

Family Circle.

The Modest Clerk.

Not long since, there came to our city an unassuming young man, whose delicate health had prevented him from entering the ministry, and made it advisable that he should commence business as a merchant's clerk. Entering an establishment here, he found himself the room-mate of the head clerk, a moralist, and proud of his virtues, and of a second clerk, kind, but gay and thoughtless. And now came the first struggle of duty. Should he retire without reading the Scriptures and prayer? Conscience told him his duty, but his fears answered, "Give me any cross but that."

After two months of disquiet and remorse, days of ceaseless unrest and nights of sleepless trouble, he drew forth his mother's Bible from his trunk, and endeavoured to extract consolation from it; but alas he saw that those who would find rest must take the yoke: and every passage seemed addressed to him, summoning him to take up the cross, however great the sacrifice. He resolved to obey. That night, however, his companions entered the room unusually gay, and amid laughing and trifling, and varied conversation, there seemed no place to introduce devotional exercises. He anxiously awaited the favourable moment, but it came not; and when sleep succeeded silence, he had failed of duty, and was again in distress. The night was spent in penitent confession and secret resolutions for the next evening. These resolutions he resolved nothing should thwart.

As the trio were again brought together into their room for retirement, he saw the time had come. With trepidation and trembling, he said to the eldest clerk, "Henry, we have been room-mates for a long time, and never prayed together. Let us neglect this duty no longer. I have done wrong in delaying as I have." The moralist was struck dumb with amazement. The other clerk was silent also. He opened that dear Bible of his mother, read, kneeled by his chair; and then was verified the promise, "It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Night after night the three clerks bent their knee in prayer. The moralist acknowledged a power that he knew nothing of. Conviction ensued, and he is now rejoicing in the hope which maketh not ashamed, and ascribes his first impressions to that prayer of the trembling junior clerk.

How heavy the cross when it is a cross in anticipation; how light the cross when it is the cross remembered. How significant the consequences when anticipation measures them by her fears; how immense the consequences when the reality arrives. —*American Messenger.*

The Battle for a Violet.

Ruth and Amy were sisters. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both at the same time happened to see a violet before them.—Both ran to it. Ruth, the elder sister, was first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out, "I saw it first—it belongs to me."

"No, it is not yours; it is mine," said Ruth, "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got it first, and plucked it; so I have got it, and you shall not have it." Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother came to see what was the matter. "What does this mean?" she asked.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy. "No, I did not, mother," said Ruth; "the violet was mine. I saw it first, and I plucked it." "But where is the flower," asked their mother. It has been torn to pieces! In fighting to decide who should have it, the flower had been lost to both.

How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the still sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, have been preserved? Though Ruth had the

violet in her hand, she could have said, "Sister, if you think this pretty flower is yours, you may have it. I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow. Would there have been any fight, or any coldness, or any unkindness, between the sisters? They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and their sweet violet too."

Love and kindness we must measure
By this simple rule alone—
Do we mind another's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

General Miscellany.

The Chemist's Power over Matter.

Yet from the power over matter, with which existing progress has already invested man, how wondrously interesting are the results and substances which he can produce at will? One of these substances takes fire, and glows brilliantly when simply exposed to the air—another starts into flame when it is touched with water or with ice—a third shines in the air with a paler and more lambent but almost perpetual light—and the smell of a fourth is too nauseous to be endured. One gas when diffused through the air, in absolutely inappreciable proportion, affects those who inhale it with violent catarrh—another, when inhaled, exhilarates with a happy but fleeting intoxication—a third, if breathed but once, suddenly arrests the current of life. A single drop of one fluid, if swallowed, will produce instant death—of another, will set in motion the whole contents of the alimentary canal,—while the vapour of the third will produce insensibility. One solid substance, if merely touched, will crumble to powder and change its colour—another by a gentle friction will explode with a terrific detonation—while others again change by a single gleam of the brilliant sun, and produce the wonderful pictures of Fabot and Daguerre. Again other substances are enriched with a healing, balsamic, and salutary virtues, assuaging, exhilarating, or strengthening at the experimenter's will—realising, in a somewhat different sense, the aspiration of the latter alchemists after a universal medicine. And then how remarkable are the changes in the sensible properties of an organic compound, and in its relation to animal life, which are produced by a very small alteration in its chemical composition! It is sufficiently striking that the union of combustible hydrogen gas with fire-supporting oxygen, should produce the fire-extinguishing fluid, water, and that salutary common salt should contain, molified and disguised by its combination with a metal, sixty per cent of suffocating chlorine. But these combinations, water and common salt, consist of equal atoms of each constituent, which may readily be supposed by their union, greatly to modify the properties of one another. In organic compounds, however, containing many molecules united together, it is more surprising that the addition of a molecule more should often entirely alter their properties and relations to life. Benzole, for example, contains twenty-one atoms—fourteen of carbon, five of hydrogen, two of oxygen,—and yet the addition of one of hydrogen to these twenty-one forms the high flavoured and poisonous oil of bitter almonds: or one of oxygen added in its stead forms the well-known solid benzoic acid, to which our pastiles owe so much of their agreeable odour. In cynamyle, again, there are present twenty-seven atoms, and yet one of hydrogen added to these forms oil of cinnamon, and one of oxygen, a solid substance called cinnamic acid. How very incomprehensible to us as yet are all such molecular changes! —*Edinburgh Review.*

High and Low Pressure.

The New York Mirror says:—When we speak of the high-pressure steamers on the Western rivers, do not some of our readers ask, what is the meaning of *high-pressure*? We imagine that they do, and that they thank us for answering the question.

Attend, then, reader pupil. The Steam Engine is set in motion by the driving backward and forward of the piston in the cy-

linder, just as a cork might be driven in a tube, from one end to the other, and this is effected by the steam. The steam is let in below the piston, and drives it up, and is then let in above, and drives it down. Of course, when the piston has descended to the bottom of the cylinder, the steam which drives it down is in the way of its ascent. The cylinder is to be opened near the top, and the steam let in below must force out the steam above.

But this cylinder full of steam is to be driven out against the atmosphere. The whole inner surface of the cylinder is pressed by the atmosphere about fifteen pounds on every square inch. Now, if the steam let in below does not exceed fifteen pounds to the square inch, the piston will not rise. We must have a pressure of steam greater than this, to produce motion at all. But if the steam above the piston can be suddenly cooled back into water, it will be put out of the way, and a vacuum will be found in its place. There will be nothing to prevent the upward motion—every ounce of pressure below will be effective. The atmosphere itself, if allowed to enter below would drive up the piston.

In the low-pressure engines, the steam which has driven the piston in one direction is condensed into water, and taken entirely out of the way before the piston returns. In these engines, if the steam let in gives a pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch within the cylinder, this will just balance the pressure of the atmosphere without, and the engine will move *without any pressure on the boiler outward*. It is only above this pressure that the strain on the boiler begins. But in the high-pressure engines there is no apparatus for condensing the steam. It is driven out, in the way described, against the atmosphere, and the first fifteen pounds of pressure on the boiler does nothing to move the engine. It is only above this that anything is accomplished.

The engines of our locomotives and our mills, shops and factories generally, are high-pressure. The condensing apparatus adds much to the expense, and requires much space. On all our eastern steamers condensing or low-pressure engines are used. Perhaps this explanation will suffice. The manner of effecting the condensation of the steam we will not now describe. The reader is satisfied, we trust, in regard to the peculiarity which gives the names *high pressure* and *low pressure*. The former are known by their puffing off a portion of steam, at every stroke, into the atmosphere.

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

David Lent—Abraham Lent, of Clements.

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—Death continues his ravages on this Circuit. Last Wednesday a large number of the inhabitants of Clements were assembled together to pay a tribute of respect to the remains of the late Mr. David LENT. The deceased was in the 45th year of his age, and has left behind him a disconsolate widow and ten fatherless children.

About two years ago, our beloved brother received an injury from the fall of a tree, which probably brought on the disease, consumption, which put an end to his earthly existence. Mr. L. was a person much esteemed by all who were acquainted with him, and had been a consistent member of the Wesleyan Church for the last twenty years. I had frequent opportunities of visiting him in his affliction, and of uniting with him in prayer; and am happy to say, that as death approached, he was enabled to look to Jesus, to hang upon the cross, and to leave behind him a dying testimony to the power of divine grace. The sympathies of the people generally were elicited on this mournful occasion, and the depth of their sorrow considerably increased by finding, on their arrival at Mr. Lent's, that on the previous night, the old gentleman, the father of the deceased, had followed the son to the spirit world. It was truly an affecting sight to witness the remains of these two persons laid side by side in the same room, surrounded by the widows, children and grandchildren

of each, deeply affected by the loss which they had been called to sustain. We directed the attention of all to a portion of God's Word, and endeavoured to impress upon their minds the brevity of human life, the uncertainty of all things here below, and the vast importance of standing ready for eternity. At the close, the Rev. A. Cogswell, Baptist minister, gave an exhortation, and concluded with prayer. We then proceeded to the graveyard and interred the corpse.—O, that God may be a Father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.

On the following Friday, a large number of relations and friends were convened together in the same dwelling, to sympathize with the mourners, to hear the gospel, and to bury the dead. The late Mr. Abraham Lent was the oldest person in the community, having lived nearly a hundred years. He has witnessed many changes in society, followed a great number, much younger than himself, to the grave, and while many have thus fallen by his side, he has stood like the sturdy oak in the forest, until the pressure of years and infirmities gradually brought him to the tomb. This distinguished servant of God was extensively known, greatly respected, and uniformly looked up to as a man of piety and integrity. Upwards of sixty years ago, he was united in matrimony to the eminently pious and worthy person, who still survives, and has had the happiness and ability to minister to his comfort in his declining years, and is also patiently waiting for her last change. This aged and devoted couple have raised a large family. Nine of their children have preceded them to the heavenly world, and we hope and pray, when ever the rest shall be called away, they may be in Jesus, and form an unbroken family in their Father's house above.

Fifty-three years since, Father Lent, with his beloved partner, was converted to the truth, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Grandline, one of the first Wesleyan Missionaries in these Provinces. At that time they both joined the Methodist Society, and have ever been conscientious and consistent members. The doctrines, discipline and usages of the Connexion, Father Lent loved and admired, and invariably felt a growing interest in their establishment and extension. As we were thinking of the name, age, piety, conduct and end of this "old disciple," we were led to improve his funeral occasion by a discourse, founded upon Gen. xxv. ch. and 8 v.—"Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man and full of years, and was gathered to his people." While we were endeavouring to pourtray the prominent features in the character of these distinguished servants of the Most High, the manner of their death, and their subsequent glorious state, the people were profoundly attentive, and many of them deeply affected. The Rev. Mr. Cogswell followed with an exhortation, and all seemed to feel that it was good to be there. Every one evidently possessed an interest in Father Lent, as he was always sociable, kind, and hospitable. His house has been a home for the Wesleyan Ministers for the last fifty years, and nothing appeared to give him, or the family, greater satisfaction than frequent visits from them. He delighted in the company, spirit, conversation and prayers of the pious, and continually evinced his attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ. As he approached the end of his lengthy pilgrimage, he gave evident proof that he was ripening for the Paradise of God. His faith was strong; his hope well founded, and his prospects bright. Father Lent thus left the world, an old man, full of years and anticipation, and was gathered to his people in heaven; and his mortal remains deposited alongside those of his son David.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe,
Under my feet at last!"

The next Sabbath, on my arrival at Bear River, just when I was about to enter the Chapel, a large congregation waiting, I was requested to attend another funeral in connection with that service, saying the remains of a child belonging to Mr. Josiah Potter, would soon arrive, and that a suitable discourse would be expected. We tried to meet the wishes of our friends, and to improve the event to the good of those who are yet alive. You will now perceive, that