

The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

Volume XVIII. No. 40

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1866.

Whole No. 889

Religious Miscellany.

Consecration.

BY REV. F. BORTOME.

O thou exalted Son of God,
High seated on the Father's throne,
The gift of thy blood,
To us, thy waiting saints make known.
Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire!
Ours, fill thy earthly temples now;
Baptized of every base desire,
Rejoice thou within and only thou.
Fill every chamber of the soul;
Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill;
Till, under thy supreme control,
Submissive rest our cheerful will.
Thy love, O thou dost this moment come;
My longing soul is all thy own;
My heart is thy abiding home;
Hereafter live for thee alone!
The altar sanctifies the gift,
The blood incenses the boon divine;
My contrite hands to heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine!
New wine, exulting, O my soul,
Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise!
His name through earth and skies extol,
With all my powers, through all my days.

A Camp Meeting Love Feast.

The narration of Christian experience as given at a Camp Meeting Love Feast, lately held at Yarmouth, Massachusetts, we take from the *Yarmouth Advocate*.—After an earnest and appropriate prayer by the Rev. Thomas Ely, F. S. D., the witness of experience, in a few and simple words, commenced. B. L., of the Maine Conference: "Forty years ago God converted my soul in Boston, near the old Lion Tavern. Thirty-four years since Jesus saved me fully at a camp meeting in Connecticut. I have the power to-day. Glory be to God." A lady: "Strong winds are wafting me onward to my home in heaven." An aged woman: "Forty years ago I was converted in Plymouth. Rev. M. J., of Providence Conference: "Sixty years since God converted my soul. I am still in the way." Rev. C. H. Providence Conference: "I was saved thirty years ago. Never loved Jesus more than now. Yet my great joy is, that God is saving my people." Another: "God, for Christ's sake, forgive my sins fifty years ago. Christ is still precious." Rev. D. B. Maine Conference: "Nearly forty years ago God converted me while kneeling beside a substantial camp meeting in Plainfield, Vt. The joy has been the best of my life, under the shadow of Zion's tower." Rev. W. F. F., Providence Conference: "I will sing my experience, 'I love the Lord, I love his laws, I love religion's blessed name.'" etc. Another: "Thirty years ago I started for eternal life. I feel that I am still on the way." Rev. M. F., of Halifax: "I praise the Lord for what he has done for me. I was saved thirty years ago." Rev. S. V., Providence Conference: "I thought the Lord when about ten years old. Some thought my religion would not last more than six months, but he has lasted till now. When wanted to be baptized they refused because I was so young, and the Lord took the matter in hand and baptized me by the Holy Spirit."

Father Tillinghast, a Quaker: "I presume I shall be pardoned for following a good impression. Fifty years ago, while kneeling beside Father Webb, of the Providence Conference I was blessed. I am glad to be here. George Fox once said to the Friends, 'See that all your meetings are held in the power of the blessed Spirit of Truth.' I feel that in the case here, I know that this meeting is interesting for the little lambs of Jesus' flock don't go to sleep." Another: "The nearest place to heaven is this love-feast."

Rev. Mr. F., New England Conference: "In the town of Wilbraham, thirty-four years ago, I loved Jesus. I obtained a greater glory at a subsequent period. I will bless God for what he has done for me and mine. All my living children are serving God; the young ones of whom was converted about one year since when about ten years of age. None of them have backslided."

There was sung:
But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.
Another: "I am thirty years old in religious experience; but my hope is stronger than ever before." A lady: "Mothers, have you done your duty to your children?" Another: "I wish to have my testimony in this Camp, where I never was before. My soul is lost in gratitude to God."

Rev. S. K., a converted Jew: "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew as well as to Gentile. Christ has saved me." Then the great multitude sang with great spirit,
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
Rev. L. D. J.: "Forty-one years ago I came down from the hill country of Vermont to this Cape. I want to tell all the old Christian friends that I am on my way to heaven. I thank God that all the branches of the old Methodist army are wheeling into line."

One responded: "I thank God all the evangelical Churches are wheeling into line."
Sung:
The men of grace have found
Glorious life in Christ Jesus.
A lady: I bless God that Congregationalists and Methodists are all one in Christ Jesus."
Rev. T. H. J., a colored man: "Forty-six years ago, in a little log-cabin in North Carolina, whether I had run away from my master, I was saved. Master said he would log this Methodist religion out of me; but I have it yet, glory to God! though I shall bear my grave the scars of many a cruel beating. He said that religion was sacred to me; but no man has been able to scare it out of me. I have the fire of the Holy Ghost in my soul yet."
Sung:
We are watching by the river,
We are watching on the shore, etc.
Recently, when about forty years of age, by the means of some Sunday-school children, God

arrested my attention, and I am on my way to heaven. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Rev. Mr. M.: "I am glad to be here. The grace of God is preparing me for his kingdom, which I hope to meet those who have gone before."

Sung:
Come let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To glory celestial rise.
About one hundred testimonies were given, and the power and love of God was wonderfully manifested.

The Neglected Bible.

John Howe, in a sermon on the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, thus proceeds:—"And a little to enforce all this, it may not be altogether useless. Nay, I think it may be worth our while to tell you a short passage which was not long ago told me by a person (whose name is well known in London, and I hope savory in it yet, Dr. Thomas Goodwin), at such time as he was president of Magdalen College in Oxford. There I had the passage from him. He told me that being himself in the time of his youth a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, in Essex, purpose to take a journey from Cambridge to Dedham, to hear him preach on his lecture day; a lecture then so strangely thronged and frequented that to those who came not very early there was no possibility of getting room in that very spacious large church. Mr. Rogers was, as he told me at that time he heard him, on the subject of discourses, which hath been for some time the subject of mine, the Scriptures. And in that sermon he falls into an expostulation with the people about their neglect of the Bible. (I am afraid it is more neglected in our days.) He personates God to the people, telling them, 'Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have neglected it; it lies in such and such houses all covered with dust and cobwebs. You care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer.' And he takes up the Bible from his cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it, and carrying it from them; but immediately turns again and personates the people to God, falls down on his knees, and pleads most earnestly, 'Lord, whatever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us. Kill our other gods, burn our houses, destroy our goods; only spare us thy Bible; only take not away thy Bible.' And then he personates God again to the people. 'Say you so? Well, I will try you a while longer, and here is my Bible for you. I will see how you use it; whether you love it more; whether you will value it more; whether you will observe it more; whether you will practice it more, and live more according to it.' By these actions, as the doctor told me, he put all the congregation into so strange a posture as he never saw any congregation in his life. The place was a mere 'Bochim,' the people generally, as it were, deluged in their own tears; and he told me himself, when he got out, and was to take his horse again to be gone, he was fain to hang a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse, so strange an impression was there upon him, and generally upon the people, upon having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible.—N. Y. C. A. Advocate.

I am a Poor Sinner.

A poor man named Tom—got his living by selling peas. In this way he visited the low public houses and other wicked places, and there became the sport of the drunkard and the vile, drinking and swearing with them. As he was one day selling his peas, passing through the low and wretched alleys, he entered the room of a poor dying sailor, and heard him as he entered, say:
"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all. But Jesus Christ is my life in all."
The words struck him. He stood still and listened again, and the same words were the only utterance of the poor sailor. They so deeply entered poor Tom's heart, that as he went along he was constantly repeating to himself:
"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all. But Jesus Christ is my life in all."
He wondered in what book they could be found, and was determined, if possible, to find them; and for this purpose, as it sounded like poetry, he borrowed a hymn book from some Christians who had taken an interest in him; he searched and searched, but could not find them. He next took up the New Testament, and there, to his great astonishment, found the substance of what he sought; it was deeply moved by what he read, and it seems that it was here that the Lord revealed himself to him.
In the course of his reading, he came to the institution of the Supper of the Lord, and found it was the command of Jesus, that his disciples should observe it in remembrance of Him who was their all in all. This rested in the bosom of their poor man, and he went to the Christian friends who lent him the book, and told them his thoughts. They were struck with the earnest desire of the poor man to honor Christ by coming to his table. He said, "I was conscious of a divine Presence with me, and believed that the holy light which had entered my soul came direct from heaven. Christ from that moment became the great central object of my contemplation. Immediately that I became enlightened, Jesus appeared to be the centre, sum and essence of revelation, and with him as a key, I thought I could understand all that ever was written on the subject of religion. My spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour, and sell and its services were thought of only to be condemned as utterly vile and worthless. Christ was all. And as my soul was filled with divine light, and glowing with the love of Jesus, I said to myself as, in amazement, I remembered the dreary past; How could I have been so blind as not to see the way of salvation which it is so clearly revealed that Jesus Christ is all in all, and we are complete in him—not in him and our doings complete—but in him alone! The truth is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that Jesus is himself the Sin-bearer, and the Saviour, and I and my legal duties and conscientious penances are nothing but 'filthy rags.' I have read it a hundred times that Jesus comes to seek and to save that which was lost, and the same truth runs through

the whole Word of God, and yet I never saw it until now. Oh, how blind I have been to the glory of Jesus! How sad to think that I have read so much about him with the veil upon my heart, and have never seen his glory's salvation till this blessed hour! I now wished that every one could see the Lord as I saw him. I wondered that they did not, and I thought I could point him out to them so clearly and distinctly, as made of God unto us 'wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption, that it would be impossible for them not to believe in him, receive him as theirs, and to be filled with heavenly joy.'—The Blood of Jesus.

Negative Religion.

In these latter days of ease from persecution, a profession of religion may be made, and a decent outward preserved without much cost.—There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the Gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a negative religion.
They do not profane the Sabbath.
They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house.
They do not live without a form of prayer.
They do not take the holy name of God in vain.
They do not run a round of gaiety and folly. They are not drunkards.
They are not swearers.
They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion.
They do not cast off the fear of God.
But,
They do not love him.—Deut. v. 10. v. 9; Matt. xxiii. 37, 38; 1 John v. 3.
They do not weep themselves in him. Pa. xxxiv. 4.
They do not esteem his Word more than their necessary food.—Job xxiii. 12; Pa. cxix. 97, 103, 111.
They do not love the habitation of his house, and the place where his honor dwelleth, though they attend it.—Psalms xxv. 8, lxxvii. 1, 10.
They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. 14. 6, 7.
They are not temples of the Holy Ghost.—1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.
They are not habitations of God through the Spirit (Eph. ii. 22); because
They have not been born again of Spirit.—John iii. 3, 5.
They have not passed from death unto life.—John v. 24. Consequently,
They cannot be new creatures in Christ Jesus.—2 Cor. v. 17; Gal. vi. 15.
Therefore, also, they cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—John iii. 5.
O that every reader may pause and consider his own state before God, and be led to pray, "Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart; see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Ps. xlvii. 2); and if convinced that he is not yet in the way, let him "seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy, and will be good for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. lv. 6, 7.

Man the Life Boat.

It is worse to see a soul wrecked than to see a boat go down. It would be heartrending to stand on some shore at nightfall, and see a gallant ship, struggling for her life with the elements, at last yield, and sink before your eyes; but sadder far, to see a man leaving all the promise and glory of a better life for the fleeting mirage of earth, and getting wrecked with heaven in view. McCheyne's thrilling lines come back when we see a gay young girl, beautiful, bright, and buoyant,
Choosing the world and its giddy crowd,
Choosing the world and an endless shore.
"She hath launched her boat
On life's treacherous sea,
And her all is at stake
For eternity!"
My friend, if you heard a cry for help ringing in your ears from some surfdashed coast, you would not hesitate what to do. The boat might be pleasant, the best inviting home never so happy. But to your heart would thrill the call of a fellow-creature in peril, and the magnetism which makes our nature a brotherhood, would urge you to be up and doing. So listen to the call from souls that are ready to perish. Do something for those for whom Christ died!
Save from ship-wreck, if you can, the brother, sister, friend, or neighbor, who is within the sphere of your influence.—American Presbyterian.

Evidences of Conversion.

The only satisfactory evidence which one can have that he has passed from death unto life, is a change in the whole tone of feeling and manner of life! A young Scotchman, more than a century ago, gave this answer to one who asked him if he was a Christian, which we think affords abundant evidence that he had experienced the great change:
"It is now about two years since I was awakened out of the sleep of sin, and I trust also out of a state of death. In looking back over those two years, I cannot but observe a great change. Formerly I was indifferent about ordinances; now I would not think of being away from them except in cases of necessity; and I have great delight in hearing the gospel, and in taking part in other services of the sanctuary. I come to hear, and I desire that Christ to speak through his servant to his people, and in particular to myself. I look for this in the way of conviction, of comfort, and of seasonable instruction as regards duty. And the Lord has thus graciously dealt with me from time to time.
"Formerly I had no love for secret prayer; now I know not how I could live without it, even for one day. I take delight in it as a duty, as profitable also to my soul, and my gracious Lord has given me to experience many answers of prayer, and among these very precious spiritual blessings. Formerly I did not know what heart corruption was; now I feel them very sensibly, and I am often sent to Christ, beseeching him to help me overcome them, that I may be wholly and unreservedly his."

"Formerly I understood not what it was to have recourse to Christ for anything; now he is mine and I am his, and through him I can do all things. I pretend not to be assured absolutely, as to the state; but I am willing to wait in the hope of the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life. To him, therefore, be all the glory and honour, now and forever."

Religious Intelligence.

Sierra Leone.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Charles Marks, Native Minister, dated Hastings, April 20th, 1866.
DEATH OF AN AGED CONVERT.
As I am sure you will be glad to hear not only of the consistent and upright conduct of our members, but also of their happy and triumphant death, I hasten to give you a brief account of the life and death of Thomas Mainland, a venerable old man, who for several years had held the important office of Class Leader in connexion with our Society at Hastings. This good old man was born in the "Chambra" country, in the interior of Africa; nothing can be said of his early life, as he was sold as a piece of merchandise from one head to another in his own native land, and by and by, he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who bought him with a lot of other Africans for importation; but, happily for the slaves, not many days after they were taken on board, the slave was chased by an English man-of-war, who captured the vessel, and Thomas Mainland, with others of his comrades, were enlisted in the British army as private soldiers, on the 9th day of April, 1805, during the reign of King George the Third, in the late West India regiment of foot.
At the time of his enlistment he was conjectured to be twenty-three years of age; but upon conversation with him several times, when alive, he used to say he was not below forty, if he was not above, at the time of his enlistment. This statement of his I readily endorse, as would every one who knew him even a few years before his death. He was supposed to be nearly a hundred years old or more. He served in the army for fourteen years and sixty-seven days. He received his discharge in the colony, when a document was given him, signed by Lieutenant J. G. Ross, commanding officer, with the approval of His Excellency Brigadier-General Sir Charles McCarthy, Governor, in consequence of long service and inferior state of health. After this document was handed to him, he with several other disbanded soldiers, were located in this village. Before his conversion, he was grossly immoral in his heaviest sin was drunkenness. One Sabbath he went to chapel, and while the late Manager and Overseer Coker (a gentleman of colour from America, who when there was connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church) was in the height of his discourse, he said, "Some of you, my hearers, are in the habit of drinking to excess, particularly you discharged soldiers. Unless you give up this and every other sin, when you come to die you will be sent to hell, a place of woe and misery." The subject of the preacher made him restless, and he resolved from that day to work in the fear of the Lord; and, a few weeks after, he experienced a change of heart, he felt himself a new man, rejoicing in God through Christ as his reconciled Father. After his conversion he became very zealous for the cause of his Divine Master; went from house to house, teaching, calling, and warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. As he was now leading a new life, he was greatly persecuted by his old companions, but having a desire to continue following Christ, he had to hard to deny himself and to take up his cross.

In the year 1827, Government ordered Mr. Coker to remove to Waterloo; and before he removed to that place, he took care to provide another shepherd for his flock. From that period to the latter part of 1835 they were under the immediate care of certain African Methodist Preachers. On the death of the chief of these preachers, the growing church was partly neglected, and this brought great dissatisfaction into the minds of the laborers.
Thus matters went on very unsatisfactorily, till Mr. Mainland went to Free-Town on a visit to the late Mr. Lambert, a zealous and active Class Leader of our society. On the evening of the same day of his visit he accompanied his friend Lambert to Zion Chapel, then known by the name of Soldiers' Town Chapel, where he heard the late Rev. Mr. Mear preach. After the sermon Mr. Mainland and his friend, at the close of the meeting, "Can a white man do this,—call sinners, teach and pray with them like this?—Then from what I see, I had better invite him to go to Hastings to take the church there." On his return, he, as the first leader in the place, called the members together, and told them his design. Many agreed to his proposal, and brethren were unwilling; as many of the principal members who agreed met together and drew up a petition, which was presented to a few of the brethren entrusted with the document was Mr. Abel Strong, who was then a Class Leader, residing in this village, but now employed as a Catechist at Waterloo. Mr. Strong still retains a lively recollection of the very kind and hospitable manner they were received by those pious men of God, Messrs. Mear and Sanders, in April, 1836. After the petition was read by the reverend gentlemen, they informed the deputation they were glad to receive them into the society, and promised to visit them from Hastings. Mr. Mear preached in the evening, and Mr. Sanders the following morning, at five o'clock, to a densely crowded congregation, /om Peter's words to Cornelius: "Therefore came I without gaining as soon as I was sent for; ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me." After the amalgamation, Mr. Mainland continued a faithful and devoted minister for several years; but it is deeply to be regretted that through unwatchfulness he fell into sin, in which state he remained for more than a year; but, conscience, that faithful monitor, gave him neither rest nor peace until he fled back to Christ, the sinner's Friend. After he was healed of his backsliding, his life and general deportment was distinguished by consistency to the day of his death. For several long years before his death

he was inducted into his former office in the church as Class Leader, an office that he filled with credit to himself, satisfaction to his ministers, and benefit to the Congregation. His attachment and devotedness to Methodism was unshaken. His sufferings, particularly a few years before his death, from sickness, hunger, nakedness, &c., he bore with Christian fortitude, resignation, and patience. For nearly twenty years before his death he was deprived of his natural sight. Several times, after I have prayed with himself and wife, who from ulcers on his legs became a cripple, she was sometimes heard to utter words of complaint respecting her sufferings; but the sainted Mainland, who was indeed ripe for glory, never failed to reprove her. I heard him say on one occasion to her, "Can a man receive good from the hand of God, and shall he not expect to receive evil? The will of the Lord in us must be done, and His name be glorified." Visiting him at another time, I said to him, "Old man, trust in God; for soon you shall be released from this prison of the flesh." "O!" he exclaimed, "I will trust in Him; Christ is my Rock, my all in all!" When visited by a pious widow, a Class Leader, she asked him, "Are you happy in Christ?" He replied, "Yes, Judith, I am happy, very happy in Christ. I am now in a mighty battle, but soon, very soon, I shall cross the river Jordan, and I shall see Him whom I long to see." Two days after my last visit, three of us called, and found him very low. I said to him, "Shall we pray for you?" He answered, "Yes, that is good food for my soul, I am daily strengthened by it." After prayer he said, "Although I am now on my dying bed, yet I have nothing to be afraid of, because Christ is in me the hope of eternal glory." Passing while he began to repeat—
"My God, I see Thee, What a comfort Divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavens I see Thee, how happy I am,
And my heart doth dance at the sound of His name."
After praying God a little more, he felt very weak, and remained silent for some time; but as soon as he collected a little strength he went on repeating the first and last verses of the 202d hymn, which read,—
"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
In thy behalf appears
The bleeding Saviour;
Behold thy Father stands;
My name is written on his hands."
"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
I can no longer fear,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."
This good old man had been long expecting his dissolution, as is evident from the fact that six months before his death he wrote to his friends, begging them to keep no wake after his decease.

The afternoon of Sunday the 7th of January last, was a day appointed for administering to the Society the emblems of a dying Saviour's love. After the administration of this blessed ordinance I asked a few of the Leaders to accompany me to the dying Mainland's house. Praise and prayer having been offered, I gave him the bread and wine; it was a time that will not soon be forgotten. Although he had lost his power of speech, the light beaming in a countenance declared that he was happy in his God, and no doubt, "saw the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," ready to receive him. Not fifteen minutes afterwards we reached me that he had ceased to live, quitting this suffering world for a brighter and glorious abode. His mortal remains were conveyed to the chapel the following morning, and thence to their last resting-place, until the next morning of resurrection.

Eastern Province.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Parson Smiles, dated Utteridge, June 8th, 1866.
RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

I have, in the good providence of God, to communicate tidings of gladness concerning the work of God in this Circuit.
It hath pleased the Father of mercies to visit and revive the hearts of His people, and to turn others into the way of His testimonies who had grown livid without hope and without God in the world.
This precious season of reviving influence and converting power was in connexion with a series of meetings held during the visit of the Rev. William Taylor, of the California Conference, who is now making the tour of our Eastern Province Circuits, and whose labours are eminently wonderful of God.

We are quite unable to express our gratitude to God for this season of special mercy. Truly, His inheritance "was weary;" but this abundant rain hath transformed the vineyard of God, wherever our beloved friend hath gone, into a scene of moral verdure and gladness.
So far as my own Circuit is concerned, the work has been confined to our members and hearers. Not a small proportion of the latter, who had long listened and were half persuaded, have now decided to give their hearts to God, and have openly avowed their decision. Hitherto the work has not extended to the openly profane outside, though I earnestly hope and trust it will.

Some of the members of the church, who had not previously a clear sense of their acceptance and adoption, have been greatly blessed, and rejoice in the full consciousness of acceptance with God, through faith in His Son.
The heartiness with which all come cheering to spend, and to be spent, for them who have not yet their Saviour, is pleasing evidence of the genuineness of the work. "What shall I do for Him who hath done such great things for me?" has been the inquiry on my lips.
Among the awakened are several young boys and girls. For these, as their case required, provision has been made, at the expense of the Society. Thus has God glorified His name, and cheered us in the midst of our toil; to Him be glory both now and ever!—Miss. Notices.

Seventeen Missionary Agents sailed recently from London to China. They go forth unaccompanied with any society, simply depending for supply of needed means in answer to prayer.

General Miscellany.

England to America.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

I bid thee hail! dear Jonathan,
Thou younger brother mine,
And drop, as erst I promised thee,
A true and friendly line;
And with it send a fervent wish,
That Britain long may be
In league with thee for truth and right,
And holy liberty.
The quarrel in thy family,
Thank God, are now passed over,
And men once slaves to fellow-men
Shall be thus slaves no more;
And I with thee will ever strive
To keep this flag unfurled—
"Commerce and peace between the states,
And freedom for the world!"
O may there never, never flash
Along these magic lines,
The words that dash a nation's hope
With lurid war's dread signs;
But as the power of Science binds
Our land so close with thine,
So may our hearts, friend Jonathan,
In peace for ever twine.—Athenian.

Angus Cameron,

the Prize Marksman of Wimbledon.

"Private Angus Cameron," says the *Times*, "of the 6th Liverpool Rifles, is a good specimen of the active northern volunteer. Only nineteen years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height and wearing the kilt, he is the model of a Highland light infantry marksman. Two years ago he became a volunteer, and in his first year's service obtained the Marksman's Badge, but never till this meeting shot with any other weapon than an Esfield rifle, or at a range greater than 500 yards. All the additional information that is necessary, or indeed possible to give, is that private Cameron resides at Kingussie, Invernesshire, an acts as an assistant in business to his brother. It will be perceived from the returns annexed that the score of 69 was in excess of the most fortunate rivals of private Cameron by no less than 3 points; and in further proof of the excellence of his shooting, it may be added that the gold medal of last year was won with 65 points by Private Sarsman. As soon as the competition had closed, and the identity of the winner was ascertained beyond all doubt, he was caught up in the arms of his countrymen and hurried off to the camp, preceded in orthodox fashion by the 'bull's eye' victory. Turning a corner sharply into a mill-yard, the procession was lost for a few minutes to the gaze of the great body of sympathizing and applauding spectators, while the new Queen's Prize marksman was entrusted, like a precious piece of china, to the hands of Mr. Herbert Watkins, the historian photographically, of the volunteer movement." But what of Angus's testatorism? Let the leading journal reply:—"Resuming their onward course, the winner was subsequently half-carried, half escorted to the Scottish camp, where there awaited him a trial perhaps more arduous than any he had yet undergone. Private Cameron is a stout, active, and not even the solicitations of his friends in the moment of victory could induce him to abandon his principles. Accepting, by way of compromise, a draught of ginger-beer, 'the little gillie,' as many of his countrymen affectionately called him, modestly made his escape from the Scotch camp by the back way, only to find on returning to his own quarters, that some enthusiastic friend had posted in letters of gigantic size, the announcement that here was the abode of the 'Champion, 1866!'—the winner of £250 and the gold medal of the Association."

The Daily Telegraph thus humorously, but generously, celebrates the victory of Angus's rifle, and Angus's testatorial pledge:
"Those ferrid Caledonians who were afraid that the glory of their ancient land would vanish for ever, now that Her Majesty is sometimes called in official parlance, Queen of England, may perchance take heart of grace and be comforted, when they hear that at Wimbledon the greatest of all prizes has been won by no false-hearted Scot, but by plain Angus, of Kingussie, private in the 6th Liverpool Rifles. There is no mistake about him as yet; he is Scotch to the backbone; Scotch to the hilt, Scotch to the kilt; may he be more Scotch than the Scotch—he would look down upon Professor Blackie as inadequately Scottish, and scathe the wrangling Lowlanders by his Highland score. A great day, indeed, for all who wear the kilt on Tuesday, the 17th of July. The young Highlander had no easy victory. A suborned sale from Kent held him long at bay; a Lancashire lad was hard in chase; a man of Middlesex was close upon his heels; a Cornish champion was menacingly near; and a Lowlander from Lanark—perchance some 'mechanical body' of Glasgow—tried his Highland mettle to the very core. So stern and fierce a struggle would have shattered the nerves of nine men out of ten; but Angus Cameron, like the faithful hero in 'An Ye Like It,' never did apply hot and rebellious fingers to his blood. A suborned sale from Kent held him long at bay; a Lancashire lad was hard in chase; a man of Middlesex was close upon his heels; a Cornish champion was menacingly near; and a Lowlander from Lanark—perchance some 'mechanical body' of Glasgow—tried his Highland mettle to the very core. So stern and fierce a struggle would have shattered the nerves of nine men out of ten; but Angus Cameron, like the faithful hero in 'An Ye Like It,' never did apply hot and rebellious fingers to his blood. A suborned sale from Kent held him long at bay; a Lancashire lad was hard in chase; a man of Middlesex was close upon his heels; a Cornish champion was menacingly near; and a Lowlander from Lanark—perchance some 'mechanical body' of Glasgow—tried his Highland mettle to the very core. So stern and fierce a struggle would have shattered the nerves of nine men out of ten; but Angus Cameron, like the faithful hero in 'An Ye Like It,' never did apply hot and rebellious fingers to his blood."

Having followed Angus to victory we may now accompany him to the stand where Royalty is waiting to do him honour, and where the *Times* says, his bearing was 'capital.' 'Private Cameron,' says an account, 'presents perhaps, the

most distinctively Highland appearance of any among the numerous north countrymen on the ground. He is an under-sized but stout figure, wiry as a warrior, with a short neck, and sharp, restless, wandering eyes, corresponding to the short, light, rapid movement of his feet. The fact of his extreme youth, taken together with the extraordinary high score with which he won the prize, added to the enthusiasm of the ovation with which the multitude hailed the hero of the meeting. After he walked from before the tent, with a Highlandman's characteristic caution examining the charges as he went, he was met by Mr. Horatio Ross, who, unable to repress his enthusiasm, shook him warmly by the hand and clapped him on the shoulder, with a demonstration of the fondest pride. The action was marked by the crowd, and followed by loud cheers for Cameron and Captain Ross. The youthful Queen's prize man was immediately surrounded by the Scottish Glee, who warmly congratulated him on the distinction he had won.—Scottish Paper.

A Lucid Direction.

The late Dr. Henry Ware, when once asked by a parent to draw up a set of rules for the government of children, replied by an anecdote: Dr. H. H. Woodcock, he said, was settled in Sandwich, and when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister, he must needs pass through the Plymouth woods—a nine miles' wilderness, where travelers almost always got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from.—Dr. H., on entering this much dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the wood so as to fetch up at Plymouth rather than Sandwich.

"Certainly," she said, "I will tell you all about it, with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some way into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one that seems to you most likely to bring you out right."
He did so, and came out right. Dr. Ware added, "I have followed the worthy and sensible old lady's advice in bringing up my children; I do not think anybody can do better; at any rate, I can assure you, my children are well, and I am often better than all set rules; but the thing is to have it."

Superstition.

A surprising instance of superstition and ingratitude is recorded in the New York papers. A boy bathing near one of the wharves seemed about to drown, when he was rescued by a noble Newfoundland dog. In dragging the boy from the water by the hair, the teeth of the animal inflicted some scratches on the child's head. The parents of the child immediately applied for and procured an order to have the dog killed on the ground that should the quadruped at any subsequent time go mad, the boy would be injuriously affected.
Who can help feeling that a public benefactor was thus destroyed? Here were the parents of the child, the owner of the dog, and the magistrate who issued the order. The charge of wrong-doing rested upon them all. Such ignorance and superstition are dangerous to the community, and may be turned against human life, as well as against animal life which, in this case, was more useful than that of the lord of creation. The young hopeful who was rescued, if rescued by the parents, will be poorly qualified to be a blessing to mankind. "Ho, Carlo, poor fellow! we owe you a life." A life we cannot restore. The death-verb is only another note in that mournful chorus which the "creature" makes in all parts of the sin-cursed earth. "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope."
Is it not the duty of the benevolent to seek out that rescued boy, to strive to counteract the evil training to which he will be subjected, and to cause that the ignorance, selfish superstition, and ingratitude of his guardians, shall not be perpetuated in that line?—Episcopalian.

The Glory of a Good Laugh.

After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! What an exorciser of evil spirits! What a digester! What a scrubber! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap before dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness. Whether it discovers the gums of age or infancy, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides or deflates the countenance of vulgarity, or dispels the vapors or mists of the eyes of resentment—in all its phases, and all faces, condescending, relaxing, overblowing, convulsing, throwing the human countenance into something approximate to Billy Button's transformation, under every circumstance and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like a thing of beauty, it is a joy forever. There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is well-nigh simple. It is more infectious than the scariest fever. You cannot graunterly contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers, and so on. What convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic.

How to Keep Out the Moths.

A good old lady gave the best receipt to her niece, whom she found one day examining her wardrobe. It had been copied from an old-fashioned book, and was this: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." The application of this ancient receipt is very simple: Look over the wardrobe, and bring out all that can be spared—blankets and shawls, coats and cloaks and send them to the poor in time; let the widow of the destitute have before the moths have begun to invade. "He that hath but two coats let him impart to him that hath none." This will do more to keep out moths than all the cedar closets, or sauff and camphor in the world.