed laughter, and Tremaine blushed rosy red.) He was not surprised at the large audiences, because, with two or three Curries, it was easy to curry favor with the people. (Great applause and irrepressible laughter.) Mr. Mitchell, the new pastor of St. Andrew's, said he had always been particularly friendly with the Methodists, hoped to be on the best of terms with them and other denominations in St. John, and was pleased at the revival of the good old tunes familiar to his boyhood years.

The musical programme was as follows: Grotto, Confidence, Babylon, Canton, Omega, Dove, Waterloo, The Wings of a Dove (solo by Mrs. Blizard, who was warmly lauded), Ocean, Invitation, Jessep's Lamentation, Portland, Harmony, Easter Anthem, Paris.

The ladies and gentlemen who worked so long and laboriously in preparing for this entertainment were proud of the success that rewarded their efforts, and those who attended were very much pleased. The singers have been pressed to repeat the concert in the Institute, and they will doubtless draw a good house if they consent.—St. John News.

The world must indeed be shaken upside down if it is necessary to put people back into their own proper sphere by sheer force.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF REV. DR. ARMSTRONG.

A correspondent sends us the following:—The County of Grant was thrown into a high state of excitement on Sunday morning last, by the intelligence that there had been an attempt to assassinate Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Onondaga. The facts are briefly these:—Dr. Armstrong, a clergyman of the Church of England, is stationed at Onondaga and is a native of Scotland. Unfortunately for these villages ruffianism is the leading virtue, and they are the rendezvous of some of the worst characters the country can produce. The doctor is one of those fearless men who does not confine his opinions to private individuals, but makes it a point to cry down from his pulpit the existing evils of the place, and for this reason some of these low fellows attempted to take his life.

He was in his house reclining on the sofa on Saturday evening about eight o'clock, when he heard the report of a revolver outside, and with the report a ball lodged itself in the wall about two feet above his head. He immediately went out to see who had fired, and observing no one, proceeded to the stable and fed his horse. He had barely re-entered his house, when a second shot was fired, the ball just missing his wife, who was passing the window at the time. Dr. Armstrong flung open the door and recognized a man named Oliver crouching near the window. He saw another scoundrel a short distance off, but could not recognize him. However, he gave chase to one of the fellows, who eventually escaped, but not before the doctor had recognized him as a man named Lunday. Oliver was arrested in the village afterwards, and is now in gaol awaiting his trial.

The whole township is up in arms at this outrage. Methodists, Roman Catholics and all denominations agree in their opinion that the course Dr. Armstrong had adopted as a means of putting down crime in these places is perfectly correct, and it is the duty of every person in the place to help him to carry out effectually what he has begun. Prayers were offered up in most of the churches in the township on Sunday last for his providential escape, and it may here be mentioned that the Methodists in Onondaga shut up their chapel on Sunday evening and went in a body to Dr. Armstrong's church, out of sympathy for his escape.—Toronto Mail, 6th inst.

MEDEL FOR WILLIE FRANCIS.

Zarl Dufferin has forwarded to Mr. B. G. Gray an exquisitely cut bronze medal to be handed to Willie Francis, the little Windsor hero, with the following note of presentation:—

"The Governor-General's Secretary has been directed by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, to transmit to Willie Francis the accompanying medal, in recognition of his gallant conduct in rescuing a child of the name of Beaton from drowning, at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in October last. Government House, Ottawa, Jan'y. 26th, 1877.

The medal is of elaborate workmanship, bearing on one side bas-relief portraits of the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, encircled by the legend:—"Earl of Dufferin, K. P., K. C. B., G. C. M. G., Governor-General of Canada, Countess of Dufferin, 1876."

On the reverse side is His Excellency's coat of arms with the motto,—"Per vias rectas," and the words "Presented by His Excellency the Governor-General." On the rim of the medal are engraved the words, "Willie Francis for saving life from drowning, 1876."

The brave deed of little Willie Francis has been noted in several of the English papers, and there is a good prospect of the Royal Humane Society's medal being also presented to him.

Mr. Gray, since his last note of contributions, then about \$97, to the testimonial fund, has received the further sum of \$8, which was handed in by Master John A. Scott, of Halifax, who had collected it in small sums from about 25 individuals.—Chronicle.

HALIFAX YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held on Saturday evening, when the various reports were read, showing that 57 new members joined during the year. The receipts for 1876, compared with those of 1875, show a decrease in the items of subscriptions, donations, use of bath room and miscellaneous, and an increase in use of hall and other rooms, proceeds of lectures, and collections at the Mission Church. The gross receipts in 1876 were \$3,415.83, an excess of \$33.61 over those of 1875. On the expenditure side the increase was greater by \$338.66—\$3,195.49 in 1875, and \$3,534.14 in 1876. Consequently there was a deficiency of \$118.32 in the year. Officers for 1877 were elected as follows:—

- President—John S. Maclean. Vice-Presidents—M. M. Lindsay, J. B. Morrow, W. Roche, Jr., Edward Lloyd, C. H. Longard, W. B. McNutt. Treasurer—S. H. Black. Corresponding Secretary—W. H. Wiswell.—Herald.

BLISS'S LAST HYMN.

I know not what awaits me, God kindly veil mine eyes, And o'er each step on my onward way He makes no scene of woe; And every joy he sends me comes A sweet and glad surprise.

Where He may lead I'll follow, My trust in Him repose, And every hour in perfect peace I'll wait His will to do. One step I see before me, The all I need to see,

The light of heaven more brightly shines When earth's illusions flee; And sweetly through the silence came The loving Follow Me.

Oh! heart of lack of wisdom, Thy blessed not to know, He holds me with his own right hand, And will not let me go, And fills my troubled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing, I would not if I might, I'd rather walk in the dark with God, Than go alone in the light; I'd rather walk by faith with Him, Than go alone by sight.

TRUST.

A good woman, says Dr. Hall, was sitting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third-story room in a wretched looking house, when she heard a little voice inside say, "Pull the string up high—pull the string up high." She looked up and saw a string. She pulled it, when it lifted the latch, and the door opened into a room, where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" said the good woman.

"No, ma'am; God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children.

"You have no fire on this cold day. Are you not very cold?"

"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and then we say, 'Now I lay me'—and then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?" asked the visitor.

"When granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says we are God's sparrows, and he has enough for us; and so we say, 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the eyes of this good woman. She had sometimes felt afraid that she might be left to starve; but these little "sparrows," perched alone in that cold, upper room, taught her a sweet lesson of trust in the power of God, which she felt that she should not soon forget.

ENEMIES.

Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark—"They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—Alexander's Messenger.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO CRUSADE.—A largely attended conference, under the auspices of the Anti-Tobacco Society was held recently in Manchester, England, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted. "That this meeting considers that the recent expressions of opinion of medical officers under the Factory Acts, pointing to the increasing smoking and chewing of tobacco as one of the sources of the deterioration of our factory population, constitute a strong case for a Parliamentary enquiry into the national re-

sults of a practice which is... by all medical men; and into the practical operation of the law in Switzerland, which prohibits the use of tobacco by boys." One of the speakers, Dr. C. J. Russell, a well-known physician, declared, "that tobacco was destroying the very vitality of the nation;" that the hope of the country rested with the children, and urged, especially, says the London Christian, "that Sunday-school teachers inculcate total abstinence of tobacco among their pupils." The crusade has not been begun too soon, and should be vigorously inaugurated on this side of the Atlantic.—Ten. Adv.

OBITUARY.

WOMAN, ELIZABETH JANE COOK.

Daughter of David and Elizabeth Cook, died at Carsonville, Jan'y 9th, 1877, aged 21 years and 4 months.

She gave her heart to God in September, 1870, under the ministry of Rev. C. Lockhart. Her exemplary life since that time satisfactorily evinced that she "passed from death unto life." The amiability of her manner, gentleness of spirit, kindly concern for the well-being of others, and purity of life made her beloved by all who knew her. During her lingering illness she gave repeated evidence that the Lord was her stronghold in the day of trouble. As the day of life with her was rapidly closing, her faith became more firmly fixed in Christ, while frequently she would utter the words expressive of her happiness and hope, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

"Oh may I triumph so, When all my warfare's past, And dying find my latest foe Beneath my feet at last"

W. W. L.

ANNIE L. HUNT.

Of Brookfield, Queen's County, N.S., was born on Jan'y. 17th, 1859, and fell asleep in Jesus on the 2nd of January, 1877, almost completing her 18th year. Toward the close of 1873, a very gracious and widespread revival occurred at Brookfield, under the pastorate of Rev. Caleb Parker. Annie, then nearly fifteen years of age, was led to seek an interest in the blood of Jesus. Neither was she disappointed. Divine forgiveness sealed her peace; her heart was renewed, and the Spirit's witness assured her heir-ship in Christ to the things of God. Henceforth she chose that wisdom which "is more precious than rubies," and experienced the happiness of "everyone that retaineth her." While health permitted, she delighted to take her place, and bear her testimony in class meeting, evincing also a close and fervent interest in the welfare of the Sabbath school. Of more than average order, her musical talents were devoted to worthy and hallowed ends.

Early in the summer of 1875, at a locality not far distant from here, she assumed charge of school. On a constitution already discovering symptoms of incipient disease, the strain induced proved too great, and she returned home two weeks before the completion of the term. Though occasional and suitable exercise was indulged, when circumstances warranted, yet from this period she was chiefly confined to the house. Consumption appeared, and ran its usual course; the closing days of last year proved also the closing scenes of her life.

On Saturday, Dec. 30th, unable to unite therein herself, her great delight was to hear others sing some of her favourite songs of Zion, among them, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Let me go." The same evening she desired the family to be called in to the chamber. To each she spoke kindly and affectionately, with a daughter's dutifulness and sister's tenderness, and, above all, expressed her exalted happiness in Christ. The end, however, was not yet. On the Tuesday following, as the afternoon lingered into evening, she neared the celestial city. To her mother she said,—"Ma, I'm going home." Desiring the family to be again summoned, she bade them each good-bye. Her grandma at this moment appearing, she bade her good-bye also. Her father asked if there was any other she wanted to see, "Jesus," she responded. Her breathing had now become difficult, notwithstanding her faculties remained unimpaired up to the last. Heaven's music broke upon her ear, to which she called her father's attention—"Hark, hark, hark!" With these words faintly dying upon her lips, her ransomed spirit took its flight, her sun setting while it was yet day.

"Thou, in thy youthful prime, Has leaped the bounds of time: Suddenly from earth released, Lo! we now rejoice for thee; Taken to an early rest, Caught into eternity."

R. M. C.