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Religious Miscellany.

Thankfulness.

I thank thee, O my God! who made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound:
So many gentle thoughts and deeds,
Circling us around,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knoweat, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
That we see gleaming on high
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou has kept
The best in store:
We have enough yet not too much
To long for more—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesu's breast.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

Waking Realities.

"Whilst I see Thy love to me,
Every object seems with joy;
Here, oh may I walk with thee,
Then into Thy presence die!

"Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute my bliss to below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute my bliss above."

TOPEADY.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, in thy likeness.' Psalm xviii. 15.

What a glorious awaking, after earth's unquiet dream! *With* God! *Like* God! Happiness has been well defined to be "the coincidence of the finite will with the Infinite." On earth that coincidence is never perfect. There are disturbing forces in the moral atmosphere tempting the soul ever and anon, like some wandering planet, to break loose from the sphere of the Divine favor, and pursue a devious and erratic orbit. Strange, indeed, that, despite of lessons constantly enforced, it should cling so fondly to the delusion that there *are* elements of heart-satisfying happiness independent of God. Vain thought! Even when the objects on which the affections are lavished seem the purest and noblest, there is ever a consciousness of unsated longings, yearnings after *something* better, which earth cannot give. In this chase *after happiness a* point may be reached, but not *the point*. In grasping the imaginary good, it is but a shadow. It appeared, in approaching, fair and captivating. It proved, in reality, a piece of fairy frost-work; on touching it, it fell.

But in heaven the coincidence will be complete. Man's will and love will there be entirely subordinate to the will and love of God. The lineaments of the Divine image, erased and defaced at the Fall, will be there again imprinted. There will be no competing affection to alienate from the great Source of happiness,—no vacuum requiring aught else to fill it. The rills will be unneeded in the presence of the great Fountain Head,—Him who is "essential love, essential goodness, essential glory." "Lord," says Augustine, "Thou hast made us *for* Thee, and our heart is unquiet until it reposeth *in* Thee!" Those immortal powers and energies and affections made *for* God, will then repose forever *in* God. There will be nothing more to be desired or longed for; and the rejoicing soul, gazing around on the floods of the excellent glory, will be able to say, "I am satisfied!"

"Once I dreamed," says Payson, "of being transported to heaven; and being surprised to find myself so calm and tranquil in the midst of my happiness, I inquired the cause. The reply was, When you were on earth, you resembled a bottle but partly filled with water, which was agitated by the feast motion—now you are like the same bottle filled to the brim, which cannot be disturbed." Yes! *then* every soul will become a temple, and its distinguishing glory will be that of Solomon's on the day of consecration—"the house was filled *with the glory of the Lord!*" 1 Kings, viii. 2. Other and minor sources of happiness there may be. There may be the waving of incense, sounds of sweet melody, the high praises of God chanted by a mighty multitude which no man can number, and the lofty companionship of cherubim and seraphim; but the believer's preeminent dignity and blessedness will consist in his own soul becoming a consecrated shrine for the mystic Shekinah—"*God* dwelling in *him*, and *he* in *God*."

Reader! whatever be the Divine dealings and discipline in fitting thee for such a Heaven, and such a likeness, submit to them. To employ a well-known but beautiful illustration:—The refining of silver is not complete, until the refiner beholds his own image reflected brightly in the fused metal. And if He who calls Himself "a Refiner of silver" keep thee long in the crucible—subject thee for long to the furnace,—it is only that every grain and speck of alloy may be purged away, and that in Heaven thou mayst awake rejoicing, and "satisfied" in "His likeness."

What a glorious, what a strange transformation! Who would recognize the spirit that is now chased and buffeted with temptation and sin, corruption and iniquity, then made resplendent with the image of a holy God? As the shapeless, unseemly root of the flower plant struggling amid rubbish and stones and cheerless darkness, after fastening its fibres in the soil, sends up a graceful stalk, efflorescing in loveliness and beauty, its leaves waving in the sunlight, and filling the summer air with their fragrance;—so will it be with the soul. It is here sown in corruption. It fastens its root in a world dark and cheerless, by reason of sin. Its immortal fibres are nursed and disciplined amid trials and sorrows, difficulties and perplexities. It is soiled and degraded with the corruptible elements through which it has to fight its upward way. But there is a glorious summer-time at hand, when the root thus nurtured shall burst its mortal coil, and its leaves and blossoms shall not only be bathed in the hues of heaven, but their every tint will be resplendent with a glory reflected from the Great Source of all light and joy.—*Macduff.*

A Brand Plucked.

That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—*the chief of sinners*—is a glorious truth, not only *declared*, but *verified* in thousands of instances. One of these "miracles of grace" we may here record for encouragemnt to the most abandoned sinner, and also to stir up with hope those who seek to save *the lost*.

Some thirty years ago, whilst the writer, with a number of praying men and women, were holding a Sabbath evening prayer meeting, a man was observed to enter the church, well-known to all—but about the last man to be looked for in such a place. He was a most abandoned drunkard, and every way, and by everybody, considered as having reached the very lowest step of degradation and moral depravity. This was late, near the close of the meeting. We were all standing, after which we knelt for prayer. Being in the inside of the altar railing, I observed very soon after we knelt, that this man had come quietly forward and bowed on the outside of the railing. *He was weeping bitterly!* Tears flowed down his face, until they formed a puddle on the inside seat.—As we arose, my face met his—I was struck with his wretched look. With a bitter cry, he he entreated—"O, pray for me!" We asked him some questions to ascertain *the purpose* of the man—for he was brought up and educated a Roman Catholic—asking him if he had faith in Jesus as able and willing to save him; he cried out, grasping on the railing with dreadful desperation—"I see nothing but hell before me—the flames of hell are already in my bosom—nothing stands between me and the fiery gulf *but this altar!*" We prayed for him, counseled and encouraged him as well as we could—but with little faith, as we supposed poor A. would be the next day as he had been for months and years, full of that earthly hell—*bad whisky.*—But to our surprise, and to shame our want of faith, next morning he appeared at our home, humbled as a little child, weeping for his sins—declaring that he had that morning taken the last drop of ardent spirits he should ever drink.

We did not think proper to touch his peculiar faith or creed. He was endowed with a good natural mind, had read considerable, and, on the whole, was an intelligent man. We believed that if the Holy Spirit had the work in hand, this lost soul would be brought into the right way. *He wanted rest to his soul from his sins.* That was enough for a good foundation. We admonished him to break off all his sinful associations—to pray earnestly and continually to our merciful God and Saviour for pardon.

We saw him every day that week; the good work progressed very hopefully. We invited our *new friend* to our next Sunday class meeting. With great humility he related his experience; he felt, he said, *quite at home with us*—like a lost sheep flying for shelter from the wolf. You may be sure this roused some of the sleepers in Zion. A few Sabbaths after, he asked, with the deepest sense of abasement and humility, to be admitted as a member of the Society. From this time he grew stronger and stronger. He was soon brought into the liberty of the sons of God. He was a mighty man in prayer. This was to be expected, *as he was ever praying.* The closet was the place where he wrestled and cried to God; from this he would come with a face beaming with the joys of salvation. Many and many a night would he rise, cast a blanket or sheet around him, and remain kneeling, and weeping and praying the greater part of the night. He was truly a "wonder unto many." The best part of all is, that he continued stedfast unto the end." He died—and his end was peace.—*Corr. Pittsburgh Advocate.*

"To Me to Live is Christ."

The expression exhibits a life of entire consecration. It is as the Apostle had said: "In me Christ is seen; in me he acts; by means of my life he is more fully known and understood in the world; and all this by my having received the divine life, the heavenly grace, and the salvation that is mighty in transforming as well as in saving the soul." Christ is the origin, foundation, centre, vitality, and active power of Christianity. Christ is Christianity incarnated in one person, and Christianity is Christ disseminated, illustrated, living and operative in the hearts and lives of men. There is direct reciprocity between the cause and the effect by which each is known by the other, and in the other as the sun produces light, and the light in turn reveals the sun.

Human systems of Christianity, if the word is not a misnomer, are full of the name of Jesus, leaving off the name of *Christ*. This is true of Universalism and Unitarianism. They are constantly quoting what *Jesus* said, and referring to what *Jesus* did; and when an infidel undertakes to write the life of our Redeemer on earth he is designated only by his human name. It is invariably the "Life of Jesus" that is written, and never the life of Jesus Christ. We need not here guard ourselves from being misunderstood by admitting to the Christian—

"How sweet the sound of *Jesus* sounds
To a believer's ear."

But we feel most safe when adhering most closely to the very phraseology of Scripture, which so constantly couples the name of *Christ* with the human name of our blessed Lord. Infidelity deals with the man Jesus. But we do not recognize the honor, but call it false, which is given to the name Jesus alone. A faith Bible-founded and Bible-taught even in its expressions, takes hold of the god-man Christ Jesus, who was given a sacrifice for our sins. We do not deny that the name of Jesus standing alone occurs several times in the New Testament in direct connection with the announcements of grace, and this is because the New Testament nowhere makes the distinction we now refer to; and certainly we may use the name of Jesus alone, if in that use we do not withold from him divine honor. But far most frequently the New Testament directs the sinner's faith and hope to the name of Jesus joined with that of Christ. "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The blood which falls from the cross, if it be only the blood of the *man Jesus*, can never take away our sins. Therefore we are safer in using the more common expression of Scripture; and pointing the minds of children as well as of adults to the love of Jesus Christ, the blood of Jesus Christ, the cross of Jesus Christ. The Messianic character, the divine anointing, the official, and sacrificial, and divine person are all expressed to us by the name of *Christ*. And what would Calvary be without this? To me to live is—not Jesus, the man, matchless teacher, wise and radical reformer, spotless of life, complete in symmetry of character, and triumphing by the power of truth and purity over a world of foes—to me to live is not this, or at least not this *alone*. To me to live is *Christ*. Not to exhibit the power of reformation, but the power of the atonement, not the life that enters by the head, but the life that pours its infinite fulness and power into and through all the soul, and all the being, by way of the heart. To me to live is the exhibition of a regenerated nature—a nature not born of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. "I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

A Flaw in it.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

'See that there is no flaw in it,' said Mr. Holly to his son, as he was about to go to the village store to purchase a scythe with which to lay down the glories of the meadow on the following day. It happened that the scythe selected, though of the finest steel, had a flaw in it, which caused an opening in the edge, which rendered it useless as an instrument for mowing

Mr. Salmon happened to be present when the scythe gave out. He came for the purpose of getting Mr. Holly to agree to superintend a Sabbath-school, which it was purposed to establish in a very intemperate and depraved part of the township. Mr. Holly suggested that Mr. Hemphill was a much more suitable man for the purpose. 'He has,' said he, 'a superior mind, and is well educated, and is a sincere Christian and loves to do good.'

'That is all true,' said Mr. Salmon, 'but he has one great defect. There is a flaw in his temper, and one can never tell when it will open. Your son was moving along very well till the flaw opened and put an end to his mowing. So Hemphill often does very well for a long time, and then some little thing will put him out of patience and out of temper, and destroy for a time, his power of doing good. There will be a great need of patience in our new enterprise.'

'May be a flaw will be found in my religion, said Mr. Holly.

'You know how to get it taken out.'

'When I can do as George did with his scythe. I will work as long as I can.'

'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' So saying, Mr. Salmon went his way.

'I never heard,' said Mr. Holt, Mr. Holly's hired man, 'of a flaw in the temper before.—Speaking in the same way, I may say that I saw a man this morning who had a flaw in his conscience.'

'Did it stop him from doing wrong?'

'Not exactly. He was paying a woman for some chickens he had bought from her. He paid her the right sum, but she dropped a bill without perceiving it. He then dropped several bills on purpose, and while gathering them up, he took the one the woman had dropped, and was going off with it.'

'Did you let him go?'

'I did not, though I thought it was none of my business. But I couldn't see the poor woman cheated, so I called his attention to the matter, and intimated that he would be doing the fair thing by giving the woman her money. I reckon a flaw in the conscience is worse than a flaw in a scythe.'

Every professor of religion should see that his religion is sound—that there is no flaw in it.—*S. S. Times.*

Sabbath Observance.

Blackstone has tersely said that "a corruption of morals usually follows the profanation of the Sabbath." Lord Macaulay, who was in no wise addicted to Puritanism," has left his testimony that, "if the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest, we should have been at this moment a poorer people and a less civilised people than we are." The brilliant Robertson, of Brighton (whose name is often quoted, very unjustly, on the side of Sabbath desecration,) has vehemently protested that "to recklessly loosen the hold of a nation on the sanctity of the Lord's day, would be most mischievous; to do so wilfully, would be an act almost diabolical." Nearly every scoffer at the Sabbath has his paltry jeer for the "Puritans." Now, for one, I am not only an enthusiastic admirer of the sorely-slandered Puritans, but I hold that it was in no small degree the result of their Sabbath-consecrating, Sabbath-keeping usages that they became the stoutest adherents of God, virtue, and civil liberty that our modern times have witnessed. Mrs. Stowe never wrote anything more worthy of a Beecher than when she said, "The Sabbath of the Puritan Christian was a golden day. All its associations were so entirely distinct from the ordinary material of life, that it was to him a sort of weekly translation from this world, to sojourn for a day in a better; and, year after year, as each Sabbath set its seal on the completed labours of the week, the pilgrim felt that one more stage of his journey was completed, and that he was one week nearer to his eternal rest." If we must choose between a Puritan Sabbath or such a day as German and French rationalism would give us, we cannot hesitate. The one opens the sanctuary; the other opens the beershop.—Puritanism holds the day sacred; rationalism profanes it to revelry. Puritanism uses the Sabbath to save souls; rationalism uses it to demoralise and corrupt souls. The tendency of the one is to fill the churches and the mission-schools; the tendency of the other is to fill the dram-shops and the cells of the police-stations and the prisons. Which shall we prefer to have?—*Cuyler.*

Religious Intelligence.

China as a Mission Field.

We extract the following from an able speech delivered by Bishop Thomson, at the Missionary Anniversary of the Methodist E. Church, held recently in New York:—The Chinese must see the *superiority* of our civilization. When they reflect that they stand in arts, science, agriculture, and manufactures, where they did when France was barbarian, England under the Saxon Heptarchy, and the United States unknown, while these nations have risen to the mastery of the world, they must feel the necessity of changing their *stationary* civilization for a *progressive* one.

They must see the superiority of Christian *morals*. Military officers and merchants going from western nations to eastern, generally leave their religion outside the Straits of Gibraltar; but the eastern people begin to discern between the *nominal* and the *real* Christian, and assign the latter a high rank. We would not exaggerate the sins of Pagans, much less generalize hastily from appalling facts, but China must concede that her tolerance of polygamy and infanticide, of systematic mendicancy and organized theft; her oppression of woman and depression of the poor, doomed to a Sabbathless round of toil; her opium-smoking; her gross moral taste; her cruelty in the administration of law, and her inability to carry out her accepted precepts and legal requisitions, place her beneath the *worst* Christian states, and show the necessity of a moral renovation.

China must also see the superiority of our *religion*, of its evidences, precepts, promises, its capacity to strengthen the struggling, and console the suffering, to pronounce pardon to the penitent and peace to the dying.

Finally, the Christian religion is already in China. It entered the country in the seventh century, but cannot be traced to the fourteenth It was not until Rome sought to recover in the East her losses (by the Reformation) in the West, that any serious effort was made to evangelize China, nor was that of the right kind. Grant that her polished emissaries often displayed a faith that nothing but divine grace could inspire, and a patience and self-abnegation that nothing but divine power could sustain, yet when we consider that Ricci was best known as a mathematician, Shaal as a statesman, Vorbiest as an inspector of cannon, Gerbellion and Perenin as political negotiators, and the whole body of Jesuits as astronomers, geographers, and artful diplomatists, we need not wonder that they were expelled as politicians.

It is only a little more than fifty years since Protestants sent their first missionary, to be followed one by one by others, doomed to labor single-handed, while the whole coast was shut against them. Morrison, Milne, Medhurst, Tomlin, and Smith will be remembered for labors deserving better fruits than they reaped. Not till about twenty years ago did Protestantism make any considerable attempt to evangelize China. Then, by transferring her forces from the Archipelago, she soon had 150 missionaries in the field; she now has nearly 200.

Our own Church entered China in 1847. We have now a mission force of 36, a property worth $36,000, a native membership of 154, a mission press which prints 2,000,000 pages a year, a foundling hospital, and schools for boys and girls. Our mission compound overlooks the Min and the city proper; its habitations are excellent, and occupied by missionaries laboring with zeal in the Master's cause. Our Churches are well located, and often filled with native hearers. Our converts are full of truth and grace, and their love feasts, improved by tea and cake, instead of water and bread, are all *aglow* with faith, hope, and charity. Our native helpers have all the courage and prowess and, much of the faith and fidelity of our pioneer fathers. They are, indeed, Chinese in customs, and attachments, but none the worse for that, since our object is not to *Americanize* but to *Christianize*. It takes many colors to make a perfect light, and many nations to make the perfect harmony of that choir above that no man can number.

China sends greeting by me in many epistles. From one learn all. "Give our salutation to the bishops, pastors, and members of the whole Church, thanking them that they have sent us the gospel, beseeching them *still* to hear our 'Macedonian cry,' and to pray that the Holy Ghost may be poured forth, and salvation come to all China."

Such then, is the field—*healthful*. We would not halt if it were otherwise. A missionary said to me: "I once stood on African soil and looked along a line of fresh graves of predecessors, nineteen in number, and trembled." With Cox let us say, "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up." Yes, let the line of graves be drawn along the continent, but let not Christ's commands be neglected. Still we may rejoice when providence invites us to a field where there are no such perils.

It is *populous*. Set down the number at only 340 millions. Draw them up in line, beginning at the mouth of the Hoang Ho, allowing each three feet. Lead on the line through China, Thibet, Hindustan, Affghanistan, Persia, Turkey. Bridge the Mediterranean, and draw the line over to the Straits of Gibraltar. Bridge the Atlantic, and lead over the column; then through America, and over the broad Pacific to the place of beginning, and you will find that you must go round the globe again, ay, seven times before you have set them in order. Put the procession in motion and sit down to see it pass; you must sit over 1,900 years before the last man shall go by, allowing only three minutes to each. But this is not merely a *living* but a *dying* mass, as the whole is renewed every thirty-three years. You would need to provide for it thousands of millions of coffins, for every minute eighteen or twenty must be dropped into sea or land.

Every one of that immense host is a *rational, moral, immortal, redeemed* soul—of the same sorrows, wants and dangers as ourselves; and can we see this vast procession move on with steady step to the tomb, the judgment, and the retributions of eternity, without seeking to give them the gospel, and yet slip off to downy pillows and ultimately to velvet coffins?

It is a *rich* field. The beautiful story of the Chinese peasant boy, who, not being able to study by *day*, resolved to study by *night*, and being unable to buy a *lamp*, carried *home*, each evening, a glow-worm to apply t - lustrates Chinese character. Give them the Jesus, and let them apply the glow-worm to the Bible, and what a people?

The language is a *unit*, a sea in which the stone being cast, may send ripples in widening circles to the *distant* shores. The field is prepared. A sense of the insanity of all the forms of idolatry, and of the necessity of a better faith and of better morals, is spreading. The gospel can enter to minister to these felt necessities. Its heralds, no longer despised, can say "I am an American," or "I am a Briton," with the feelings of the ancient who said, "I am a Roman." They find that each man, *uncribbed* by cast, can be freely approached, and that the gospel, despite priests and prejudices may have *free course* thro' the empire.

China is in a condition to meditate upon the prophecy of Confucius, which sounds like an echo from Isaiah's harp "In process of time a holy one shall be born, who shall redeem the world. The nations will wait for him as fading flowers desire the summer rain. He will be virgin born, and his name will be Prince of Peace. China will be visited by his glory, its beams will penetrate to the depths of savage lands, where no ship will ever come."

Behold streams waiting for the Lily of the Valley: hills sighing for the Rose of Sharon; cottages by the million, longing for the light; weary cities waiting for their Sabbaths; dewy mountains inviting the feet of the messenger that bringeth good tidings; and on all sides, the drums of Divine Providence beating the reveile of a new morning.

Be not discouraged. The gospel introduced by miracle is left to work its way by ordinary forces; but these have more than ordinary *potency*—the Word, the Cross, the Spirit.

Though it took the Church three hundred years to overcome the Roman empire, and six hundred more to spread the faith over Gaul, Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, it should not take long in this age to light everywhere the lamps of the divine temple. Then will the seventh angel sound, and great voices in heaven will proclaim, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Corist, and he shall reign forever. Amen."

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.

The labours of these servants of God have been greatly blessed in St. Louis. We would have been glad to see more signal, overwhelming displays of divine power, but are glad to witness the silent and purifying effects of love working out their true results. One of the happiest results of the meeting has been the union of earnest Christians in the work of God. We trust that the friendship thus begun will grow and spread until the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Church South will be one. We see in these meetings and others which we have attended the true method of union. It is by courtesy and Christian love breaking down all the barriers that keep the people apart. We would not say that the real differences should not still be regarded as important, but in personal associations they might be ignored.

We should go on with our work with all possible vigor doing all we can to spread salvation in the South.

We shall bring about union quickest by using the utmost diligence and liberality in the South. These revival meetings have proved that the really pious members of both churches can labour together.

We are not able to sum up results, but we that a vast amount of good has been done. The work of holiness has increased, and as far as we have observed, the utmost solidity, depth and intelligence has been manifested in reference to the blessing of perfect love. We believe the doctrine to be Scriptural and the practice of holiness possible through Jesus Christ. In this work we greatly rejoice and pray that holiness may spread all over the land. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer go from here to Leavenworth, Kansas. We are glad they consented to go. May the Lord be with them wherever they go!—*Central Advocate.*

The Clergy of Canada.

From the *Canadian Almanack* for 1867, published at Toronto, we gather the following statistics of the number of clergymen belonging to the various religious denominations in Canada. We are not sure that the statement is correct to a fraction, as a few of the names, by reason of official position sometimes appear in two places; but for all practical purposes the enumeration is accurate enough. The statement, we may further say, embraces not only the ministers in actual service, but those retired, superanuated, or for official reasons, not now employed. Their number, however, is not large; here are the figures:—

Church of England,	420
Roman Catholic Church,	905
Methodists,	1,003
Presbyterians,	415
Congregationalists, (Independents)	70
Christians, (two sections)	71
Baptists,	230
Evangelical Churches,	29
Lutherans,	21
United Brethren,	23
New Jerusalemites,	5
Total.	3,192

The aggregate will give one pastor to every thousand souls; but deducting one-third from the population for infants and children of tender years, there will be a minister to every 666 persons capable of receiving religious instruction, and allowing 4 persons to each family, one minister to every 133 families. There are, however, several small religious denominations not reckoned in this table; for instance, the "Disciples," the Jews, Quakers, the Plymouth Brethren, the Irvingites, and probably half a score more, which between them all, will make up a respectable figure, and reduce the average of souls under each to about 500. But as fully one-fourth of the population may be put down as either utter neglecters of religion, or inhabiting parts of the country not yet blessed with churches or pastors we think the actual number under the charge of every minister cannot be over 400. Now, a country where there is a minister of religion to every 400 persons willing to avail themselves of his instructions, cannot be said to be destitute of the gospel; and it is therefore worth while to make it known abroad, that in respect of Church privileges, Canada is not far behind the most favored communities in the world. Deducting the 905 Roman Catholic pastors from the aggregate of 3,192, we have 2,287 Protestant ministers; and adding to these, say 63 for the Protestant denominations not enumerated in the list, we will have 2,250 in a Protestant population of 1,889,952, or one in 800. With respect to the Roman Catholic Church, which is not cut into sections, we have 905 pastors to 1,201,394 inhabitants, or one for every 1,300 souls.

We were not a little surprised, in looking over these tables, to find that the Methodists exceeded every denomination in the number of its clerics, but such is evidently the case; and this is another proof of the vitality and progressiveness of that very flourishing section of the Universal Church. Clearly, if Canadians are not a well behaved and intelligent people, it cannot be attributed to a want of spiritual advisers; but we think that, without being chargable with undue self-appreciation, we may claim for our splendid and happy country that, at least, it is the inferior of none other in the moral character of its inhabitants.—*Quebec Gazette.*

General Miscellany.

Elihu Burritt on Abraham Lincoln

Elihu Burritt, the learned smith, now in England, has just published a characteristic treatise on "The Mission of Great Sufferings," which is represented in English papers as a work of singular interest. One says: "It discourses of suffering, its mission and its power, with wonderful profundity, intelligence and pathos." In the last chapter, Mr. Burritt comes naturally to the tragic events of the present day, among which an appropriate place is given to

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LINCOLN.

"We now come to another event which moved powerfully the whole of Christendom, and produced an effect upon the foremost nations which no occurrence of that or other order had ever accomplished. It was an event that came in a moment with no premonition. It was the sudden extinction of one human life except its light There was an honest hearted man who came up out of the commonest walks of the people, and was raised to the Presidential chair of the American republic to represent and execute its will. The lifting up of that man to fill this high place split the nation in sunder. The chasm was dark and wide. The struggle to close it on one side and widen it on the other was long and terrible. Half a million of precious lives were thrown into the breach, and it ran red and deep with the best blood of the severed nation. The tall, gaunt man of furrowed face and plaintive eyes, who stood in his place with steady faith and purpose, being in the stature of his elevation what Saul was to the Israelites 'from the shoulders upwards,' was from beginning to end the butt o satire and denunciation, much at home and more abroad.

"In addition to all this burden of reproach piled upon his shoulders, because they were higher than the peoples' whose he was and whom he served, his personal antecedents and associations were thrown in his face in all the epithets that ridicule could invent. Foreign satirists lampooned him with their witticisms and caricatured him with their pencils. Friends fell away and foes fell on him, as a sanguinary conflict went on from year to year. The furrows of his face deepened; the sallow ridges of his brow showed the mole-walks of care were ploughing night and day his inner soul. But as those sad, deep and solemn eyes withdrew further inward, they beamed with the old steady light of faith and hope. And according to his faith was it given him to see that for which his spirit prayed with longing most intense. He saw the long and bloody struggle concluded. He saw the wide rent in the nation closing. With a foot on either side, he stretched out his long, gaunt arms and essayed to press the two sections, like estranged sisters, to his broad and tender breast.

"His was a great life, but his death was greater still—the greatest, perhaps, that had moved the world for a thousand years. When he stood with his tender arms around the North and South, holding them to his heart that both might soften theirs at his spirit, his life's work was done. Then began the sublime mission of his death. While those sunken eyes were shining with the gladness of his soul at the glimpse given him of the Canaan side of his country's future, in a moment their light was quenched forever on earth. An assassin pierced his brain as with a bolt of lightning; and he fell, and great was the fall of that single man. With him fell a million enemies of his cause and country at home and abroad. If the last act of his life was to close the rift in a continent, the first act of his death was to close the chasm between two hemispheres. Never before was England brought so near to his country. In the great overflow of her sympathy the mother country was flooded and tided toward her first-born daughter, weeping at the bier of the great departed; and she bent over the mourner with words of tender condolence. Blood is thicker than water; and the latent instincts of nature came forth in generous speech and sentiment toward a sorrowing nation.

Reading Bad Books.

Reading seems to be a part of the business of life; everybody reads; not only the business man in his counting-room, but the workman at at home; the carman or hackman on his stand; the boy as he walks the street. And so the people absorb much, both bad and good.

There may be such a thing as too much reading; and an hour spent in a circulating library would tempt one to think so. For instance, one man says: "I have from two to three thousand subscribers, and for many of them the novels do not come out fast enough. We have at least two a week, and they read all the old books they can get, and devour the new ones."

You see them come in—young girls, pale and sickly; women in middle life, who ought to have the work of life to do; old women, who should have come to more serious things; all crying out for something new, "something exciting." And on Saturday two books. Alas! is this the way in which the Sabbath is to be spent?

Such reading is dissipation, and the appetite grows by that it feeds on, like that for any stimulant—opium, tobacco, or something stronger.—Habits are easily formed, and stimulants are hard taskmasters. I looked at some of these readers, young girls, who wanted hardy, vigorous exercise, and who should have been helpers to a hard-worked mother at home; married women, ought to have something better to do; and older people, whose time and example and wisdom were wanted for the work of life.

Dr. Ray traces many cases of insanity to this pernicious reading; the unnatural and undue excitement of the imagination, of the feelings and of the passions, the weakening of the mind, and also of the body, by the hours of weak, self-indulgent indolence.

Suppose we are careful as to our companions, and yet careless as to our books. With certain persons we would not associate; we should fear their influence upon us; but with the same persons, in books, we spend hours, days, and think it no harm. They ase "true to nature," are they? So much the worse; the more dangerous. You read the record and the oaths of a profane man; your thoughts take the same tone, an oath is much nearer your lips. You read of the daily and hourly dram-drinking of some of Dickens's men, for instance; and brandy and warer, or a rum-punch, become very familiar and innocent drinks. You read of those whose words verge on impurity and your own thoughts are strained.

Should we never read these things? Nay, I do not decide. But if we make these people our associates, we shall be influenced by them. Some men, good men, go to a den of evil, to look on and see for themselves what the evil is. But if they should sit down with those men, drink of their drink, smoke their cigars, breathe their atmosphere, and handle their cards, they would not come out pure from the contact.

It is a question whether it is wise for young people to associate with those in books whom they could not associate with in daily life; whether parents should trust their children with those in books whose influence, as living men and women, they would shun, for their children, as contaminating. This might limit our reading somewhat; but there are books enough, and fewer books better read would be much more profitable—nay, in the end pleasanter, for the mind would grow.

Let us look to it, and neither be afraid of being "strait-laced" or too particular, but decide whether it is not better and safer to choose our books as we choose our companions. The net that was cast into the sea gathered of every kind, but he who caught them did not eat them all; some he kept, and 'threw the bad away.'—*New York Observer.*

Obituary.

MARY ANN HODGSON, OF EAST BRANCH, CUMBERLAND.

The subject of this brief sketch was born Nov. 1st, 1843. Early instructed by religious parents in the great truths of Christianity, and operated upon by the Holy Spirit, she was led to consecrate her life to the service of God in the 14th year of her age, and it is believed that she never for a moment withdrew any part of that offering from the altar of consecration. Somewhat timid and reserved in conversation in reference to her religious experience, her christian character revealed itself chiefly in the purity of her life, in the earnestness with which she entered into any work of benevolence, in the regularity with which she attended all the means of grace, as pupil and then as teacher in the Sabbath School, in her lively sympathy with the sorrowing and bereaved, and in the meekness and demeanour in the home circle; yet a long correspondence with absent members of the family, and a number of "reflections" on various passages of Scripture, written at different periods of her religious life, clearly show that she lived near to God.

Early in the spring of the year just ended, she had a very severe illness from which she never fully recovered. Although she was able, during the early part of summer, to occupy her place in the sanctury and the Sabbath School, and to minister to the comforts of the family by a thousand acts of sisterly kindness, till early in August, when she had another attack of disease, attended by intense suffering. She so far recovered from this as to allay, to some extent, the anxiety created in the minds of her parents and friends; but other attacks ensued, increasing in frequency and violence, till soon it became evident to all, that, notwithstanding all that medical skill could avail, she would, ere long, be removed from earth. To say that, during these attacks, she suffered, conveys no adequate idea of the truth. She spent days and weeks in such bodily agony as none could realise but those who witnessed it; yet, during the whole, a word of impatience, or a murmur never escaped her lips. She felt very much on account of the anxiety of her parents and friends, and frequently asked that her mother should be taken out of hearing, when conscious of the approach of a period of pain. In the intervals of comparative ease, she was very weak, but spoke calmly of her approaching dissolution. Till the very day before her decease she evinced unshaken confidence in the merits of her Redeemer; but, for a moment, a doubt was permitted to cross her mind, and she asked, with great earnestness, "Am I really His, or am I not?" and immediately turning to her mother she said, "Help me up." On being lifted, she knelt by the bedside, and earnestly besought God for a renewed—a fuller manifestation of Himself; but in a few moments she exclaimed, "I *am* my God's, and He is mine," and then sang the verse, commencing—

"My God is reconciled."

After calling her brothers and sisters around her, and exhorting each to meet her in heaven, she said, "Now, mother, I am all ready; I see Jesus reaching out his hand to receive me." She lived some hours after this, singing such verses as, "Jesus I know, hath died for me;" "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," or, murmuring, between periods of partial insensibility, Jesus—the name—precious name, and passed away. Her memory is fragrant. T.

January 24th, 1867.