

Lines.

There's not a spot upon this earth unvisited by grief,
There's not a haven where the soul can find a blest relief...

The Story of Saint Elizabeth.

'Toll me a story, Abby?' said little Sis,
climbing upon her sister's lap one evening,
while the sunset was glowing dim, and the flickering light of the wood fire made strong, bright shadows...

"But, Sis," replied Abby, "the same spirit is in all who love and obey God, whether in earth or in heaven. An angel is God's messenger; and we might call any one an angel who brings us messages from Him..."

Personal Duty and Responsibility.

In this age of mass meetings, conventions, political, moral, and beneficial associations, the individual is lost in the mass, the believer sinks out of sight in the church, the minister is lost in the ministry, the man in the association...

Sweeter Far in Heaven.

It was evening—bright, star-kissed evening. We were seated close to the piano, breathing a pure and healthy joy; and as our fingers glided lightly up the silver-keyed and magical, "the soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating so lightly and so joyously...

"They Don't Speak."

Who don't speak? Why Mr. A. and Mr. B. both members of the church of Christ. And there are Mrs. C. and Mrs. D., who meet and pass each other without a word of recognition. And Miss E. and Miss F. have had a difficulty, and they don't speak...

They grew tired and rested, the Preacher then proceeded, after thanking them for bringing the people together, for by this time they had come from the extreme end of the village, and not fewer than three hundred people were assembled. But his recommending was only the signal for further effort. Again they sounded with voice and instrument, until the "welkin rang." The Preacher lifted up his voice, the people gathered closer to where he stood, the crowd could hear the words in the church, and the "baser sort," but there were a few,—"but a few—yet God saw them and said, 'They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.' O what a word! WORTHY! It is God's own word for personal piety amid the backsliding of the many..."

Incidents of our Home Work.

The Oakhampton Circuit presents many opportunities for an earnest, self-denying evangelist. As at present arranged, the two Ministers have to walk in the course of two months about 7,000 miles, that is, very large in return for diligent culture. Every night from Sabbath to Sabbath the Minister is engaged in his arduous toil. Were the inhabitants more numerous these self-denying labours might be borne with greater cheerfulness, but he has to walk far over tortuous rugged roads to preach to a people exceedingly few. But few as they are, many of the places were well supplied with members of the Church. The Minister is engaged in his arduous toil...

Biographical.

The subject of this sketch was born at Falmouth where at an early age he professed to be a follower of Christ, and connected himself with the people of God; but of that part of his life and for several years subsequent we have no further information. He became a husband, and the father of three children. Two of these are now living at Canning; the third has ended life's short journey. He was called to shed the tears of bitter bereavement, first over the lifeless form of a beloved wife, and then over the coffin remains of an amiable daughter. For some years after the former loss he found employment for his superior judgment and mechanical skill in the construction of several public bridges in this and the sister province, to superintend these erections he located for limited periods in different places. During this term it is probable that the advantages for fostering religious influences were very limited; and it is to be feared that even these he possessed were not improved, but that neglect of the private means of grace—scriptural reading, meditation, watchfulness and prayer—deprived the soul of spiritual power, and left it unprepared to resist the wiles of the powers of darkness. For more than 20 years previous to his decease he resided at or near Canning; having again entered into the married state his house was the welcome home of the preachers of Gospel; he contributed to their comfort, and prized their visits. Whenever may have been the declensions in piety which his intercourse with the world had tended to occasion, it became evident that the prayer, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation," was heard and answered; that he was reinstated into the Divine favor, entered again into the fold, and remained an accredited member of the Wesleyan Church. It is true his life was not faultless; irritability was perhaps his besetting sin, and the Evil One, aware of the peculiar temperament of minds, will often seek to overcome the believer by assailing him in the point where success was most likely to attend his efforts, and gratify his malice. But for the period now under review, it is believed that he generally maintained true Christian principles, and presented a corresponding character, by availing himself of the prevalent advocacy of the Redeemer, and receiving the application of that blood which makes the wounded whole; the grace of God was manifested in him, the cause of Jesus, and the welfare of his fellow-men shared largely in his affections. For the last few years he was almost entirely freed from worldly care and toil; this retirement affording greater opportunities for religious exercises, was not unimproved; though distant from the public worship of God he found it good to wait upon Him in secret. During his illness, which was of short duration, the writer visited him once; the interview was very satisfactory; his soul resting upon the Grand Atonement was in peace, his pious wife was bending over him, while with grateful tears they discoursed together of Jesus and His love, of heaven, and their cherished hopes of joys. It is not always upon the "last words" of the dying that we would either cradle our hope of garner material for its shrond. A pious life ensures a safe death, and a happy entrance into the better world—but without a scriptural conversion no man can enter heaven—yet, who does not love sacrificially to store in the treasure house of memory the "last words" of the dear departed who die in Jesus. His last words were, "Blessed Jesus; and he was not, for God took him. He died at Parnassus, Feb'y. 19th aged 67 years. He has left many friends who retain pleasing reminiscences of departed worth, and speak of his honest manliness, his sterling integrity, and generous hospitality—others recall his expressions of love for his fellow-men, and his fervent prayers. The respect in which he was held was shown on the day of interment when some 500 persons assembled at the Wesleyan Church in Canning—occupying the entry when the crowded pews could accommodate no more. The occasion was improved by a discourse from 24. Cor. v. 1. May the surviving relatives and friends obtain the grace which will put them in possession of the assurance the text expresses. Canning, March, 1857. DIADEMA MORRIS.

Dr. Canning.

Sabbath morning we sought the Scotch Church in Crown street, where Dr. Canning ministers, and was for the last twenty years. It is a spacious and rather handsome edifice, with the pulpit on one side, and a deep gallery in front, and across the two ends. Its dimensions I do not know, but I counted eleven large windows in the upper tier of one side alone. Before the Reverend gentleman entered, the church was crowded to the utmost capacity both above and below. The service commenced with a hymn, which was sung by the whole assembly standing, without the aid of any instrumental accompaniment. Next the Doctor read a lesson from the Old Testament, which he followed with a clear, impressive, and even beautiful exposition, occupying fifteen or twenty minutes. The prayer which succeeded was appropriate,