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## Religious Miscellany.

### HEAVIER THE CROSS.

Heavier the cross, the nearer Heaven;  
No cross without, on God within—  
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven  
Amid the world's false glare and din.  
O, happy he with all his loss,  
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;  
This is the touchstone God applies.  
How many a garden would be wasting,  
Unwept by showers from weeping eyes!  
The gold by fire is purified;  
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier, the cross the stronger faith;  
The louder praise, the deeper root;  
The vine jacinthe sweetly issued,  
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;  
And courage grows where dangers come,  
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;  
The bruised reed, most fragrant are;  
If sky and wind were always fair,  
The sailor would not watch the star;  
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung,  
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring;  
From vales we climb to mountain crest;  
The pilgrim of the desert tring  
Longs for the Canaan of his rest;  
The dove has here no rest in sight,  
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying,  
Death is a fruitless face to see  
To life's decay one bids detying,  
From life's distress then one is free.  
The cross sublimely lifts our faith  
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou crucified! the cross I carry,  
The longer may I dearer be;  
And least I faint while here I tarry,  
Implant thou such a heart in me.  
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,  
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

—From the *German*.

ALFRED COOKMAN.  
BY THE REV. E. VANHOEN.

There are no books so interesting and profitable, to the mass of Christian readers, as well-written religious biographies. Example is more forcible, because more intelligible than precept. The grace of God is more likely to be magnified and desired when it shines forth in a beautiful and useful life than when it comes to us in propositions, or even "testimonies." And the more marked and successful the activities, and the more clear and deep the experiences of the subject, the deeper will be our interest in the account, and the stronger our desire to emulate his attainments. A well-written biographical narrative of common achievements may be read with patience, perhaps even with pleasure, to the end; but while we retain a healthy consciousness of our capacity for pure and deep religious feeling, and a hungering and thirsting to realize it, our hearts are sure to be more deeply stirred when we read the evidence of its fullest attainment and satisfaction in the experience of others. "Entering into the holiest by the blood of Jesus" has the greatest charm for us when we see others standing within, and reflecting the light of the glory of the divine presence.

Scidmore, indeed, is a life replete with interest, so beautiful with holiness, and so generally worthy of our study and imitation, presented to the contemplation of society, as that of Alfred Cookman. It was as well rounded and evenly balanced as an orb in its sphere, and for that very reason embraced certain well-developed traits of excellence which sometimes are lacking, or wholly wanting in characters less complete or lives more eccentric.

It is not beneath the subject to say that he was a most dutiful and affectionate son and brother. Bereft of his father at a perilous age, he yielded himself wholly to the influence and control of his widowed mother; and to the latest hour of his noble life, not only honoured and revered her, but took pleasure in assuring her of his love and gratitude in language unusual indeed, but tender and touching. His letter to her on an occasion in her recovery from sickness is a page in his history which it is impossible to read without tears. The same affection and frankness appear in all his correspondence with his sister and brothers. In his own immediate home he was more than affectionate, he was fond; deeply religious, and yet so cheerful that his soul seemed full of sunshine and song. If the spirit which breathes in his frequent letters to his wife and children warmed every husband and father's heart, the combined home of men would restore Eden to our earth. His deep piety and great faithfulness in the ministry made him successful, wherever he went, in winning souls for Christ. Many of his charges, while among the wealthiest in our Connection, were in some respect among the most difficult ones. But as a wise master-builder, he always began at the foundation, laboring, first of all, to quicken the religious life of the Church, and to lift her to a plane of greater purity and power. The devout spirit he breathed among them became contagious, and when Zion arose and shone, many were drawn to her standard and her Saviour by the light of his example. This career may be traced by the marks which every Gospel minister should leave behind him; the increase of the Church and the deepening of her piety.

But the great charm and power of Alfred Cookman's life is its saintliness. He gave in his own example the best illustration and commendation of Christian purity. His complete and unwavering consecration to God was felt in every place. He had a taste for the beautiful, but a passion for the pure and good. The brightest landscapes, the costliest architecture, the richest churches, and the most fascinating society were all alike powerless to interrupt his constant fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. He went to New-York in advance of his family, when he received his appointment to the Central church in that city, and wrote back to his

wife, saying, "Last night I walked the streets of New-York with Jesus." His conceptions and statements of the doctrine of entire sanctification were clear, lively, and impressive. Those who were present at the Halsey-street church, Newark, N. J., when he gave his last public testimony on this subject, will not soon forget the richness and ripeness of his experience, or the feeling which glowed in his countenance and thrilled in his sentences, warning and stirring our hearts, while he related it. The biography of Fletcher has kindled a desire for holiness in many a reader, and no Christian can arise from the perusal of the life of Cookman without being aroused with a desire and a purpose for a more entire consecration to God, and a more thorough washing in "the blood of the Lamb." A ministerial friend who has just finished the book, said, "It has greatly exalted my views of the doctrine and experience of personal holiness." His gratification and devout gratitude in his last illness, that he had preached and enjoyed a perfect Saviour, will lead many a preacher who reads it to serious questioning of his heart touching his own fidelity and attainments. Well did the old coloured woman in Wilmington, when she heard of his death, exclaim, "Dat man gone straight to glory."

That part of the narrative relating to his father and grandfather is by no means lacking in interest. The missionary spirit which prompted his father, the Rev. George Cookman, to ask for an appointment to Africa; his brilliant career as a pupil and platform orator; the rapid growth of his popularity which culminated in his election to the chairmanship of the United States Senate; his faithfulness in the Gospel at Washington, bringing awakened senators to his house to inquire what they must do to be saved and to ask his prayers; and, long afterward, when Alfred had entered the ministry, how he visited his grandfather in England, when an honourable member of the Wesleyan Connection and Mayor of the city of Hull; the pleasure and, perhaps, family pride, experienced on the occasion by both parties—the young American in finding his grandfathers enjoying the emoluments and honours of British office, and the Christian Mayor in the piety and talents of his grand son, and in the popular applause he received from the crowded audiences which followed him wherever it was known he was to preach—all this related in an entertaining and most instructive narrative.

He who writes the life of a good man contributes to one of the most effective moral forces of society; and while we magnify the grace of God in that good life, we owe a debt of gratitude to him who directed and endowed to embalm it in history for the benefit of the world. Such a debt we owe to Rev. H. B. Higday, D. D., the author of the life of Alfred Cookman.—*New York Methodist*.

### TRUST IN THE LORD.

BY JOHN C. DORMAN.

The one great lesson that God would have his children learn is that of trusting him. Next to the gracious invitation to come unto him, nothing is more strongly urged upon us than the exhortation, "Trust in the Lord." This exhortation is ever being presented to us coupled with sweet promises of encouragement and cheer. Of these the Scriptures are full. "The breath of the prophets, murmuring in the narratives, whisper in the promises, supplicate in the prayers, sparkle in the poetry, and resound in the songs." From beginning to end. No offering that we can bring is so pleasing and acceptable to God as a loving, trusting heart. And yet no lesson seems so hard for us to learn as to trust him at all times and under all circumstances. While tortures smile upon our efforts, and the sunshine of prosperity makes glad our hearts, we are disposed, in return for that love and condescension which he has blessed us to, to trust in the Lord. But when the clouds of misfortune begin to lower, and the waves of adversity all across our pathway, then the smiling faces give way to the troubled look, which bespeaks the doubts and fears within.

It is an easy matter to trust in the Lord when all things go well with us. But why not trust him under adverse circumstances as well? Is he not able to keep that which you have intrusted to him? Have you not consecrated to him all that you have and are, and may become? If you have done this, your consecration is complete. The difficulty then must lie in your want of faith.

Let us examine ourselves, and see whether we be in the faith. You may be in trouble in regard to your business affairs; financial disaster may be staring you in the face; and the property which you have consecrated to God, for your good may be taken from you. But God thought of your case when he said, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Are you kept at home by the multiplicity of household duties, and weighed down by trouble and perplexities that seem to crush you? If so, cast all your care upon Jesus, your burden-bearer, and claim by faith the promise he has left you: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Perhaps you are in affliction. The house of rejoicing has been turned into one of mourning by the death of a loved one. You, too, are reminded of the soul of his servants, and none of them that trusteth in him shall be desolate; and if you claim this by faith, you will then say with David: "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return unto me." Poverty, or its twin-sister, anxiety for the perpetual question of the day's or tomorrow's daily supplies, may be your concern. All such are exhorted to "trust in the Lord, and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." And you who are in heaviness under manifold temptations, take courage. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." A way will be made for your escape; walk ye in it. "If any man walk in darkness and have no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

And now shall we not trust him? Is he not faithful that hath promised, and will he not do it? Do we not show that we have no faith in Jesus by our continual frettings and murmurings? Let us trust him with everything, and for everything. There is no temptation but he will overcome it for you; no grief but he will bear it with you. O, the peace and comfort of putting all things in his care, the past and the future, and living in the one day at a time that he sends us! Nothing that concerns us can ever be indifferent to him. Let us trust in the Lord.

### HOW TO MAKE THE TEARS COME.

"Katie, what are you doing?"  
"Reading, mamma."  
"Well I wish you would help me a little." Katie laid down her book, and went to her mother. She was only nine years old, but she was a great comfort to her mother, with her rosy, happy face and willing little hands and feet. She found her mother now looking tired and the baby she was holding, crying with all its might.

"Are you sick, mamma?" she asked.  
"My head aches dreadfully, and the baby is so cross. Can you warm some milk for my bottle, and then go and see what has become of the children? They'll be sure to get into mischief if they're left with Bridget long."

Katie brought the warm milk, wet a cloth in cold water for her mother's head, and then ran down into the kitchen. There she found her little sister George, sailing chips in the water-pail, while baby Gretta sat on the floor in the pantry, sucking the cork of the molasses jug. "Come, George and Gretta, I want you," said Katie. "Mamma says we may go and sit in the parlor all by ourselves, and I will read you a story."

The children were always ready to go with Katie, and it was really quite a treat for them to get in the best parlor. So Katie washed their faces and hands, and away they went full of glee.

For a while they amused themselves by looking at the pictures and all the pretty things about the room. Then Katie drew two kazoos into the bay-window for the children to sit on, and when her own little case chair up in front of them.

"Now, said she, 'I'm going to read you a story. It is about a beautiful queen who had her head cut off."

"Did you scissors?" put in Gretta, anxiously.

"No, indeed," said Katie. "They did it with a—well, with one kind of a machine."  
"Sewing machine?" remarked George.  
"Of course not," said Katie, indignantly. "Her name was Mary Queen of Scots, and her cousin wanted to kill her, and he was queen herself. Now, keep still, and I'll read how they did it."

So Katie began to read. She was greatly interested in the book, and had read it over and over again. But it was too hard for the little ones to understand very well, and she was greatly surprised to find that they had not even shed a tear at the most affecting part.

George was peeping out of the window, and Gretta was playing with the curtain tassels.

"Why, girls!" cried Katie. "Don't you care a bit? I should think you'd feel bad enough to cry!"

"What about?" asked George, innocently.  
"O dear!" said Katie. "I'll begin back again, and when I come to the place for you to begin to feel bad, I'll look up, the children tried their best to feel badly, but they couldn't. George even giggled behind her apron, and Gretta suggested that Katie should cut their necks a little, just a little bit."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," exclaimed Katie. "Sit still till I read the end of the story. 'She still lay on her back.' In a minute she came back with two small onions, which she told the children to hold in their handkerchiefs. 'When I say 'Now,' said she, 'you can rub them on your eyes.'"

The little ones waited anxiously for the word and then rubbed their eyes with a will. Poor little Gretta, in her zeal, tumbled off her hassock. And the boys' eyes, there were plenty of them, to Katie's great dismay.

First came onion tears, and, directly after, real ones. How the poor little red eyes ached! It took Katie a long time to comfort the children; but, by tea-time, they were as gay as ever. Katie thought she would never try onion tears again.—*Youth's Companion*.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

This beautiful extract, from Dr. Holland's new book, "Arthur Bonnicastle," will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays:

"I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother, who weeps over the lost treasure, and can not tell tears have their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that my child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt sure. We lay the little fellow close beside his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher? He was like me, his grandfather knew him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventual life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity, and purity."

"Ah! this talking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stilted years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more

indebted than to the boy who went away from me before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and then as to me, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands, that still breathe, so often pressed to our own; those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life; that sweet, unsmiling, alabaster face,—ah! they have all looked upon me, and they have made us one, and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears; and only those who have and brused to bathe, miss the blessed influence."

### GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CITY.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

Far, far away, amid realms of light,  
Hid deep in the azure beyond our sight,  
Stands a beautiful city—so high and bright—  
Where is known no sorrow, nor death, nor night;

Beautiful city!  
O bliss! O home of God!  
Whose streets by the feet of the sinless are trod.

They roam through the gardens of endless spring;  
They crowd all the portals on rushing wing;  
While the echoing domes of the palace ring  
With the hymns of the angels that shout and sing.

Beautiful city!  
Hark! hark again the angelic strain,  
As gleams through the crystal that burnished plain.

There the life-fires brighten, and burn and roll  
Over diamonds that sparkle, o'er sands of gold;  
Where to breathe the sweet air yields a bliss untold,  
And the dwellers immortal will never grow old.

Beautiful city!  
Bright capital, where saints will dwell,  
We pierce the skies with longing eyes,  
And yearn to inherit the golden prize.

It is said that the King, in his power sublime,  
When the last sands drop from the glass of time,  
And our world shall be robbed in her Eden prime,  
Will bring down that city to gladden earth's clime.

Beautiful city!  
Bright capital, where saints will dwell,  
As reign on the throne with Immanuel.

As jewels flash on the brow of a queen,  
As the sapper and ruby in crown are seen,  
God's city, wrapped in its silver sheen,  
Will be set like a gem in the New Earth's green;

Beautiful city!  
City of flowers and peaceful works!  
Come down and illumine this dark world of ours.

I have heard in that city wait for me;  
That its gates stand open, wide and free;  
And that the ransomed, King in his beauty shall see,  
And live in his presence eternally.

Beautiful city!  
In royal state, amidst mansions wait,  
And beckon us in through the pearly gate.

I shall go where the summers will always bloom;  
I shall walk no more amid rind and gloom;  
I shall bid farewell to the withering tomb;  
I shall deck my brow with the conqueror's plume.

Beautiful city!  
Let us enter in, a crown to win!  
Our words but hail tell of the glory within.

### General Miscellany.

#### THE FRUIT OF EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

A wealthy merchant of New York is quoted as saying: "Sitting here at my desk I can feel the business pulse of the entire country. Our customers are in every State of the Union and in all but two of the Territories. Times are now dull and hard, and depression exists everywhere. Collections are slow because the people are unable to pay their debts."

"This state of things has been brought about by our extravagant habits as a people, and their sole and only remedy is in economy. It is one of the hardest things in the world for people to learn this matter of economy, when once they have acquired expensive habits. But there is no other way out of the present depression of business. Nearly everything we consume is too high, considering the amount of money in circulation and the retrenching and debt-paying policy of the Government. More money, and expansion of the currency, would afford us but the most futile and temporary relief."

"We have got to get down to bed-rock economy some time, and the sooner we look in the right direction for the good or evil of our times, and put our own houses in order, the better. Suppose the Western farmers were to practice the same economy which ruled their actions during the years 1858, 1859, and 1860, there is hardly a county in your great productive West in which good times would not prevail in less than six months. There is, in fact, so class of people in the nation which is not spending too much money; and until we have retrenchment and economy among the people we cannot ultimately hope for any better times."

The truth of this every man of common sense and common observation deplors; yet few have the courage and self-denial to put their houses in order, and prepare for the coming-down time that is surely approaching. It is better to step down than to fall down; to leave a house that is crumbling rather than remain until involved in its ruin; to take the lessons of prudence instead of the lessons of disaster.

With the exception of a few men of very large fortunes, what are known as our well-to-do people, are, in nine out of ten cases, living in great extravagance—that is, spending far

more in houses, furniture, equipage, etc., than incomes warrant, and so steadily exhausting their resources and crippling their business. What is true of these, is true of people below them as to income. The lover of moderate practice, the merchant of limited means, the small store keeper, the clerk, the teacher, the artisan—all are living in comparative extravagance, and nearly all spending everything they make—too many more than they make—and so on the strain and rack all the while, and all the while in danger of disaster.

It is impossible for such a state of things to remain permanent. The time is not far distant when the fruit of all this must come; and the fruit will be very bitter. What we want as a people, is individual independence, honesty, and courage to maintain that style. We must not consult our neighbor's style of furniture and mode of expending, but our purse and income. Anything but this will prove a fatal mistake.

"The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

### SAMMY HICK, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

The Rev. W. O. Simpson, of Bradford, lectured in the Baptist Chapel, Ryte hill, Newcastle, on Thursday evening, Oct. 2, on "Sammy Hick, the Village Blacksmith." The Rev. Dr. Fanshott occupied the chair. There was a large congregation, the commodious chapel being filled in every part. The proceeds of the lecture were in aid of the fund for the erection of the new Wesleyan Chapel in Elswick-road. The Rev. chairman, who was heartily received, introduced the lecturer, remarking that it was a good thing that a Yorkshireman should pay at the beginning for a lecture that was to be delivered by a Yorkshireman upon a Yorkshireman, with a Yorkshireman in the chair. (Laughter.) The lecturer said Sammy was born at Aberford, in Yorkshire, on the 20th September, 1758, and was one of thirteen children. He was not favoured with any education whatever, and it was not until he became converted that he made some little attempt even to learning to read and write. At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to a blacksmith at Haselough, near Tadcaster. On attaining his majority his father managed to send him in the far-famed village of Mickleford, and in this he married and continued to reside for very many years. It was here, through the influence of a godly woman, that he first became assured that his sins would be forgiven him; and it was here also, at the age of 36 years, that he became as clearly satisfied of the sanctification of his nature. Sammy was converted in 1790; he said goodbye to the hammer and anvil in 1826; and in 1829 he died; so that, over a period of 39 years, he had him laboring in his good and earnest way for the spread of Christian truth. Having described the quaint figure and garb of the scrupulously clean old man, the lecturer proceeded to say that his language had all the peculiarities of the West Riding—a sort of steno-graphic style, in which all words were shortened wherever they possibly could, and where the definite article was discarded as being altogether a waste of breath. (Laughter.) Then again, owing to his extraordinary pronunciation, there was a deal of mystery in his enunciation; and, on one occasion, a Londoner who had been a witness of his vigour and earnestness, said, "Ah, God bless you, my good Yorkshireman! I have been blessed under your ministry, though I could scarcely understand a word you said." But as the good blacksmith at once replied, "Niver heed, niver heed; if that nobbit gits blid, his admirer would probably be as hardly fixed as he was before." (Laughter.) While reviewing the life of such a man, there might be some who would ask if the Wesleyanism of today could find room for his equal if he now demanded admission for his pupils. The only answer to such a query must be, "Yes, only give us the man, for the man is the main element in the calculation." (Applause.) The lecturer then went on to notice the fortitude and courage of the hero, and his great tenderness of feeling; while, as to his character, it could fairly be said that he was pious, zealous, honest, upright, pure, and good. But, in addition, to this, he had a strong conscientiousness which made him diffident to most other men. He was a child in consistency, a boy might have been so coached up to beat him in studies; but not so in the matter of conscience. This came out in his peculiar views of integrity. He hated everything like cant and insincerity, and his devoutness was beyond all question; but still, if any other man without such a firm faith in his religion was now to attempt the performance of a similar work, he would doubtless be accounted an odious piece of impertinence, and frowned upon for his vulgarity. It was his usefulness in little things, however, which constituted the grand feature of Sammy's life. He was especially fond of prayer-meetings, with which he did a good work; and although he had only one idea, the happiness of religion, through the forgiveness of sins, he always made himself attractive and impressive to his rustic hearers, and expounded his simple Gospel in a way which could not fail to carry conviction to the hearts of all.—The lecture abounded with anecdotes, both humorous and pathetic, and was listened to with the most marked attention throughout.—The Rev. Joseph Dush moved, and Mr. E. Richardson seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was carried by acclamation.—Mr. Simpson having briefly reviewed a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Fanshott on the motion of Mr. W. H. Stephenson.—The Rev. chairman, in returning thanks, said he had been edified and interested, and had profited also by the lecture; and trusted by the blessing of God, the fruit of the profiting would appear in his own future ministry. (Applause.) He would not have them go away with the idea that Sammy Hick was a saint; but not only of shrewd sense, but of something very like philosophy. Sammy Hick had been taught by the power of the Divine Spirit, as very few men in his position had been taught, the inner workings of the human heart, and if he could only have expressed this in

philosophical or technical language—what he knew to be right—he would have been found a philosopher as he was a sound-hearted and honest Christian. (Applause.) As an illustration of this, he might just say, that walking on the deck of a steamer going to Hull, on a bright frosty morning, when all nature seemed glad, and everybody's spirits became elastic with very anticipations of such a day as they had had in Newcastle that day—(laughter)—Sammy Hick said to somebody who was walking up and down the deck— "Yes, bless the Lord, it is a fine day, many an evidence will be cleared up to-day." Yes, there was some philosophy in that. Those who understood how depressing was the influence of morbid surroundings upon the personal faith of timid and weak-hearted Christians would recognise the philosophy that prompted Sammy to understand how there was very often a great deal in the morbid physical infirmity which depressed the faith. (Applause.) Do not let them, be urged, put Sammy Hick down as vulgar—vulgar though he might be to a certain extent in the ordinary sense; but might God give rise to more such moral heroes. (Applause.) They wanted them yet. (Renewed applause.) There was need for their existence and for their labour; and he should be ashamed of himself and of his Church, if he had not himself many a time—be should be ashamed of his Church, he repeated, if the sphere for him should be wanting. Thank God, there was room for any kind of labour, for every diversity of government, so long as they had the administration and supremacy of the One Spirit over all. (Applause.) After the singing of the Doxology and the pronouncing of the benediction, the assemblage dispersed.

### ANECDOTES OF FATHER TAYLOR.

Sometimes Father Taylor's mirthfulness led him to use expressions that seem out of place when repeated in cold blood, and especially when printed. But in the warmth of a good prayer-meeting, noting seemed out of place that was seasoned with the love of man. Smiles and tears were wonderfully mingled at his talk. A Mr. Snow not being very warm in his talk, the old father groans out, "O Lord! melt that snow." A colored brother, who speaking indignantly, drew out of him the response, "There is rain in that cloud." A man by the name of Wood, who was not noted for his warmth in his talks, drew from Father Taylor the brief prayer, "O Lord set fire to that Wood." An old German, saying he no more doubted his acceptance with God than that the sun shone at noon day on a cloudless sky, the old father exclaimed, "Bring your harvest learned ones to this man, and let them learn theology."

### THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

The following two letters recently passed between the Emperor of Germany and the Pope. Their contents were briefly stated by cable a few days ago.

VATICAN, August 3, 1873.

YOUR MAJESTY.—Measures which have been adopted by your Majesty's Government, for some time past, all aim more and more at the destruction of Catholicism. When I seriously ponder over the causes which may have led to these very hard measures, I confess that I am unable to discover any reasons for such a course. On the other hand, I am informed that your Majesty does not countenance the proceedings of your Government, and does not approve the harshness of the measures adopted against the Catholic religion. If it be true that your Majesty does not approve these measures, I earnestly request your Majesty to address to me formerly met sufficiently demonstrate that you can not approve that which is now occurring.—If, I say, your Majesty does not approve of your Government continuing in the path it has chosen of further extending its rigorous measures against the religion of Jesus Christ, whereby the latter is most injuriously affected, will your Majesty not become convinced that these measures have no other effect than that of undermining your Majesty's own throne? I speak with frankness, for my banner is truth. I speak in order to fulfill one of my duties, which consists in telling the truth to all, even to those who are not Catholics; for every one who has been baptized belongs in some way or other (which to define more precisely would be hard out of place)—belongs, I say to the Pope.

The Emperor replied as follows:

BERLIN, September 3, 1873.

I am glad your Holiness has, as in former times, done the honour to write to me. I rejoice more at this, since an opportunity is thereby afforded me of correcting errors which, as appears from the contents of the letter of your Holiness of the 7th of August, must have occurred in the communication you have received relating to German affairs. If the reports which are made to your Holiness respecting German questions only stated the truth, it would not be possible for your Holiness to entertain the supposition that my Government enters upon a path which I do not approve. According to the Constitution of my States, such a case can not happen, since the laws and Government measures in Prussia require my consent as sovereign. To my deep sorrow, a portion of my Catholic subjects have organized for the past two years a political party, which endeavors to disturb, by intrigues hostile to the State, the religious peace which has existed in Prussia for centuries. Leading Catholic priests have unfortunately not only approved this movement, but joined in it to the extent of open revolt against existing laws. It will not have escaped the observation of your Holiness that similar indications manifest themselves at the present time in several European, and in some transatlantic States. It is not my mission to investigate the causes by which the

clergy and faithful of one of the Christian denominations can be introduced actively to assist enemies of all law, but it certainly is my mission to protect the internal peace, and preserve the authority of the laws, in the States whose Government has been intrusted to me by God. I am conscious that I owe heretofore an account of the accomplishment of this my kindly duty. I shall maintain order and law in my States against all attacks, as long as God gives me the power. I am in duty bound to do it as a Christian monarch, even when, to my sorrow, I have to fulfill this royal duty against the servants of a Church which I suppose acknowledges, no less than the Evangelical Church, that commandment, that obedience to secular authority is an emanation of the revealed will of God.

Many of the priests in Prussia subject to your Holiness disown, to my regret, the Christian doctrine in his respect, and place my Government under the necessity, supported by the great majority of my loyal Catholic and Evangelical subjects, of extorting obedience to the law by worldly means. I willingly entertain the hope that your Holiness, upon being informed of the true position of affairs, will use your authority to put an end to the agitation carried on amid the deplorable distortion of truth and abuse of priestly authority. The religion of Jesus Christ has, as I attest to your Holiness before God, nothing to do with these intrigues, any more than has Truth, to whose banner, invoked by your Holiness, I unreservedly subscribe.

There is one more expression in the letter of your Holiness which I can not pass over without contradiction, although it is not based upon previous information, but upon a belief of your Holiness; namely, the expression that every one that has received baptism belongs to the Pope. The Evangelical creed which, as must be known to your Holiness, I, like, my ancestors and the majority of my subjects, profess, does not permit us to accept in our relations to God any other mediator than our Lord Jesus Christ. A difference of belief does not prevent me from living in peace with those who do not share mine, and offering your Holiness the expression of my personal devotion and esteem.

WILLIAM.

The last personal gossip which the way of life of Pope Pius IX. who has just entered on his twenty-eighth year of his pontificate, is, that his health is so fully restored to enable him to resume his usual food and exercise. He rises at half past five o'clock, makes his toilet, which includes much shampooing; next follows mass; after a simple collation of coffee, with four bits of toasted bread; then an ordinary audience; then a short walk in the garden; at seven another audience; at half past one a dinner, as simply served as his dishes are plain; a meat soup of rice and herbs, a bit of lemon—that is, the beef or chicken of which the soup is made; then follows a small dish of *fritto o arrosto*—fry or roast—a favorite Italian dish. No Roman dinner is complete without it; it is made of brains, bits of amber, and young cucumbers and carrots sliced into thin strips, all fried crispy, with a rich amber color, in hard. It is not bad after you get used to it. During all this dinner the Pope drinks only half a glass of wine. He was never in his younger days a wine-drinker, and now eschews all nicely about his wine.

Some years ago, when he first began to drink wine, as dinner, according to medical orders, he observed that every day a fresh bottle was opened for his use. Then he ordered the waiter to bring another audience; at half past one a dinner, as simply served as his dishes are plain; a meat soup of rice and herbs, a bit of lemon—that is, the beef or chicken of which the soup is made; then follows a small dish of *fritto o arrosto*—fry or roast—a favorite Italian dish. No Roman dinner is complete without it; it is made of brains, bits of amber, and young cucumbers and carrots sliced into thin strips, all fried crispy, with a rich amber color, in hard. It is not bad after you get used to it. During all this dinner the Pope drinks only half a glass of wine. He was never in his younger days a wine-drinker, and now eschews all nicely about his wine.

Obituary.

Died at Truro, Nov. 4th, REBECCA H., wife of Rev. John Howie, of Shubenacadie, aged 73 years. For a few weeks her sister has been at her father's, suffering affliction, waiting for her change. She became a partaker of God's grace under the ministry of Rev. J. McMurphy, and united with the church. Her profession of religion was consistent with the word of God. She adorned the doctrines of her Saviour in her humble walk, in her home duties, and in the church. Eight years ago she was married to Bro. Howie, and entered upon the duties of a pastor's wife. In Florenceville, Gables, and Shubenacadie, she fulfilled all the requirements of home and of the church. A few weeks ago she came to Truro, to be under the care of her loving mother and sister. In her sickness she manifested no dissipation in prospect of death, and to open heaven. Calmly she laid down the painful way to realize in its unfaded mystery the sublime, eternal announcement, "I am the resurrection and the Life." J. S.

Died at Upper Clarence, on the 21st of October, 1873, of Typhoid Fever, ANNE, late Collectress of H. M. Customs at the Port of Wilmet, of the 67th year of her age. The deceased was a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and was a constant member for forty years of the Methodist Church at Lawrenceville. The deceased leaves a disconsolate husband, seven children, and a large collection of relatives and friends, to mourn their loss. Mrs. Stone's end was peace; a short time before she expired, she raised herself, and exclaimed in an audible voice, "Praise God." (The obituary will please copy.)