

GROWING UP.

BY MRS. JENNERMAN WINTON.

Oh! to keep them still around us, baby darlings,  
fresh and pure.  
Mothers smile their pleasures crowning, mother's  
kiss their sores cure.  
Oh! to keep the waxen tresses, sunny curls, and  
radiant eyes.  
Pattering feet, an eager prattle—all young life's  
lost paradise.

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that  
cling and clasp.  
Little forms that, close enfolding, all of love's best  
gifts were grasped;  
Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round  
the winter hearth,  
Bidding all the bright world echo with their fearless,  
careless mirth.

Oh! to keep them. How they gladdened all the path  
from day to day.  
What ray drew us we fashioned of them, as in rosy  
sleep they lay;  
How each broken word was welcomed, how each  
struggling thought was hailed,  
As each bark went floating seaward, love-voiced  
and fancy-sailed.

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our  
clinging hold,  
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and blossom; lo! the  
shy sweet buds unfold,  
Fast to lip and cheek and tresses steals the maidens  
hateful joy;  
Fast the frank bold man's assertion tones the ac-  
cent of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them. Soon in other  
shape than ours  
Those young hands will seize their weapons build  
their castle, plant their flowers;  
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we  
trained to see;  
Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening  
hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so. Fast the river nears the  
main.  
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never  
grows again.  
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure  
the links are rent;  
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober  
bloom content.

—All the Year Round.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Mr. John Dixon, C.E., the engineer who has undertaken the task of removing from Alexandria and erecting in London the Cleopatra Obelisk, lately gave an interesting lecture at the United Service Institution, on the subject of his arrangements for the conveyance of the stone to England, and the plan he proposes adopting for placing it upon its pedestal, when a suitable site shall have been determined upon. Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommaney presided, in the absence of General Sir James Alexander, and read a communication from that office, detailing his initiatory efforts to secure the removal of the obelisk.

Mr. Dixon premised his lecture by observing that, as this was his first opportunity of speaking in public since the accomplishment of the first portion of his task, it was only meet that he should place on record a warm acknowledgement of the kindness and liberality of the Khedive, who had afforded him every facility for carrying on the work to a successful issue, and also of the assistance so readily rendered, first by the Hon. Mr. Vivian, our Consul general in Egypt, and then by signor Demetrio, the owner of the land occupied by the prostrate obelisk. Cleopatra's Needle, as it has been termed, was the oldest monument existing which recorded upon its face a history dating from its birth, and as some persons had questioned the utility of taking such pains to possess it, he might, he thought, bring to their recollection a few of the principal dates with which the monolith was associated. Fifteen hundred and fifteen years before Christ, Thothmes III., the greatest monarch of his time, caused this stone to be quarried at Syene, some seven hundred miles up the Nile, and erected in the City of On, in celebration of a high festival, and engraved upon it hieroglyphics commemorating the event. Three hundred years later Rameses II., finding no more honorable place in which to inscribe a record of his achievements and virtues, added other lines of characters. Twelve centuries passed, and On meanwhile became the great university of the world. Joseph, and after him Moses, went there to learn and study all the wisdom and science of the ancient Egyptians; and after them Euclid, Pythagoras, Plato, and other men illustrious in the annals of ancient history. This brought the period down to the Christian era and the time of Cleopatra, with whose history the name of the obelisk was so intimately associated, and who, no doubt, instigated its removal to the Alexandria site, although she was not fated to witness its erection there. For the further history of the obelisk, we were indebted to an inscription discovered in a claw of one of the brass crabs that formerly supported the stone on its pedestal. It related that, during the seventh year of the reign of the Emperor Augustus,

Barbarus, the then Prefect of Egypt, caused the monument to be erected by a certain Pontius—supposed by some to have been the grandfather of Pontius Pilate—to ornament the water gate of Caesar's temple. How the obelisk came to be thrown down was uncertain, but possibly it might have been for the sake of abstracting the said brass crabs. The obelisk suffered no further vicissitudes until the year 1801, when the French endeavored, during their occupation of Egypt, to remove the mass to Paris, but were prevented from carrying out that intention by their defeat at the hands of the British troops. Mr. Dixon then glanced at his own connection with the present effort to realize Mehemet Ali's gift to the nation, and said that some years ago, in conjunction with General Sir James Alexander, whom he had found working in the same field, a plan of transport had been matured, and the preliminaries arranged, and there only remained the sinews of war to be provided. It was at this juncture that Mr. Erasmus Wilson came forward, and if the obelisk was destined to be erected in London, it was to that gentleman that the thanks of the nation were primarily due.

Such being the history of the monument, he thought no one could say that the efforts to preserve it from destruction had been misdirected. Passing to the more scientific part of the subject, namely, the engineering appliances adopted in connection with the transport and erection of obelisks, Mr. Dixon says that the Egyptians left no decisive record of their plan; but in the erection of the St. Peter's obelisk before the Vatican, the Romans employed for a month the united power of fifteen hundred men and one hundred and forty horses. The French method in 1835 was not materially different, although they economised labor better, both consisting in building a timber framework around the obelisk, and hauling it into an upright position. But with the advent of newer and better mechanical appliances, he thought it would not be to the credit of English engineering if he followed a similar plan in the present case. Mr. Dixon then went on to describe the construction of the vessel built to encase the Cleopatra Needle and the calculations involved, and the incidents of the launch, which have been already made public. He argued that the voyage of the vessel had fully borne out the conclusion formed as to her perfect seaworthiness, and that they were running no risk whatever in trusting the obelisk in such a structure. But for the unfortunate shifting of the ballast in the Bay of Biscay all would have ended well, for the ship remained perfectly sound and water-tight. She was now at Ferrol, in Spain, but they might reasonably hope before long to witness the arrival of the needle in the Thames. —*See American.*

The English correspondent in the *Nashville Advocate*, takes up an allusion made by another correspondent to Rev. M. C. Osborn. At the same time he gives two or three interesting particulars from over the sea.

He believes M. C. Osborn should be a D. D. Well, perhaps he ought, and perhaps he may. He is an excellent and eloquent preacher, and Connectionally he stands very high—possibly not far from the chair of the Conference. Ministers less deserving may have been D. D.'s. I could name Wesleyan clergymen who have even stronger claims to such recognition if I correctly understand what constitutes such claims. Mr. Randles, to whose work on the Atonement I referred in a recent letter, would certainly honor a D. D. from any university, and Joseph Agar Beet would enhance such a diploma if conferred upon him. Your readers possibly never heard of this gentleman's name before, but they will hear of it. He has been only fourteen years in the ministry, but has successfully attempted to explain St. Paul's most difficult epistle, that to the Romans. The volume would do no discredit to any theologian or Biblical scholar. It is unique and original. The *London Freeman*, a paper that would not, if it could help it, praise anything bearing the stamp of Methodism, says of Mr. Beet's commentary that it is "devout, fresh, and suggestive." It is really and of a truth a work of rare value.

The table-talkers of the London Methodist are piquant, facetious, and versatile. Mr. Pearse is a writer who is well known and greatly beloved, and deservedly so. He is likely to be rivaled by J. Jackson Wray, who managed Adam and his ass Balaam so well that I, and many others, too, affiliated the authorship of the work on Mr. Pearse. Mr. Wray is writing another very interesting story for the *Methodist* at present. Mr. Bond bears a name which occupies a high place in American Methodism. He is gifted, cultured, liberal, eloquent, but he claimed scriptural authority for class-meetings recently. He, too, would honor a D. D. Then there is Thomas Bowman Stephenson, who would have been elected into the Legal Hundred at the last Conference if he had been present. He was in Canada looking after the interests of his large family. He presented quite a contrast to George Müller. He professed to visit the United States and Canada in the interests of his Orphanage, and to seek aid for it. Mr. Müller disowns all attempts to solicit aid, but just believes and the work is done—whereas, he advertises far more extensively than Mr. Stephenson. It is bosh, pure and simple—the sanctimonious bosh of Plymouth Brethrenism. Why doesn't Mr. Müller stop saying that he solicits no aid for his institution. No institution in the world is more effectually advertised.

"ALMOST."

Some five years ago I knew a young disciple of the Lord Jesus, who labored zealously for her Master, and won many precious souls. But I have one particular instance to relate:—

She was at school, where she had, by her consistent conduct, won the confidence of all her fellows, and among them she had formed a nightly prayer-meeting. On one of these occasions, her little band were singing the hymn, "One more day's work for Jesus," she noticed a girl weeping bitterly. She drew her aside, and found that a brother of the sobbing girl was very near to death; "And," sobbed the sister, "he is so far from the Kingdom that I weep for his soul; I feel that as he is he will never kneel at Jesus' feet."

My young friend found that the dying man had heard of Jesus Christ, but kept putting off the day of salvation, till, like many another, he was almost lost. She was for a moment perplexed as to the course to be pursued; but she commended her way to her Father, feeling sure that he would open up a means whereby she might aid the sinking soul. And at last it was decided that she and the sister should leave early the next morning, and by midday they had reached the end of their sad journey.

You may think this was nothing wonderful to do; but by leaving school in the term Matty lost all chance of the prize which everybody felt was almost hers. Yet she could have lost the best prize ever offered to gain the smile of her Lord.

Matty entered the darkened chamber, and after a few words began to pray. As she prayed she gained eloquence; her pleading seemed to gain immediate response, and Christ was truly in the room where, before, nothing but groans and despairing sighs prevailed. "Oh," said the young disciple, "there is one Physician that can heal all your wounds, who even now will save you and give you new life." "Ah, I neglected him in my youth, and a short time ago I was almost persuaded, but now it is too late," gasped out the dying man.

Oh, how Matty pleaded for her Master! She showed how that he came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." How that he was tenderness, all mercy to those who should seek him acknowledging their need of him. "Kneek, and it shall be opened unto you," "even now," urged Matty, "even though you have tarried so long by the way, our Father will let you in." Blessed words to the poor weary soul! "I see it all now," he murmured with a radiant smile, "He died for me because I am almost lost; I shall not die now, for I feel he has given me everlasting life. Tell them all I have found the Lord Jesus when I had almost given up." And then trying to sing

"Yet still there is room!—still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late."

he passed from this transitory stage into life eternal.

And Matty went back to school to carry her holy influence among the many young souls to whom her faith was as a beacon light, ever pointing out the way of truth. She lost her school prize by her absence, but she gained a higher—that of knowing there was "joy among the angels over one sinner" saved. She was not strong, and in time she was called to the "Lamb's bright hall of song," able to sing to the last—

"One more day's work for Jesus;  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story, to show the glory,  
When Christ's flock enter in?"

My dear young reader, you may be at school, you may be at home, but depend upon it the Lord has work for you to do. Do it. Do it as unto him, and never be heard saying, "It is almost time I did something for Christ," or "Jesus is almost mine." Never rest until you have changed that word, 'almost' into fully, or at the last day your indecision will have decided for you, and you will be quite lost.

If Matty had not been fully persuaded of the power of her Saviour, do you think she could have spoken so boldly for him to the almost lost soul, which otherwise would have been lost indeed? Do you, my dear friend, ever say a word for Jesus? Do you ever tell or speak to your young companions of the "wonderous love," wherewith he loved you and them to the sacrifice of his own blessed life? It was to the least of you he said, "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." To-day you are not forbidden by anyone; will you come freely of yourself to him?—*Margaret de Gerde, in the Christian.*

THE UNCHURCHED MASSES.

Perishing and dangerous classes are accumulating in cities; and in cities, therefore, the problem of the right management of these classes is to be solved. It appears to be the purpose of Providence to gather men more and more into cities and to save them there. City philanthropic and religious effort for the masses of plain and poor men in cities is demanded, and will certainly be honoured of God. So far as my knowledge extends, the most important advances that have been made in America, in reaching the unchurched masses in large towns, have been effected through the Young Men's Christian Associations and city tabernacles.

Five things appear to me to be incontrovertible:

1. That the American Church, as organized under the voluntary system, is not reaching the unchurched masses in our large cities with due effectiveness.
2. That the unchurched masses or unseated parishioners in great towns, have, often in many cities of Great Britain and the United States been reached effectively when addressed earnestly in tabernacles and in free halls for evangelistic services by Young Men's Christian Associations, or by the union of churches.
3. That if the American churches can reach the unchurched masses of our cities, they ought to do so; and that to neglect an opportunity, growing wider every year, for the management of the perishing and dangerous populations in a Christian way, is a crime. We have opportunity open in one direction. It does not suit us, or not all of us; but it is the instrumentality which has thus far been most successful; and, until some more fruitful method of labor offers itself, Providence seems to indicate that tabernacles have a mission.
4. That when the masses who do not attend the churches have been reached through the tabernacles, they are more easily reached through the regular churches.
5. That there ought, therefore, to be no more rivalry between the work of Young Men's Christian Associations and city tabernacles conducted with evangelical and earnest leaders on the one hand and the work of the regular churches on the other, than between the fingers and the palm.—*Rev. J. A. Cook.*

NEWS FROM THE CIRCUITS.

WEYMOUTH CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As circuit news is always acceptable to the columns of the *Wesleyan*, I will improve a few leisure moments by noting two or three items from this busy sphere of toil.

For some years our ministers have preached at Weymouth Mills, but no society was ever formed. On page 65 of our Discipline, a very sensible question is proposed bearing upon this matter, and a reasonable answer given in the negative. Not having any faith in expending time and labor where we cannot organize a Society, I decided in Oct. last to hold a series of services with a view to this object. The interest soon deepened. Night after night the school-house was filled with attentive worshippers. God was pre-eminently present with us. After three weeks siege we closed by baptizing nine of the converts, and forming a class with sixteen members. Subsequently several of the parents brought their children and dedicated them to God in baptism. I shall always have a pleasant remembrance of those services. The people are now talking about building a small church.

"'Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss,  
And salvation in Jesus' name."

Our church at Plympton is now being finished. For eight or ten years it has been in process of erection. I need not tarry to explain the cause of delay. We hope to have it completed and dedicated in June next. The whole property will be worth about \$2,500, and will improve the appearance of the village very much.

In November we had a very successful Sunday school concert in our church at Brighton. Proceeds to liquidate a debt on the organ. The recitations and singing were admirable. I think I never heard children recite with greater accuracy and force. The entire performance reflected the greatest credit upon Miss Annie McNeil, by whom the scholars had been trained. The audience showed its appreciation of her untiring patience and energy by tendering a unanimous vote of thanks.

The ladies of this church and congregation had a Christmas Tree on Christmas eve to help to defray the expenses of furnishing the parsonage. They were much pleased at the close to find themselves in possession of \$70.

On Friday evening last some of the members of this congregation assembled at the parsonage, and after a few hours social intercourse retired, leaving tangible proof of their affection and good will.

"I am trying to persuade this generous people to improve their church property, so that we may have more efficient apparatus to do our work. A little enterprise and self-denial, just now, would help greatly to enlarge and consolidate our cause. There is much that is interesting about the work on this part of the circuit. My predecessor (Bro Robinson) laboured with great zeal and success last year, and most of the converts 'continue in well doing.'"

We brought our Missionary meetings to a close in December. My people had not the pleasure of hearing E. B. Young, in consequence of a stormy night. Having been previously disappointed, I thought it better to "run" the meetings myself than to defer them. I am glad to say that the receipts are a little more than double those of last year.

We are now observing the week of prayer. Had an interesting meeting last evening. I want to make them preparatory to other services. I trust that ere we close Jesus will be exalted in the increased purity of his people and in the salvation of sinners.

Yours, &c.,

W. H. EVANS.

Barton, Jan. 8, 1878.

DON'T GIVE UP.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try; my boy—try."

The boy's soul aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy—try."—*S. S. Visitor.*