

"THOU FOOL, THIS NIGHT."
 The farmer smiled to see his bursting
 barns,
 His field yet ripening in the summer
 sun,
 But cried with pride up-welling from his
 heart,
 "Lo, what the toil of my two hands hath
 done!"
 A sweet voice whistled from the rustling
 wheat—
 "To God who giveth increase, praise is
 meet."
 "There is not room within those little
 sheds
 To store from loss and theft my yellow
 grain;
 So I will build me greater, that I may
 Rejoice and cheer my soul with this my
 gain."
 Still plead the angel whisper, low and
 sweet,
 "Give to the poor who have no food to
 eat."
 "Cease troubling me! Why should I not
 be glad?
 For hard has been the toil, and long the
 strife;
 Now I will laugh and fill my heart with
 joy,
 And live right merrily the rest of life."
 "O fool," the angel whispered with a sigh,
 "Repent, for thou this very night shalt
 die."

MISSIONARY MEETING, CHAR-
 LOTTETOWN.

The Missionary Meeting held in the
 Methodist Church, on Tuesday evening
 last, proved to be one of sustained inter-
 est. The day having been stormy,
 and the evening unfavourable, the con-
 gregation was, of course, small, and yet
 too large to postpone the meeting. The
 collection, however, we understand, was
 nearly as large as the larger meeting
 of the previous year.

A fine Missionary glow prevailed all
 the addresses, and we had only to re-
 gret that some of the speakers were too
 much crowded for time to do justice to
 their themes. The platform was repre-
 sentative. The Bible Christian and
 Presbyterian Churches were well and
 worthily represented by their pastors.
 The minister of another church was also
 invited, but unable to be present. We
 are glad to witness these practical ex-
 hibitions of Evangelical Alliance. For
 such a meeting there was not the element
 of lay representation to the extent
 we might have expected. Mr. Superin-
 tendent McKechnie, however, who was
 to have occupied the chair, was pre-
 vented by illness from being present
 at the meeting. Another resolution
 was, we believe, according to the
 programme, to have been moved by W.
 E. Dawson, Esq., and seconded by R.
 Longworth, Esq. These gentlemen
 however, found it too late in the evening
 to attempt any address.

The Rev. Mr. Smallwood, who occupied
 the chair, in his opening address
 spoke of the spirit of Missions as one
 which, more or less, had distinguished
 every age and dispensation of the church.
 But the "Great Commission" began
 with the Apostolic Church. The first
 preachers of the cross went to regions
 beyond. The Reformation had been a
 renewal of this spirit. The Church of
 Rome had been distinguished by Mission-
 ary enterprise. But the grandeur
 of Missions belonged mainly to modern
 Protestant organization and to the
 comparatively recent triumphs of Chris-
 tianity.

From the report, which was read by
 the secretary—Wm. Heard, Esq.—it
 appeared that the receipts of the year
 had amounted to \$162,639. The contribu-
 tions of Charlottetown, the banner
 circuit of this Conference, were \$1688-
 11. The Mission field, with nearly 500
 Missionaries, extended from Newfound-
 land and Bermuda on the east, to
 British Columbia on the west, with out-
 posts in Japan. The Report compre-
 hended a brief but distinctive reference
 to the several Missions of the Methodist
 Church of Canada—Home and Foreign,
 —French, German and Indian; and it
 contained a touching and merited tri-
 bute to the late Rev. George Mc-

all. Pascoe spoke of the pres-
 Doug- mission work and of the
 Rev. Mr. effort. There was a
 ent aspects of activity amongst
 need of unity with which
 wonderfully increased. being
 the religious systems col-
 Protestant Christianity wa-
 brought into competition and into
 lision. The culture of young India ha-
 shaped itself into a system of activity
 and of aggressiveness. Buddhism had
 formed a Missionary Society, Mahom-
 edanism was having a revival vitality,
 Ultramontanism was manifesting an
 energy and decisiveness almost unparal-
 leled, Infidelity was taking new forms

of opposition; and as Protestant
 churches, especially in missionary work,
 we needed the strength of united effort.
 As Protestant Denominations we had
 been concentrating our forces; and
 sometimes became almost unconscious
 of the presence of allies in the field.
 Unity, however, was the manifest ten-
 dency of the times. Episcopalians had
 held their Pan-Anglican Synod; Pres-
 byterians and Methodists had consu-
 mated important "unions;" and he
 supposed the movement would go on.
 We might never be one in ecclesiastical
 organization; but we might attain to
 that "oneness" for which the Redeemer
 offered sublime intercessory prayer.

Rev. Mr. McLennan said that the
 principal object of his presence on that
 platform was to express personal sym-
 pathy and the sympathy of his Church
 in their common work of Evangelical
 enterprise. For him some of the names
 referred to in the Report had a tender
 and touching interest. The Rev. Mr.
 Cochran, now of Japan, he had known
 in the West as an accomplished scholar,
 and an able minister. The death of
 Rev. Geo. McDougall was not only a
 loss keenly felt by the Methodist
 Church, but by all their churches carry-
 ing on work in the North West. From
 his connection with the Missions of
 their own Board, from the testimonies
 of reliable kind, from Church of Eng-
 land and Presbyterian sources, he was
 able to state that the late Geo. Mc-
 Dougall commanded the utmost confi-
 dence, that the highest deference was
 paid to his judgement by the authorities
 of the North West Territory, and that
 it was always a gratification to accord
 the most marked courtesy to such an
 efficient auxiliary in the work of civili-
 zation and national progress. The
 policy of the Methodist Church, in giv-
 ing her best, most cultured and most
 gifted men to mission work, was he
 believed a wise and judicious one; and
 it was bearing ample fruit. This policy
 had been also a distinctive feature of
 other denominations. They had seen
 men decorated with highest University
 honors and graced with the most
 brilliant gifts, gladly embarking in this
 noble enterprise. The eloquent Dr.
 Duff, of the Presbyterian Church, and
 the saintly Bishop Heber, in India,
 were examples, but not by any means
 exceptions. A few years ago Metho-
 dism had sent Dr. Evans, one of its
 foremost men, to British Columbia.
 At the present time the Episcopal
 Bishop of Manitoba—laying the founda-
 tions of a well appointed church—
 was one of the most scholarly and
 gifted men in the Dominion. From
 circles of elegance and centres of learn-
 ing in England, Bishop Pattison had
 gone to live his self-denying life in the
 South Seas. With a pleasure tinged
 with sadness he had recently taken
 part in arrangements for one of their
 most loved and trusted and most in-
 fluential ministers, Rev. Mr. Douglas,
 to go out to India. Who would not
 say that the church had not given its
 brightest and best?

The facilities for prosecuting this
 work had marvellously increased. The
 results were of the most satisfactory
 kind. Not only had we the unequivocal
 testimony of statesmen in older
 countries, as in India; but our own
 Governor General, in graceful words,
 had expressed his conviction of their
 great value as witnessed by him in the
 far west. The harmony which pre-
 vailed amongst the various tribes of
 Indians, in their relation to the Govern-
 ment of the country, in striking con-
 trast to the costly and bloody conflicts
 across the border, was largely due to
 missionary effort! His first visit to
 this Island had to do with Union in the
 Church; and the spirit of this meeting
 was in the same direction.

Rev. Mr. Cowperthwaite spoke of the
 North West Territory as a magnificent
 mission field. Territorially it was
 great. Two thousand miles in length,
 and in breadth extending from the
 United States boundary lines, to the
 region of eternal snows—out of which
 might be carved six Provinces as large
 as Ontario. It would become the home
 of many millions of people. This
 question appealed to us, not only as
 Christians, but as patriots. The estab-
 lished progress of the future would
 be largely determined by the fidelity of
 the Churches; and the measure in which
 their responsibilities were met. We
 were summoned to immediate duty.

Louder than thunder in the dome of
 the sky, the Lord was striking the hour.
 If we could not go ourselves, we must
 send. Thing of the 45,000 Indians in
 the North West, who were being civi-
 lized by the march and influence of
 civilization. What hope on earth had
 these dusky children of the forest?
 Give them the hope of Christianity.
 Japan, the scene of our Foreign Mis-
 sion, had a wonderful an unprecedented
 history—a written history running
 back for 2,500 years—an unbroken
 dynasty—the present sovereign being
 the 22nd, in direct succession—the
 first being contemporaneous with Ne-
 buchadnezzar. Twenty-four years ago
 Commodore Perry had steamed into
 the harbor of Yokohama and demanded
 a treaty which was made, and which
 had inaugurated a commercial, political,
 and moral revolution. Within a short
 period not less than 600 Buddhist
 temples had been closed. One hundred
 missionaries, of the several churches,
 were at work in Japan. At the head
 of their public schools system was a
 converted native—educated in the
 United States. Oriental nations moved
 in masses. Buddhism was the religion
 of 400 millions of Eastern worshippers.
 Apparently it was doomed in Japan;
 and the shock of its declension and
 fall would be felt in China and India.
 The present aspect of this work was
 full and fraught with inspiration. He
 believed that the Methodist Church in
 Charlottetown would this year exhibit
 a liberality worthy of its former history.

Rev. Mr. Deinsadt, who announced
 himself as a man from the country,
 spoke of prayer as an important element
 in relation to mission work. The
 first missionaries at Antioch were des-
 ignated to their work in a service of
 fasting and prayer. The prayer of
 John Knox was "Give me Scotland or
 I die." The last utterance of John
 Hunt was a fervent prayer for the con-
 version of the people amongst whom
 he labored. The missionaries of all
 churches had special claims upon our
 sympathies and prayers. We were de-
 pendent, not upon might or power,
 but upon the spirit of God. There
 was no exception to the law of prayer.
 Pentecost began in a prayer meeting,
 and all modern revivals had the same
 origin. There was need for special
 prayer,—prayer to the Lord of the har-
 vest that he might send forth more
 laborers into the field,—prayer for the
 conversion of the world. He had been
 asked not only to speak of prayer, but
 also of Liberality. Giving to the cause
 of God was a means of grace. "There-
 fore as ye abound in every thing, in
 faith, in utterance, and knowledge and
 in all diligence, and in your love to us,
 see that ye abound in this grace also."
 When at the Conference, presided
 over by John Wesley, the first mission-
 aries, Boardman, and Pilmore, were
 appointed to this continent, as a
 practical illustration of the char-
 acter of the men of that day, a
 collection was at once made by the
 little band of preachers present. £50,
 out of their necessities, were contrib-
 uted toward the new mission in America.
 We were not yet up to the level of
 Jewish liberality. The Jews in Canaan
 had no mission to the Amorites, the
 Perizzites, the Canaanites, the Hittites,
 the Girgashites, the Hivites, the Jebu-
 sites, or the otherites that he could not
 remember, but they contributed a tenth
 of their substance. When a free will
 offering was called for in the church in
 the wilderness, the children of Israel
 brought a willing offering unto the
 Lord—bracelets and earrings, and
 rings and tablets, and jewels of gold."
 So spontaneous and abundant were
 their offerings, that a proclamation
 had to be made, "Let neither man nor
 woman make any more work for the
 offering of the sanctuary." The Treas-
 ury of the Lord was full and over-
 flowing. If the liberality of Christian
 women equalled that of the Jewish,
 there would be a wonderful quantity
 of jewelry pouring into the Mission
 Rooms at Toronto. Then, we had the
 example of liberality, beyond their
 power, praying with much entreaty,
 that their gift might be received. The
 collectors had not to wait upon them.
 They waited upon the collectors—
 pleading that their generous offerings
 might be received and appropriated.
 He hoped that such a spirit of liberality
 would again find exhibition in the
 Christian Church.—Com. to Argus.

THE BREECHES TEST.
 We used to have in Baltimore an old
 friend who had curious and comical
 ways. Uncle Solomon—our friend
 sustained an avuncular relation to
 people generally—though his real name
 was not that of the wise monarch—was
 applied to one day by a man who wish-
 ed to be hired. "Turn round," says
 Uncle Solomon—"you won't do—you
 sit too much!" We should not have
 wondered if Uncle Solomon had applied
 the breeches test to a minister—survey-
 ing the forepart of his nether garment—
 "You kneel too little." This test
 has been a good one, ever since our
 first parents "sewed figge tree leaves
 together, and made themselves breeches-
 es"—as Gen. iii. 7 is translated in the
 Geneva version. Tradition reports of
 St. James that he knelt so much in
 prayer that his knees were callous like
 a camel's. Kneeling is a good posture
 in which to cope with the devil—
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

When certain Christian soldiers before
 before an engagement fell to praying,
 their pagan enemies exclaimed, "They
 have begun the attack!" They knew
 what their praying meant. It is alarm-
 ing to see how many professed Chris-
 tians, and some ministers, too, "re-
 strain prayer before God." This is the
 reason why so many are found like
 Gideon's fleece, "Unwatered still and
 dry." Fletcher Bates gives us a little
 tale in rhyme which pointedly illus-
 trates this subject:

THE CLEVERMAN AND THE PEDDLER.
 A clergyman who longed to trace
 Amid his flock a work of grace,
 And mourned because he knew not why
 Yon fleece kept wet while his kept dry,
 While thinking what he could do more,
 Heard some one rapping at the door,
 And opening it, their met his view
 A dear old brother whom he knew,
 Who had got down by worldly blows,
 From wealth to peddling cast-off clothes,
 "Come in, my brother," said the pastor;
 "Perhaps my trouble you can master;
 For since the summer you withdrew,
 My converts have been very few,"
 "I can," the peddler said, "unroll
 Something perchance to ease your soul,
 And to cut short all fulsome speeches,
 Bring me a pair of your old breeches,"
 The clothes were brought; the peddler
 gazed,
 And said, "No longer be amazed,
 The gloss upon the cloth is such,
 I think, perhaps, you sit too much
 Building castles bright and gay,
 Which Satan loves to blow away,
 And here, behold! as I am born,
 The nap from neither knee is worn.
 He who would great revivals see,
 Must wear his pants out on the knee,
 For such the lever prayer supplies,
 When pastors kneel, their Churches
 rise."
 —Nashville Advocate.

OBITUARY.

EMMA GARRETT.
 The beloved wife of the Hon. J. J. Rog-
 erson, fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday
 night, Dec. 23rd, aged 57 years. For
 many years our deceased sister was a con-
 sistent member of the Methodist Church
 in St. John's, and in various ways sought
 to do good in her day and generation.
 The "Dorcas Society" was one of the
 Christian charities with which she was
 identified as a zealous worker and cheer-
 ful contributor, and the poor found in
 her a sympathizing friend. The "great
 day" alone will reveal how many of
 Christ's afflicted and sorrowing ones were
 the recipients of her benefactions, bestow-
 ed in the spirit of the Master, without
 parade or ostentation. To her hospitable
 home the ministers of our church were
 always heartily welcomed, and they cher-
 ish grateful memory of her unobtrusive
 and genial kindness in the capacity of
 hostess. The affliction which terminated
 in death, was protracted and severe, but
 borne with exemplary patience and sub-
 mission to the divine will. The family
 were comforted in watching at the dying
 bed of the dear one whose removal we de-
 plore by the exultant utterance, indicative
 of her soul's deep peace and safety,
 "Not a cloud doth arise
 To darken the skies,
 Or to hide for one moment
 The Lord from my eyes."

These words testified to victory obtained
 and joyous hope realized, and will long
 linger in the fond memory of the bereav-
 ed, tending to soothe and heal their
 sorrows. Through the revelations of the
 glorious gospel, in whose blessings our
 departed friend participated, a re-union
 in the heavenly home is anticipated into
 which no troubles intrude, no sighs mingle
 with hosannas, and no tears are shed.
 The very large attendance of all classes
 and denominations on the day of the in-
 terment, and by whom the remains were
 followed to the vault in our beautiful

metery, was evidence of the respect com-
 mended, and may be regarded as a
 tribune—more impressive than the
 most eloquent eulogium to the excellency
 of the departed, as a Christian lady, and
 faithful companion and loving mother.
 After the reading of the solemn "burial
 service" and the singing of the hymn
 commencing—
 "Why do we mourn, departed friends, &c.,
 we left, in the silent tomb, all that was
 mortal of Emma Garrett Rogerson, in
 hope of a blissful resurrection on that
 morning when Christ, who is our life,
 shall appear to gather his saints, as pre-
 cious jewels, to dwell amidst and reflect
 his glory through the circles of eternity."
 T. H.
 Christian Guardian please copy.

MRS. JAMES MELLISH.
 The death of Margaret Sophia, wife of
 Mr. J. L. Mellish, of Pownal, P. E. I.,
 calls for more than a merely passing
 notice. Deceased was born in Ireland, June
 1st, 1815, and was eldest child of the late
 John and Anne Murray—two worthy dis-
 ciples of the Master, long since called to
 their reward.
 Providences had richly endowed Mrs.
 Mellish with gifts and graces. In girl-
 hood she was greatly admired for her
 wonderful flow of spirits and sweetness of
 disposition; and delightful are the recol-
 lections of her still cherished, and often de-
 tailed by the friends of her early days. Her
 memory was extraordinarily retentive.
 She had a great love of books, and any-
 thing read by her was never forgotten.
 She possessed an exquisite perception of
 the noble, the beautiful and good, and
 lived in a thought-world into which few
 beside herself could enter. To ramble
 through the fields or garden, to gaze out
 on the blue waters of the bay and watch
 the ships, to drink in the glories of the
 landscape or the sunsets, such were to
 her the most agreeable snatches of rest
 from the arduous duties of her household.
 The true spirit of benevolence was con-
 stantly exhibited in Mrs. Mellish's life.
 As far as her means would allow she ex-
 ercised charity. Many poor people con-
 stantly depended on her bounty. She was
 "given to hospitality." Of her it may
 truly be said, "This woman was full of
 good works and alms deeds which she
 did."
 Her care and solicitude for the welfare
 of her children (ten in number, all of
 whom survive), was unwearied and in-
 tense. Her love and anxiety for them led
 her constantly to forget herself. Never
 was the devotion of a mother to her family
 more entire and self-sacrificing, and never
 was a mother more sincerely loved by her
 children in return. Those of them who
 left the parental roof long years ago, al-
 ways cherished for their mother the love
 of their early days, kept up constant cor-
 respondence with her, and were but too
 glad to embrace every opportunity of
 visiting her.

Mrs. Mellish joined the church of
 Christ when young. In religious matters
 she was undemonstrative, but was always
 trustful, and resigned to the will of God.
 To her mind a mere profession of reli-
 gion was but a small part of the Chris-
 tian's duty. Her's was the religion of
 doing right, of denying one's self for the
 good of others. She was greatly profited
 by the ministrations of Dr. and Mrs.
 Palmer at the Pownal camp-meeting.
 Several years before Mrs. M.'s death,
 heart disease developed itself, and not-
 withstanding every effort to effect a cure,
 she grew worse. In the autumn of 1875
 she visited her children settled in Nova
 Scotia, after which she seemed much bet-
 ter. About the beginning of the new
 year it became apparent that her end was
 near. Her sufferings were very severe,
 but were borne without a murmur. She
 rallied for a short time, and hoped once
 more to see the flowers bloom. On Sab-
 bath, February 20th, she sat in her chair
 as usual until the afternoon. She con-
 versed freely on religious subjects, and
 expressed her firm trust in the Lord and
 her readiness to depart. Her memory was
 active, and she referred to many events
 of her younger days. In the course of the
 evening she repeated a long piece of poetry
 published many years since in the
 "London Methodist Magazine," on the
 occasion of the death of her maternal
 grandmother, Mrs. Smallman, and after-
 wards she sang, in a beautiful voice, sev-
 eral verses of the hymn, beginning—
 "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."
 Words which, indeed, proved to be liter-
 ally prophetic. She slept at intervals,
 and about two o'clock Monday morning
 she fervently responded while prayer was
 offered by her husband. She spoke no
 more but gradually sank, and just as the
 day was breaking to her the morn of
 heaven appeared—the pilgrim spirit took
 its flight. On Thursday, the 24th, an
 immense concourse, of people followed
 the remains of the departed to their rest-
 ing place in the Pownal Charchyard.