who have worn them a number of years feel better with them in than with them out. A glass eye should be taken out every night and put in in the morning. In three or four years the false eye becomes so worn that a new one has to be obtained. Some ladies who live at a distance from the manufactory, keep a box of glass eyes on hand in case of accident, for besides wearing out they will break under certain circumstances, as when

"Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes."

It is said that no less than 7,000 people in New York City, wear these glass eyes, and that there are two or three *eye factories* there.

Obituary.

MRS. LETITIA COOK, NEW WILTSHIRE, P. E. I.

The subject of this obituary was a consistent and devoted member of our church at New Wiltshire, P. E. I. At an early age she experienced the converting grace of God, and for about forty years has been travelling heavenward. For several years she has been confined to her bed "with age and feebleness extreme." She was a great sufferer, and became entirely helpless; but God was "the strength of her heart." Our pastoral visits appeared to be times of refreshing to her soul. Tears of joy and exclamations of praise were always mingled with our exercises of reading and conversation, singing and prayer. She appeared fully ripened for heaven—full of patient hope, and believing trust she continued to wait and look up to her coming Lord, until he said, "It is enough, come up higher." She died triumphantly on Decr. 3rd, 1867, aged 71 years. Her aged and enfeebled partner is not far behind, and soon both will be

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality."

J. WINTERBOTHAM.

MR. DANIEL DICKINSON, RIVER HEBERT.

Died, at River Hebert, Oct. 14th, 1867, aged 75, Mr. Daniel Dickinson, leaving an affectionate wife and daughter, and a large circle of relatives to mourn their loss.

Brother Dickinson was born at Dorchester, N. B., Sept. 29, 1792. About forty years ago, he resided at Parrsboro', where he experienced religion under the ministry of that excellent man, the late Rev Mr. Desbrisay. He united with the Methodist Church, and to the close of his life was warmly attached to the people of his choice. He subsequently removed to River Hebert, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was the first *Wesleyan* in that locality, and was the means of introducing Methodism there. His house was ever open to entertain the ambassadors of Christ, and he contributed liberally towards the support of the gospel.

For several months before he died, his sufferings were severe, but they were borne with Christian resignation and fortitude. On the 14th of October he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. The solemn occasion was improved by Rev. Robert Tweedy, who delivered an impressive discourse from Num. xxiii, 10—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." We commend his sorrowing partner to that God who has promised to be a husband to the widow.

R. O'B. J.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1868.

Bishop Simpson on Class Meetings.

The Class Meeting belongs distinctively to Methodism. Our readers will understand it to be a meeting of christian people for social religious communion by declaration, as in the presence of God, of individual views and feelings in relation to experimental and practical piety, accompanied by appropriate devotional exercises. As a means of grace, in the form in which it is held among us, it had its origin in our early history, and belongs to us peculiarly.

Some christian bodies have occasional meetings for religious fellowship in the narration of christian experience; but our privilege in this respect differs considerably from that of all other churches. With us it is a regular weekly opportunity; and it seems necessary that its recurrence should be thus frequent. Again, the Methodist Class Meeting is not the gathering of the whole membership of a church, or a large company of that membership; the effect of which might be to render the exercises more formal, and in some instances to induce a reserve that would be undesirable; besides preventing some who would wish to do so from taking part therein.

A limited number of persons, whose aim is the possession of the power as well as the form of godliness, under the guardianship of one of their number who is styled the leader, meet thus from week to week, to declare to the praise of divine grace what the Lord hath done for their souls, and that, by a narration of their trials and deliverances, and by receiving suitable counsel, they may attain greater spiritual strength, and be helpers of each others faith and hope and love.

Such a privilege is fitted in a high degree to promote christian edification; and such holy fellowship of the Lord's people is in agreement with the practice of the truly pious in former ages of the Church, as well under the Old Testament economy as in the early period of the Christian era.

The Class Meeting belongs to Methodism also in this respect, that a regular attendance upon it was regarded by Mr. Wesley as a condition of membership with his societies; and to maintain this principle inviolate is essential to our success in the present day.

We intend these observations but as introductory to the views of Bishop Simpson on this subject, as enunciated by him, quite recently, in an address delivered by request in St. George's Church, Philadelphia, before a united meeting of the Class Leaders of the numerous Methodist Churches of that city. The address in full being too lengthy for our columns, we give but an extract:

"The fact that we set apart a portion of our time for this purpose fixes upon the heart a conviction that it is vastly important to know where we stand in Christian experience. It is like setting up a milestone to mark the way, to see how far we have gone, and how much of the journey lies beyond us. In the resolution to face this question from week to week, we look at our experience; we call up this subject, not merely when we attend the class-meeting, but at other times; it becomes interwoven in the soul as a habit of thought to know how we stand before God. Are we growing in grace? Are we bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit? Are we bearing the image of Christ? Does the Master look in our hearts and see his work is being perfected in us? Are we losing ground? Are we less spiritual? Do we with less relish attend the means of grace? Now, these are questions which, I say, come before us and are brought to us by the very fact of our consecrating regularly and systematically a portion of time for these inquiries. Were there no exercises at the class-room of very special benefit, this alone would fix upon the mind an inquiry which would do us vast good.

"But it is not only a consecration of a portion of our time, and thus fixing into our consciousness the great matter of personal experience, but in the class meeting we are led to make a deep and thorough personal examination of our Christian experience. We meet our friends; we expect to hear them speak of what God has done for them, and they expect to hear from us. As we go to the class-room, as we sit down in the class-room, as the services are progressing there, we are perpetually asking ourselves: How do stand to-day? What are we to say for ourselves? Not that we must make a speech; not that we must utter any form of words; but if we are to tell those around us intelligently where our place in Christian experience is, we must clearly understand it ourselves. That leads to deep and thorough self-examination.

"I think each one of you, my brethren, is conscious that at some time in your experience this was of vast benefit to you. Never did I enter a class-room without this conviction forcing itself upon me: 'I must know where I stand.' I commenced examining myself as to what I should say—not as a form of words, but in giving utterance to God's dealings with my heart; and, where the soul is deeply sincere (and to no others would class-meetings be of any benefit, or any other Christian duty,) where there is perfect honesty of heart between the individual and his God (and without honesty there is no Christianity,) how alone, as if in the presence of God do these exercises place the christian soul. There may be friends around; we have heard them speak at other times; but thought carries us into the presence of God. We know, that Jesus is to be with his disciples where two or three are met, and, unseen we hail him there. He is before us; the tear drops from our eyes; the affections of our hearts gush out toward him; the whole soul seems to be unmantled, as if in the presence of God, and a voice seems to sound in the heart; 'Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, remove all covering from that heart of thine, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.' There is deep self-examination, and is not that a Christian duty? Does not that lie at the foundation of all Christian experience, to examine one's self thoroughly?

"Why, the old Grecian said, and it is one of the sayings thought worthy to be written in letters of gold: 'Know thyself!' Where can we know ourselves better, under what circumstances are we likely to know ourselves better, than in coming to speak with a few friends, as in the presence of God, of his dealings with our hearts? It is easy to sing in the great congregation, and the words of our lips swell out with thousands around us, for we seem not to be so singled out; it is easy to sit in our seats, and listen to the minister preaching, and though the word may sometimes come with power to us, yet we do not feel precisely singled out; it is comparatively easy, in the social prayer-meeting, to take part, and to pray in a general way, but this thing of personal conversation, of being personally addressed and of personally speaking, not of general subjects, but of the Spirit of God and our souls, it leads us directly to a throne of grace. Many a hard heart has been softened there; many a doubting heart has been cheered there; many a dark soul has found light there; and Jesus has seemed to say to many an one: 'Lovest thou me?' I say, here is self-examination; and self-examination being essential to a thorough Christian experience, that religious experience is developed thus greatly by the class-meeting.

"But, again, the class-meeting is of service, because it leads us to speak directly of what God has done for us. Now, it may be said, Christianity being a work in our hearts, we might hide it there—that is the internal life; and we might say, these matters are too sacred to be spoken of; and yet Jesus spoke of these sacred topics—spoke of his union with the Father; said in the presence of his disciples, 'I know that thou hearest me always,' and prayed for his disciples, that they might be kept. The disciples met together, and talked to each other; they had services—sang and prayed together; they met in an upper room, and their hearts were cheered while they were talking. Thomas said he would not believe unless he saw the print of the nails and the mark of the spear. They were talking about faith and Christian experience, and he was doubting, and Jesus came to remove those doubts afterward. You know, when Peter was in prison, though late in the night, when an angel took him out and led him along, at last he came to the house where his friends were. They were in prayer and holy service at that hour of the night—Christians met to talk and pray, and sing together in those olden times.

"Some men have doubted whether there can be any long, continuous thoughts without words. Certainly our utterances act back upon our thoughts; thoughts are very imperfect unuttered. We think more as we give utterance to our thoughts. You remember Bunyan's modest description of why he wrote so much. He had first a thought, and uttered it, then another thought came, and he wrote that, and so he went on. If Bunyan had never begun to write his *Pilgrim's Progress*, he never would have stood beside Christian, and seen him, as he gazed on the land of Beulah, or as he stood at the edge of the river, and looked clear over and saw the shining ones upon the other side. This is Scriptural also; for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the tongue or mouth he maketh confession unto salvation. There is not only belief in the heart, but there must be confession with the lip for salvation. I think there is no likelihood of real Christian joy without our trying to tell some one of what God has done for us. Why, it is that very utterance oftentimes that gives us joy; it is the manifestation of that joy. Where that joy is great, it seems to be almost impossible not to utter it.—The saints of old uttered it, and why should not saints at present utter it? The love is the same; the joy the same. When the angels saw Jesus coming as a little babe to earth, they shouted.

"'The Theme, the song, the joy was new—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.'

"And what is the joy of the angel compared with the joy of the redeemed sinner? The angel loved Jesus for his glory, his grandeur, his wisdom, and his majesty; the sinner loves Jesus because he is his Saviour, and takes his sins away. Now, when we confess that Saviour, the heart receives benefit. There is something ungrateful in not making a confession of a Saviour. Does not Jesus allude to it? You remember where he sent ten lepers away who came to be healed. There came one back uttering praise, and acknowledging what Jesus had done; and Jesus, looking round, says, 'Were there not ten healed? Where are the nine? There is not returned but this one to give glory to God;' intimating, I think, very strongly that wherever the soul is healed, or a work done by divine power on the soul, there ought to be made confession with the tongue. And when can this be so properly made as in the little circle of Christian friends that assemble in the class-meeting? In the great congregation, it would seem that too many are present for all to speak. In the great congregation it is said, I may not be heard if I speak—I may speak so lispingly that I cannot be heard; but in a little room, with half a dozen or a dozen friends, all the friends of Jesus, too, and our friends, how easy to speak!

"What if we cannot speak so eloquently!—Why, in the family circle, it is not the eldest that is listened to always with the most delight. For myself, I never felt more interested than when my little boy or girl just tried to lisp the name of pa or ma, and tried to talk a little, although not able to put more than two or three words together, and leave me to fancy all the rest. I believe Christians like to hear infants talking in the class-room, and I think that angels, bending down from glory, love to hear new-born babes talking of Jesus Christ and his love. So far from there being no interest in what we say in the class-room, if we can but utter a few words, the good done to others may be very great, even by our stammering language; but whatever it may be to others, it is of vast service to ourselves. It commits us; we feel we have taken the vows of God upon us afresh every time we speak, and the clear unfolding to others what is in our hearts always does us good."

Extracts from Correspondence.

The Rev. D. W. Le Lacheur, under date of Feb. 22nd, 1868, gives the following account of a good work at Apple River, Cumberland Co.:

"About four weeks ago we commenced services on a part of the Circuit called Apple River. The services were continued for about three weeks, and glorious were the results. When we commenced, the church was neither cold nor hot, and sectarian bigotry, that formidable enemy to pure religion, and to the prosperity of the cause of God, had for years swayed there an almost universal sceptre; but thank God a better day has dawned upon Apple River. The fire of sectarian prejudice has, we trust, been extinguished by pure love to God and to the brethren; and we hope that the unholy flame may never be rekindled to offer sacrifice again to Baal. Last Sabbath will be long remembered by the friends at Apple River. Sabbath morning came, and we went to the house of prayer. There we found the largest congregation that had ever been seen on any occasion in the community. We baptized five then, preached, and administered the Lord's Supper, this being the first time that the Lord's Supper had been administered by any denomination in the community. We had service again in the afternoon and evening. The result of the whole is twenty-five were added to the church. Six families which had not family prayer, now have it. The Baptist church has been very much blessed, and the enemy's kingdom has received a great shaking."

The Rev. R. O. B. Johnson, of Parrsboro' Circuit, writes:—"Bro. Lodge's donation party came off on the 12th inst., when about 200 persons assembled, and were entertained by addresses from Messrs. Joseph Boss, Bond, Ibbotson, Brown, Baker, Duncan, C. L. Cox, and by the Rev. Robt. Tweedy. The amount realized was upwards of $50. We sincerely rejoice in this tribute of gratitude awarded to Bro. Lodge, who is a zealous labourer in the church; and though he has to toil at his farm for a livelihood, yet freely gives his time and energies on the Sabbath to the glorious work of preaching the gospel. May the Great Head of the Church spare him long to labour in His vineyard.

Our friends at West Brook have nobly exerted themselves in erecting a church. We expect, (D.V.,) to have it opened for public worship on Sabbath, March 15th.

The Queen's Book.

Of the last work by the Queen, "Our Life in the Highlands," we take the following notice from *All the Year Round*:—

Queen Victoria has simply written a record of the experiences and expressions of a very happy period of her life, to recall them when one of the chief elements which made this happiness so great has passed away. Would Queen Mary, with the dreadful prefix to her name, have gone to see those old women in their Highland cottages, and carried good cheer, moral as well as physical, among them? Would vain Elizabeth have enjoyed scrambling about Scotch mountains, hiding away out of sight when the deer were stalked, and being carried, slung in a plaid, over the swollen mountain torrents?

For all these things were enjoyed by the writer of the Highland Journal, and enjoyed in no ordinary degree. The unaffected pleasure which the author derived from everything that she saw and did is expressed in almost every line, and in a manner which is one of the chief attractions of the book. During a walk which the queen and the prince took soon after their arrival at Blair Athol, which is suggestive of a great measure of enjoyment. They have been rambling on the hills near the house. "We were high up," says the queen, "but could not get to the top; Albert in such delight, it is happiness to see him, he is in such spirits. . . . . We walked on to a cornfield where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats (shearing they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, so unlike our daily Windsor walk." And then she adds, "delightful as that is," as if afraid of disparaging poor old Windsor, and as if remembering what happiness exists for her there also.

There is no scene or experience described in this book which does not receive a reflected light from the sunshine which fills the heart of the writer. All sorts of small things excite her wonder and delight,—the Leith fish-women with their white caps and bright-coloured petticoats, or a Highland lassie in the river, "with her dress tucked up almost to her knees, washing potatoes." All is delightful, because all is seen under such happy circumstances.

Doubtless, too, the new sensation of being free gives an additional zest to the royal pleasure. The getting away from London, from drawing-rooms and levees, and to a great extent from state cares and state conferences,—though there was always a cabinet minister on the premises at Balmoral, like a *memento mori* at a feast,—the getting away from all these things to be simply a lady living with her husband and children in a Highland château, must have been a new and delightful feeling. We can see that it is so. A hundred passages in this volume which tell of the queen's keen enjoyment of that wild unfettered life which the annual journey to the Highlands puts within her reach. "I was delighted," she says, on one occasion, "to go on *à l'improviste*, travelling in these enchanting hills, in their solitude, with only our good Highlanders with us." And in another place, when the time of leaving Scotland is near, she speaks of her liberty as one of the losses she is about to sustain. "Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to, our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people who went with us I had got to like so much."

That moment of leaving Scotland seems always to have been a bitter one. The queen's attachment to this country, indeed, is almost beyond that of a native. Over and over again she breaks out in raptures respecting the scenery, the hills, the people, the very air she breathes. She kindles with delight when she again touches Scotch soil after having been for some time absent, and her sorrow at turning her back on the lochs and mountains when the annual holiday is over, is genuine and unaffected. "Alas! our last day in Scotland" is a phrase of frequent recurrence in these diaries, and once, when there was a heavy fall of snow on the morning of the day which was their last at Balmoral for the season, her Majesty exclaims, "I wished we might be snowed up, and unable to move. How happy I should have been, could it have been so!" Nor must one source of enjoyment—the greatest of all—be forgotten. In the Highlands the queen saw more of her beloved prince than elsewhere; walking with him, riding with him, reading with him, or sketching by his side continuelly.

There are some curious scenes put before the reader in this glimpse behind the curtain of what is literally a Theatre *Royal*. The narrative of the arrival at the Castle of the tidings of the taking of Sevastopol, beginning with a description of the state of expectancy in which the house was kept all day by rumours which had reached Balmoral, and ending with an account of the arrival of telegrams in the evenings, containing the decisive news "Sevastopol is in the hands of the allies," is very bright and stirring. The lighting of the bonfire upon the cairn at the top of the hill, and the efforts to get up a display of fireworks by the poor old Frenchman, Francois d'Albertancon, "who lighted a number of squibs, the greater part of which would not go off," are among the memorials of an interesting time at Balmoral.

Equally interesting and well described is that other almost historical scene in which we are shown how the news of "The Duke's" death came upon the holiday party. In this case, also, there seems to have been a preliminary rumor of the truth, which was disregarded, the party at the Castle going away for the day on one of their customary excursions. Then comes that curious incident of the queen missing her watch—the gift of the duke—from her side, and, sending a messenger back to the house to see that it was safe, and then the return of the messenger with tidings of the watch, and with a bundle of letters, among which are two which tell of the news of the old duke's death.

It is curious to read of these public events in the journal of one so deeply interested in them. The sight of such records sets one speculating whether any of our more remote sovereigns kept journals of this sort, and if so, what sort of notices of the public occurrences of the day were contained in them. A diary of Henry the Eight's, for instance, with an entry made on the day when the news of Woolsey's death reached him, would certainly be a curiosity of some value. The tone of any such entry would, however, it is to be feared, have differed widely from such expressions of grief as those to be found in the Journal of Queen Victoria, written on Thursday, September 16, 1852.

The Methodist Bishops.

Looking at a picture of the nine bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we are impressed with the fact that there are few men in the United States to whom more power is intrusted. Power, but not emolument; for their position is the furthest removed from one of dignified leisure. In the picture before us, their likenesses are appropriately arranged in a circular form, with that of the senior bishop in the centre. Appropriately circular, we say, for, like everything in Methodist economy, the bishops revolve. They are one wheel of a vast system of wheels; and, if they exert their power in bidding others remove, there are none upon whom the burdens of the itinerant system fall so heavily as upon themselves. In the greatness of their journeys they are more than apostolic. Bishop Thomson presided a few years ago at a conference on the banks of the Min, in the Celestial Empire, and his very next presidency, we believe, was on the banks of the Minnesota.—Their going forth is from the ends of the earth and their circuit unto the ends thereof. In proportion to the greatness of their ecclesiastical authority is the greatness of their responsibility. At each quadrennial session of the General Conference, a "Committee on Episcopacy" reviews rigidly all questionable points in the administration of each bishop, and their high position does not protect them from a most rigorous accountability.

The venerable senior bishop, Morris, occupies the centre of the picture before us. He is a benign and portly old gentleman, of truly episcopal proportions. He holds his cane in his right hand, and sits in a genial old age, after a lifetime of toil, waiting the Master's call. Not at all an orator, he is yet a speaker and a writer of great clearness and conciseness, and his published writings are models of forcible thought and perspicuous diction. He is eminently Western in his make-up, genial in sympathy, earnest in piety; but not at all ascetic, and possessed of a humor so abundant, and a wit so quaint and so keen, that he is socially fascinating. His gentle, but cutting sarcasm is a terror to those who have more cant than sense.

Of quite a different character is Bishop Janes. With a small frame, originally slight, but tending of late to *embonpoint*, a nose rather aquiline, and a voice shrill and piping, but which has been subjected to a discipline not less severe, and hardly less successful than the elocutionary training of Demosthenes, Dr. Janes is the embodiment of will. He is, perhaps, the greatest ecclesiastical administrator of the present generation. It is doubtful if his superior in executive ability can be found in the country. Having submitted cheerfully and conscientiously to the hardships of the itinerant system as they existed a quarter of a century ago, he is disposed to exact something like the same devotion from others. Had he lived in the Middle Ages, he would inevitably have ruled a great religious order. Janes, if not the greatest man on the Methodist bench, is perhaps, the greatest bishop. He is always a forcible speaker, often eloquent. Aquiline in feature and mind, he pounces upon his ideas with an exultant, eagle-like swoop. His financial ability is of the highest order.

Bishop Scott is the genial, gentlemanly, saintly man of the bench. Devout, without a particle of asceticism, he overflows with Christian and human sympathy. Pretending neither to oratory nor greatness, he is yet an excellent preacher and a man of great practical sense.—His life and spirit are full of piety of the old, earnest, Methodistic type.

The large frame, full chest, prominent brows, and somewhat massive lower face proclaim Simpson a very prince of pulpit orators. Nature does not often make a man great in all respects, and Bishop Simpson is not pre-eminent as an administrator, scholar, or writer. His sermons have many fine things, but they do not satisfy expectation when read. It is the majestic presence, the noble voice, the grand, earnest, triumphant face, all surcharged with the electricity of an enthusiastic soul, that make Dr. Simpson the orator that he is. Not that he is without noble mental gifts, but that it is the addition of his wonderful physical magnetism, that gives him his royal position as an orator. More perhaps by his surroundings than by natural inclination, he was made a conservative in Church politics; but on the breaking out of the war, he used all his lofty gifts as an orator in support of President Lincoln's administration, and it fell to his lot to give utterance to the National sorrow at the tomb of the President. Since the war, he has spoken earnestly and frequently on National subjects.

Bishop Baker is, like Bishop Janes, a New Englander. He is a refined and polished scholar, bearing yet the stamp of his years of service in the chair of a professor. His diffidence is always apparent, though it never causes a loss of *aplomb*. Thoroughly versed in parliamentary usage, always ready and self-possessed, he has few equals as a presiding officer, and his work on the Discipline is the standard of Methodist law.

Bishop Ames, though of Puritan ancestry, is yet a Western man by birth and by every characteristic of mind and body. Like Bishop Janes, he is eminent for executive ability. With a will fully equal to that of Janes, he is less careful in using it, and is sometimes thought arbitrary.—His mind is like his frame, massive, and his sympathies deep and tender. The one word which characterizes him is statesmanship. As a preacher his movement is smooth, his discourse singularly clear, with passages of genuine sublimity, and a pathos that stirs his hearers to the depths of their natures.

With a fine physical presence, a face full of dignity, somewhat forehead-bald. Bishop Clark looks, as he is, the refined scholar, carrying with him still the impress of his life is a literary institution. He is a smooth and polished writer, an accurate and pleasant speaker, stating his propositions clearly, and advocating them forcibly. His work entitled "Man all immortal," though scholarly, hardly does him justice, being more a popular *resume* of the old current arguments than a development of any new lines of thought on the subject. He was for years editor of the Ladies' Repository, at Cincinnati.

With a rich humor and a sarcasm that knew how to take advantage of the absurd position of his opponents, who were anti-slavery in politics while they were conservative in the Church, Dr. Kingsley used his official position as editor of the Western Christian Advocate, at Cincinnati, to urge the adoption of a more stringent and unequivocal rule against slaveholding. His political articles were also bold and trenchant; and when the progressive party came to elect bishops, it was almost a foregone conclusion that Dr. Kingsley would be among them. Like several of his colleagues, he has been a professor; but no one would suspect it from his manner. Without being eloquent, he is forcible, manly, and strong in all that he says.

Last upon the list, and in some respects, we think, greatest on the list, is Bishop Edward Thomson. Petite in stature, absent-minded in bearing, with hearing a little impaired, and modest almost to excess, he is not, perhaps, just the man for an office so executive in its character as that of the Methodist Episcopacy. But as a writer he has qualities of the rarest sort. None of our eminent American writers excel him in purity of diction, or in the "art of putting things." As a speaker his voice is defective, and his manner generally somewhat deficient in animation. He often confines himself closely to his manuscript; we have known an audience to be carried into rapturous applause by the triumphant eloquence of his thoughts. His books of essays and travels are the classics of American Methodist literature.

Such are the nine Methodist Bishops, who, on the whole, are nine as able men as any Christian denomination can boast.—*Independent.*

The Ministry.

No class of men, perhaps is less appreciated than the Gospel ministry, and none so grudgingly cared for; other men are *paid*; they are given. Men pay their attorneys, doctors, merchants, mechanics, &c., because they make charges and present bills, but they *give* to the Gospel minister because he makes no bill; that is, a few give, not all: and those who do consult their *own* comfort rather than the minister's. It is said to cost $35,000,000 to pay the lawyers in America; $12,000,000 to keep criminals, and $10,000,000 to keep the dogs alive, while only $6,000,000 are expended upon our 6,000 ministers. The dogs in the United States cost $4,000,000 more each year than the ministers of the Gospel do. Who would have believed it? Who is not ashamed of it? What a stain upon our piety!

The farther we examine into the systems and principles of ministerial support, the more dissatisfied every right-minded man must become; especially in connection with our own Church. A congregation will send up to Conference for a minister, and are very choice in their selection; but when he comes, though they require all his time and capabilities to attend to their church interests, yet they gravely consult their *own convenience* in regard to his salary, without ever, in most cases, asking him one single question, or consulting him in the least as to what his necessities are. With very few exceptions, the merchants, mechanics and farmers charge full price for all they sell to ministers. Doctors and lawyers usually serve ministers without charge; all honour and thanks to them for it. And the exceptions among the merchants, mechanics and farmers are very prominent; those of them who make deductions at all do it in the handsomest style.

The delegates at Conference require ministers who, as speakers, are superior to the ministers of surrounding denominations, to attract, and draw the crowd, but hold out no inducements, save the motive of doing good, which is present everywhere. Why should a minister be required to abstain from business, and consecrate his time and talents to the Church, and be content with the pittance allowed him, any more than laymen to consecrate all *above* a like support to the Church? God has called him, and he must give an account; and *we* say, "let every man lay by in store for the *Church*, as God has prospered him." 1 Cor. xvi: 2. When we are called to an account for the expenditures of our talents, our lay brethren will stand by our side to give an account for the expenditure of their money.

But the matter of support is not the only trouble the ministers have; they are not only the observed of all observers, but the criticised of all critics. Honored but censured, loved but wounded, caressed but injured. I said to a brother minister once: "My assistant is very acceptable as a preacher on the Circuit." "How do you know?" he inquired. "I asked the members," said I. "I thought you would never have learned the fact without asking," he said. How many ministers spend months before they have the least intimation that their labors are at all satisfactory. The minister often hears of fault-finding remarks, for there are everywhere those who take pleasure in advising him of every word said to his disparagement. But who meets him at the pulpit steps and says, "your sermon was very comfortable to me, or I hope your plain sermon will stir us up?" Many, indeed, seem to complain of the minister to cover up their own defects, and *all* seem to hold the ministry responsible for the languishing condition of the Church, whatever the cause may be. The only remedy I ever heard of anywhere for a languishing Church was, a minister that would bring it up. Whenever and wherever the church languishes, the remedy is, a *new* minister.

Dr. Lee tells an anecdote of an old man, who, having a few apples to haul, concluded that it was not worth the trouble of hitching up his horse to the cart, and he would act as horse himself. So, loading up, he put his little son in the cart as driver, and put himself in the shafts to pull the load. After going some distance he thought it would improve the fun to have a runaway. So he commenced to kick, and jump, and squeal, and pitched over a high bank into a deep gully, spilling the apples out, upsetting the boy, and breaking the cart all to pieces. After looking awhile at the wreck his running away had produced, he suddenly grasped a switch and commenced whipping his little son for not *driving* better. Thus the Church assumes the privilege of having a runaway at any time, pitching over the bank, upsetting the apples, breaking the cart, and perhaps bruising the preacher in the fall; but, notwithstanding, he must be whipped for not driving better, the members holding him responsible for their own coldness, negligence or immorality, and for the dearth they have brought about themselves.

I would not be understood as assuming that the ministry is exempt from defects common to humanity, but that, where the Church languishes, such declension is brought about in a great degree by the fact that said Church gives prominence to the *defects* of its minister by calling attention to those defects so constantly and so blatantly as to obscure his commendable properties, and prevent any zealous co-operation with him for the prosperity of Zion. And where a Church prospers, it is in a great degree referable to the fact that it loses sight of the defects of its minister by such an appreciation of his commendable properties as to secure a hearty co-operation with him. I would also have the Church to comprehend and act upon the truth, that a congregation can have no more hope of success, when the minister's influence is so broken by severe and constant criticism, faultfinding, as to prevent co-operation, and discourage him in his efforts for good, than any army could hope for success when the commanding officers should be so depreciated by disparaging remarks as to deprive him of the confidence of his soldiers. Every check given to the ministers by a lack of support, unkind remarks, or cold indifference upon the part of the Church, recoils upon the Church itself with fearful force.—*Meth. Protestant.*

A Wonderful Hospital.

Within three or four hours' ride of Tubingen in Germany, there is a wonderful hospital. In the old town itself stands the famous University of Wirtemburg, of which Melancthon and Reuchlin were professors; but this hospital is more interesting than anything in the town. Germany is the nursery of many strange theories in medicine; there are fountains of water which are thought to remove all diseases, and there are sweet grapes which form the sole prescription to numerous patients; but this hospital, of which we speak, opens the only fountain that can truly cleanse, and supplies the fruit of the only living and life-giving Vine. Yet it is a genuine hospital, for many people of all classes resort thither from various parts of Europe and from other lands. The history of it is most beautiful and instructive.

Pastor Blumhardt was a man singularly gifted by nature and by grace. He was a man of most fervent earnestness in his undertakings, possessed of a most cheerful and happy temper, and excelled in music. His warm sympathies drew him unceasingly to the chambers of the sick; and an astonishing virtue seemed to go forth with his ardent prayers for their recovery. A vast number of the maladies in the whole catalogue of human sufferings are nervous, and it was among these he was most successful.

Afflicted people from the neighboring parishes began to flock to him in so large numbers as to consume his whole time in attending upon them. He was under the necessity of resigning the pulpit to another minister. He gave himself wholly to the relief of the sick. He obtained a large establishment which he turned into a hospital for them.

But how singular an hospital! The walls of the rooms are not occupied by any tinctures and herbs and minerals, or apparatus of the ordinary physician. They bear texts of scripture.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying:—neither shall there be any more pain."

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus!"

There are beautiful paintings, all tending to lead the mind to the contemplation of the wondrous love and sympathy and compassion of Jesus Christ. In the large dining-hall, one of the sides is nearly covered by large engravings, illustrative of our Saviour's last acts of grace, giving six of the most impressive scenes from the garden to the tomb. At one end of the hall is a rich painting of the head of Christ, expressing majesty and love; at the other end, the same sacred head bleeding with the crown of thorns, while on the fourth side is that sublime picture of Christ walking upon the waves and extending his arm to rescue sinking Peter.

He has called, it is true, upon nature to aid him. His place is described as being environed with the most charming mountain scenery, and provided with rich groves and gardens, shady avenues, pavilions, rustic arbors—indeed, with everything that could render it a beautiful and cheerful abode. But the great object is, to turn the mind from itself and its woes to the blessed, ever-living, and ever-present Jesus. And as soothing and elevating impressions are made upon it, and the nervous system resumes its healthful tone, and the constitution becomes invigorated, it is amazing the variety of chronic disorders that are cured. This is in accordance with the laws of hygiene. The most of the benefit derived from an invalid's sojourn at many of our watering places in the summer, or from changes to other climates and scenes, comes really from the new impressions made upon the nervous system. But the priceless advantage of Pastor Blumhardt's treatment is, that, while it restores the suffering body, it leads the sick to the only Physician who can pour a balm into the wounded spirit, and give *eternal life*.

He endeavors, first of all, to impress upon them God's merciful object in bringing them to such a condition, then to teach them resignation to it, and a spiritual improvement of it by a complete surrender of the will and heart to the Lord. The only remedy he applies is the gospel, the divine panacea. As he seems to know how, where, and when to apply it, it need hardly be added that his method is generally successful.

Religion in Blumhardt's hands becomes a living power. All the patients are treated as a Christian family. They come without exception, and without reluctance, to the daily family worship, in which daily texts suitable to particular cases are read and remarked upon; and these cases made the subject of united and earnest prayer. The Sabbath is a delightful day in the establishment. Almost the entire day is occupied in united worship. All the visitors, patients, and other inmates of the house, join reverently and attentively in religious exercises. In the forenoon and afternoon there are a sermon and full services. Besides this, an hour is taken up in devotion, both morning and evening; and even at noon, before rising from dinner, a psalm is read, a joyful hymn of praise chanted, and a prayer offered to Heaven.—*Home and Foreign Record.*

The Late Wm. B. Bradbury.

If we cherish the memory of great men who have written true and noble words, and of poets who have bequeathed us grand and inspiring thoughts, how much should we love the memory of the man who has composed for us beautiful music! The subject of this sketch occupies a prominent place among the few who stand high in the annals of music. His style was somewhat peculiar among American authors. His music is not so grand and inspiring as that of Mason, nor so pleasing in artistic taste as that of Root, but it is more sweet and touching, and more pathetic than either. He was an earnest Christian, and the sacred character of his compositions is well exemplified in "Rest," to the words, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," and "Zephyr" to the words, "Jesus can make a dying bed," &c. In these pieces the devotional sentiment of the hymns is fitly accompanied and strengthened by the character of the music. The lovers of that exquisitely beautiful hymn, "Sweet hour of Prayer," which will be sung for ages by Christians, will ever have cause to remember Mr. Bradbury with gratitude. He has laid the Christians of these days under great obligations to him, and has left his mark strongly impressed on our devotional and church music.

But it is in the line of Sabbath-school music that he seems to have done the most good, and to have exercised the most influence. The hymns in the "Golden Chain," and "Golden Shower," and other smaller books have been sung by thousands and tens of thousands of voices, both in our own and distant lands; they are sung in our day-schools and our missionschools; and there are but few firesides in the land which have not felt the influence of the simple words and melodies of this author.—Who has not heard from infant lips, "I am Jesus' little Lamb," "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me"; and from older tongues, "There is a light in the window for thee, brother," and others of a like nature? It is said that about *three million* copies of his books have found sale in the United States, and many of the hymns translated into several foreign languages, accompanied by his music. He has published probably over twenty volumes, besides numerous detached pieces of music, and contributions to the volumes of others. Except those of Mason, the works of no other have met with such an extensive sale.

Mr. Bradbury was born in Maine, in 1816—His early life was one of struggle, and it was only by surmounting many difficulties that he attained his high position in the musical world. He early formed the acquaintance of Dr. Lowell Mason, and his coadjutor, George J. Webb, and to this circumstance, probably, was due in no small degree the character of his after labors. The latter part of his life was spent at Montclair, New Jersey, where he died of consumption on the 8th of January last, at the age of fifty-two years.—*Montreal Witness.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

His Excellency the Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, leaves by steamer of this week on a visit to England.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—A meeting of the Temperance Society in connection with the Grafton St. Church will be held in the School House to-morrow evening, when addresses will be delivered.

THE CANADIAN.—An international monthly, under this designation, is published in Boston, and is a well-conducted journal. Mr. P. Monaghan, Abstainer Office, is Agent in this city. $2 per year.

MELODIES FOR THE BANDS OF HOPE, published under the sanction of the Grand Division of N. S. can be had at the office of the Grand Scribe, Barrington St.

The annual reports of the Insane Hospital and of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, show that these excellent charities are well managed, and are fulfilling their noble work.

THE LORD'S PRAYER PICTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement in another column of a fine engraving of the Lord's Prayer, well designed and well executed. It is a good ornament for parlour or for Sunday school.

Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.—The last Lecture of the present Course before the Young Men's Christian Association will be delivered (D. V.) on Tuesday evening next, March 17th at Temperance Hall, by Rev. R. Sedgwick. Subject:—"Antagonisms of the Nineteenth Century."

On Tuesday evening a lecture was delivered in Temperance Hall, by Rev. E. Annand, Windsor, on "Progress in Nature and Man." It was one of the best of the season—chaste, poetic and scientific. He explained the difference between the "Development" and the "Progressive" theory, showing that the latter was in entire accordance with Scripture and the discoveries of Science, while the former was in fact antagonistic to both. Abstruse as the theme was, he made it not only plain, but most attractive, to any ordinarily intelligent mind. It was calculated to remove difficulties which sometimes puzzle the earnest and well meaning, but ill-instructed inquirer. The peroration, in which he pictured out the high destiny of redeemed man, was exceedingly beautiful and impressive.—The next lecture is to be delivered by the "old man eloquent," Rev. Robert Sedgewick.—*Witness.*

On Saturday afternoon a carpenter named Donald McDougall fell from a scaffold on a house in Russell street, Richmond, and was instantly killed. He was 25 years of age, and a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The Fredericton *Reporter* is informed that a skeleton was recently examined by a party of workmen engaged in the Fredericton Railway. The skeleton was that of a man, and had apparently been buried for fifty years or more. The traces of foul play were visible in three distinct fractures or indentations of the skull.

The affairs of the Westmorland Bank prove to be in a worse state than was anticipated. It is thought that the assessment on the various stockholders will be upwards of 50 or 60 per cent. The shareholders will lose their stock and more than half as much more in cash.

On the 29th ult., David Lawson, Deputy Sheriff of