

Obituary Notices.

MR. W. WALLACE.

Died, at Shubenacadie, on Wednesday, Aug. 6th, Mr. William Wallace, aged 63 years. Mr. W. was a native of Ireland, and emigrated in early life to this Province. Some years ago, while residing in Great Village, he became enlightened, under the ministry of the Rev. J. R. Narraway, and to the necessity of entering on a religious course, and would then, had circumstances favoured his inclination, have joined our Church; but, in consequence of his removal about that time to a farm on the Shubenacadie river, he was prevented from carrying out his views. Being unfavourably situated in his new home in reference to the means of grace, he lost his religious impressions to a great extent; and, to his subsequent sincere regret, allowed his mind to become too much absorbed in his temporal avocations. About two years ago his health became so impaired as to incapacitate him for labour, and compel him to retire from the active pursuits of life. Under these circumstances his spiritual concerns became re-awakened, and he was led to call upon God in his affliction, and not in vain did he seek him. About six months ago he obtained a sense of the divine mercy, felt peace with God through Christ, became resigned to his will, and was enabled calmly and comfortably to wait for the coming of the Lord. As his end drew nigh, he expressed himself as feeling safe in Christ, whose atoning merits alone constituted the basis of his confidence and hope, and closed his earthly career in peace. Glory be to God! T. S.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 3, 1862.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Connection, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

A Contrast.

Upwards of fifty years ago, Sydney Smith sat down to review the causes of the increase of Methodism. His wit flashed in vivid gleams over the pages of Magazines, Pamphlets, and Sermons, which had emanated, according to his statement, from three classes of fanatics; Calvinistic and Arminian champions of the new system, and the evangelical clergymen of the Anglican Church. With the keenest sarcasm and scorn flew to his aid, and ranged themselves in the most attractive style against every form of sanctimonious heresy and fanatical proselytism. The literary epigrams had a welcome banquet, prepared by no ordinary skill, and served up in high places. Gloomy cases of melancholia were placed beside narratives of imaginary Providence, to prove that Methodism eschewed delight and derived its strength from ignorance. Causes explained were followed by cure suggested. The world was warned of rapidly approaching immorality universal, as a natural consequence of the unavoidable reaction to follow, unless indeed the passions suggested by this princely reviewer should be acted upon to the letter. The tribes of men may well laugh now as they read his fears and warnings; he would have laughed himself had he possessed half as much prescience as wit. We stand appalled at the almost blasphemous utterances, that the vivifying power which was at that hour arousing the dormancy of the Establishment, was but the offspring of ambition and heresy; our horror however, gives place to contempt when this surprised dignity gravely proclaims, that something may yet happen ere long, in the way of ridicule, towards turning the popular opinion so rapidly verging toward God and Methodism. The Reviewer's crowning prescription, is—the education of the poor, and his supreme expression of astonishment, that the Established Church of England was not awake to this means of arresting the pestilential heresy. His prescription has been tried, vigorously and continuously, by the Church and her eldest born; and the latter stands this day quite the equal of her venerable compeer in genuine intelligence—her superior in numbers and territory. Gratefully, without boasting, we say it, these predictions of half a century ago, might have been reversed, without exhibiting any greater antagonism to consistency and truth than when the facile pen of the Reverend Sydney recorded them.

We stand now upon a promontory which overlooks the surface of these fifty anxious years. The tempest's violence and the placid calm have succeeded each other time and again. The shore around is strewn with shipwreck; but the great Methodist armada has not diminished in speed, energy or numbers, to a greater degree, at least, than the other floating squadrons. Traces of its suffering appear among the general mass, it is true; here and there a shivered wreck floats upon the stream of error, or lies stranded upon the dark, frowning rocks of temptation; but in these respects our regrets and sorrows are not more generally demanded than in ordinary cases, while the result of our mission to the nations has been, not the dreaded immorality of Sydney Smith, but the prosperity and joy of Isaiah's predictions.

Yet the giant Reviewer did discover one secret of our success. He noticed the untiring industry of the Methodist converts in striving holy literature broadcast over the earth, carrying the true spirit of propagation into the navy, the army, the Legislature, the commercial circle and the world; reproving sin, whether met in the hovels of degradation or upon the threshold of the Cathedral;—in short, imitating Christ amid the spheres of ecclesiastical infidelity and the sophisms of ingenious infidels. All this he saw—and adored! His conceptions of the cause and his means of the result, were alike false. Men lived then in the spirit of duty, not because their constitutions were morbid, but because their souls were vigorous and healthful. Men so live still. Vitality, fire is infused into the soul of the man and the heart of the church; action, prompt and powerful, is the natural consequence. But this energy we must have to retain our usefulness. It is well to have the favor of critics and the smiles of the press; but let them be fairly purchased by genuine merit and uncompromising adherence to duty and principle.

We thus contrast the decisions of the learned of half a century ago with the sentiments of kindred spirits of the present day. So far as Methodism is concerned, no blank mists the brow of its rotatory by the comparison; and we may safely decide that the career of our friends are as fruitful now as the most scathing invectives of enemies could possibly prove in days gone by. There may be a larger degree of wisdom necessary to guide the ship while passing onward with the current, than when breathing nobly the fierce waves of tide and tempest. But the Head of the Church who schooled Wesleyan in her days of trial as His own work, still shows, by the power of the Spirit attending her operations, that she has an important mission yet to fulfil.

The Pulpit of the Day.

The difference between criticism and performance is wonderful, and the distance immense. Nothing is more easy than to snarl and sneer. Not very difficult, either, is it to fault-find, whether soberly and earnestly, or ostentatiously and grandiosely, with genuine sincerity, or malicious candour. But to construct something positively excellent is as different a matter as is the difference between planning and erecting an elegant temple, and besting it down, carved work and all, with axes and hammers. In the present day we hear much of what are called "pulpit plaudits"; but not a little might also be said about those platitudes of another kind which are hurled against the pulpit by divers parties.

It is true that the wearer of a shoe need not be a shoemaker in order to be a sufficient judge of a comfortable fit. A hearer may be a competent critic, without any talent for preaching. And to be disgusted by a miserably bad sermon, or to be pleased and instructed by a brilliant and excellent one, is within the range of every ordinary capacity and experience. But, notwithstanding a good deal lately alleged to the contrary from many opposite quarters, we incline to think it probable that as well as the average of the age, as discharging its duty, are now and always the exceptions, and are not the average or rule in this matter. Or if this be liable to be controverted, we are not inclined to ask, at what period of history were matters very different or very much better? It will not do to select a few names of giants—of Primitive, or Reformation, or Puritan, or Methodist, or other conspicuous periods—whose reputations have come down to us, while their tens of thousands of unknown and unheard of respective contemporaries are ignored. We knew an old clergyman of the last generation (and one not very fastidious, either, on this subject) who declared that, in his younger days, you might ride from the Land's End to London without hearing one sermon that could be listened to. We know, also, how Bishop Horsley spoke openly in his charges of clergy of his place and time, as "Apes of Epictetus," and as "infidels in masquerade." Without question things have generally improved since then.

How easy it is to prescribe and to theorize, both negatively and positively. A sermon ought to be neither too short nor too long. It ought not to be exclusively doctrinal nor exclusively hortatory. It ought to address the intellect as well as the affections; and the affections as well as the intellect. It ought not to be flat, tame, dull, and prosaic; nor highly figurative, metaphorical, and fanciful. It should neither compose men to sleep, nor inflict pain, nor excite too intensely. It ought not quite to ignore the opinions of the Holy Scriptures, nor to interlard and cram with superabundant texts. It should not soar above the capacity of the most illiterate and vulgar hearer, nor be too humble for the taste of the most educated and refined. In fact, it should exquisitely hit the nail on the head; and that neither too softly nor with superfluous energy. It should be just the thing! Addressed also to a mixed congregation of baptized and still reprobate sinners, and of truly pious spiritual Christians, it should avoid giving offence or wearisomeness to the natural man, and yet not leave the hungry sheep unfed. The fastidious critic, seeking an intellectual stimulus, and the soul of the simple, seeking instruction in wisdom and righteousness, should both go away saying it was "good to be here." To effluete this as a preacher, you must, moreover, be a gentleman, yet, somehow, avoid letting it quite out that you are so. Beware both of Scylla and Charybdis. Eschew equally the college class-room and the conventicle, while you, nevertheless, blend an imperceptibly perceptible somewhat of both in your harmonious style of thought and delivery. Be natural and be spiritual. No boobyisms, yet full of learning and literature. No wordling, yet thoroughly acquainted with the world. Touching high, but not defiled. Living in heaven, but not abstracted from earth—and so forth. How many husbels of the not scarce and somewhat rubbishy wisdom, of which the foregoing slight sketch is a fair specimen, and not a caricature, would produce a preacher after the heart of the critical critics of the Times newspaper or the Saturday Review, is a question that may be left to the followers of the angelical schoolmen, if any there be, to investigate. But besides those not very sanctimonious oracles, the Quarterly Review, the Bishop of Oxford, and many other grave authorities, do keep now ringing the changes upon the deficiency of pulpit power, and the general declension of clerical status in our day. The first inquiry which suggests itself is, what is the fact? Are the allegations actually well founded and trustworthy? Supposing, in a rough way, that there are some twenty thousand preachers in ordinary to be supplied, what is the probable average of fitness to be seasonably looked for? What is the minimum of proficiency to be tolerated? Then again, if the actual average be too low—if even the intolerable but necessarily to be tolerated minimum be steadily sinking to a lower and lower standard, like that of recruits in an exhausting and demoralizing warfare (as some bishops seem to say), what are the causes? and what the remedies needed? How is the better supply to be had?

Men will answer these questions according to the standpoint from which they view the subject. We know of not any panacea or patent process to the purpose. Many causes are probably operating, and many remedies might easily be suggested. The principal thing that strikes us is, that if the things alleged be true, the Head of the Church must have been offended. If the Lord build not the house, they labour but in vain that would build it. When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him, whether against a nation, or against a man only? From the beginning, we know on the very best authority, that the harvest is great and the labourers few; and that prayer to the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth labourers into it is the suggested remedy. But sweeping and indiscriminate "complaints" and "lamentations" on the subject are probably as ill grounded, as the ordinary article prescriptions for manufacturing the raw article into effective preachers are likely to prove ineffectual.

The pulpit, somebody has said, is the proper seat of good sense, and of the good sense of good men. If the preachers who mount the pulpit stairs be not good men, full of the Holy Ghost, it is of little importance what else they say, and of little use to admonish them. If they be such men, some inequalities and blemishes may well be tolerated; they will do their proper and appointed work, probably with their Master's approbation, though certainly not to their own satisfaction. The grace of God, sound good sense, converse with the Scriptures, sobriety, gravity, sincerity, quiet performance of duty, may not make a minister into a popular idol; but they will make him happy, useful, and efficient in his generation. How to prevent men of a different stamp from mistaking their vocation, and intruding themselves on the Church of God, is a problem which seems to have baffled rulers and congregations in every age. It is however certain that Paul, and Barnabas, and Chrysostom, and Luther, and Latimer, and Baxter, and Bunyan, and Whitefield, and Wesley, and all the other worthies of whom we hear so much when men set themselves to decant on this topic, were not manufactured into preachers by the rules and lines of criticism and rhetoric; nor do we think it likely that any others of the stamp ever will. Swift, Cowper, Sydney Smith, and other wits of all ages, have also found fuel for their railings in the Pedants, and Frigs, and Smugs, and Dryasdusts, who are likely to supply similar material in all time to come.

Meanwhile "the preaching of the Cross" is now, as ever, the power of God to some, and foolishness and an offence to others. If instead of this we have human dialectics; or if a contented phantasm called "the Church" (meaning bishops and paraphernalia) be substituted for Christ; and if sacraments supplant the Holy Ghost; if, in a word, the salt have lost its savour, there stands the messenger of truth—there stands the legate of the skies! His theme Divine, His office sacred, his credentials clear. By him the isolated Jew speaks out his thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet as angels use, the Gospel whispers peace. He establishes the strong, restores the weak, Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart. And armed himself, in properly complete, Of heavenly temper, furnished with arms, Bright as his own, and trains by every rule Of holy discipline to glorious war, The sacramental host of God's elect! ARE ALL SUCH TEACHERS?— WORLD TO HEAVEN ALL WERE.

tenor; and in another, alto. But, bear them whenever we may, singing or speaking, aloud or softly, it is ever the same pure, natural unfeigned. This is perfection. The rarest, most admirable, most manly of all these is the first, the contrabasso. It is double the depth of baritone, and imparts dignity to song, and majesty to speech. Dr. Newton's voice was of this character. From the moment that it broke, in youth, it was contrabasso; although it deepened and strengthened with age. Perhaps it was excelled by that of no other man. It was extensive in register, rich, flexible, and of vast power. Unconsciously, he often talked in tones as deep as the lower notes of the violoncello, or of the bassoon. In the pulpit, his voice was in perfection. Forth it poured in a mighty bass forward and backward the music of one's soul. We forgot all time people had not to lean forward and listen: the word was high then; the voice was among them, and surrounded them; everyone felt it: like the sound of the Pentecostal wind, "it filled all the house where they were sitting." But Dr. Newton had a correct ear, besides. Other preachers may be found with as good voices: but where is the ear? His parents affirmed that "Robert could sing, before he could say." Without his well-tuned ear, his splendid voice had been a splendid monotony. But that outer organ taught him to play skillfully on his instrument. Whether his theme were argumentative, didactic, sympathetic, or declamatory, his voice obeyed his ear, and his ear good taste. With all its volume, his audience were never overcome with voice; his tones, so firm, did yet so wave and undulate, that whilst the ear of his congregation was filled and kept full, it was most delightfully regaled with their endless variations. And "because the Preacher was wise, he sought to find out acceptable words." His diction was his mother-tongue. He did not Latinize. His pronunciation was in keeping with his noble voice, full; and, as in all men who love good tone, inclining even to broad. Such a voice of voice employed incessantly in every extreme of heat and cold, in large congregations and in small, must have worn him down long since, as it has done many other men, had he not been discreet. But as the very best performers prefer the middle of their respective instruments, so Dr. Newton did likewise; suppressing, where others began to shout, and always keeping within his strength, he retained his incomparable organ unshaken and unharmed to the last.—Miscellany.

The Ministry of the Rev. Robert Newton, D. D. When men preach the Gospel they ought to do so as well as they can. The subject is of an importance to the glory of His Author, and to the welfare of man, so transcending every other, that it challenges the best effort of the finest minds that were ever created to set forth its wisdom, holiness and mercy. And we frankly declare our belief, that the Divine Author of the Gospel has taken care that those whom He calls to preach it, besides having a foretaste of its saving grace, should possess minds, both for strength and sympathy, naturally superior to those of their fellow men,—polished shafts in the quiver, earthen vessels though they be, yet for capacity and fine quality, fitter than any others to contain the heavenly "treasure." Whether every one whom the heavenly architect has moulded and tempered for this office, actually takes it; or, whether, supposing him to have entered upon the awful work of the ministry, he so purifies himself by prayer and self-denial, that he may become "a vessel of honour fit for the Master's use," or not, may, perhaps, be matter of question. Certainly we find true Ministers of the Gospel, men of strong sense and of large hearts. These sterling qualities—good sense and good feeling—shone in Robert Newton. At the early age of nineteen he was called into "the work of God," as a Preacher on Trial; but the gravity of his manners and appearance, and the power and earnestness of his ministrations, not only secured him the admiration of all classes, but once the condition. At that time there were no "boy-preachers" as these have sprung up of late. At a very early stage of Newton's ministry, two Yorkshire clergymen went to hear him for the first time at Huddersfield. As they came down the gallery stairs, the one was heard to ask the other "Now lay is a barrel, or a fountain?" "Nay, lad," responded his friend, "he's no barrel; I think he's a fountain. The man was right; as the Preacher's welling-out evangelical truth—clear, fresh, and abundant—for fifty years afterwards, fully proved.

"Christ," "Christ and Him crucified," was the great theme of Newton's preaching. He found everything: God reconciled to the world; forgiveness, peace, consolation, hope for men in this life, and in the world to come.—There was a gentleness, too, in his sermons, not often felt in other men's. Happy himself, a knowing Christ had died for all,—overflowing with good health by constant travel spared the pain of interior views of society,—he was accustomed to give those representations of the Gospel which serve to win people by their beauty, and glory, and kindness: undoubtedly, whilst many were his converts, all his hearers were moved with devout delight. As years brought rich experience, his sermons became still more enriched by their practical character: he appeared ready to sacrifice graces of rhetoric in the forum of usefulness; he taught what must be done by us, as well as what may be believed and enjoyed. We have heard him in a few of his most popular sermons, in which undoubted truths were treated with the utmost interest of novelty; delivered with dramatic effect, and sent home to one with a power never to be forgotten: instances of his kind he quoted the dignified verses of Milton or Young in the highest style of nature and art; yet, enlivening as were such effusions, the most quiet, practical, and discriminating Gospel of his later years rests upon us with most effect. For such a Minister, in labours so abundant, of a life so blameless, of a spirit so catholic, and of eloquence so sanctified, the Methodist connexion will long cherish an affectionate admiration: to them will tell their children in time to come that Robert Newton. But let no man say: let no man try to be a Robert Newton. The God of nature is so wealthy in ingenuity, and so copious in resources, that in all this earth, "each herb and flower" is different from every other. Were it otherwise, how poor would all appear! Vast deserts are wearisome enough; but then, earth itself would be a desert. Now the God of nature is the God of grace, and He provides with equal skill and power Ministers, and many other helps, for His people, but never a duplicate of any one. There was but one Paul, one Cephas, one Apollus of old; and amongst the Methodists let there be but one Adam Clarke, one Richard Watson, one Robert Newton, one Jabez Bunting.

The vocal organ in most men has two tones,—the singing tone and the speaking. The difference between the two tones in the same individual is so decided, that we have but a faint idea of what may be the quality of a man's voice in singing, whom we have heard only speak. If we did not see the person, we might affirm that the singer and the speaker were not one, but two. This is an imperfection. In a few other men, the vocal organ gives but one voice throughout its entire register. In one person it may be contrabasso; in another, baritone; in a third,

evade the defence of his country. Before war negroes had no rights which any white man was bound to respect; (the atrocious deliverance of the Chief Justice of the United States, in which the nation seemed to acquiesce). Now their good qualities are set forth and their aid sought by a large and rapidly increasing party. Before the war it was loudly proclaimed, that if the slaves were not held down with an iron hand they would burn, plunder, and ravish their masters' property and families. Now, it is seen clearly, that with every opportunity to rise upon their master's families, they prefer to wait for deliverance from the hand of God. They seem to have that message of Scripture given to them: "Ye shall not stand in this battle." "I stand yet still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Before the war, it was thought that if the slaves were set free, they would become lazy vagabonds, and overrun the Northern States. Now it is seen that they greatly prefer to remain where they are—all their desire being to work for wages, instead of the lash, and to be able to call their families their own,—a desire which does not appear unreasonable.

Before the war, the debased character of the African race was generally admitted, even by their friends, who accounted for it by the brutalizing effects of slavery. Now it is admitted on all hands, even by their enemies, that that race has conducted itself with uniform and exceptional propriety; and the testimonies of Northern armies which have marched through Slave States is, that the loyalty, piety and intelligence of those regions is chiefly to be found among the slaves.

A Short Sermon. BY PETER PLAINTALKER. We copy the following extract from one of our exchanges, believing that although but few would like to hear such a discourse from the Pulpit, yet none will object to its being read in the domicile. It will probably be as appropriate to our meridian as to the locality where it was prepared. Of course we do not assume that our readers need such a lecturing; but, if any of them should have any doubts upon the questions here suggested, it might be as well for them to examine themselves, and then make the application:—"Beware of dogs."—Philippians iii. 2. My friends, my text may seem strange to fastidious minds, but it is good scripture nevertheless, and full of instruction. Dogs are mostly taken literally or figuratively. Dogs are mostly men, naturally disposed to snapping and biting, and withal dangerous; and, if you have not a personal acquaintance with the particular canine that comes in your way, it will be prudent to watch him.

But the dogs alluded to in the text are of a two-legged kind. It is evident, from the context, that Paul referred here to a class of men who, like true dogs, sought the injury of the Philippians, and hence he called them "evil workers." These were probably those who urged upon the church the ceremonies of the Jews, and tried to pervert the gospel which they had received.

And now, my friends, let me say that the Philippians were not the only people who have been troubled with dogs. If I am not greatly mistaken, there are dogs in existence yet, of whom we do well to "beware." A few of these mean dogs: 1. There is the selfish dog. These are plenty in every community, and they show their selfishness in many ways. These dogs, whether in church or state, must always have their own way. They must superintend every thing, and do everything, and nobody else must dare venture a suggestion or interfere with their plans. The moment any one approaches them to interfere with them, like a dog muzzling at a bone in a fence corner, they snarl and grins his teeth at any less fortunate animal who comes near him, these begin to fret and scold, and use every possible influence to drive them away. The selfish dog cares not who suffers so he has plenty, who fails so he succeeds, who is displeased so he is gratified. In a word, the selfish dog is a very mean dog, of which I advise you to beware.

2. There is the cross dog. This dog is naturally inclined to be quarrelsome. You may speak to him ever so kindly, and you will get a growl for your pay. He seems to be in a constitutional bad humor with everybody in general and everything in particular. He can keep a whole neighborhood in an uproar. If he is in the church, he will quarrel with the preacher, fall out with the leader, abuse the members, and compel his own expulsion for his very crosses. This dog is very mean in the family and society at large. The women hate him, the children dread him, the neighbors avoid him. The cross dog is a detestable brute.

3. There is the lazy dog. This dog conceives that the object designed in his creation was that he might eat, sleep, and do nothing. In the winter you will find him fastidiously by the fire, in the spring stretching his fat carcass in the warm sunshine, and in mid-summer skulking behind the bushes to enjoy the benefit of the shade. The pigs may annoy you, but you cannot buy him to drive them away. Ask him to do anything, and if he moves at all it will be in the opposite direction. The lazy dog is of no use anywhere. He is a burden to society, a disgrace to the church, and an incubus to himself.

4. Another mean dog is the whining dog. This dog makes day and night howling with his howls. He acts as if nothing was right. He makes everybody feel as if they were afflicted with ten terrier ages, and the universe itself was going to pieces. At home, abroad, everywhere, he whines. He whines upon all subjects and occasions. "The nation is going to ruin, the church is on the road to destruction, the whole world is on the back track. A most uncomfortable dog is the whining dog.

5. And the barking dog is no better. This dog is usually a character. He makes much more noise than his whiffer. He makes justifies his whole soul is in his tongue. He barks about everything. The most trivial circumstance awakes him equally with the most important. He barks as heartily on suspicion as when he sees the game before him. He keeps everybody awake, and does no possible good to himself or others. My friends, we might enumerate several other classes of mean dogs; such as the sly dog, who bites first and barks next; the dirty dog, who is mentally, or physically, or both, the repository of all uncleanness; the proud dog, who disdain all other quadrupeds, and the mad dog, whose notions are crazy, and who may give you, if he bites you, the moral hydrophobia. But we have enough to elucidate our subject, and will close with a word of application. 1. Take care and be not dogs yourselves. Cure yourselves of all doggish habits, that you may be decent and respectable. 2. Don't associate with dogs? Remember it has been said, "He that lies down with dogs, will rise up with fleas." 3. Keep your dogs at home, and don't let them annoy people at meeting. Nothing is meaner than at church than the annoyance of dogs.

Our people in Iowa are now very much stirred up about the "dog law" enacted by the late legislature of the state, taxing all dogs, and outlawing all uncoloured and unregistered members of the canine race. The law, I have been expounding, is more ancient, of higher authority, and of far greater consequence. Exhort you, therefore, to keep it, and "beware of dogs." Gospel Ridge, July 29, 1862.

Notes and Gleanings.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE. Is it right to discharge a pastor at the close of the year without meeting his full claim?

It is another form of putting either of these questions; viz, Is it right to violate a Christian covenant? Is it right to refuse the laborer his hire? Is it right to fall short of our engagements? Is it right to withhold temporal things from those who minister unto us in spiritual things? This mode of stating the question is not savory to him who considers his pastor a pauper, to whom he may or may not give as he sees fit; for whom if he has a quarrel after paying his barber and butcher, his blacksmith and hatter, his carpenter and grocer, after paying for tea and coffee, tobacco, and other indulgences, all well. Not to the man who clamors about honesty, and says he despises a mean man, but is willing (not to say anxious) to repudiate the minister's claim, upon grounds on which he would never think of disallowing any other claim, or of permitting any other man to disallow his; or to him who has just collected a bill from his pastor for corn or wood, and has refused to pay his subscription to the stewards.

There are some who say, "The minister has not been faithful, and has no claim." We submit that it is too late to make that plea. If he be, complaint should have been earlier made and discipline instituted, but receive a man's labor for a twelve-month, and then come up at the heels of the year with the charge of unfaithfulness, as a ground for refusing to pay a debt, is a very mean thing. A man never imposes on others by such charges. They see that it is not love for spiritual spotlessness, but a determination to keep his money—that it is love of money, not purity.

But there are other cases. Some churches have a slovenly way of suffering accounts to run until the close of the year, meaning then to pay up. We must remind them that conference is rapidly approaching, the preacher has been compelled to contract debts by your policy, and he looks to you for means to pay. He can not pay the debts you compelled him to contract unless you pay him.

It is also true that in some charges the arrears can only be paid by sacrifice on the part of a few. But, 1st, May you not need that very sacrifice? 2d, Is it not easier and better for you and your neighbors to divide the sacrifice than to lay it all upon your minister? 3d, Is it right to withhold that balance from him after accepting his service?

No wrong goes unpunished. It is true many do not esteem it wrong to hold back the support of those who minister in the sanctuary, but they have no vindication—it is sin, it is dishonesty, and He who judges in righteousness will so consider it.—North Western, by Dr. Edgdy.

CAMP MEETINGS.

Dr. Haven of the Zion Herald, giving an account of Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting, thus refers to the influence of such gatherings:—"The order in as perfect as in a Christian parlor. The preaching is as good as ever, the prayers as fervent, perhaps as large a portion join in them; but the outsiders are no longer scoffers or loud and sneering opposers, but indifferent hearers, who seem to have resolved that if they can not or will not be Christians themselves, they will at least treat Christian worship with a respectful and civilized courtesy. There are something like thirty or forty acres of small tents, making a city like Vanity Fair, all but the vulgar, some simple and primitive, some elegant and luxurious, occupied by families or friends, all regulated by strict rules, the most of whose occupants attend more or less to the religious services held in the central audience area, or in the large society tents. Thus it is a grand, cheap watering-place, where thousands, wearied with the cares and confinement of city life, avail themselves of the public accommodations, and the right order, and respectable character of the camp meeting, to enjoy the simplicity and recreation of a pure country life. This was not contemplated by the originators of the meeting. It is purely accidental. It need not interfere with the spirituality and power of the meeting. It rather brings hundreds to hear the preaching of the Gospel, as plainly and forcibly presented by Methodist ministers, who would never otherwise hear it. It thus introduces many a soul to the knowledge of Christ. It should therefore be an occasion of rejoicing to the Church.

The Church should never retreat from the world, but follow them to their gatherings, and seek them out—if they come voluntarily within its courts, rejoice in it, and fear not the multitude. If we would fish for men, we must go where they are, or use such bait as will bring them to us.

HAD TO SAY IT. The late eloquent and learned Dr. Rice excited in the fervor and union of his prayers. In his congregation was an aged negro, very pious and excitable, who would always shout "Amen!" when any petition was put up which touched his feelings. This at length became quite annoying to Dr. Rice, especially as Caesar's hearty amen was not infrequently filled the room. Finally, the Doctor told him that his shouting disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he could restrain them it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in future. But it happened the very next Sunday that the Doctor was unusually earnest in his supplications to the Throne of Grace. In the gallery, as usual, sat Caesar, writing sympathetically with the emotion which he could not repress and would not utter. More and more fervent wanted the prayer, deeper and deeper grew Caesar's emotions, more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them. Nature at last could hold out no longer. "Amen!" shouted Caesar. "Massa Rice, I had to say it or burst!"

THE WOUNDED—HOW MANY?

As I read over the names and counted the numbers my thoughts came back from bloody fields and suffering hospitals. "These are not all," I said. "Alas, not all! The ball struck twice, thrice; sometimes oftener. There is pain, there is anguish, there is wounding even unto death, in many, many homes within a thousand miles of that gory place. Some are alone and neglected—dying in their battle field, with none to put even a cup of water to their lips—some with loving friends who yet fail to staunch the flow of blood, or bandage the shattered limb—some cover their wounds, hiding them from all eyes, and bear the pain in chosen solitude. The sum of all this agony who shall give it? Our wounded! If you would find them they are not every one boarded, and in male attire—

There sat beside you, in the car, just now a woman. You scarcely noticed her. She left at the corner below. There was not much life in her face; her steps, as they rested on the pavement were slow. She has been wounded, and is dying. Did you notice Mrs. D. in Church last Sunday? "Yes, and now I remember that she was pale, and had an altered look." One of our wounded! Did you see a face at the window? "In the marble-front house?" "Yes." "It is sad enough what looking eyes! Wounded! Ah, ah, they are everywhere about us. Already from over a hundred battle-fields and skirmishing grounds have been such maimed and aching heads. They have penetrated unguarded homes in every city, town and neighborhood of our once happy and peaceful country, wounding the beloved ones left there in hope, for security. For such there is balm only in God—God is their physician.—Harper's Weekly.

LAY PREACHERS.

The St. John Religious Intelligencer makes some very judicious observations upon the importance of encouraging lay agency in the Church. We commend the following to the consideration of our readers:—"Among the important and useful agencies in the Methodist Church for the promotion of its interests is the numerous class of lay preachers who are found in almost every circuit. But little is said of these men generally; they attend to their secular callings like other men through the week, but on the Sabbath they are found in some field of labor, superintending a Sabbath School, leading a class-meeting, or preaching the word of life to a destitute congregation. Many of them may have little credit for promoting revivals, and few souls may profess conversion directly under their labors; but a steady influence is exerted through their instrumentality of incalculable advantage to the people, and which in an unseen manner paves the way for religious revivals, and ingatherings of souls to the church. The importance of this agency is beginning to be realized by other denominations. Even Episcopalians and Presbyterians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have begun to employ this class of men with much profit, and some of the most successful laborers in London and other cities in England are unordained preachers, Bible-readers, and Colporteurs, who never aspire to the clerical profession. Among Baptists generally it is too frequently the case, that anything like a respectable ability in the work of God, must be followed by ordination. Now we have no doubt but many a sign would be useful and happy in his proper sphere of labor, but by being put beyond that usefulness is destroyed. We should like to see among our own churches a class of men which we do not now have,—men who would be willing to take a proper stand for God, as leaders in public worship, and expounders of His word, without aspiring to the office of the ministry, or accepting salaries for their labors. Of course it should not be expected that such would devote their whole time to the work—but on Sabbaths, and such other occasions as might be afforded them to do good. Too much encouragement is given to some men to preach, with a view to the office of the ministry; too little to others, with a view to usefulness irrespective of anything else.

HOLINESS IS POWER.

Never was it more needful for the church, than at present, not only practically to set before the world the example of a holy life, but in its doctrinal testimony to give to the Scripture view of perfect holiness that place which its importance justly claims. The mysterious power by which the Christian church has gained its position, and by which it has not only kept its own but bid defiance to a host of foes, is a power derived from no other source than the Spirit of holiness. It would be vain to sigh for the return of those days when the disciples had "favour with all the people," and "fear came upon every soul," if we were no longer permitted to understand the "holy calling" of Christians, and to expect a deep and joyous response in believing hearts. Neither social position, nor outward activity, nor strength of organization, can, of itself, give to the church a pledge of real and lasting prosperity, or of ultimate success. Nor must the mere fact of an increase in the number of church members be regarded as a sign of increasing holiness, as numbers increase, the desire after holiness becomes less generally felt, and the nature of true holiness less clearly apprehended, and less strikingly exemplified.

"L'ILLE KEPT 'EM AWAKE."

Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family, who had taken an orphan to raise, who was rather underwritten, by the way. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church next Sunday he filled his pockets with apples. One bled-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in "the land of dreams," he hauled off and took the astonished sleeper with an apple square on top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance: "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

REVERENCE FOR GOD'S WORD.

A contributor to the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, referring to the custom of employing the Scriptures in games and riddles to excite youthful curiosity, thus writes:—"In our younger days we enjoyed the acquaintance of an exceedingly well-read and witty man. His power in conversation was remarkable. He loved religion and religious men; and an inquirer could hardly find a more agreeable or more profitable use of an hour, than to spend it in listening to that man when he discussed freely a religious subject with an able respondent. But he indulged in one vicious practice. As men who wish to condense thought into strength, and to brighten it into vividness, often find that the best means of doing so is to embody it in scriptural phrase; so he of whom we speak often threw a wondrous force into his pungent sayings by pointing them with sacred words. We visited him when he was dying; and though by his junior to him, were led, out of grateful remembrance of the advantages we had derived from his friendship, to speak to him of his prospects beyond the grave. They were dark, sadly dark. Pained to the heart, we quoted the strong and plain words of the God of all grace. The answer was terrible:—"I know them all, I know them all; but I have spoiled the Bible to myself." And who that knows his own heart is unaware that any practice, any association of ideas which tend to abate our deep, heartfelt reverence for the word of God, by so much impairs the power of the Scriptures, or, rather, builds up in the soul a grave barrier against the efficacy of the word which Almighty God has Himself designed for the conversion and sanctification of our nature.