ST. JOHN-FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE

Tis holy day, and sacred feelings come, Tinged with the gloom of deepest agony; In vain aspiring thoughts to heavenly things, The drooping spirit wingless seems to-day.
The family Bible, and the altar gone,— Dispersed the household, each one weeps alone, While isolated prayers surcharged with grief, Rise slowly through the clouds of darkness dense Yet reach the inclining ear of God; While tears prove safety valves to breaking hearts. The sweet remembrance of a happy home. The sweet remembrance of a happy home
Is bitterness to busy memory now.
O God! forgive repining thoughts that rise,
And check rebellious nature as it moves.
We will adore, though adoration's voice,
Is tremulous and minor strains abound, We still will worship, though consumed with fire The much loved, beauteous house of prayer. Thou wilt accept tearful devotions, though Of joyous hallelnjah's quite bereft. Smarting beneath c rrection's rod severe, We would acknowledge guilt, and pardon seek, That in the future we may not provoke Thy wrath, severer judgments yet to feel: Yet mingled mercy in the ruin seen, Awakens gratitude, with grief allied, More precious things remain, than snatched away Reason and health and hope, and time and friend-The mercy seat, and Providence and grace. And Jesus lives, our sympathizing friend; No flames of earth can burn the sacred tie That binds mysteriously our souls to Him, Nor can the darkening shadows of despair Wholly eclipse remaining beams of hope. Unscathed remain integrity and principle. And truth, and faith, and promises Divine. Not desolation all the eye beholds,— Unchanged the azure sky and Fundy's Bay, Carleton and Portland heights still meet the vie And beauteous fields of green, and lovely flowers. The suburbs of the weeping city cheer. Though shorn of beauty, still the squares remain, And shady walks, where lies the quiet dead Not now disturbed like living wanderers there. Who fain would in the silent grave repose. And human sympathy still lives, (praise God!) Prompted by faith in God, and love to man, And suffering ones, till now, unused to want. Already rills of pure benevolence Come leaping like unwestried mountain streams; From North, and South, and East, and West they

Checking the tide of grief, reviving hope In labels plain, courage is written on those gifts, Take heart, they say, begin anew life's work. Heaven's compensation will not long delay; The God of Job may all to thee restore. Soon from the heaps of ruin, life will spring. And rising structures-happy homes rest Social reunions, and prosperity Will dissipate the cheerless clouds of gloom Which strangely linger there, midst buried hopes From lofty towers the music of the bell Shall soon to worship gather bosts again, And organ notes, and human voices join. Andjoyous hallelujahs break the spell of woe.

Yarmovth, June 27, 1877.

## OLD WINE.

THE SCRIPTURES. THEIR IMPORTANCE.

I am a creature of a day, passing

LUKE v. 39.

through life, as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulf, till a few moments hence. I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity. I want to know one thing, the way to heaven: how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way: for this very end he came from "A man of one Book." Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his book, for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meanof what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift my heart to the Father of Lights-Lord is it not thy word, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God?" Thou "givest liberally and upbraidest not." Thou hast said, If any be willing to do thy will, he shall know." I am willing to do: Let me know thy will. I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scrip-

THE CHRISTIAN RULE. The Christian rule of right and wrong is the Word of God, the writings of the Old and New Testament; all that the Prophets and "holy men of old' wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" all that Scripture which was given by inspiration of God, and which is indeed profitable for doctrine,

spiritual."

by plain consequence : he accounts nothforbids or enjoins, either directly or by plain consequence, he believes to be of an indifferent nature; to be in itself his conscience is to be directed in all

then hath he "the answer of a good con- two profitably in studying them."

science toward God." "A good conscience" is what is elsewhere termed by the Apostle "a conscience void of offence." So, what he at one time expresses thus, "I have lived in good conscience before God until this day." other by that expression, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and man," chap. 24,; 16. Now in order to this there is the Word of God, of his "wholly and acceptable, and perfect Will "concerning us, as it is revealed therein. For it is impossible we should walk by rule if we do not know what it means. There is, secondly, required (which how few have attained!) a true knowledge of ourselves; a knowledge both of our hearts and lives, of our inward tempers and outward conversations: seeing, if we know them not, it is not possible that we should compare them with our rule. There is required, thirdly, an agreement of our hearts and lives, of our tempers and conversation, of our thoughts and words, and works, with that rule, with the written Word of God. For, without this, if we have any conscience at all, it can only be an evil conscience. There is, fourthly, required an inward perception of this inward consciousness itself, is properly "a good conscience;" or, in the other phrase of the Apostles, "a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward men."

Standing Revelation is the best means of rational conviction; far preferable to any of those extraordinay means which some imagine would be more effectual. It is therefore our wisdom to avail ourselves of this; to make full use of it; so that it may be a lantern to our feet, and a light to our paths. Let us take care, that it be the constant rule of all our tempers, all our words, and all our actions. So shall we preserve in all things the testimony of a good conscience toward God: and when our course is finished, we too shall be 'carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."-WESLEY.

## COMMON-SENSE VIEWS OF A WIFE.

"Juno," in New York Graphic, says:

"I have for many years been deeply heaven. He hath written it down in interested in the question of marriage the book of God! I have it: here is in all its different phases. Possibly, knowledge enough for me. Let me be like many others, I have thought much more than I have spoker. I have been five years a wife. As a wife I suppose I have endured an average share of a wife's trials and disappointments. Unquestionably there is in marriage a certain disappointment to nine wives out of ten, possibly to 999 out of the 1,000. Because lovers are not husbands, nor husbands lovers. Nor do I believe it possible for the husband to remain the lover. It is not so much the husband's fault, as is charged by so many wives. It is, in my estimation but a natural result. The lover has novelty and scarcity to spur him on. The scarcity I refer to is that of his adored's presence. When it is his ture, "comparing spiritual things with privilege to see her at any hour of the day without the formality of a visit, that presence must lose a certain charm. The first shad and strawberries in the market are rated at a high figure. The appetite is whetted for them by a long fast, but when they become very plentiful they loose value. This same principle extends to every department and working of human nature. It is or teaching the whole will of God; for of no use to shut our eyes to this. reproof of what is contrary thereto; for Better open them wide, acknowledge correction of error, and for instruction the corn, and see if some way cannot or training us up in righteousness. 2 be devised to improve matters. It is a mistake to suppose that the husband's This is a lantern unto a Christian's comparative indifference implies the feet, and a light in all his paths. This actual lack of the husband's love. Only alone he receives as his rule of right or the vigilance and anxiety of love is wrong, of whatever is really good or toned down by a sense of perfect evil. He esteems nothing good, but security and possession. The man what is here enjoined, either directly or may never acknowledge this even to himself, but he feels it all the same, ing evil but what is here forbidden, and his acts are based on such feeling. either in terms or by undeniable infer- Make the man pay some price for his ences. Whatever the Scripture neither wife's presence, and there would be a change. The fruit that hangs over every wall is not deemed worth the plucking. Wives have themselves neither good nor evil; this being the much to blame for the husband's inwhole and sole outward rule whereby difference. They hold themselves too cheap; and I may say also too exclusive. If these are conundrums And if it be directed thereby, in fact, aggrieved wives can spend an hour or

TURKEY .- Very great suffering and wretchedness are everywhere experienced in the Turkish empire. Demoralization and anarchy, from present prospects, must become universal. The missionaries are suffering greatly. Oue (Acts xxiii. 1); he demonstrates at an- of the most successful native preachers writes to the missionaries at Constantinople a most affecting letter, in which he refers to the retrenchment, and pleads for sympathy and help. We quote briefly from his letter, found in the Missionary Herald :-

> "I have with joy continued to labor at Zaharia village, with the cordial consent of the brethren, who, although very poor, have yet maintained a separate congregation unitedly. But the ceasing of your kind assistance astonished me and grieved the brethren, as their petition sent to you testifies. Nes ertheless, I continue my labors, hoping that you, who love the Lord's work. will not leave unconsidered both the request of the brethren and my tearful cries. . . O brethren, you who composed by Mr. Bliss. love Christ, why do you leave me thus, at such a time as this, when I can get nothing from any one? O kind brethren, do not leave your poor brother in his old age, who has been a laborer under the pleasant yoke of Christ from his youth, who is still in the work, blessed be God! Imagine, once, in what a pitiable state I am! Seeing the necessities of my poor children for food and clothing, wrings my heart with anguish, and for resting my perturbed spirit I often implore, weeping, my faithful Creator, that He may care for us. Then, O respected brethren, have pity, as the honored instruments of divine guardianship, and be pleased quickly to quiet our hearts by writing to me the promise of continuing your kind aid, that the blessed work may be continued!"

## THE UNVEILING OF THE BLISS MONUMENT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,-Yesterday was a great day in Rome. I do not mean the Seven Hilled City " of Italy, known to the world by her centuries of splendid achievement and history, but the quiet, and until recently, unheard of little village of Rome, Pennsylvania. This Rome has, in a day, leaped into almost as great notoriety, and has been almost as gloriously immortalized as its great name sake of historic fame. In this Rome no battles have been fought, no kings have been crowned, no triumphal processions have sweet hymns and inspiring melodies are sung around the globe to-day, and will be tongues of men. In the cemetry of this smaller, younger Rome, about fifteen thousand persons, from all parts of the country assembled yesterday, to witness the monument erected by the Sundayschool scholars of this and other countries, to the memory of Mr. Bliss and his wife, who perished in the terrible Ashtabula

On the stand were Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Whittle-intimate friends and co-laborers of the deceased-besides many other eminent men such as Dr. Vincent of New York, Dr. Peltz of Chicago, and Dr. Pearson, of Detroit. There too, were the mothers of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, the two little orphan boys, together with many other relatives and friends. The immense throng, pressing on all sides about the stand, was quieted and brought to order by the singing of "When Jesus comes," led by Prof. McGranahan of Boston. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. Moody announced the purpose of the meeting. We were gathered to gether to pay a tribute of love to the memories of dear brother and sister Bliss, who had been so suddenly taken out of were not, for God took them. They did not die: theirs was as veritable a translation as that of Enoch or Elijah. Mr. Bliss had been to him the dearest, most hopeful friend he had ever known. In his hours of discouragement he had been cheered and strengthened by his hopeful words and wise counsel. The dear man who had gone had all the nine graces enumerated by Paul in his Epistle to the Galations-love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. Never had he known one in whom these graces were more uniformly and rapidly developed. They were deeply rooted, and kept constantly growing in his heart. On his (Mr. Moody's) return from Europe, he was surprised at the rapid growth and ripening that had taken place, during his absence, in these graces of his friend. In him love was especially developed. This was why all other fruits of the Spirit, because there was planted in his heart the tree-Christ. dear wife, who was not a whit behind him sang them in such a way as almost to

in anything, they were neither barren nor unfruitful in the work of the Lord.

Mr. Moody then requested Mr. Sankey to sing "Watching and Waiting for Me," -the last hymn he had heard Mr. Bliss sing, and the one that had done more good than any other in his (Mr. Moody's) meet

Major Whittle, the author of "The Life and Work of P. P. Bliss," who had labored for three years side by side with him in Gospel work, was then introduced. He knew the dear brother thoroughly, and loved him complely. He was gentle, tender, loving as a woman. He was one of those deep, grand natures rarely found. He esteemed it the greatest privilege of his life that he had been acquainted and associated in God's work with such a man. Never had any one so completely won the by Mr. Sankey, the audience joining in heart of Chicago as had Mr. Bliss. In that city he was universally beloved. When the news of his tragic death came the whole city was in mourning. "Hold the Fort" was then sung. All the pieces, them, one at a time, in his arms, he held with one exception, that were sung, were

ed upon the monument, standing yonder, of the resurrection of the dead. There it stood declaring, "Thy brother shall rise | friends. There were few dry eyes, or unagain." Mr. Bliss needed no marble monument to keep alive his memory. The | the close of this Christly scene. Everyone sweet hymns he had written and sung. the deep impression he had made upon the heart of the world, and the noble work he had done, were a more enduring | singing of "The Ninety and Nine," by monument than that now to be unveileda monument that would keep his memory | lovingly and tenderly unveiled by Messrs. fresh in the hearts of men forever. When "I Shall be Remembered Only

by What I have Done" had been sung, Dr. Vincent was introduced. He said that Mr. Bliss was a many-sided man. He might be considered as a singer, as a musical composer, as a writer of hymns, or as a preacher of the Gospel; for he was all these and even more. He preferred speaking of him as a friend. Genuine, large-souled friends were rare. Mr. Bliss was one of these rare friends. He was your friend, and he told you so by look, and word, and action. The most casual contact brought out the rich friendliness of his nature. Mr. Bliss reminded him of a bell he once saw, which, when struck with the heavy hammer, sent forth and far away loud, sweet tones-filling the whole air with music. But he had heard been witnessed, as in old Rome; but in it | the sweetest harmonies evoked from that was born the saintly, kingly P. P. Bliss, bell by the casual touch of the child's who for many years swayed the sceptre of | hand, or the accidental brushing of the robes of the passer by. Mr. Bliss friendly, not only in a grand way, but he was sensitive to the most casual touch, sung as long as sacred song sits upon the the slightest approach. He was so full of genuine Christian friendlines that its sweet harmonies gushed forth spontaneously, cheering and blessing all who came near him.

Here Mr. Granahan sang with wonderful effect, "I will sing of my Redeemer." After which Dr. Pearson said that they had not come together to glorify Mr. Bliss. but the Master whom he had so faithfully served. Much had been said respecting death was gain. We miss him now, but his natural graces and virtues. He did not believe in the Gospel of Manhood so much preached in these days. The natural graces were by some eulogised into the heavens. Natural humility, natural generosity, natural benevolence, was, with a kind of triumphant challenge, held up as all that a man needed to make him all that he ought to be. The truth was that these natural virtues were very easily changed into unnatural vices. There was but a step between virtue and vice. Natural generosity, and natural benevolence had done more harm in the world than almost anything else. The natural graces needed regenerating-they needed to be made into spiritual graces. It was not that Mr. Bliss had so many natural graces, the world. They walked with God, and but that these graces had been thoroughly evening until Sunday morning when she regenerated and sanctified, that he was passed away. Her death so sudden and the glorious man that he was. He was a unexpected has cast a feeling of sadness man of the most genuine simplicity, sincerity, and humility. He had done much ant upon our sanctuary services and was towards revolutionizing and reforming the one of our Sabbath school scholars, she service of song in God's house. His hymns, was also one of a number of young peounlike those of Cowper and others, were ple who since our special services of last all hopeful. He never sang of the " bless- winter had been meeting in a young peoedness he knew when first he saw the Lord"—the blessedness of his Christian's ing testimony could come from her lips. baby-hood; he was full of a present bless- But we look back upon the services of the edness, and had not to go mourning over few months past, and even now we see her such a strange thing as "an aching void." He had given a death blow to the "idolatry of art" in professedly Christian singing. He had made unpopular and absurd the notion that a congregation of worship. pers can praise God by proxy-that an and her quiet reply that she did so feel, operatic quartette can acceptably praise God for the whole worshipping assembly. Mr. Moody had compared his work to that of promise should be taken so soon-bu of Charles Wesley, but he put it far beloved him. Love begat love. He had | youd that. Mr. Moody had for once told only half the truth. Mr. Wesley composed hymns but did not sing them as Mr. Bliss. Because these abounded in him and his Mr. Bliss composed hymns and music and

revolutionize the service of song in the sanctuary. Referring to the manner of his death, he said, that to him, however others might view it, was simply horrid. He could not understand why such noble workers should suffer such a death, unless it might be explained in some such way as this: In Europe great events, and the name and deeds of great men, are, in many places cut in the pavement. In a few year the constant wear of feet almost obliter. ate them. Every now and then they have to be re-cut, so as to attract attention. God wanted in a peculiarly emphatic way to call attention to this wonderful man and his work-and so by this tragical death he had cut the memory very deeply into the mind and heart of the world. "What Shall the Harvest be," was sung

the chorus. After this the most touching scene of the day occurred-the presentation of the two little orphan boys, Paul P. and George Bliss, by Mr. Moody. Taking them up before the immense audiencehis eyes streaming with tears-in choked Dr. Peltz then came forward. He look- utterances, requesting the prayers of every one present, that these little orphans might not so much as a memorial of Mr. Bliss, be kept from the evil that is in the world, as the monument of the faith of over one | and made even a greater blessing to humillion persons, who had contributed to- | manity than their parents had been. He wards its erection, in the grand doctrine then put his hands upon them, blessed them, and passed them back to their sympathetic hearts in the vast throng at present could not feel other than like crv. ng out, "God bless the little orphans. and God bless Mr. Moody." After the Mr. Sankey, the beautiful monument was Moody, Sankey, and Whittle. This act closed the exercises of the day, and the multitude dispersed, believing that indeed it was good to be there.

> I have given you but a meagre outline of this memorable gathering. No report, however full and minute, can convey to those not present, a just impression of the interest and blessedness of the occasion. I will not weary you by endeavoring the impossible, but will close at once, my already too lengthy letter.

Yours, &c.,

S. C. FULTON. Main St., Nichols, N. Y. July 11, 1877.

## OBITUARY.

Maurice Swallow died at Tor Brook, March 15th, 1877, in the 38th year of his age. In a revival of religion under Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Bro. Swallow gave his heart to God. He had a great battle with the enemy of his soul before he could lay all upon the altar. Through Jesus her conquered. Calm succeeded the stormlight followed the darkness. He retained the sense of acceptance with God to the last, witnessing a good profession before he world. A few moments before death relieved him from his sufferings, he called his sorrowing wife and child to his bedside, and with the friends who had called in to see him die, assured them all that soon we shall meet where parting is no

Middleton, July 18th, 1877.

MISS JESSE CHESLEY.

Died at New Germany on Sunday, July 1st, Jesse, youngest daughter of Mr. Israel Chesley, in the 16th year of her age. Our young sister was called from this world somewhat suddenly. She was taken sick with measles about a fortnight before her death. While she was recovering from this sickness, tempted by the beautiful weather she went out of doors to sit awhile in the sunshine. She took cold, and in going to her bed became unconscious. in which state she remained from Tuesday upon us all. Jesse was a regular attendples' class here. Dying as she did, no dyas she was then broken down with penitent feeling and looking for deliverance. We look with thankfulness to the evening when we asked her, Do you feel that your sins are pardoned and that Christ is yours," cheers us now that she has gone hence We wonder why one so young and so ful1 our trust is in God and we feel-

His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour: God is his own interpreter,

And he will make it plain

A. H.

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