

The Provincial Wesleyan

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XXI. No. 18

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1869.

Whole No 1030

Religious Miscellany.

The Price of Truth.

BY REV. H. BOYD, D.D.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth, such as give and take from day to day, comes in the common walk of easy life, and bows by the careless wind across our way. Bought in the market, and the current price, bread of the smile, the jest, perchance the bow! It is no tales of daring or of worth, nor pierces even the surface of the soul. Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance, nor wafted on the breath of summer dream; but grasped in the great struggle of the soul, hard-buffeted with adverse wind and stream. Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wheat; not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth; not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of grief, and fear, and God, when the strong hand of God, put forth in might, ploughs up the sward of the stagnant heart, and brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light. Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain; Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field, and the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

Infinite Resources.

Consulting a friend one day in regard to some poor people in the neighborhood, who had proved to be unworthy of confidence, he said, in the course of the conversation: "I declare, there is such an endless catalogue of them; I do get sick and tired, and feel as if I hadn't any patience left." "You call it an endless catalogue; and yet think what a small portion of the whole they are. The thought that God knows every one of that great host, even to the smallest details, seeing all the suffering, all the unworthiness, yet braving it all, gives one an idea of His infinite patience, which is almost heart-rending, for it fairly melts one's soul to contemplate it." "Yes, His infinite patience; but then we must remember He has infinite resources, which we have not."

He left me pondering his last assertion. That God has "infinite resources," is certainly true; but that through our glorious Saviour these resources come to us, is true as well. There is no limit to the supply of grace and power which a Christian may draw from God's infinite treasure-house. We have no right to excuse ourselves for lack of patience, or love or any other grace. In God is all, more than all we need, and it is ours purchased for us by Christ. He bought with His priceless blood, poured out to death, an absolute right to these "infinite resources" for us. If we but have faith, which is the hand extended to receive from this treasury, we may have patience which will never fail; courage which will never falter, and will never slacken; and love which shall burn on in still brighter flames, consuming all selfishness, all earthliness in its power, until the glorious day shall come when "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

This belief is founded upon God's Word. Hear our Saviour's declaration to His disciples: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall be also in him. This is not a promise to us of power to work miracles such as He wrought—healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead. Such "works" we cannot do; their age is past; but this word is to us the pledge of a limitless supply of grace to follow Him in His perfect submission, His unwavering patience, His tender love, if we "believe on Him."

Oh, fellow Christians, do you realize that you need never suffer from a keen overwhelming sense of your exceeding poverty and weakness? His riches are yours, His strength your own. "Let him take hold of My strength," says your Lord. Prove Him, and see if you will not find yourself "strengthened with all patience and long-suffering and joyfulnes." Do not feel as if the thought was presumption. It is not presumption to take God at His word. The Lord told Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." If that strength was not to be his, the glorious assurance was valueless. But it was his, and feeling its full power, he cried, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

That is the secret. Come in utter weakness and helplessness, in absolute self-distrustfulness to Him who is strong. Throw yourself upon His love, His infinite, never-failing love. He knows all. "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." To live to this life of trust and faith, receiving constantly infinite grace and strength, Jesus must be your ALL. You must live to Him, for Him, in Him. He has the key of the store-house. "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Believing this, claiming the promise, "looking unto Jesus," constantly, unwaveringly, you will say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Christian of Worth.

The Moment of Peril.

More than a quarter of a century ago two vessels, in a gale off the Southern coast, were wrapped in darkness of the night, were sailing toward each other. The commanders knew it not until suddenly, from the deck of one of the ships, rang out the trumpet-sound, "Hard-a-starboard!" The officer had caught sight of the approaching craft through the gloom when near the prow of his ship. Instantly was heard in response the thrilling words: "Hard-a-starboard!" Every heart on those ships was still, as the white-robed arm of the lieutenant of the sea was seemed to interlock in a terrific struggle, then part forever. Each swept onward towards its destined port, bearing the pale spectators of the scene.

Those ships had doubtless often been in danger,

but never before nor afterward was such threatened destruction warded off by a breath through the speaking-trumpet, and escaped by so small a margin of deliverance.

We believe that in heaven every ransomed soul will see in the life-voage, among many dangers, encountered, some single peril of decisive interest. It may have been the avoiding stopping at the entrance of a theatre, when the forces of evil were in wait for him, turning, as it were, a hairbreadth aside, because upon the tower of silver trumpet, borne by them, it is written: "And He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

That escape will have a solitary importance in all the earthly path, and will send up to the throne a strain of highest thanksgiving. Such was its relation to life; to have failed of deliverance was certain ruin forever.

Some Christians can now look back upon this moment of dark and awful peril. Multitudes are daily passing safely, or making shipwreck at such critical moments in probation.—Am. Mes.

A Wholesome Rebuke.

A good story is told of the celebrated White. He was a man who appears to have been able to preach on occasions as well as could his master, and sometimes to his master. When Whitehead was about to embark as Crown-well Envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much disturbed in his mind as he rested in Harwich, on the preceding night, when he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in an adjoining bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust to Him to govern it as long as you are in it?" To this question Whitehead had nothing to reply, and turning about, he soon fell asleep. Great men are probably quite likely to underestimate their own ability and to overestimate their own.

Who Can Spare Them?

These fathers and mothers in our Israel, who can bear the absence of their gray hairs, wrinkled brows, and furrowed cheeks? By years of hopeful, trustful service they have won and wear a crown of glory. Who so ready as these to rise up and bless him who cometh in the name of the Lord? How can we spare these living links of the past? Long have they peered between porch and altar in the agony of prevailing prayer. There is inspiration in the steady look of those dim eyes fixed on him who speaks the living Word to dying men. They take no easy seat to God's house. Not rest and sleep they seek. Not like him, who, full of manly strength, in God's house, counts gains of another six days work, or plans for days to come, who with eyes on ceiling, wall, window, door, pulpit, or in deeper thought, or deep-drawings turns inward, and stops, or goes on behind close lids, in dreams of plenty or of pleasure. Not to wish these goodly ones we cannot spare. It is their silent lips move. And as the chiming bells on Aaron's robes in the inner temple spoke of prevailing prayer, so these trembling, moving lips bring hope and inspiration to the preacher's heart, for these prayers prevail.

Blessed saints of God! Too soon the messengers of God will miss you from His house; too soon the Church will mourn her loss. But dear ones await their coming in paradise, where He who redeemed and led them, will crown them with the manes of double portion of their power with God.—Zions Herald.

A Story of Sabbath observance in Scotland.

The intensity of the religious feelings of the people of Scotland, as well as the honesty of its expression is well illustrated by the following incident which is strictly true: A young American, who afterwards became a distinguished member of the Senate of the United States, was sent by his parents for a year to the University of Edinburgh. Like other young men returning in that interesting city, he took lodgings—which simply means he hired a snit of rooms in a private house, and had his meals prepared by the landlady. She was an excellent woman, and he was a good specimen of the young American, so the two got on most harmoniously together. But by and by he began to see a shade of trouble on the old lady's countenance. Day by day it grew deeper and darker. He could not help observing this, and was quite at a loss to account for it. Some-times he thought he might be in want of money, but he was behind-hand with his rent, and the landlady pressing her for the money. His first thought was to offer her means to meet such difficulty, but knowing the spirit of independence possessed by the Scotch people, he hesitated to do so. But finally one Sabbath morning, as he was eating his breakfast, the old lady came into the room. If she had looked sad before, she was tenfold more so to day. He was fairly alarmed as she came in. Springing up from his chair he said: "My dear madam, what is the matter? If the want of money troubles you, my purse is at your service, and I beg you will avail yourself of it." "No," she said, "it is not money matters that sile me; it is the commandment, sir. You can see as well as I that the commandment says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Not only are we to do it, and our sons, and our daughters, our men servants and maid servants, and our cattle, but the stranger within our gates, and I am implicated in your guilt if you do not keep it holy. I do not think you mean to break the Sabbath and thus young men from the college come to see you on the Lord's day, and keep you from

church, as well as lead you into conversation that is not profitable or proper on the Sabbath. "What would you have me to do?" was the young man's immediate inquiry. "Go to the house of God." "Where do you go?" "Oh, you would not like my man, he is one Thomas McCrie; but you would like Mr. and Mrs. and here she went over a long list of ministers who preached the truth. But her young guest said his hat and insisted on going then and there with his worthy hostess to the old-fashioned church where the guest, Dr. McCrie (the biographer of Knox) held forth to attentive audiences. He could not help admiring the genius of the preacher, and during his stay in Edinburgh he attended his ministry with the utmost regularity. The dark cloud disappeared from the old lady's face, and they ever after continued the best of friends.

My Crown.

Laid up, prepared for me! And this my crown has long been preparing—laid up in heaven? Yes, laid up, but not finished. Its jewels are not, all set yet, neither do all its stars sparkle now, but Jesus is gathering and treasuring them, and will take care that no precious stone is lost. Every one will occupy its true position and gift, silver, and precious stone to be found in their appropriate places. Some of these have already been borne by angel hands in heaven, and by the grace of my dear Saviour, I am seeking to lay up other treasures of gold. Also there will be fully set as pieces of gold in pictures of silver in my crown. But though these jewels of grace are wrought in it, my crown is the gift of my Saviour, and is incomparably more precious than the jewels which adorn it. It is unique. There is no crown like it on earth. It is a crown of righteousness. There is no stain upon its purity. It is clear as the sun and white as the light. And it is a living crown, a crown of life. I shall never be able to lay it aside, neither will it ever be taken from me. The more I possess it, the more I love it. Wearing it, I shall enjoy present peace, and be exempt from sickness, pain, and death, and shall reign with my Saviour a king and priest forever. And there are many similar ones, for Jesus says to each of his disciples, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

You, dear reader, may have a crown like mine, fitted to your brow. I hope you have one in preparation. If you love Jesus, you have, if you do not, you have not. The apostle could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—National Baptist.

Prayer Meetings.

On this subject, I fail not to read the thousand articles, long or short. But I have seen, or thought I saw, a kind of mistake sometimes. A particular prayer-meeting, or one in a given and special set of circumstances, is held up as the only one of any value. A coat is cut, buttoned, stitched, snipped, and fastened to fit me; therefore it will fit me. Get you out just like that. Now "circumstances" formerly altered to "cases." How can a church full of men in talking, if none of them can or will talk? Suppose a young brother can muster courage to get up and just express his interest in the Saviour once and awhile; is it to be expected, or is to be desired, that he repeat that expression weekly? If you have an abundance of young brothers, so that you can vary the person and the manner, I admit that you need not tire of the story. But suppose your church a small one, in a small place; must you not use your material according to its quality? The Methodists are supposed by some, to have a patent for a prayer-meeting. My neighbor Holdfast certifies that, in his meetings, he does, and will in certain circumstances. If they have a revival, and there is either interest or excitement in the place, it goes on well enough; but as soon as this subsides, the meetings flag at once, and very possibly die. Or, in a city, where there are multitudes of the brightest young men, cultivated, at least, in the way of a business education, meetings of alternate talking and praying to edification may be carried on indefinitely.

Now I have known two instances of a prayer-meeting in the way following, from year to year, with the best success. The pastor was always present, and always conducted it. He always read each hymn sung. He always read on persons to pray by name. He always read, and commented on a portion of the Scriptures, as the leading exercise. He then gave opportunity to those to speak; and sometimes they did, and sometimes did not, just as they felt. Now these meetings were attended for two years, each by more persons than composed the respective churches to which they belonged; and for ten and one case twenty-five years, never flagged in interest or attendance; the numbers present in a church of one hundred running to three hundred and fifty, being from eighty to two hundred and fifty. This is the most successful prayer-meeting ever known to this writer. And yet with other people, in other conditions, it would be advisable to vary it considerably. A wise man will use all the tools he has, in the best way he can.—Cor. Evangelist.

Work Harder.

Such was the dying message of a dear sister who has just been called above to those who had been associated with her in the care of the orphan and caring for the wants of the destitute. She repeated the above words earnestly: "Tell them to work harder; to do more for the little orphans and for the poor. When they come to me, I want them to say, 'I have done more for the little orphans and for the poor.' We are not many things they might have done! We are so many things they would please ourselves, but to do good to others." These words would have fallen with little weight from one who had been idle or listless; but she had been herself an efficient follower of Him who "went about doing good."

Dear sisters all, we have but one short life to spend on earth. 'Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law.' We have now but to live our thanks. He that hath Christ as his hope will be glad to keep near him, that he may be

changed into the same image, and will try to honor him by acts of kindness to him in the person of the sick, the suffering or the stranger; by making known the glad news of his salvation to many who might remain ignorant of this free and wonderful gift.

Can we not do more than we have done to show him our gratitude and believing love? When time with us shall be no more, and at the call of our Lord we lay down every earthly care and labor, shall we not think of many ways, now neglected, in which we might have done something for Him who has done all things for us? When at the last day we, with hearts trembling with happiness, shall see him on his throne of glory and judgment, shall we regret any effort made for him in this rebellious part of his kingdom? Let us "now, while it is called to-day," work harder.—From a lady in Am. Messenger.

"Nobody Spoke to Me."

An intelligent lady, relating her christian experience to the church, said: "I was deeply convinced of my sinfulness, and went mourning many days. My soul thirsted for the waters of life, and I earnestly wished that some person would address me on the subject of religion; but nobody spoke to me. I sought the society of church members; but they talked of other things, and said nothing to me about my soul. I went to the house of the Rev. Mr. H—, in hope that he would converse with me but he made no allusion to the subject, and I returned home sadly disappointed. I do not relate this to reproach any one but to suggest that Christians should seek opportunities to speak with the unconverted about their spiritual welfare, and I believe they will find persons who they may benefit, and who will thank them for their faithfulness."

A prominent member of the church said: "This is like my own experience. When I was thirteen years old I felt myself a sinner, and tried to pray in secret, and wished that some Christian would talk to me, and tell me how I might be saved. I might thus have been preserved from the life of sin and folly that I afterwards lived. There is little doubt that many persons are prevented by diffidence from revealing their feelings, who, by the influence of kind friends, might find the light, and become decided Christians, but being neglected, their feelings die away, and they again become indifferent, some of them remaining a long time in darkness."—American Messenger.

Religious Intelligence.

British Honduras.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Edward Spratt.

I am sure you will rejoice when you learn that shows of blessing are being poured upon us in Belize. Within the last six weeks not less than ninety-five persons professed to have obtained the salvation of their souls. Many of these numbers are scholars in our day and Sabbath schools, and are members of catechism classes. It was delightful to see the teachers pointing to the Saviour the children of their charge, for whose salvation they had so earnestly labored and prayed. Night after night our large and beautiful chapel was crowded, and a most gracious influence rested upon us all in private service. I am happy to inform you that the good work is still going on, and that our ordinary services are very largely attended. There have been some cases of conversion of peculiar interest. One night a young person who was enabled to believe in Jesus to the saving of her soul, began at once to feel concerned for the salvation of the members of her family; and her only wish, "O that my mother was saved! O that God would convert my mother!" The following night I saw her directing some one to the Saviour. I asked her, who the person was in whom she was taking such a deep interest. I shall not soon forget the beam of joy upon her countenance, when she replied, "This is my mother, Sir; and this, Sir, (pointing to a youth of his fourteen years of age,) is my brother. They are all now happy in the love of God and traveling in the way to heaven."

During the first week of special services, amongst those who were wounded by the Spirit's sword was another female, who, when invited to go to the communion-table, and seek mercy, replied, "I would, but I am afraid of my husband." The following night the husband was present; and, when invited, he, under a most powerful influence, arose, took his wife by the hand, and with deep feeling said, "Come, let us go and seek the Saviour." They knelt side by side, and both found Jesus, and went down to their home justified. The man and his wife are meeting in class and rejoicing in their Saviour.

The officers and members of the church are ever ready to do their utmost in helping forward the work of the Lord. Three new classes have been formed, and leaders appointed to them. One class of instruction has been more than doubled in numbers, and other leaders are bringing candidates for membership almost every day. The Lord's name alone is praised for this outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

There are a few features of the work worthy of special notice.

1. The first remarkable visitation from on high was vouchsafed in a prayer-meeting, when God's people were pleading with Him for what He blessedly gave; not under a sermon, or the glory might have been stolen from the Lord, and given to a mortal; but when humbled in the dust, confessing our sins, and imploring the Spirit's aid, down He came as "rushing, mighty wind," and "great grace was upon us all."
2. The work broke out just where we could have desired it, viz., amongst the young, who had been for a considerable time under the special care of our pious and judicious teachers. One night the number of young people who were seeking the Lord was so great that the large communion-table was too small to accommodate them. "Hosanna to the Son of David," is the united cry of many children who have recently found Him to the joy of their souls.
3. The revival so far has been happily free from all undue excitement; certainly we had excitement, but it arose principally from "strong

cries and tears" which quaked from hearts humble and contrite before the cross, and then from the outburst of joy of the near-born soul. O that this mighty shaking may continue, until to many who might remain ignorant of this free and wonderful gift.

Can we not do more than we have done to show him our gratitude and believing love? When time with us shall be no more, and at the call of our Lord we lay down every earthly care and labor, shall we not think of many ways, now neglected, in which we might have done something for Him who has done all things for us? When at the last day we, with hearts trembling with happiness, shall see him on his throne of glory and judgment, shall we regret any effort made for him in this rebellious part of his kingdom? Let us "now, while it is called to-day," work harder.—From a lady in Am. Messenger.

"Nobody Spoke to Me."

An intelligent lady, relating her christian experience to the church, said: "I was deeply convinced of my sinfulness, and went mourning many days. My soul thirsted for the waters of life, and I earnestly wished that some person would address me on the subject of religion; but nobody spoke to me. I sought the society of church members; but they talked of other things, and said nothing to me about my soul. I went to the house of the Rev. Mr. H—, in hope that he would converse with me but he made no allusion to the subject, and I returned home sadly disappointed. I do not relate this to reproach any one but to suggest that Christians should seek opportunities to speak with the unconverted about their spiritual welfare, and I believe they will find persons who they may benefit, and who will thank them for their faithfulness."

A prominent member of the church said: "This is like my own experience. When I was thirteen years old I felt myself a sinner, and tried to pray in secret, and wished that some Christian would talk to me, and tell me how I might be saved. I might thus have been preserved from the life of sin and folly that I afterwards lived. There is little doubt that many persons are prevented by diffidence from revealing their feelings, who, by the influence of kind friends, might find the light, and become decided Christians, but being neglected, their feelings die away, and they again become indifferent, some of them remaining a long time in darkness."—American Messenger.

Religious Intelligence.

British Honduras.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Edward Spratt.

I am sure you will rejoice when you learn that shows of blessing are being poured upon us in Belize. Within the last six weeks not less than ninety-five persons professed to have obtained the salvation of their souls. Many of these numbers are scholars in our day and Sabbath schools, and are members of catechism classes. It was delightful to see the teachers pointing to the Saviour the children of their charge, for whose salvation they had so earnestly labored and prayed. Night after night our large and beautiful chapel was crowded, and a most gracious influence rested upon us all in private service. I am happy to inform you that the good work is still going on, and that our ordinary services are very largely attended. There have been some cases of conversion of peculiar interest. One night a young person who was enabled to believe in Jesus to the saving of her soul, began at once to feel concerned for the salvation of the members of her family; and her only wish, "O that my mother was saved! O that God would convert my mother!" The following night I saw her directing some one to the Saviour. I asked her, who the person was in whom she was taking such a deep interest. I shall not soon forget the beam of joy upon her countenance, when she replied, "This is my mother, Sir; and this, Sir, (pointing to a youth of his fourteen years of age,) is my brother. They are all now happy in the love of God and traveling in the way to heaven."

During the first week of special services, amongst those who were wounded by the Spirit's sword was another female, who, when invited to go to the communion-table, and seek mercy, replied, "I would, but I am afraid of my husband." The following night the husband was present; and, when invited, he, under a most powerful influence, arose, took his wife by the hand, and with deep feeling said, "Come, let us go and seek the Saviour." They knelt side by side, and both found Jesus, and went down to their home justified. The man and his wife are meeting in class and rejoicing in their Saviour.

The officers and members of the church are ever ready to do their utmost in helping forward the work of the Lord. Three new classes have been formed, and leaders appointed to them. One class of instruction has been more than doubled in numbers, and other leaders are bringing candidates for membership almost every day. The Lord's name alone is praised for this outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

There are a few features of the work worthy of special notice.

1. The first remarkable visitation from on high was vouchsafed in a prayer-meeting, when God's people were pleading with Him for what He blessedly gave; not under a sermon, or the glory might have been stolen from the Lord, and given to a mortal; but when humbled in the dust, confessing our sins, and imploring the Spirit's aid, down He came as "rushing, mighty wind," and "great grace was upon us all."
2. The work broke out just where we could have desired it, viz., amongst the young, who had been for a considerable time under the special care of our pious and judicious teachers. One night the number of young people who were seeking the Lord was so great that the large communion-table was too small to accommodate them. "Hosanna to the Son of David," is the united cry of many children who have recently found Him to the joy of their souls.
3. The revival so far has been happily free from all undue excitement; certainly we had excitement, but it arose principally from "strong

General Miscellany.

Lesson of the Mountain Stream.

I see the stream compressed in agony between two stern, unyielding rocks. It is agitated. But what does it do? In the narrow gorge it rolls over upon itself; it becomes like a contracted muscle. It gathers itself together, and contracts its power that it may strike with a strong arm against some obstacle, or with a slender limb, make an unusual leap. Agony fits it for mightier work. It perseveres through persecution.

I look again. It creeps with a sort of foreboding, into a deep dell. Thickets overhang it with dismal shadows. Trees have fallen across it, and rough, half-decayed branches pierce it—Drift-wood, rubbish, and a vast variety of rotten masses have accumulated there, in ungodly masses over it, and through all this superincumbent ugliness, the sunlight struggles, only here and there, with a solitary beam, yet the stream keeps on. It does not give up the heart; its footstep is as blithe, its music as gleeful, and its flow as resolute as ever they were in brighter spots, and soon it comes out from under these gross over-toppings, causing even their deformities to magnify, by contrast, its beauty. What does it say to me? "Persevere, O soul, through all sorrow and dejection. Thou wilt find it a difficult task, but keep on; never give up!"

Yet, again I look. The stream comes to a precipice—a wild step of perpendicular granite. Does it admit the impossibility? Does it stop, and retrace its course, or find some more facile path? No; it simply says: "I am in the line of my duty," and over it goes. It takes the sublime leap, creating in this new, and daring movement, the chief glory of its career—a magnificent cascade—which fills the wood with the thunder of its vast descent. Neither is this

exhibition of force, this defiance of all hostility in a rude and boorish form. The curve which it describes is the perfection of beauty, as graceful as it is grand; and just where it takes the leap, at the very point of its resolutions God put His rainbow signature. Is there no teaching here for me? Verily there is! It bids me mind nothing that I encounter in the path of duty. Even though it be like a precipice of granite, with a chasm of darkness at its base, fear not; trust in Almighty God, and leap it!

One more. It runs unobscured, undisturbed. Every drop is a reflector. The sunbeams bathe their radiant forms in every part of its clear, crystal depths. It is so illumined that you can see the individual upon its floor. But it does not stay to waver with the sunlight, and it speaks to me as it flows and says: "In the day of prosperity, still persevere; forget not that I am still on foot, far on to the great lake." Then I have tried to interpret to you this one thought of God—a mountain-stream.—Henry M. Scudder.

Perseverance.

Take the spade of perseverance. Dig the field of progress wide. Every bar to true instruction, hurl the stones of persecution. Out where they block its course. Seek for strength in self-exertion; Work and still have faith to wait; Close the crooked gate to fortune; Make the road to honor straight.

Men are agents for the future! As they work, so ages win Either harvests of advancement Or the product of their sin; Follow out true cultivation, Widen education's plan; From the majesty of nature Teach the majesty of man!

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

Among the acts of ecclesiastical justice which are confidently expected from the present Parliament is the removal of a disability, which, though it affects comparatively few, is more onerous upon those few, and more unjust than any of the disabilities which still remain. Our law differs from that of every civilized country, in forbidding a widow to marry the sister of her husband. This difference was, however, in its late origin, quite accidental. The prohibition of this particular union got into the Prayer-book on account of the divorce of Katherine of Aragon by Henry the VIII, and because it was useful to establish Elizabeth's legitimacy. But until the year 1835 such marriages could only be valid by a suit instituted during the life of both parties—should no such suit be entered and decided before the death of either, the marriage was held to be good. In 1835, however, a bill brought into the House of Lords late in the session, and for some other purpose, was transferred into an act forbidding these marriages in future. The act specially legalized all the marriages which had been contracted up to that time, but made all future marriages void. Even then, however, so little did public sentiment endorse the law, that it was customary for the people and all sections of English society, with a few pedantic exceptions, recognize them as duly joined together in an union which no man should under; but this half-superstitious and half-accidental law visits their offspring with the penalty of illegitimacy.

We have said nothing about the argument supposed to be derived from Scripture. The Mosaic law forbade the men of a polygamous nation to take a wife's sister while the first wife lived, and it is this prohibition which, by a miserable inversion, is made to do duty against marriages with the sister after the wife is dead. The mere fact that all these Churches which make the most of Scripture words are in favor of the change, is a sufficient reply to those who misquote scripture against it. One other argument is that it makes the wife's sister free with her husband—less at home in their home—were the possibility that she might succeed the wife present to all. There are, however, only few persons thus living together who thus speculate on each other's death, and the few who would do so are not those whom this law would hinder from marrying one another if they were so inclined. But the chief argument against the law is, that it is not borne out by the sentiment of society. As the Archbishop of Canterbury has said, "considered in a religious, moral and social point of view, such marriages are unobjectionable, while in many instances they contribute to the happiness of the parties and to the welfare of the motherless children." When a working man loses his wife it is most natural that he should look upon her sister as her most proper and legitimate successor. For the order of his home and the welfare of his children she is more likely to be all he needs than any stranger. The memory of the past belongs to them in common, and all the tender associations which linger around the dead are felt by each alike. Observation and experience confirm, as a rule, the poor that no second marriages are, to such a happy for the household, so good for the first wife's children, as those who question, and the popular sentiment is therefore entirely on their side. To go out of the way of all Christian nations to strike such marriages with a legal ban, which can never be made a social ban, is not merely a cruelty and an injustice, it is a grievous impolicy and a mistake. It

Advice of an Actress.

I was seated in the parlor of the hotel at B—, reading when a lady hastily entered and addressing me, said: "What time shall you start for the theatre?" Then glancing at my face, added, "Excuse me, sir; I thought you were one of our company."

It was Miss—, a celebrated actress, who was at the time an inmate of the house; and I said pleasantly, "I never went to the theatre." "What!" she exclaimed, "have you not even heard Forest, the great tragedian?" "No," I replied, "I was taught by my parents to shun the drama." "Somebody whom I respect, and that I should once visit the theatre, I should see that I do. You certainly know all about it, I would like to ask your opinion. Would you advise me to attend?"

The tragedienne's countenance grew pale and bugged as she answered with an expression whose mournful seriousness haunted me long after, "Sir, if you have never been to the theatre I advise you never to go." "And without another word she left the room.

I have thought since, in connection with her sad, weary look, of the touching wall of the English actor Robson, uttered throughout his last illness—"Oh, my wasted and unprofitable life! and I have wondered if the patrons of the stage ever consider that their amusement is purchased at the terrible cost of the peace of mind, and perhaps the eternal happiness of the performers they applaud; and if the young, when for the first time they go to the playhouse, know how many famous actors and actresses have uttered earnest and heart-broken protests against the theatre.

Great Good in Small Deeds.

It is common to use the terms great and small in speaking of actions, occasions and duties, in reference to our first and outward impressions of them. But as some of the most operative, so many of the duties and actions which we call the most insignificant, are really more important and influential than those which offer themselves by a loud roar. A money transaction may involve a million, while another concerns but a single dollar, and yet the latter, from the influence connected with it, may cause vastly greater consequences than the former; although because they are so silently and perhaps invis-