

God's Discipline.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

Thy mercies, gracious Lord,
How numberless they be!
How slow to ask from whence they come
Or render thanks to Thee!

For life, and health, and friends,
How slow to render praise!
Or feel all blessings flow from Thee,
Who lengtheneth our days.

But when Thy chastenings come
How slow to see Thy hand,
And what Thy will concerning us
How hard to understand!

How blessings we forget
In sorrow's chaotizing hour,
Though Thou art then but teaching us
Thy wondrous love and power!

How we impatient cry,
Can this new cross be borne?
Though trials yield the ripened fruit,
Our joys too oft the thorn.

How slowly we submit—
How hard to be resigned—
How rarely carry through the day
A thankful, trustful mind!

Could we but see God's plan,
What now looks strange and dim
Would then to us be wondrous plain
When seen as seen by Him!

Help us, O Lord, to take
Whate'er Thou mayest send,
Assured in sorrow as in joy
Thou art our changeless Friend.

Help us, O Lord, to trust
Thy power and love and grace,
Assured that nought can do us harm
If we but see Thy face.

And help us, gracious Lord,
Whate'er our trials be,
In suffering here, in life and death,
Good Lord, to trust in Thee.

OCEAN GROVE, June, 1835. —Guardian.

Methodism.

BY THE REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

METHODISM did not spring at once into a full-grown ecclesiastical system. It was the child of a revival of religion which spread through England and America, and its growth has been alike steady and rapid. Its peculiar methods sprang from necessity, and were adopted from time to time as necessity demanded. It was well that it had such a man as John Wesley to guide it in its early struggles and triumphs, and to his calm genius do we owe, under God, its permanence as a denomination. Without him the fruits of the revival would have doubtless remained, but they would have been garnered into other Churches. The more we study the character and work of Wesley the more do we admire the happy combination of devotion and wisdom which made him so wise and good a statesman. He was no reckless reformer, seeking to break away from the Church of England and place himself at the head of a new religious movement. He was not rash, but conservative. On the other hand, when he was called by necessity to take a forward step he did not hesitate, but quietly moved forward and did not retreat. Like Moses he waited on God in prayer, and, like Moses, he heard the voice of Jehovah saying unto him, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," and then forward he led them. Measures which at first he opposed he came, on reflection, to approve, and he was ready to adopt new ones when his quick eye saw that they would be wise. Thus, he strongly opposed Thomas Maxfield preaching, for he was a man who had not been educated for the ministry nor ordained to that service. He was at first disposed to silence him. "Take heed what you do with that young man,"

said his mother, "for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." Wesley thought upon the matter, and was convinced that the gift to preach should be used by whoever has it, and that the warrant to preach the Gospel does not of necessity come through only one channel. At another time he saw that it would be well for those who went among the converts to collect money to inquire into their spiritual condition; and so from this thought he evolved the class-meeting, which time has shown to be such a power for good. Thus he showed that he was the man for the work, and though the machinery which he set in motion feels no longer his masterly hand, yet it is still in good running order.

A Sacrifice for Us.

A SOLDIER, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin for earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after awhile his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could make no more music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along, and said: "My friend, you are too old and too feeble, give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music; and the coin poured in and in, until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and shouted. And again his hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said: "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm, yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of His own broken heart. He strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.—Talmage.

A Chasm Bridged Over.

THE quarrels of children are soon ended, soon forgiven, and soon forgotten. If we "children of a larger growth" could as easily put aside the differences that so often estrange us from acquaintances or friends, and forgive and forget words said in the heat of a momentary passion—our lives would be better and happier for it. A correspondent writes:—

To-day I came across a little pocket-diary belonging to my boy, a little fellow of twelve years. I send you two somewhat amusing extracts:

"May 10th. Johnnie Peters and me has had a fight.

"Johnnie was drawing a broom-handle along on the paling of our fence that pa had just had pain'ed.

"You ought not to do that," says I.

"Why," says he.

"Because," says I, 'you're making a streak in the paint.'

"It won't show when it's dry," he said.

"Yes, it will, and you mustn't do it."

"Who'll stop me, I'd like to know?" said Johnnie.

"I'll stop you!" says I.

"You?" said he.

"And then he turned up his nose and ran along, rattling on the palings harder than ever.

"I grabbed the broomstick, and throw it into a pond of water.

"If you don't look out, I'll pitch you in after it," said Johnnie.

"You can't do it," said I.

"He said he could whip me with one hand tied behind him.

"I said I wasn't afeard of his whole family.

"We doubled up our fists, and made mouths at each other.

"Then we started for home, and after we had gone a little ways we turned and we shook our fists at each other, and dared each other half way back.

Neither of us went.

"He said I was a coward.

"I said he was another.

"I can't put down half we said and did, and now I'm never, never, NEVER going to speak to John Peters again, and he says he won't disgrace himself by even looking at me. He'd better not; I just despise him."

"May 11th. Me and Johnnie Peters has had the best time fishing to-day. He caught ten, and I only six, but we divided even. Johnnie Peters is the best boy in this town, and he says I am too."

Never Heard of It.

IT is pleasant to know that there is one thing, even if it be ignorance, that can prove a barrier to sectional feelings. The experience of the Yankee who tells the following story, was that in spite of the prejudice against the part of the country to which he owed his origin, he actually suffered less inconvenience from confessing his nativity than from trying to conceal it.

Travelling in Alabama soon after the war, he met a man upon the road who accosted him as follows: "Whar are yer from, stranger?" The traveller, knowing the prejudices of the Southern people against the "Yankees," although he had never been in Richmond in all his life, replied, "From Richmond."

At this answer the man said, "I once knowed a heap o' people in Richmond, and I've got right smart o' kinfolks thar too; maybe ye mought know Jim Johnson, of Main Street?"

To this the gentleman was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Waal, now, stranger, do you know Jake Brown, on Broad Street?"

The traveller said he had not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance either. Several other interrogatories about Richmond were made and answered in a similar manner, greatly to the confusion of the gentleman, who, notwithstanding the Southern prejudices against New Englanders, resolved the next time he was questioned to tell the truth.

He soon afterwards met another man, who said to him,—

"Whar did yer come from, stranger?"

"I came from Connecticut, sir."

"Connecticut? Connecticut?" repeated the man, with a puzzled look.

"Waal, now, stranger, I don't mind hearin' o' that thar town afore, I'll be bless'd of I do."

Didn't Mean To."

I DIDN'T mean to," said Sam, the other day, when he left his hoop lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over it and broke his leg. The dear old minister will never walk without a crutch again. We shall miss his gray head and wise counsel and solemn prayers in our meetings and sick rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step; and all because of Sam's careless "didn't mean to."—My Lesson.

No aid to missionary work is so great as prevailing prayer. Any Christian life is narrow that does not embrace the whole world in the arms of its faith with earnest petitions for a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. We ask Sunday-school teachers to give a place regularly in their prayers this year to our Sunday-school missionaries and their work. A letter from one of them lies before us now. Its plea, repeated often in their letters is, "Pray that the Divine Hand may guide me in all my work."

Love is just one of the things we miss in China: no love between prince and people, master and servant, none worthy of the name between friend and friend, or husband and wife; and in the majority of cases, very little even between parents and children. Not that they have not good maxims pointing out the excellence of affection in all these relations, but the motive power is absent—"the love of Christ constraineth us." With them the paramount questions in all hearts are self and gain, which are, after all, but one.

We often see the little word "Push" on the swing-door of some establishment, and it suggests the thought that all through life we need to keep that stirring motion urging us on. Nothing is done without "push" now-a-days. No man in any capacity will do much if he has it not. We are not speaking of impertinence and ignorant ambition, but of an earnest sprightliness of character which makes every act an interest and the stepping-stone to something better. And not in commerce only but in our church life also we need the impulsive principle.

"ARISE, cry out in the night!" (Lam. ii. 19.) "Pull the night-bell." This is the inscription we often see written on the door-post of the shop in which medicines are sold. Some of us have had our experience with night-bells when sudden illness has overtaken some member of our households, or when the sick have rapidly grown worse. How we have hurried through the silent streets wher only here and there a light glimmered from some chamber-window! How eagerly we have pulled the night-bell at our physician's door; and then, with prescription in hand, have sounded the alarm at the place where the remedy was to be procured. Those of us who have had these lonely midnight walks, and have given the summons for quick relief, know the meaning of that Bible-text.—Dr. Cuyler.

THESE two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.—Wordsworth.